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THE DUBLIN
75837
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XXII.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

1843.

DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
W. S. ORR AND COMPANY, LONDON.

MDCCCXLIII.

DUBLIN
PRINTED BY J. S. FOLDS, SON, AND PATTON,
5, Bachelor's Walk.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXVII. JULY, 1843. Vol. XXII.

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT VII.—MR. O'KELLY'S TALE.—CONCLUDED.

"LIFE had presented too many vicissitudes before me to make much difference in my temperament whatever came uppermost: like the gambler, who if he lose to-day, goes off consoling himself that he may be a winner to-morrow, I had learned never to feel very acutely any misfortune, provided only that I could see some prospect of its not being permanent, and how many are there who go through the world in this fashion, getting the credit all the while of being such true philosophers, so much elevated above the chances and changes of fortune, and who, after all, only apply to the game of life the same rule of action they practise at the '*rouge et noir*' table.

"The worthy folks among whom my lot was now cast were a tribe of red men, called the Gaspé Indians, who among other pastimes peculiar to themselves, followed the respectable and ancient trade of wreckers, in which occupation the months of October and November usually supplied them with as much as they could do—after that, the ice closed in on the bay, and no vessel could pass up or down the St. Lawrence before the following spring.

"It was for some time to me a great puzzle how people so completely barbarous as they were, possessed such comfortable and well-appointed dwellings, for not only had they log huts well jointed, and carefully put together, but many of the comforts of civilized life were to be seen in the internal decorations. The reason I had at length learned, from the chief, in whose house I dwelt, and with whom I had already succeeded in establishing a sworn friendship. About fifteen years previous this bay was selected by a party of emigrants as the *locale* of a settlement. They had been wrecked on the island of Antecosti themselves, and made their escape to Gaspé, with such remnants of their effects as they could rescue from the wreck. There they built houses for themselves, made clearings in the forest, and established a little colony, with rules and regulations for its government. Happily for them they possessed within their number almost every description of artificer requisite for such an undertaking, their original intention being to found a settlement in Canada, and thus carpenters, shoe-makers, weavers, tailors, mill-wrights, being all ready to contribute their aid and assistance to each other, the colony made rapid progress, and soon assumed the appearance of a thriving and prosperous place. The forest abounded in wild deer and bears, the bay not less rich

in fish, while the ground, which they sowed with potatoes and Indian corn, yielded most successful crops, and as the creek was never visited by sickness, nothing could surpass the success that waited on their labours.

"Thus they lived till in the fall of the year a detachment of the Gaspé Indians, who came down every autumn for the herring fishery, discovered that their territory was occupied, and that an invading force were in possession of their hunting grounds. The result could not be doubted; the red men returned home to their friends with the news, and speedily came back again with reinforcements of the whole tribe, and made an attack on the settlement. The colonists, though not prepared, soon assembled, and being better armed, for their fire-arms and cutlasses had all been saved, repelled the assailants, and having killed and wounded several of them, drove them back into the forest. The victory, however complete, was the first day of their misfortunes; from that hour they were never safe, sometimes a marauding party of red men would dash into the village at night-fall, and carry away some of the children before their cries could warn their parents. Instead of venturing as before into the 'bush' whenever they pleased, and in small numbers, they were now obliged to go with the greatest circumspection and caution, stationing scouts here and there, and above all leaving a strong garrison to protect the settlement against attack in their absence. Fear and distrust prevailed everywhere, and instead of the peace and prosperity that attended the first year of their labours, the land now remained but half tilled, the hunting yielded scarcely any benefit, and all their efforts were directed to their safety, and their time consumed in erecting outworks and forts to protect the village.

"While matters were in this state, a large timber ship bound for England struck on a reef of rocks at the entrance of the bay. The sea ran high, and a storm of wind from the north-west soon rent her in fragments. The colonists, who knew every portion of the bay well, put out the first moment they could venture to the wreck, not, however, to save the lives and rescue the poor fellows who yet clung to the rigging, but to pillage the ship ere she went to pieces. The expedition succeeded far beyond their most ardent hopes, and a rich harvest of plunder resulted from this expedition, casks of powder, flour, pork, and rum were landed by every tide at their doors, and once more the sounds of merriment and rejoicing were heard in the village. But how different from before was it! Then they were happy and contented settlers, living like one united family in brotherly affection and kind good-will; now it was but the bond of crime that bound, and the wild madness of intoxication that excited them. Their hunting grounds were no longer cared for, the fields, with so much labour rescued from the forest, were neglected; the fishing was abandoned, and a life given up to the most intemperate abandonment, succeeded to days of peaceful labour and content. Not satisfied with mere defence they now carried the war into the Indian settlements, and cruelties the most frightful ensued in their savage reprisals.

"In this dangerous coast a winter never passed without several wrecks occurring, and as they now practised every device, by false signals and fires, to induce vessels to their ruin, their infamous traffic succeeded perfectly, and wrecking became a mode of subsistence far more plentiful than their former habits of quiet industry.

"One long reef of rocks then ran from the most southerly point of the bay, and called by the Indians 'the Teeth,' was the most fatal spot of the whole coast, for while these rocks stretched for above a mile to sea, and were only covered at high water, a strong land current drew vessels towards them, which, with the wind on shore, it was impossible to resist.

“To this fatal spot each eye was turned at day-break, to see if any ill-starred vessel had not struck during the night. This was the last point each look was bent on, as the darkness was falling; and when the wind howled and the sea ran mountains high, and dashed its white foam over their little huts, then was every one astir in the village. Many an anxious gaze pierced through the mist, hoping some white sail might gleam through the storm, or some bending spar show where a perishing crew yet cried for help. The little shoal would then present a busy scene, boats were got out, coils of rope, and oars strewed on every side, lanterns flitted rapidly from place to place. With what energy and earnestness they moved, how their eyes gleamed with excitement, and how their voices rung out in accents of hoarse command. Oh! how horrible to think that the same features of a manly nature—the bold and daring courage that fears not the rushing wave nor the sweeping storm, the heroic daring that can breast the wild breakers as they splash on the dark rocks, can arise from impulses so opposite, and that humanity the fairest, and crime the blackest have but the same machinery to work with.

“It was on a dark November night—the heavy sough of a coming storm sent large and sullen waves on shore, where they broke with that low hollow cadence that seamen recognise as boding ill. A dense thick fog obscured all objects sea-ward, and though many scouts were out up the hills, they could detect nothing; still as the night grew more and more threatening, the wreckers felt assured a gale was coming, and already their preparation was making for the approaching time. Hour after hour passed by, but though the gale increased, and blew with violence on shore, nothing could be seen. Towards midnight, however, a scout came in to say, that he thought he could detect at intervals, through the dense mist and spray, a gleaming light in the direction of ‘the Teeth.’ The drift was too great to make it clearly perceptible, but still he persisted in believing he had seen something.

“A party were soon assembled on the beach, their eyes turned towards the fatal rocks, which at low water rose some twelve or fifteen feet above the surface. They gazed long and anxiously, but nothing could they make out, till, as they were turning away, one cried out, “Ay, see there—there it is now;” and as he spoke a red-forked flame shot up through the drifting spray, and threw a lurid flash upon the dark sea. It died away almost as quickly, and though seen at intervals again, it seemed ever to wax fainter and fainter. ‘She’s on fire,’ cried one. ‘No, no; it’s a distress signal,’ said another. ‘One thing is certain,’ cried a third, ‘the craft that’s on the “Teeth” on such a night as this wont get off very readily; and so, lads, be alive and run out the boats.’

“The little colony was soon astir. It was a race of avarice too; for latterly the settlement had been broken up by feuds and jealousies into different factions, and each strove to overreach the other. In less than half an hour eight boats were out, and breasting the white breakers headed out to sea. All, save the old and decrepit, the women and children, were away, and even they stood watching on the shore, following with their eyes the boats in which they felt most interested.

“At last they disappeared in the gloom—not a trace could be seen of them, nor did the wind carry back the voices, over which the raging storm was now howling. A few still remained straining their eye-balls towards the spot where the light was seen, the others had returned towards the village; when all of a sudden a frightful yell, a long sustained and terrible cry rose from the huts, and the same instant a blaze burst forth and rose into a red column towards the sky. The Indians were upon them. The

war shout—that dreadful sound they knew too well—resounded on every side. Then began a massacre, which nothing in description can convey. The dreadful rage of the vengeful savage—long pent up—long provoked—had now its time for vengeance. The tomahawk and the scalping knife ran red with blood, as women and infants rushed madly hither and thither in the flight. Old men lay weltering in their gore beside their daughters and grandchildren; while the wild red men, unsated with slaughter, tore the mangled corpses as they lay, and bathed themselves in blood. But not there did it end. The flame that gleamed from the “Teeth” rocks was but an Indian device to draw the wreckers out to sea. A pine wood fire had been lighted on the tallest cliff at low water, to attract their attention, by some savages in canoes, and left to burn away slowly during the night.

“Deceived and baffled, the wreckers made towards shore, to which already their eyes were turned in terror, for the red blaze of the burning butts was seen miles off in the bay. Scarcely had the first boat neared the shore, when a volley of fire-arms poured in upon her—while the war cry that rose above it, told them their hour was come. The Indians were several hundred in number, armed to the teeth; the others few, and without a single weapon. Contest it was none. The slaughter scarce lasted many minutes, for ere the flame from the distant rock subsided the last white man lay a corpse on the bloody strand. Such was the terrible retribution on crime, and at the very moment too, when their cruel hearts were bent on its perpetration.

“This tale, which was told me in a broken jargon, between Canadian French and English, concluded with words, which were not to me, at the time, the least shocking part of the story, as the narrator, with glistening eyes, and in a voice whose guttural tones seemed almost too thick for utterance said, ‘It was I that planned it.’

“You will ask me by what chance did I escape with life among such a tribe. An accident—the merest accident—saved me. When a smuggler, as I have already told you I was, I once, when becalmed in the Bay of Biscay, got one of the sailors to tattoo my arm with gunpowder, a very common practice at sea. The operator had been in the North American trade, and had passed ten years as a prisoner among the Indians, and brought away with him innumerable recollections of their habits and customs. Among others, their strange idols had made a great impression on his mind; and, as I gave him a discretionary power as to the frescos he was to adorn me with, he painted a most American-looking savage with two faces on his head—his body all stuck over with arrows and spear points, while he, apparently unmoved by such visitors, was skipping about in something that might be a war dance.

“This, with all its appropriate colours—for as the heraldry folk say, ‘It was proper’—was a very conspicuous object on my arm, and no sooner seen by the chief than he immediately knelt down beside me, dressed my wounds and tended me; while the rest of the tribe, recognising me as one whose existence was charmed, showed me every manner of respect, and even devotion.

“Indeed soon I felt my popularity to be my greatest difficulty; for whatever great event was going forward among the tribe, it became the etiquette to consult me on it, as a species of soothsayer, and never was a prophet more sorely tested. Sometimes it was a question of the whale fishery—whether bottle noses or sulphur bottoms were coming up the bay, and whether, in the then season, it was safe or not to strike the calf whales first. Now it was a disputed point as to the condition of bears; or worse

than either, a little marauding party would be undertaken into a neighbour's premises, where I was expected to perform a very leading part, which, not having the same strong convictions of my invulnerable nature, as my worthy associates, I undertook with as few feelings of satisfaction as you may imagine. But these were not all; offers of marriage from many noble families pressed me on every side; and though polygamy to any extent was permissible, I never could persuade myself to make my fortune in this manner. The ladies too, I am bound to say, were not so seductive as to endanger my principles: flattened heads, bent down noses, and lip stones, are very strong antidotes to the tender passion. And I was obliged to declare, that I was compelled, by a vow, not to marry for three moons. I dared not venture on a longer period of amnesty, lest I should excite suspicion of any insult to them on a point where their vengeance never forgives; and I hoped, ere that time elapsed, that I should be able to make my escape—though how, or when, or where to, were points I could not possibly guess at.

Before the half of my probation had expired, we were visited by an old Indian of a distant tribe—a strange old fellow he was, clothed in goats' skins, and wearing strong leather boots and rackets (snow shoes), a felt hat, and a kind of leather sack strapped on his back, and secured by a lock. This singular-looking fellow was the post. He travelled once a year from a small settlement near Mirimichi to Quebec and back, carrying the letters to and from these places, a distance of something like seven hundred miles, which he accomplished entirely on foot, great part of it through dense forests and over wild uninhabited prairies, passing through the hunting grounds of several hostile tribes, fording rivers and climbing mountains, and all for the moderate payment of ten pounds a year, half of which he spent in rum before he left Quebec, and while waiting for the return mail; and strangest of all, though for forty years he had continued to perform this journey, not only no accident had ever occurred to the letters, but he himself was never known to be behind his appointed time at his destination.

“ ‘Tahata;’ for such was his name, was however a character of great interest even to the barbarous tribes through whose territories he passed. He was a species of savage newspaper, recounting various details respecting the hunting and fishing seasons—the price of skins at Quebec or Montreal—what was the peltry most in request, and how it would bring its best price. Cautiously abstaining from the local politics of these small states his information only bore on such topics as are generally useful and interesting, and never for a moment partook of any partizan character; besides, he had ever some petty commission or other from the squaws to discharge at Quebec. There was an amber bead or a tin ornament, a bit of red ribbon or a glass button, or some such valuable, every where he went; and his coming was an event as much longed and looked for as any other that marked their monotonous existence.

“ He rested for a few days at our village, when I learned these few particulars of his life, and at once resolved, come what might, to make my escape with him, and, if possible, reach Quebec. An opportunity fortunately soon offered for my doing so with facility. The day of the courier's departure was fixed for a great fishing excursion, on which the tribe were to be absent for several days. Affecting illness, I remained on shore, and never stirred from the wigwam till the last canoe had disappeared from sight; then I slowly sauntered out, and telling the squaws that I would stroll about for an hour or so to breathe the air, I followed the track which was pointed out to me by the courier who had departed

early on the same morning. Before sunset I came up with my friend, and, with a heart overflowing with delight, sat down to partake of the little supper he had provided for our first day's journey; after that each day was to take care of itself.

"Then began a series of adventures, to which all I have hitherto told you are as nothing. It was the wild life of the prairies in companionship with one who felt as much at home in the dark recesses of a pine forest, as ever I did in the snug corner of mine inn. Now it was a night spent under the starry sky, beside some clear river's bank, where the fish lay motionless beneath the red glare of our watch-fire; now we bivouaced in a gloomy forest, planting stockades around to keep off the wild beasts; then we would chance upon some small Indian settlement, where we were regaled with hospitality, and spent half the night listening to the low chant of a red man's song, as he deplored the downfall of his nation, and the loss of their hunting grounds. Through all, my guide preserved the steady equability of one who was travelling a well-worn path—some notched tree, some small stone heap, some fissured rock, being his guide through wastes where it seemed to me no human foot had ever trod. He lightened the road with many a song and many a story, the latter always displaying some curious trait of his people, whose high sense of truth and unswerving fidelity to their word, once pledged, appeared to be an invariable feature in every narrative; and though he could well account for the feeling that makes a man more attached to his own nation, he more than once half expressed his surprise how, having lived among the simple-minded children of the forest, I could ever return to the haunts of the plotting and designing white men.

"This story of mine," continued Mr. O'Kelly, "has somehow spun itself out far more than I intended. My desire was, to show you briefly in what strange and dissimilar situations I have been thrown in life—how I have lived among every rank and class, at home and abroad, in comparative affluence—in narrow poverty; how I have looked on at the world, in all its gala dress of wealth, and rank, and beauty—of power, of station, and command of intellect; and how I have seen it poor, and mean, and naked—the companion of gloomy solitudes, and the denizen of pathless forests; and yet found the same human passions, the same love and hate, the same jealousy and fear, courage and daring—the same desire for power, and the same wish to govern, in the red Indian of the prairie, as in the starred noble of Europe. The proudest rank of civilized life has no higher boast, than in the practice of such virtues as I have seen rife among the wild dwellers in the dark forest. Long habit of moving thus among my fellow men, has worn off much of that conventional reverence for class, which form the standing point of all our education at home. The tarred and weather-beaten sailor, if he be but a pleasant fellow, and has seen life, is to me as agreeable a companion as the greatest admiral that ever trod a quarter-deck. My delight has been thus, for many a year back, to ramble through the world, and look on its game, like one who sits before the curtain, and has no concern with the actors, save, in so far as they amuse him.

"There is no cynicism in this. No one enjoys life more than I do. Music is a passion with me—in painting I take the greatest delight, and beauty has still her charm for me. Society never was a greater pleasure. Scenery can give me a sense of happiness, which none but solitary men ever feel—yet, it is less as one identified with these, than as a mere spectator. All this is selfish and egotistical, you will say—and so it is. But then, think what chance has one like me of any other pleasure! To how many

annoyances should I expose myself, if I adopted a different career: think of the thousand inquiries of—who is he? what is his family? where did he come from? what are his means? and all such queries, which would beset me, were I the respectable denizen of one of your cities. Without some position, some rank, some settled place in society, you give a man nothing—he can neither have friend nor home. Now, I am a wanderer—my choice of life, happily, took an humble turn: I have placed myself in a good situation for seeing the game—and I am not too fastidious, if I get somewhat crushed by the company about me: and now, to finish this long story, for I see the day is breaking, and I must leave Antwerp at ten o'clock.

“At last, then, we reached Quebec. It was on a bright, clear, frosty day in December, when all the world was astir—sledges flying here and there—men slipping along in rackets—women, wrapped up in furs, sitting snugly in chairs, and pushed along the ice some ten or twelve miles the hour—all gay, all lively, and all merry-looking—while I and my Indian friend bustled our way through the crowd towards the post-office. He was a well-known character, and many a friendly nod, and a knowing shake of the head welcomed him as he passed along. I, however, was an object of no common astonishment, even in a town where every variety of costume, from full dress to almost nakedness, was to be met with daily. Still something remained as a novelty, and it would seem I had hit on it. Imagine, then, an old and ill-used foraging-cap drawn down over a red night-cap, from beneath which my hair descended straight, somewhere about a foot in length—beard and moustaches to match—a red uniform coat, patched with brown seal-skin, and surmounted by a kind of blanket of buffalo hide—a pair of wampum shorts, decorated with tin and copper, after the manner of a marquetric table—grey stockings, gartered with fish skin—and moccasins made after the fashion of high lows, an invention of my own, which I trust are still known as ‘O’Kellies,’ among my friends the red men.

“That I was not an Indian, was sufficiently apparent—if by nothing else, the gingerly delicacy with which I trod the pavement, after a promenade of seven hundred miles, would have shown it; and yet, there was an evident reluctance on all sides to acknowledge me as one of themselves. The crowd that tracked our steps had by this time attracted the attention of some officers, who stopped to see what was going forward, when I recognised the major of my own regiment among the number. I saw, however, that he did not remember me, and hesitated with myself whether I should return to my old servitude. The thought that no mode of subsistence was open to me—that I was not exactly prepossessing enough to make my way in the world by artificial advantages—decided the question, and I accosted him at once.

“I will not stop to paint the astonishment of the officer, nor shall I dwell on the few events which followed the recognition—suffice it to say, that, the same evening I received my appointment, not as sergeant, but as regimental interpreter between our people and the Indians, with whom we were then in alliance against the Yankees. The regiment soon left Quebec for Trois Rivières, where my ambassadorial functions were immediately called into play—not, I am bound to confess, under such weighty and onerous responsibilities as I had been led to suspect would ensue between two powerful nations—but, on matters of less moment, and fully as much difficulty, viz., the barter of old regimental coats and caps for bows and arrows; the exchange of rum and gunpowder for moccasins, and wampum ornaments—in a word, the regulation of an Anglo-

Indian tariff, which accurately defined the value of every thing, from a black fox skin to a pair of old gaiters—from an Indian tomahawk to a tooth-pick.

"In addition to these fiscal regulations, I drew up a criminal code—which, in simplicity at least, might vie with any known system of legislation—by which it was clearly laid down, that any unknown quantity of Indians were only equal to the slightest inconvenience incurred, or discomfort endured by an English officer: that the condescension of any intercourse with them, was a circumstance of the greatest possible value—and its withdrawal the highest punishment. A few other axioms of the like nature greatly facilitated all bargains, and promoted universal good feeling. Occasionally, a knotty point would arise, which somewhat puzzled me to determine. Now and then, some Indian prejudice, some superstition of the tribe would oppose a barrier to the summary process of my cheap justice; but then, a little adroitness and dexterity could soon reconcile matters—and as I had no fear that my decisions were to be assumed as precedents, and still less dread of their being rescinded by a higher court, I cut boldly, and generally severed the difficulty at a blow.

"My life was now a pleasant one enough—for our officers treated me on terms of familiarity, which gradually grew into intimacy, as our quarters were in remote stations, and as they perceived that I possessed a certain amount of education—which, it is no flattery to say, exceeded their own. My old qualities of convivialism also gave me considerable aid; and as I had neither forgotten to compose a song, nor sing it afterwards, I was rather a piece of good fortune in this solitary and monotonous state of life. Etiquette prevented my being asked to the mess, but most generously nothing interfered with their coming over to my wigwam almost every evening, and taking share of a bowl of sangaree, and a pipe—kindnesses I did my uttermost to repay, by putting in requisition all the amusing talents I possessed: and certainly, never did a man endeavour more for great success in life, nor give himself greater toil, than did I, to make time pass over pleasantly to some half-dozen silly subalterns, a bloated captain or two, and a plethoric, old, snuff-taking major, that dreamed of nothing but rapee, punch, and promotion. Still, like all men in an ambiguous, or a false position, I felt flattered by the companionship of people, whom, in my heart, I thoroughly despised and looked down upon; and felt myself honoured by the society of the most thick-headed set of noodles ever a man sat down with—Aye! and laughed at their flat witticisms, and their old stale jokes—and often threw out hints for *bon mots*, which, if they caught, I immediately applauded, and went about, saying, did you hear 'Jones's last?' 'do you know what the major said this morning': bless my heart! what a time it was. Truth will out—the old tuft-hunting leaven was strong in me even yet—hardship and roughing had not effaced it from my disposition—one more lesson was wanting, and I got it.

"Among my visitors was an old captain of the rough school of military habit, with all the dry jokes of the recruiting service, and all the coarseness which a life spent, most part, in remote stations, and small detachments, are sure to impart. This old fellow, Mat Hubbard, a well-known name in the Glengarries, had the greatest partiality for practical jokes—and could calculate to a nicety the precise amount of a liberty which any man's rank in the service permitted, without the risk of being called to account: and the same scale of equivalents, by which he established the nomenclature for female rank in the army, was regarded by him as the test for those licences he permitted himself to take with any man beneath

him: and as he spoke of the colonel's 'lady,' the major's 'wife,' the captain's 'woman,' the lieutenant's 'thing'—so did he graduate his conduct to the husbands—never transgressing for a moment on the grade, by any undue familiarity, or any unwonted freedom. With me, of course, his powers were discretionary—or rather, had no discretion whatever. I was a kind of military outlaw, that any man might shoot at—and certainly, he spared not his powder in my behalf.

"Among the few reliques of my Indian life was a bear-skin cap and hood, which I prized highly. It was a present from my old guide—his parting gift—when I put into his hands the last few pieces of silver I possessed in the world. This was then to me a thing which, as I had met with not many kindnesses in the world, I valued at something far beyond its mere price; and would rather have parted with any, or all I possessed, than lose it. Well, one day on my return from a fishing excursion, as I was passing the door of the mess-room, what should I see but a poor idiot that frequented the barrack, dressed in my bear-skin.

"'Holloa! Rokey,' said I, 'where did you get that?' scarce able to restrain my temper.

"'The captain gave it me,' said the fellow, touching his cap, with a grateful look towards the mess-room window, where I saw Captain Hubbard standing, convulsed with laughter.

"'Impossible!' said I—yet half-fearing the truth of the assertion. 'The major couldn't give away what's mine, and not his.'

"'Yes, but he did though,' said the fool, 'and told me, too, he'd make me the "talk man" with the Indians, if you didn't behave better in future.'

"I felt my blood boil up as I heard these words. I saw at once that the joke was intended to insult and offend me; probably meant as a lesson for my presumption, a few evenings before, since I had the folly, in a moment of open-hearted gaiety, to speak of my family, and perhaps to boast of my having been a gentleman: I hung my head in shame, and all my presence of mind was too little to allow me to feign a look of carelessness as I walked by the window: from whence the coarse laughter of the captain was now heard peal after peal. I shall not tell you how I suffered when I reached my hut, and what I felt at every portion of this transaction. One thing forcibly impressed itself on my mind, that the part I was playing must be an unworthy one, or I had never incurred such a penalty; that if these men associated with me, it was on terms which permitted all from them—nothing in return; and for a while, I deemed no vengeance enough to satisfy my wounded pride. Happily for me, my thoughts took another turn, and I saw that the position in which I had placed myself, invited the insolence it met with; and that if any man stoop to be kicked in this world, he'll always find some kind friend ready to oblige him with the compliment. Had an equal so treated me, my course had presented no difficulty whatever—Now, what could I do?

"While I pondered over these things, a corporal came up to say, that a party of the officers were about to pay me a visit after evening parade, and hoped I'd have something for supper for them. Such was the general tone of their invitations, and I had received in my time above a hundred similar messages, without any other feeling than one of pride, at my being in a position to have so many distinguished guests. Now, on the contrary, the announcement was a downright insult: my long downcast pride suddenly awakened, I felt all the contumely of my condition; and my spirit, sunk for many a day in the slavish observance of a miserable vanity, rebelled against further outrage. I muttered a hasty 'all-right,' to the soldier, and turned away to meditate on some scheme of vengeance.

"Having given directions to my Indian follower, a half-bred fellow of the most cunning description, to have all ready in the wigwam, I wandered into the woods. To no use was it that I thought over my grievance, nothing presented itself in any shape as a vindication of my wounded feelings—nor could I see how any thing short of ridicule could ensue, from all mention of the transaction. The clanking sound of an Indian drum broke on my musings, and told me that the party were assembled; and on my entering the wigwam, I found them all waiting for me. There were full a dozen; many who had never done me the honour of a visit previously, came on this occasion to enjoy the laugh at my expense the captain's joke was said to excite. Husbanding their resources, they talked only about indifferent matters—the gossip and chit-chat of the day—but still with such a secret air of something to come, that even an ignorant observer could notice, that there was in reserve somewhat that must bide its time for development. By mere accident, I overheard the captain whisper in reply to a question of one of the subalterns—'No! no!—not now—wait, till we have the punch up.' I guessed at once that such was the period they proposed to discuss the joke played off at my expense, and I was right. For no sooner had the large wooden bowl of sangaree made its appearance, than Hubbart filling his glass, proposed a bumper to the health of our new ally, Rokey; a cheer drowned half his speech, which ended in a roar of laughter, as the individual so complimented stood at the door of the wigwam, dressed out in full costume with my bear-skin.

"I had just time to whisper a command to my Indian imp, concluding with an order for another bowl of sangaree, before the burst of merriment had subsided—a hail-storm of jokes, many poor enough, but still cause for laughter, now pelted me on every side. My generosity was lauded, my good taste extolled, and as many impertinences as could well be offered up to a man at his own table, went the round of the party. No allusion was spared either to my humble position as interpreter to the force, or my former life among the Indians, to furnish food for joke: even my family—of whom, as I have mentioned, I foolishly spoke to them lately—they introduced into their tirade of attack and ridicule, which nothing but a sense of coming vengeance could have enabled me to endure.

"'Come, come,' said one, 'the bowl is empty. I say, O'Kelly, if you wish us to be agreeable, as I'm certain you find us, will you order a fresh supply?'

"'Most willingly,' said I, 'but there is just enough left in the old bowl to drink the health of Captain Hubbart, to whom we are certainly indebted for most of the amusement of the evening. Now, therefore, if you please with all the honours, gentlemen—for let me say, in no one quality has he his superior in the regiment. His wit we can all appreciate; his ingenuity I can speak to; his generosity—you have lauded *mine*—but think of *his*.' As I spoke I pointed to the door, where my ferocious-looking Indian stood in all his war-paint, wearing on his head the full-dress cocked-hat of the captain, while over his shoulders was thrown his large blue military-cloak, over which he had skilfully contrived to make a hasty decoration of brass-ornaments, and wild-bird's feathers.

"'Look there!' said I, exultingly, as the fellow nodded his plumed-hat and turned majestically round, to be fully admired.

"'Have you dared, sir?' roared he, frothing with passion and clenching his fist towards me—but a perfect cheer of laughter overpowered his words. Many rolled off their seats and lay panting and puffing on the ground; some turned away half-suffocated with their struggles, while a few, more timid than the rest, endeavoured to conceal their feelings, and

seemed half alarmed at the consequences of my impertinence. When the mirth had a little subsided it was remarked, that Hubbart was gone—no one had seen how or when—but he was no longer among us.

“ ‘Come, gentlemen,’ said I, ‘the new bowl is ready for you, and your toast is not yet drunk. All going so early? Why, it’s not eleven yet.’

“ ‘But so it was—the impulse of merriment over—the *esprit du corps* came back in all its force, and the man, whose feelings they had not scrupled to outrage and insult, they turned on, the very moment he had the courage to assert his honour. One by one they passed out—some with a cool nod—others a mere look—many never even noticed me at all; and one, the last, I believe, dropping a little behind, whispered as he went, ‘Sorry for you, faith, but all your own doing, though.’

“ ‘My own doing,’ said I in bitterness, as I set me down at the door of the wigwam. ‘My own doing,’ and the words eat into my very heart’s core. Heaven knows had any one of them who left me but turned his head and looked at me then as I sat—my head buried in my hands, my frame trembling with strong passion—he had formed a most false estimate of my feelings. In all likelihood, he would have regarded me as a man sorrowing over a lost position in society—grieved at the mistaken vanity that made him presume among those who associated with him by grace especial, and never on terms of equality. Nothing in the world was then farther from my heart: no, my humiliation had another source—my sorrowing penetrated into a deeper soil. I awoke to the conviction that my position was such that even the temporary countenance they gave me by their society was to be deemed my greatest honour, as its withdrawal should be my deepest disgrace—that these poor heartless, brainless fools for whom I taxed my time, my intellect, and my means, were in the light of patrons to me. Let any man who has felt what it is to live among those on whose capacity he has looked down, while he has been obliged to pay homage to their rank—whose society he has frequented, not for pleasure nor enjoyment—not for the charm of social intercourse, or the interchange of friendly feeling, but for the mere vulgar object that he might seem to others to be in a position to which he had no claim—to be intimate when he was only endured—to be on terms of ease when he was barely admitted; let him sympathise with me. Now I awoke to the full knowledge of my state, and saw myself at last in a true light. ‘My own doing,’ repeated I to myself. Would it had been so many a day since, ere I had lost self-respect—ere I had felt the humiliation I now feel.

“ ‘You are under arrest, sir,’ said the sergeant, as, with a party of soldiers, he stood prepared to accompany me to the quarters.

“ ‘Under arrest! By whose orders?’

“ ‘The colonel’s orders,’ said the man briefly, and in a voice that showed I was to expect little compassion from one of a class who had long regarded me as an upstart, giving himself airs unbecoming his condition.

“ ‘My imprisonment, of which I dared not ask the reason, gave me time to meditate on my fortunes, and think over all the vicissitudes of my life. To reflect on the errors which had rendered abortive every chance of success in whatever career I adopted; but, more than all, to consider how poor were all my hopes of happiness in the road I had chosen, while I dedicated to the amusement of others the qualities which, if cultivated for myself, might be made sources of contentment and pleasure. If I seem prolix in all this—if I dwell on these memories, it is, first, because few men may not reap a lesson from considering them; and again, because on them hinged my whole future life.

“ ‘There, do you see that little drawing yonder? it is a sketch—a mere

sketch I made from recollection of the room I was confined in. That's the St. Lawrence flowing beneath the window, and there, far in the distance, you see the tall cedars of the opposite bank. On that little table I laid my head the whole night long; I slept too, and soundly, and when I awoke the next day I was a changed man.

" ' You are relieved from arrest,' said the same sergeant who conducted me to the prison, ' and the colonel desires to see you on parade.'

" As I entered the square, the regiment was formed in line, and the officers, as usual, stood in a group chatting together in the centre. A half smile, quickly subdued as I came near, ran along the party.

" ' O'Kelly,' said the colonel, ' I have sent for you to hear a reprimand which it is fitting you should receive at the head of the regiment, and which, from my knowledge of you, I have supposed would be the most effectual punishment I could inflict for your late disrespectful conduct to Captain Hubbard.'

" ' May I ask, colonel, have you heard of the provocation which induced my offence?'

" ' I hope, sir,' replied he, with a look of stern dignity, ' you are aware of the difference of your relative, rank and station, and that, in condescending to associate with you, he conferred an honour which doubly compensated for any liberty he was pleased to take. Read the general order, Lieutenant Wood.'

" A confused murmur of something from which I could collect nothing reached me; a vague feeling of weight seemed to press my head, and a giddiness that made me reel, were on me; and I only knew the ceremony was over as I heard the orders to march given, and saw the troops begin to move off the ground.

" ' A moment, colonel,' said I in a voice that made him start, and drew on me the look of all the others. ' I have too much respect for you, and I hope also for myself, to attempt any explanation of a mere jest, where the consequences have taken a serious turn; besides I feel conscious of one fault, far too grave a one to venture on an excuse for any other I have been guilty of. I wish to resign my post. I here leave the badge of the only servitude ever did, or ever intend to submit to; and now as a free man once more, and a gentleman, too, if you'll permit me, I beg to wish you adieu: and as for you, captain, I have only to add, that whenever you feel disposed for a practical joke, or any other interchange of politeness, Con O'Kelly will be always delighted to meet your views—the more so as he feels, though you may not believe it, something still in your debt.'

" With that I turned on my heel, and left the barrack-yard, not a word being spoken by any of the others, nor indeed any evidence of their being so much amused as they seemed to expect from my exposure.

" Did it never strike you as a strange thing, that while none but the very poorest and humblest people can bear to confess to present poverty, very few men decline to speak of the narrow circumstances they have struggled through—nay, rather take a kind of pleasure in relating what difficulties once beset their path—what obstacles were opposed to their success? The reason perhaps is, there is a reflective merit in thus surmounting opposition. The acknowledgment implies a sense of triumph. It seems to say—Here am I such as you see me now, and yet time was when I was houseless and friendless—when the clouds darkened around my path, and I saw not even the faintest glimmer of hope to light up the future; yet with a stout heart and strong courage, with the will came the way, and I conquered. I do confess, I could dwell, and with great plea-

sure too, on those portions of my life when I was poorest and most forsaken, in preference to the days of my prosperity, and the hours of my greatest enjoyment: like the traveller who, after a long journey through some dark winter's day, finds himself at the approach of night seated by the corner of a cheery fire in his inn; every rushing gust of wind that shakes the building, every plash of the beating rain against the glass, but adds to his sense of comfort, and makes him hug himself with satisfaction to think how he is no longer exposed to such a storm—that his journey is accomplished—his goal is reached—and as he draws his chair closer to the blaze, it is the remembrance of the past gives all the enjoyment to the present. In the same way, the pleasantest memories of old age are of those periods in youth when we have been successful over difficulty, and have won our way through every opposing obstacle. 'Joy's memory is indeed no longer joy.' Few can look back on happy hours without thinking of those with whom they spent them, and then comes the sad question, Where are they now? What man reaches even the middle term of life with a tithe of the friends he started with in youth; and as they drop off one by one around him, comes the sad reflection, that the period is passed when such ties can be formed anew — The book of the heart once closed, opens no more. But why these reflections? I must close them, and with them my story at once.

"The few pounds I possessed in the world enabled me to reach Quebec and take my passage in a timber vessel bound for Cork. Why I returned to Ireland, and with what intentions, I should be sorely puzzled, were you to ask of me. Some vague, indistinct feeling of home connected with my birth-place had, perhaps, its influence over me. So it was—I did so.

"After a good voyage of some five weeks, we anchored in Cove, where I landed, and proceeded on foot to Tralee. It was night when I arrived. A few faint glimmering lights could be seen here and there from an upper window, but all the rest was in darkness. Instinctively, I wandered on till I came to the little street where my aunt had lived. I knew every stone in it. There was not a house I passed but I was familiar with all its history. There was Mark Cassidy's provision store, as he proudly called a long dark room, the ceiling thickly studded with hams and bacon, coils of rope, candles, flakes of glue, and loaves of sugar; while a narrow pathway was eked out below, between a sugar-hogshead, some sacks of flour and potatoes, hemp-seed, tar, and treacle, interspersed with scythe-blades, reaping-hooks, and sweeping-brushes—a great coffee-roaster adorning the wall, and forming a conspicuous object for the wonderment of the country people, who never could satisfy themselves whether it was a new-fashioned clock, or a weather-glass, or a little threshing-machine, or a money-box. Next door was Maurice Fitzgerald's the apothecary, a cosy little cell of eight by six, where there was just space left for a long practised individual to grind with a pestle, without putting his right elbow through a blue glass bottle that figured in the front window, or his left into active intercourse with a regiment of tinctures that stood up, brown, and muddy, and foetid, on a shelf hard-by. Then came Joe M'Evoy's, 'licensed for spirits and entertainment,' where I had often stood as a boy, to listen to the pleasant sounds of Larry Branaghan's pipes, or to the agreeable ditties of 'Adieu, ye shinin' daisies, I loved you well and long,' as sung by him, with an accompaniment. Then there was Mister Moriarty's the attorney, a great man in the petty sessions, a bitter pill for all the country gentlemen. He was always raking up knotty cases of their decisions, and reporting them to the *Limerick Vin-*

dicator, under the cognomen of 'Brutus' or 'Coriolanus.' I could just see by the faint light that his house had been raised a story higher, and little iron balconies, like railings, stuck to the drawing-room windows. Next came my aunt's. There it was—my foot was on the door-step where I stood as a child, my little heart wavering between fears of the unknown world without, and hopes of doing something—heaven knows what—which would make me a name hereafter; and there I was now, after years of toil and peril of every kind, enough to have won me distinction, success enough to have made me rich, had either been but well-directed, and yet I was poor and humble, as the very hour I quitted that home. I sat down on the steps, my heart heavy and sad, my limbs tired, and before many minutes fell fast asleep, and never awoke till the bright sun was shining gaily on one side of the little street, and already the preparations for the coming day were going on about me. I started up, afraid and ashamed of being seen, and turned into the little ale-house close by to get my breakfast. Joe himself was not forthcoming; but a fat, pleasant-looking, yellow-haired fellow, his very image, only some dozen years younger, was there, bustling about among some pewter-quarts and tin-measures, arranging tobacco-pipes, and making up little pennyworths of tobacco.

"'Is your name M'Evoy?' said I.

"'The same, at your service,' said he, scarce raising his eyes from his occupation.

"'Not Joe M'Evoy?'

"'No, sir, Ned M'Evoy; the ould man's name was Joe.'

"'He's dead then, I suppose?'

"'Ay, sir; these eight years come mickle mass; is it a pint or a naggin of sperits?'

"'Neither; it's some breakfast, a rasher and a few potatoes, I want most. I'll take it here, or in the little room.'

"'Faix, ye seem to know the ways of the place,' said he, smiling as he saw me deliberately push open a small door, and enter a little parlour once reserved for favourite visitors.

"'It's many years since I was here before,' said I to the host, as he stood opposite to me, and watched the progress I was making with my breakfast; 'so many, that I can scarce remember more than the names of the people I knew very well. Is there a Miss O'Kelly living in the town? It was somewhere near this, her house.'

"'Yes, above Mr. Moriarty's, that's where she lived; but sure she's dead and gone, many a day ago. I mind Father Donellan, the priest that was here before Mr. Nolan, saying masses for her sowl, when I was a slip of a boy.'

"'Dead and gone,' repeated I to myself sadly—for though I scarcely expected to meet my poor old relative again, I cherished a kind of half hope that she might still be living. And the priest, Father Donellan, he's dead too?'

"'Yes, sir; he died of the fever, that was so bad four years ago.'

"'And Mrs. Brown that kept the post-office?'

"'She went away to Ennis when her daughter was married there; I never heard tell of her since.'

"'So that, in fact, there are none of the old inhabitants of the town remaining. All have died off?'

"'Every one, except the ould captain; he's the only one left.'

"'Who is he?'

"'Captain Dwyer; maybe you knew him?'

“ ‘ Yes, I knew him well ; and he's alive?—he must be very old by this time ?’

“ ‘ He's something about eighty-six or seven ; but he doesn't let on to more nor sixty, I believe ; but sure talk of —, God preserve us, here he is.’

“ As he spoke, a thin withered-looking old man, bent double with age, and walking with great difficulty, came to the door, and in a cracked voice called out—

“ ‘ Ned M'Evoy, here's the paper for you, plenty of news in it too about Mister O'Connell and the meetings in Dublin. If Cavanagh takes any fish, buy a sole or a whiting for me, and send me the paper back.’

“ ‘ There's a gentleman inside here was just asking for you, sir,’ said the host.

“ ‘ Who is he ? Is it Mr. Creagh ? At your service, sir,’ said the old man, sitting down in a chair near me, and looking at me from under the shadow of his hand spread over his brow. You're Mr. Studdart, I'm thinking ?’

“ ‘ No, sir ; I do not suspect you know me ; and, indeed, I merely mentioned your name as one I had heard of many years ago when I was here, but not as being personally known to you.’

“ ‘ Oh ! troth and so you might, for I'm well known in these parts—eh, Ned ?’ said he, with a chuckling cackle, that sounded very like hopeless dotage. ‘ I was in the army—in the “ Buffs ;” maybe you knew one Clancy was in them ?’

“ ‘ No, sir ; I have not many military acquaintances. I came here this morning on my way to Dublin, and thought I would just ask a few questions about some people I knew a little about—Miss O'Kelly.’

“ ‘ Ah, dear ! Poor Miss Judy—she's gone these two or three years.’

“ ‘ Ay, these fifteen,’ interposed Ned.

“ ‘ No, it isn't, though,’ said the captain crossly, ‘ it isn't more than three at most—cut off in her prime too—she was the last of an old stock—I knew them all well. There was Dick—blazing Dick O'Kelly, as they called him, that threw the sheriff into the mill-race at Kilmacud, and had to go to France afterwards ; and there was Peter, Peter got the property, but he was shot in a duel. Peter had a son—a nice devil he was too—he was drowned at sea ; and except the little girl that has the school up there—Sally O'Kelly—she is one of them—there's none to the fore.’

“ ‘ And who was she, sir ?’

“ ‘ Sally was—what's this ? Ay, Sally is daughter to a son Dick left in France ; he died in the war in Germany, and left this creature, and Miss Judy heard of her, and got her over here, just the week she departed herself. She's the last of them now—the best family in Kerry—and keeping a child's school. Ay, ay, so it is, and there's property too coming to her, if they could only prove that chap's death, Con O'Kelly ; but sure no one knows any thing where it happened. Sam Fitzsimon advertised him in all the papers, but to no use.’

“ I did not wait for more of the old captain's reminiscences, but snatching up my hat, I hurried down the street, and in less than half an hour was closeted with Mr. Samuel Fitzsimon, attorney-at-law, and gravely discussing the steps necessary to be taken for the assumption of my right to a small property, the remains of my Aunt Judy's, but a few hundred pounds, renewal fines of lands, that had dropped before my father's death. My next visit was to the little school, which was held in the parlour, where poor Aunt Judy used to have her little card parties. The old stuffed macaw, now from dirt and smoke he might have passed for a raven, was

still over the fire-place, and there was the old miniature of my father, and on the other side was one, which I had not seen before, of Father Donnellan, in full robes. All the little old conchologies were there too, and except the black plethoric-looking cat, that sat staring fixedly at the fire, as if she was grieving over the price of coals, I missed nothing. Miss Sally was a nice modest looking young woman, with an air of better class about her than her humble occupation would seem to imply. I made known my relationship in a few words, and having told her that I had made all arrangements for settling whatever property I possessed upon her, and informed her that Mr. Fitzsimon would act as her guardian, I wished her good-bye and departed. I saw that my life must be passed in occupation of one kind or other—idleness would never do, and with the only “fifty” I reserved to myself of my little fortune I started for Paris. What I was to do I had no idea whatever, but I well knew, you have only to lay the bridle on Fortune's neck and you'll seldom be disappointed in adventures.

“For some weeks I strolled about Paris enjoying myself as thoughtlessly as though I had no need of any effort to replenish my failing exchequer. The mere human tide that flowed along the Boulevards, and through the gay gardens of the Tuileries, would have been amusement enough for me. Then there were theatres, and *cafés*, and *restaurants*, of every class from the costly style of the ‘Rocher’ down to the dinner beside the fountain ‘Des Innocents,’ where you feast for four sous, and where the lowest and poorest class of the capital resorted. Well, well, I might tell you some strange scenes of those days, but I must hurry on.

“In my rambles through Paris, visiting strange and out-of-the-way places, dining here, and supping there, watching life under every aspect I could behold it, I strolled one evening across the Pont Neuf into the ‘Isle St. Louis,’ that quaint old quarter with its narrow straggling streets and its tall gloomy houses, barricaded like fortresses. The old *porte cochere* studded with nails, and barred with iron, and having each a small window to peer through at the stranger without, spoke of days when outrage and attack were rife, and it behoved every man to fortify his stronghold as best he could. There were now to be found the most abandoned and desperate of the whole Parisian world—the assassin, the murderer, the housebreaker, the coiner, found a refuge in this confused wilderness of gloomy alleys and dark dismal passages. When night falls, no lantern throws a friendly gleam along the streets—all is left in perfect darkness, save when the red light of some cabaret lamp streams across the pavement. In one of these dismal streets I found myself when night set in, and although I walked on and on, somehow I never could extricate myself, but continually kept moving in some narrow circle, so I guessed at least, for I never wandered far from the deep-toned bell of ‘Notre Dame,’ that went on chanting its melancholy peal through the stillness of the night air. I often stopped to listen, now it seemed before, now behind me, the rich solemn sound floating through those cavernous streets, had something awfully impressive. The voice that called to prayer heard in that gloomy haunt of crime, was indeed a strange and appalling thing. At last it ceased, and all was still. For some time I was uncertain how to act, I feared to knock at a door and ask my way, the very confession of my loneliness would have been an invitation to outrage, if not murder. No one passed me; the streets seemed actually deserted.

“Fatigued with walking I sat down on a door sill and began to consider what was best to be done, when I heard the sound of heavy feet moving along towards me, the clattering of sabots on the rough pavement, and

shortly after a man came up who, I could just distinguish, seemed to be a labourer. I suffered him to pass me a few paces and then called out—

“ ‘Holloa, friend, can you tell me the shortest way to the “Pont Neuf?”’

“He replied by some words in a patois so strange I could make nothing of it. I repeated my question, and endeavoured, by signs, to express my wish. By this time he was standing close beside me, and I could mark, was evidently paying full attention to all I said. He looked about him once or twice, as if in search of some one, and then turning to me said in a thick guttural voice—

“ ‘*Halte la*, I'll come;’ and with that he moved down in the direction he originally came from, and I could hear the clatter of his heavy shoes till the sounds were lost in the winding alleys.

“A sudden thought struck me that I had done wrong. The fellow had evidently some dark intention by his going back, and I repented bitterly having allowed him to leave me; but then what were easier for him than to lead me where he pleased had I retained him; and so I reflected, when the noise of many voices speaking in a half-subdued accent came up the street. I heard the sound, too, of a great many feet; my heart sickened as the idea of murder, so associated with the place, flashed across me; and I had just time to squeeze myself within the shelter of the door-way when the party came up.

“ ‘Somewhere hereabouts, you said, wasn't it?’ said one in a good accent, and a deep, clear voice.

“ ‘*Oui da!*’ said the man I had spoken to, while he felt with his hands upon the walls and door-way of the opposite house. ‘Holloa there,’ he shouted.

“ ‘Be still, you fool: don't you think that he suspects something by this time? Did the others go down the Rue des Loups?’

“ ‘Yes, yes,’ said a voice close to where I stood.

“ ‘Then all's safe; he can't escape that way. Strike a light, Pierre.’

“A tall figure, wrapped up in a cloak, produced a tinder box, and began to clink deliberately with a steel and flint. Every flash showed me some savage-looking face, where crime and famine struggled for mastery, while I could mark that many had large clubs of wood, and one or two were armed with swords. I drew my breath with short efforts, and was preparing myself for the struggle, in which, though I saw death before me, I resolved to sell life dearly, when a hand was passed across the pillar of the door, and rested on my leg. For a second it never stirred; then slowly moved up to my knee, where it stopped again. My heart seemed to cease its beating: I felt like one around whose body some snake is coiling fold after fold his slimy grasp. The hand was gently withdrawn, and before I could recover from my surprise, I was seized by the throat and hurled out into the street. A savage laugh rang through the crowd, and a lantern, just lighted, was held up to my face, while he who spoke first called out—

“ ‘You didn't dream of escaping us, *bête*, did you?’ at the same moment hands were thrust into my various pockets; the few silver pieces I possessed were taken; my watch torn off; my hat examined, and the lining of my coat ripped open, and all so speedily that I saw at once I had fallen into experienced hands.

“ ‘Where do you live in Paris?’ said the first speaker, still holding the light to my face, and staring fixedly at me while I answered.

“ ‘I am a stranger and alone,’ said I, for the thought struck me, that

in such a circumstance frankness was as good policy as any other. 'I came here to-night to see the cathedral, and lost my way in returning.'

" 'But where do you live? in what quarter of Paris?'

" 'The Rue d' Alger; number 12; the second story.'

" 'What effects have you there in money?'

" 'One English bank note for five pounds; nothing more.'

" 'Any jewels, or valuables of any kind?'

" 'None; I am as poor as any man in Paris.'

" 'Does the porter know your name, in the house?'

" 'No; I am only known as the Englishman of number 12.'

" 'What are your hours? irregular, are they not?'

" 'Yes; I often come home very late.'

" 'That's all right. You speak French well. Can you write it?'

" 'Yes; sufficiently so for any common purpose.'

" 'Here, then,' said he, opening a large pocket-book, 'write an order which I'll tell you to the *concierge* of the house. Take this pen.'

" With a trembling hand I took the pen, and waited for his direction.

" 'Is it a woman keeps the door of your hotel?'

" 'Yes,' said I.

" 'Well, then, begin—Madame La Concierge, let the bearer of this note have the key of my apartment.'

" As I followed with my hand the words, I could mark that one of the party was whispering in the ear of the speaker, and then moved slowly round to my back.

" 'Hush, what's that?' cried the chief speaker. 'Be still there;' and as we listened, the rich chorus of a number of voices singing in parts, was heard at some little distance off.

" 'That infernal nest of fellows must be rooted out of this, one day or other,' said the chief; 'and if I end my days on the Place de la Greve, I'll try and do it. Hush there—be still—they're passing on,' true enough, the sound began to wax fainter, and my heart sank heavily, as I thought the last hope was leaving me: suddenly a thought dashed through my mind—death in one shape is as bad as another. I'll do it—I stooped down, as if to continue my writing, and then collecting my strength for the effort, and taking a deep breath, I struck the man in front a blow with all my might, that felled him to the ground, and clearing him with a spring, bounded down the street. My old Indian teaching had done me good service here; few white men could have caught me in an open plain, with space and sight to guide me—and I gained at every stride; but alas, I dared not stop to listen whence the sounds proceeded, and could only dash straight forward, not knowing where it might lead me, down a steep rugged street, that grew narrower as I went, I plunged—when, horror of horrors, I heard the Seine plashing at the end; the rapid current of the river surged against the heavy timbers that defended the banks, with a sound like a death-wail.

" A solitary trembling light lay afar off in the river from some barge that was at anchor there, I fixed my eye upon it, and was preparing for a plunge, when, with a half-suppressed cry, my pursuers sprung up from a low wharf I had not seen, below the quay, and stood in front of me; in an instant they were upon me, a shower of blows fell on my head and shoulders—and one, armed with desperate resolution, struck me on the forehead; and felled me on the spot.

" 'Be quick now, be quick,' said a voice I well knew—'into the river with him—the "filets de St. Cloud" will catch him by day-break—into the river with him.' They tore off my coat and shoes, and dragged me

along towards the wharf—my senses were clear, though the blow had deprived me of all power to resist—and I could calculate the little chance still left me, when once I had reached the river—when a loud yell, and a whistle was heard afar off—another, louder, followed—the fellows around me sprang to their legs, and with a muttered curse, and a cry of terror, darted off in different directions. I could hear now several pistol shots following quickly on each other, and the noise of a scuffle with swords; in an instant it was over, and a cheer burst forth, like a cry of triumph. ‘Any one wounded there?’ shouted a deep manly voice, from the end of the street: I endeavoured to call out, but my voice failed me. ‘Holloa there, any one wounded?’ said the voice again, when a window was opened over my head, and a man held a candle out, and looked into the street. ‘This way, this way,’ said he, as he caught sight of my shadow where I lay. ‘Ay, I guessed they went down here,’ said the same voice I heard first, as he came along, followed by several others. ‘Well, friend, are you much hurt, any blood lost?’

“‘No, only stunned,’ said I, ‘and almost well already.’

“‘Have you any friends here—were you quite alone?’

“‘Yes; quite alone.’

“‘Of course you were—why should I ask? That murderous gang never dared to face two men yet. Come, are you able to walk? Oh, you’re a stout fellow, I see—come along with us. Come, Ludwig, put a hand under him, and we’ll soon bring him up.’

“When they lifted me up, the sudden motion caused a weakness so complete, that I fainted, and knew little more of their proceedings, till I found myself lying on a sofa in a large low room, where some forty persons were seated at a long table, most of them smoking from huge pipes of regular German proportions.

“‘Where am I?’ was my question, as I looked about, and perceived that the party wore a kind of blue uniform, with fur on the collar and cuffs—and a greyhound, worked in gold, on the arm.

“‘Why, you’re safe, my good friend,’ said a friendly voice beside me—‘that’s quite enough to know at present, isn’t it?’

“‘I begin to agree with you,’ said I, coolly—and so, turning round on my side, I closed my eyes, and fell into as pleasant a sleep as ever I remember in my life.

“They were, indeed, a very singular class of restoratives which my kind friends thought proper to administer to me; nor am I quite sure that a *bavaroise* of chocolate, dashed with rum, and friction over the face, with hot *eau de Cologne*, are sufficiently appreciated by the ‘faculty;’ but this I do know, that I felt very much revived by the application without and within, and with a face somewhat the colour of a copper preserving-pan, and far too hot to put any thing on, I sat up and looked about me. A merrier set of gentlemen, not even my experience had ever beheld. They were mostly middle-aged, grizzly-looking fellows, with very profuse beards and moustachios; their conversation was partly French, partly German, here and there a stray Italian diminutive crept in, and to season the whole, like cayenne in a *ragout*, there was an odd curse in English.

“Their strange dress, their free and easy manner, their intimacy with each other, and above all, the *locale* they had chosen for their festivities, made me, I own, a little suspicious about their spotless morality, and I began conjecturing to what possible calling they might belong: now, guessing them smugglers—now, police of some kind or other—now, highwaymen outright, but without ever being able to come to any conclusion that even approached satisfaction. The more I listened, the more did my puzzle

grow on me; that they were either the most distinguished and exalted individuals, or the most confounded story-tellers, was certain. Here was a fat greasy little fellow, with a beard like an Armenian, who was talking of a trip he made to Greece with the Duke of Saxe Weimar; apparently they were on the best of terms together, and had a most jolly time of it. There, was a large handsome man, with a short black moustache, describing a night-attack by wolves, made on the caravan he was in, during a journey to Siberia. I listened with intense interest to his narrative: the scenery, the danger, the preparation for defence, had all those little traits that bespeak truth, when, confound him, he destroyed the whole in a moment as he said, 'At that moment the Archduke Nicholas said to *me*'—the Archduke Nicholas, indeed—very good that—he's just as great a liar as the other.

" 'Come, thought I, there's a respectable looking old fellow with a bald head; let us hear him; there's no boasting of the great people he never met with, from that one I'm sure.'

" 'We were now coming near to Vienna,' continued he, 'the night was dark as pitch, when a *vedette* came up to say, that a party of brigands, well known thereabouts, were seen hovering about the post station the entire evening. We were well armed, but still by no means numerous, and it became a grave question what we were to do? I got down immediately and examined the loading and priming of the carbines, they were all right, nothing had been stirred. "What's the matter?" said the duke.'

" 'Oh,' said I, 'then there's a duke here also.'

" 'What's the matter?' said the Duke of Wellington.

" 'Oh, by Jove! that beats all,' cried I, jumping up on the sofa, and opening both my hands with astonishment. 'I'd, have wagered a trifle on that little fellow, and hang me, if he isn't the worst of the whole set.'

" 'What's the matter—what's happened?' said they all turning round in amazement at my sudden exclamation. 'Is the man mad?'

" 'It's hard to say,' replied I; 'but if I'm not, you must be; unless I have the honour, which is perfectly possible, to be at this moment in company with the Holy Alliance; for so help me, since I've sat here and listened to you, there is not a crowned head in Europe, not a queen, not an archduke, ambassador, and general-in-chief, some of you have not been intimate with; and the small man with the red beard, has just let slip something about the Shah of Persia.'

"The torrent of laughter that shook the table, never ceased for full a quarter of an hour. Old and young, smooth and grizly, they laughed, till their faces were seamed with rivulets, like a mountain in winter; and when they would endeavour to address me, they'd burst out again as fresh as ever.

" 'Come over and join us, worthy friend,' said he who sat at the head of the board, 'you seem well equal to it; and perhaps our character as men of truth, may improve on acquaintance.'

" 'What, in heaven's name, are you?' said I.

"Another burst of merriment was the only reply they made me. I never found much difficulty in making my way in certain classes of society, where the tone was a familiar one: where a *bon mot* was good currency, and a joke passed well, there I was at home, and to assume the features of the party was with me a kind of instinct which I could not avoid. It cost me neither effort nor strain—I caught up the spirit as a child catches up an accent, and went the pace as pleasantly as though I had been bred among them. I was therefore but a short time at table

when, by way of matriculation, I deemed it necessary to relate a story; and certainly if they had astounded me by the circumstances of their high and mighty acquaintances, I did not spare them in my narrative, in which the Emperor of China figured as a very common-place individual, and the King of Candia came in just incidentally, as a rather dubious acquaintance might do.

"For a time they listened like people who are well accustomed to give and take these kind of miracles; but when I mentioned something about a game of leap-frog on the wall of China with the celestial himself, a perfect shout of incredulous laughter interrupted me.

" 'Well,' said I, 'don't believe me, if you don't like; but here have I been the whole evening listening to you, and if I have not bolted as much as that, my name's not Con O'Kelly.'

"But it is not necessary to tell you how, step by step, they led me to credit all they were saying, but actually to tell my own real story to them, which I did from beginning to end down to the very moment I sat there, with a large glass of hot claret before me, as happy as might be.

" 'And you really are so low in purse?' said one.

" 'And have no prospect of any occupation, nor any idea of a livelihood?' cried another.

" 'Just as much as I expect promotion from my friend the Emperor of China,' said I.

" 'You speak French and German well enough though?'

" 'And a smattering of Italian,' said I.

" 'Come, you'll do admirably; be one of us.'

" 'Might I make bold enough to ask what trade that is?'

" 'You don't know; you can't guess even.'

" 'Not even guess,' said I, 'except you report for the papers, and come here to make up the news.'

" 'Something better than that, I hope,' said the man at the head of the table. 'What think you of a life that leads a man about the world from Norway to Jerusalem—that shows him every land the sun shines on, and every nation of the globe, travelling with every luxury that can make a journey easy and a road pleasant; enables him to visit whatever is remarkable in every city of the universe; to hear Pasta at St. Petersburg in the winter, and before the year ends to see an Indian war dance among the red men of the Rocky Mountains; to sit beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, as it were to-day, and ere two months be over, to stand in the spray of Trolhattan, and join a wolf-chase through the pine forests of the north; and not only this, but to have opportunities of seeing life on terms the most intimate; that society should be unveiled to an extent that few men of any station can pretend to; to converse with the greatest and the wisest, the most distinguished in rank, age, and better than all, the most beautiful women of every land in Europe, who depend on your word, rely on your information, and permit a degree of intimacy, which in their own rank is unattainable; to improve your mind by knowledge of languages, acquaintance with works of art, scenery, and more still, by habits of intelligence which travelling bestows.'

" 'And to do this,' said I, burning with impatience at a picture that realized all I wished for, 'to do this——'

" 'Be a courier,' said thirty voices in a cheer. 'Vive la Grande Route;' and with the word each man drained his glass to the bottom.

" 'Vive la Grand Route,' exclaimed I, louder than the rest; 'and here I join you.' From that hour I entered on a career that each day I follow is become dearer to me. It is true, I sit in the rumble of the carriage,

while *monseigneur* or my lord reclines within; but would I exchange his ennui and depression for my own light-heartedness and jollity? would I give up the happy independence of all the intrigue and plotting of the world I enjoy, for his rank and station? Does not Mount Blanc look as grand in his hoary panoply to me, as to him, are not the Danube and the Rhine as fair? If I wander through the gallery of Dresden, have I not the sweet smile of the great Raphael's Madonna bent on me as blandly as it is on him? Is not mine host, with less of ceremony, far more cordial to me than to him? Is not mine a rank known, and acknowledged, in every town, in every village? Have I not a greeting wherever I pass? Should sickness overtake me, where have I not a home? Where am I among strangers? Then, what care I for the bill—mine is a royal route where I never pay? And lastly, how often is the *soubrette* of the rumble as agreeable a companion as the pale and care-worn lady within?

"Such is my life. Many would scoff and call it menial. Let them if they will. I never *felt* it so: and once more I say, 'Vive la Grande Route.'

"But your friends of the Fischers Haus?"

"A jolly set of smugglers, with whom for a month or two in summer I take a cruise less for profit than pleasure. The blue water is a necessary of life to the man that has been some years at sea. My little collection has been made in my wanderings; and if ever you come to Naples, you must visit a cottage I have at Castella Mare, where you'll see something better worth your looking at. And now, it does not look very hospitable, but I must say, adieu.' With these words Mr. O'Kelly opened a drawer, and drew forth a blue jacket lined with rich dark fur and slashed with black braiding: a greyhound was embroidered in gold twist on the arm, and a similar decoration ornamented the front of his blue cloth cap. 'I start for Genoa in half an hour—we'll meet again and often, I hope.'

"Good-by,' said I, and a hundred thanks for a pleasant evening and one of the strangest stories I ever heard. I half wish I were a younger man, and I think I'd mount the blue jacket too.'

"It would show you some strange scenes,' said Mr. O'Kelly, while he continued to equip himself for the road. 'All I have told is little compared to what I might, were I only to give a few leaves of my life *en courier*; but as I said before, we'll live to meet again. Do you know who my party is this evening?"

"I can't guess.'

"My old flame Miss Blundell, she's married now, and has a daughter so like what I remember herself once. Well, well, it's a strange world. Good-by.'

"With that we shook hands for the last time, and parted; and I wandered back to Antwerp when the sun was rising, to get into a bed and sleep for the next eight hours."

TRAITS OF SARACENIC CHIVALRY.

BY WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D., OF TRIN. COL. DUBLIN.

A CHINESE philosopher declares that the most bitter curse which could be pronounced on a man, a nation, or an institution is, "May you never have an enemy!" Unless energies are roused by active hostility, industry kept alive by emulation, and vigilance stimulated by the dread of danger, humanity is liable to exchange tranquillity for indolence, and indolence for torpor, until the powers of exertion are utterly destroyed. When the fathers of the church obtained a legal constitution for Christianity at the Council of Nice, they commenced a new struggle for the total extirpation of Paganism; it was a task of danger and difficulty; paganism was interwoven with every political institution of imperial Rome so intimately and completely, that it could not be removed without a demolition and reconstruction of the entire social edifice. There were not in the western empire men possessing either the courage or the ability to undertake either task; the work of destruction devolved on the iron men of northern Europe and north-eastern Asia; the ancient empire of Rome, with all its institutions political and religious, was washed away by successive floods of barbarism, and Christianity was the only principle which emerged when the deluge of blood had subsided, after sweeping all before it from the Caspian to the Atlantic. In the eighth century Christianity stood alone, and it stood amidst ruins. A great task devolved upon the rulers of the Christian church, the re-construction of the social system from its lowest foundation to the topmost stone; to collect the elements of civilization which were scattered about without order or coherence, in fact, to organize society out of an intellectual chaos. For this great blessing men looked to the church; they could look to nothing else, for it was the only surviving institution; but the church was without a rival, its leaders had no motive for exertion, and Christendom sunk into

a state which may aptly be designated apathetic anarchy. This decay of energy extended from institutions to men; the Franks forgot their courage, the Goths unlearned heroism, and the Vandals slumbered away their existence.

At this crisis Christianity was blessed with a rival. A new religion was preached in the wilds of Arabia; its existence was first made known beyond the limits of the desert by letters which a camel-driver wrote to the two most powerful sovereigns in the world, commanding one to abandon the creed of Constantine, and the other that of Cyrus, preparatory to receiving the new code of laws which their unknown correspondent was prepared to dictate. It was, on the part of Mohammed, a formal challenge to all but the entire of mankind. It was the first announcement of the existence of chivalry, meaning thereby the union of a daring spirit of military adventure with the fiercest religious fanaticism; the prophet proclaimed, what we may be permitted to call a "Crescentade," feebly imitated by the crusades of later ages when the increasing advance of Islamism had at length succeeded in awakening the Christianity of western Europe from its lethargic slumbers.

In the character of the Saracenic *Ghazi*, as of the Christian knight-errant, the leading elements were, as we have said, the spirit of daring adventure, and a ferocious fanaticism: Mohammed founded the one and created the other. It was not until Europe appeared to be on the point of being trampled down under the hoofs of the Saracenic chivalry that Christendom was driven to create a rival order and oppose the cross-handled sword of the chevalier to the scimeter of the dreaded Saracen. The identity between the chivalry of Arabia and of Christendom appears equally in their history and in their romantic legends; both exhibit a passionate respect for the

fair sex, a high sense of the point of honour, a thirst for revenge, and a pride in unbounded hospitality; the Saracenic and Christian adventurers are represented as valuing no earthly possessions but their steeds and their swords, as the self-constituted judges of wrongs and redressers of grievances, enjoying life only when in the saddle, and knowing no difference between inactivity and death. The history of such an institution as chivalry may be better learned from its fictions than from its facts; the former set forth the glorious ideal which it was the object of the institution to accomplish, the latter reveals nothing but the successive failures in its attainment. We grant that the romances of chivalry, whether eastern or western, are untrue; but it is undeniable that they produced the effect of truths, and nothing is worthless to the historian which exhibits motives influential on human conduct.

The principal chivalrous romances of Saracenic literature are the adventures of Antar and Hatim Tai, neither of which has been completely translated. Our illustrations are taken from the less known portions of both, and may claim the merit of novelty if they have no other. Antar is described as the son of a black concubine, destined by his father for no nobler occupation than the guardianship of flocks and herds, but the tribe of Banu-Abs, to which he belonged, was surrounded by enemies; in early youth he exhibited extraordinary prowess in defence of his charge; as he grew up he became the hero of his tribe, and triumphed over the inveterate prejudices which condemned him to a servile condition. He soon attained the rank of a noble, and notwithstanding the obstacles raised by a thousand enemies, envious of his glory, he married Ablā, a young lady of illustrious birth, his paternal cousin, who had long been the object of his warmest affections. The odes which Antar addressed to Ablā afford convincing proof that the knights-errant of Arabia were as devoted in their attach-

ment to the ladies of their love as those of Christendom in a later age. We have translated one as a specimen:—

“How fraught with delight are the breezes that blow,
O'er Alam's* sweet bowers of balm,
When around me at morning they tranquilly flow,
And shed o'er my spirit a calm.

“In vain are the Absians harsh and unjust,†
In vain have they broken their faith,
In my zeal for their safety they still may place trust,
Love binds me to shield them till death.

“Were Ablā away, I'd seek some distant land,
But her beauty detains me a slave,
No strength the bright glance of her eye can withstand;
It would raise up a corpse from the grave!

“The sun says to her as he sinks in the west,
'Light the world, dear, whilst I am away!'
The moon, when she sees her, with envy possess'd,
Withdraws from the sky its pale ray.

“The aspen and cypress display not such grace,
As they weave their light branches on high;
Such majesty none in the palm-trees can trace,
Though their summits be lost in the sky.

“A veil o'er her charms Ablā modestly throws,
Concealing the brow arch'd and high;
The cheek, where eternally blushes the rose,
And the lightnings that flash from her eye.

“But still through the delicate covering steals,
Her breath that perfumes all the air;
The beautiful play of her limbs: it reveals
Their form so soft, rounded and fair.

* Ablā resided in the village of Alam.

† The Absians, or tribe of Abs: its elders had decided, contrary to promise, that Antar was of too mean an origin to match with Ablā.

O daughter of Malik,* may merciful
 heaven,
 Send an ear to the tale of my woes,
 The wounds with which absence my
 bosom has riv'n,
 In thy presence only can close.

Art thou still in these tents? shall our
 union be found,
 In Sherbè's bright valleys of bloom?
 I feel that I quench, while I kiss the
 dear ground,
 The flames that my bosom consume.

"I am Antar the Absian! shield of my
 race!
 Death o'er me dominion may claim,
 But ne'er shall oblivion the glories
 efface,
 Which my deeds have procured for
 my name."

There are some critics who have described all the amatory poets of the east as nothing better than "harmless advocates of lust," but this is not true of the earlier Arab writers; Antar's odes unite depth of affection with purity of sentiment in no ordinary degree, and we are not aware of a single sensual passage in any one of his compositions. Nor does he stand alone in describing intensity of passion without reference to appetite; we possess an ode written by an Arab warrior on the death of his mistress, in which he describes his despair with an appropriateness of imagery and a strength of feeling which have rarely been surpassed. We shall venture on a translation:—

"They bid me be merry and join in the
 dance,
 They bid me have courage and take up
 my lance,
 How can I be merry?—my bosom is
 gor'd,
 How handle the lance, when I'm pierc'd
 with a sword?

"They tell me the foemen draw nigh to
 our camp,
 That they see the bright spears—hear
 the horses loud tramp,
 What foe is more cruel than love un-
 appeas'd?
 What danger more great than a spirit
 diseas'd?

"They talk of my glory—'tis wither'd
 and gone,
 They speak of my battles—my last fight
 is done.
 They point to my trophies—they're idle
 and vain,
 They count up all I slew—would I slept
 with the slain!

"Ho! bring forth my camel—to de-
 serts I'll fly,
 Untrod by a footstep, unseen by an
 eye,
 With the hot sun beneath, and the bright
 sky above.
 Unnotic'd I'll wither, the victim of
 love!"

The adventure by which Antar won his sword gives a very interesting picture of the respect shown to ladies in the palmy days of Saracenic chivalry. While the hero, after returning from one of his expeditions, was feasting with Zeer, king of the district of Banu-Abs, a stranger suddenly presented himself and supplicated the aid of the monarch and his assembled warriors. He was recognized by Prince Malik as his foster-brother Hassan. The suppliant was the son of a king who had fallen in battle; while he was yet at the breast his mother was brought captive to the tribe of Abs, and entrusted with the charge of the infant Malik; the care she bestowed on the education of the prince was rewarded with freedom; she and her son were permitted to return home after Hassan and Malik had bound themselves together by a vow of brotherhood in arms. After some time Hassan fell in love with his cousin, the beautiful Nakhumè, he challenged to mortal combat all who dared to aspire to her hand, and overthrew so many that for a long time he appeared to be without a rival. As he did not possess sufficient wealth to pay the dowry which her father required for Nakhumè, he resolved to conquer it by his lance. He set out in quest of adventures and booty with a troop of chosen companions, and their errantry was crowned with success. During the absence of Hassan a perilous competitor demanded the hand of his mistress. This rival was "Asaf, chief of the tribe of Kahtan,

* Malik was the father of Aba.

remarkable for his gigantic size and voice of thunder; he had under his command a numerous army that soon exhausted the country in which it was encamped, and compelled him to seek new pasturages. Whenever his approach to any district was known the inhabitants fled in every direction," and he was thus compelled to explore the surrounding countries to find out some spot where his appearance would be unexpected. In one of these expeditions he missed his way and came unexpectedly on the encampment of the tribe of Mozen, to which Hassan and his mistress belonged. "Whilst he was admiring its rich pastures he saw a number of young girls bathing in a lake, amongst whom was Nakhumè. She was freely sporting with her companions; she came out of the lake with more majesty and glory than the brilliant star of night breaking through a cloud." Asaf fell desperately in love; he hastened home and employed an old woman of his tribe to discover the name and family of the object of his passion. Before she had obtained this information Hassan returned home with the stipulated dowry; the old woman, therefore, when she returned to Asaf, brought him the intelligence that though Nakhumè was not married, she was on the point of being united to her cousin. Asaf immediately sent to demand the hand of the princess, offering to pay whatever dowry might be required, and threatening, in case of a refusal, "that he would become master of her person by force, treat her as a slave, and annihilate the tribe of Mazen, sparing not the infant at the breast, widows or orphans."

Nujúm, the father of the lady, replied that his daughter was already betrothed to Hassan, and that he dared not break his plighted pledge. At the same time to show his contempt for the menaces of Asaf, he ordered preparations to be made for celebrating the marriage. Before they were completed intelligence arrived that Asaf at the head of an immense army, was advancing to fulfil his threat; the elders of Mazen insisted that Nujúm should give up his daughter to save the tribe; it was with difficulty that Hassan obtained a delay of ten days while he sought assistance from the

tribe of Abs. Notwithstanding the bond of union between Hassan and Prince Malik, assistance would have been refused had not it been known that Hassan was the husband of Nakhumè's choice; the chivalrous desire to save the lady from being forced to wed against her inclinations was the great cause of the eagerness with which all present volunteered their services. On the road Antar gained possession of a wondrous sword, by means to which we shall again have occasion to refer. Hassan and his friends reached Mazen just as Asaf had forced an entrance into the encampment and was beginning to deal slaughter round. Antar burst through the crowd of foes "with the impetuosity of the northern blast;" Asaf fell beneath his sword, and Nakhumè rescued at the very crisis of danger was restored to her chosen husband.

It was during this expedition that Antar composed his "War-song," which travellers assure us is still sung by the Bedouin warriors, with as much effect as that of Roland was before the battle of Hastings. It breathes the genuine spirit of knight errantry, and we trust that all its fire has not been quenched in the following translation:

"Oh! how delightful is the gleam
Our flashing sabres spread,
How dear to me the sparks that stream
From every lance's head.

"I burn with ardour for the fight,
Grim death I long to dare,
The hero's soul no terrors blight,
War—war's his only care.

"Onward the charging squadrons ride,
Fierce is their coursers' speed,
The clouds of dust thick-rolling hide,
Full many a glorious deed.

"The night of war obscures the day,
But breaking through the storm,
High-waving swords and spears display
The comet's awful form.

"Honour to him who knows no fear,
But seeks the thickest fight,
While thousands fall before the spear,
Held by that arm of might.

"He wields his sword that drips with
blood,
As calm in danger's hour,
As if from peril far he stood,
In some sequester'd bower.

" Brothers in arms, when we advance
United to the field,
Our foes give way, and Kahtan's lance,
Is broken on our shield.

" Shame to the coward ! wretched slave !
His life shall know no friend,
And when he dies, above his grave
No weeping fair shall bend.

" But when I fall, o'er me be said,
' A lion sleeps below,
Whose prowess fill'd his foes with dread,
And sav'd his tribe from woe.' "

Innumerable anecdotes may be related of the inveterate death-feuds between tribes and individuals. Their strength may be inferred from the following superstition which forms an article of faith in the creed of every Bedouin. When a man perishes by violent death, his spirit forthwith animates the body of a bird, which perpetually haunts his relatives, persecuting them at bed and board, continually screaming, *Oscuni, Oscuni*, that is, "give me to drink," and never ceases this ominous sound, until its thirst is appeased by a draught of the murderer's blood. It is curious that a superstition of a similar kind is found in that part of Sicily which was longest subject to Saracenic sway. An Italian traveller declares that he visited a castle in the island where he was hospitably entertained for several days ; he observed that at every meal one seat was reserved empty, but a cover was laid before it as for some expected guest. He inquired the reason from the son of his host, who had travelled into other lands, and was therefore more likely to be communicative to strangers ; the young man replied, " An old and barbarous notion still prevails amongst us, that the spirits of those who have fallen victims to treachery can never enjoy peace, if their death be not avenged with blood, alas ! often with torrents of blood. My brother was murdered and not having obtained this inhuman satisfaction, is believed to be destitute in his sepulchre of a bed to rest on when weary ; of food to refresh him when tormented with hunger ; therefore are his room and bed kept constantly ready for his accommodation, and his usual seat is invariably reserved for him at table."

Hospitality and generosity were deemed by the Arabians virtues para-

mount to all others, and in all their romances the hero is represented distributing boundless wealth with a lavish hand. The character given of Hatim Tai embodies all the virtues that the sons of the desert wish to see combined in a chief. " Hatim was liberal, wise, brave, and generous ; when he fought he conquered ; when he plundered he carried off ; when he was asked he gave ; when he shot the arrow he hit the mark : and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated." His fame for liberality spread all over the East. " The sovereign of Damascus," says one of the legends, " resolved to try its extent ; he sent to ask of him twenty camels with red hair and black eyes—a species of camel very rare, and consequently of great value. By offering to pay a double price Hatim collected a hundred such camels, and sent them to Damascus ; the monarch not to be outdone in generosity sent them back laden with the richest treasures, but Hatim, without a moment's hesitation, ordered the animals with their precious loads to be distributed to those from whom they were originally purchased." Shortly afterwards the Emperor of Constantinople wished to make the same experiment ; he sent an ambassador to demand from Hatim a valuable steed to which he was much attached. The officer arrived late at night, was hospitably entertained, and in the morning stated the object of his mission. " It is too late," replied Hatim, " all my flocks and herds are at a distant pasture, and having nothing else wherewith to entertain you, I ordered that steed to be slain for your supper." The reputation of Hatim gave great offence to Naman, King of Yemen, who commissioned one of his courtiers to assassinate him ! In obedience to the royal commands the emissary sought the Arabian tents ; on his road he met a man of dignified aspect, who invited him to share his hospitality. After a splendid repast the courtier rose to depart, and in reply to the pressing invitation of his host stated the dangerous task which he had undertaken. To his great astonishment, the host throwing open his vest, exclaimed, " Strike boldly, I am Hatim, and strike at once that you may have time to escape the vengeance of my friends." These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier ; he fell at the

feet of Hatim, and solicited his forgiveness, after which he returned to Yemen.

A story still more romantic is told in another legend. One day Hatim went to the desert where on a sudden a lion met him, he said in his heart—"If I attack this lion with my weapon, it will be remote from humanity, and if I smite him not the lion will devour me; perhaps by the divine favour I will soothe the lion's heart."* In mild language he addressed the lion saying, "Creature of God, if thou hungerest for my flesh it is at thy service, and if thy longing be for flesh wherewith to fill thy belly, here is my horse, eat and appease thy hunger; but if thou hast a wish for my own flesh, for the sake of God I will give it thee; devour me and be not sad-hearted." At these mild expressions the lion crouched, and Hatim removed his armour from his person, and took down the saddle from his horse, and with clasped hands came before the lion, and said, "Of the two whichsoever be thy choice, eat and be not sad in heart." At these words the lion lowered his head and fell at the feet of Hatim, and began to wipe his eyes against them. Hatim said, "Creature of God, far be it from Hatim that thou shouldst depart hungry, for God the Supreme has created the horse for the benefit of his creatures, therefore eat; and if thou hast a desire for my own flesh, as a divine duty, I will bestow it on thee, but go not away hungry and distressed in heart. Of my own free will I give myself up, and if thou eat me not thou wilt distress me." The lion, deeply affected, laid his head in the dust and then departed to his haunt.

It is said that Hatim had a large store-house having seventy doors, at each of which he used to bestow alms upon the poor. After his death his brother Cherbeka, who succeeded him, wished to imitate his great example, but his mother dissuaded him from the attempt, saying, "My son, it is not in thy nature." He would not attend to her advice, upon which she one day, having disguised herself as a mendicant, came to one of the doors where her son relieved her, she went to another door and was a second time re-

lieved; she then went to a third, when her son exclaimed—

"I have given thee twice already, yet thou importunest me again."

"Did I not tell thee, my son," said the mother discovering herself, "that thou couldst not equal the liberality of thy brother? I tried him as I have tried thee, and he relieved me at each of the seventy doors without asking me a question. But I knew thy nature and his; when I suckled thee and one nipple was in thy mouth, thou always heldest thy hand upon the other, lest any one should seize it; but thy brother Hatim the contrary."

In her concluding phrase the old lady alludes to the legend that Hatim was so generous even in infancy as to refuse to be suckled unless others shared the milk with him.

"He never used to cry," says the legend, "nor suck milk if alone, nor listlessly indulge in sleep. After he had been weaned and began to live on ordinary food, if at any time he was taken out and saw a poor person, he used to make signs with his hands, imploring his attendants to give him alms."

Ingenuity and subtilty of spirit are more marked traits of Saracenic than of feudal chivalry; habits of keen observation were formed in the trackless desert, where the difficulty of discovering his course is not less to the traveller than to the early navigators of the ocean. The Indians of North America were trained to similar acuteness by the difficulty of discovering the proper path in their dense forests, and the Icelandic sagas dwell at great length on the skill with which the seakings discovered the proximity of the land for which they steered by the faintest indications in the sky, the sea, or the breeze. Voltaire's *Zadig* is based on the old legends of Arab ingenuity; we shall select one of the original stories which he has grievously mutilated. Three Arabian brothers who were travelling for their improvement were met by a camel-driver, who asked them if they had seen his beast, which had unfortunately gone astray. "Did not your camel want an eye?" asked the first of the brothers. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" was the

* According to the legend, Hatim knew the languages of all animals, and conversed with them wherever he went.

query of the second. "Was not he lame?" interrogated the third. The camel-driver answered all these questions in the affirmative, and naturally supposing that they must have seen the beast, asked them to tell him where it was. The brothers replied, "Pursue the road on which we are travelling." After some time they said to him, "He is laden with corn;" again they said, "He had a pannier of honey on one side and of oil on the other." The owner of the camel convinced by the minute accuracy of their description that they had seen the beast, reiterated his request that they would show him where the camel was; but when they averred that they had never seen the beast, and had heard of it only from himself, he regarded them as robbers, and brought them before the judge. The brothers were thrown into prison, but their rank being subsequently recognised, they were liberated and sent to the royal palace. After the monarch had entertained them hospitably he asked, "How were ye able to describe with such precision a camel which you had never seen?" They replied, "We saw his track, and observed that the grass was cropped only on one side, whence we conjectured that he wanted an eye; we remarked in the grass that he cropped the trace of his wanting a tooth; and from the impression of his feet, one appeared to have been dragged, whence we conjectured that he was lame. The same impression showed that he was heavily laden; and as the fore-feet had sunk deeper than those behind we guessed that the load was grain, which is usually placed on the camel's neck; seeing ants in clusters on one side of the road, we knew that drops of oil had fallen there; while swarms of flies on the other side showed honey to have been scattered in that direction."

Personal loyalty to a monarch or *suzerain* is rare in the annals of Saracenic chivalry; the only instance of it which occurs to our memory is the devoted attachment of Antares to King Zeer or Zohier, the *Melek* or king of the tribe of Abs. Like all the other emotions of this swarthy chevalier it found vent in extempore poetry. We shall quote one of the scenes in which Antares thus showed his affection to his sovereigns, and our readers will see

that it partakes more of the character of patriarchal than of feudal chivalry.

"After the numerous and brilliant exploits which had brought them peace and prosperity, the warriors of the tribe of Abs, assembled by the invitation of their King Zeer, near the source of a bubbling fountain in a fertile and verdant valley. When, after their splendid repast, the slaves sent round cups filled with wine, whilst the young damsels danced on the green sod to the sound of timbrels and the song of their mothers.

"Surrounded by the princes his sons, and the chief lords of his tribe, King Zeer, who with patriarchal kindness presided over the festivities required Antares to sing one of his poetic compositions. A profound silence reigned in the assembly; Antares, after meditating a few moments with his eyes fixed on the ground, raised his head, and sung the following verses in a rich mellow tone—

"All hail, mighty monarch! good fortune be thine,
Far away be all care from the chief of our line;
May thy soul by solicitude never be pain'd,
May thy wish scarce be form'd ere the object be gain'd!

"Thy presence spreads joy from the east to the west,
Yon fountain flows sweeter to greet such a guest,
For thee the green meads take a lovelier bloom,
And the flowrets are shedding a richer perfume.

"Bright source of our glory! 'tis pleasure divine
To share in thy banquet, to drink of thy wine,
May joy thus for ever illumine thy glance,
And, certain as fate, be the stroke of thy lance.

"Alas! my poor soul has by love been betray'd,
Deep, deep is the wound from the eye of a maid,
Who dwells in these tents. I should perish with fear,
Were hope not reviv'd by my trust in king Zeer.

"Like meteors that flash o'er the dark vault of night,
Are the deeds of our monarch, swift, sudden, and bright,

May his glories endure ! may his warriors so brave,
Send death on before—leave behind them
a grave !”

The horse is generally as renowned as the knight in all chivalric romances, but among the Arabs the love for their noble breed of horses amounted to a passion. Even at the present day a true Bedouin cherishes his steed with a tenderness and affection of which Europeans cannot form any adequate notion. Well, indeed, do the noble horses of Arabia deserve this fostering care ; they are generally of a delicate make, but able to support the fatigue of very long journeys ; well proportioned with small bellies, little ears, and a short tail. They are rarely vicious, indeed they are for the most part tended by women and children, and they wander quietly over the plain, mixed with the other cattle ; the Arab horsemen have such confidence in their steeds that they often ride them without a saddle or any bridle but a halter. It is a common proverb, “ Cherish the steed that has the breast of a lion and the rump of a wolf.” Great attention is paid to the genealogy of the different races, and certificates of their blood and antiquity are common. We shall insert one of these certificates of modern date, as a matter of curiosity—

“ In the name of God the most merciful, from whom alone we expect aid and succour. The prophet says—My people shall never join to affirm a lie.”

“ The following is the object of this authentic document :—We the undersigned attest, certify, and declare, swearing by our fate, our fortune, and our girdles, that the bay mare having a white star in her forehead, and white fetlocks on the off side, is of a noble birth for three generations on both sides. Her dam was of the Seglaman and her sire of the Eliseban blood : she unites all the qualities of those mares, of which the prophet (on whom be the peace and mercy of God !) says, their beasts are treasures and their backs seats of honour.

“ Supported by the testimony of our predecessors, we attest on our fate and fortunes, that the mare in question is of noble descent, that she is as pure as milk, renowned for swiftness and speed, able to bear thirst, and accustomed to the fatigue of long journeys. In wit-

ness whereof, we have delivered the present certificate, after what we have seen and known ourselves, God is the best of witnesses.

“ Signed and sealed,” &c.

Antar's steed, Abjar, is scarcely less celebrated than his master ; the appearance of the horse is thus described by Asmâi. “ When Antar had driven away the cattle (acquired in a marauding expedition), and had proceeded some distance on his road home, a knight suddenly rushed out from a ravine in the rocks, mounted on a dark-coloured colt, beautiful and compact, and it was of a race much prized among the Arabs ; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin ; when he neighed, he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears were like quills ; his sire was Wasil, and his dam Hemama.” Antar chased the knight who possessed this steed, Harith, the son of Obad, and overtook him after a long and fatiguing pursuit. Asmâi's account of the interview which ensued is singularly marked by a high sense of knightly courtesy, and a remarkable attachment to the safety of a gallant steed, and a noble reverence for the laws of hospitality. We quote from Mr. Hamilton's translation :—

“ Antar having nearly overtaken the flying warrior, said to him, ‘ O young man, by the faith you profess and believe, will you not wait for me awhile and grant me a favour ? for I see you are a noble horseman. Hear what I have to say, and give me an answer ; I shall be accountable for your security.’

“ ‘ O young man,’ said Harith, trusting to his promise, ‘ what do you want ? I see you are also a valiant knight.’ Will you sell me this horse you are riding ?” asked Antar, ‘ or will you give it me if you are the owner of it ?’ ‘ By heavens, young man,’ said Harith, smiling, ‘ had you accosted me thus at first, I would have given him to you, with some camels also, and you need not have acted thus ; but, Arab, did you ever see any one surrender his horse and his armour in a plain like this, alone and a stranger ? and particularly a horse like this whose lineage is as well known as that of the noblest warrior's, for should his master be in difficulties, he will liberate him ; he moves and flies without wings, and if you have not heard of his fame, I will tell you : he is called Ahjâr, whom Chos-

roe* and the Grecian emperors, and the princes of the tribe of Asfar have been anxious to possess. I was angry with my own people and repaired to this noble tribe.† I ate with them and remained with them a long time. It costs me much to part with this horse, but my heart is attached to this tribe, and is greatly distressed about them. I am no coward in the assault of heroes; but I was afraid that this horse might receive a blow that should injure him, and therefore, only followed you, in order to draw off your attention till the men of the tribe might overtake you in pursuit over the hills and wilds, and that I might point out to them your course, for you have invaded a tribe where there are only women, and but a few men, unable to encounter so fierce a foe; and I do not perceive a single feeling heart among you all.'

"Harith having ceased speaking, Antar said, 'I wish you would sell me this horse; demand what you please from me, and I will be the purchaser of it.' 'O young man,' said Harith, 'if you are indeed desirous of a horse that is in this age quite invaluable, I will not sell it but in restitution of all this booty; and then do not imagine you will lose by your bargain. I swear by the God who knows all secrets, I do not avoid fighting you from the fear of death, for I am a warrior and can defend myself; but I feared this horse would be injured. If you, young man, wish to strike a bargain, and act like a man of honour, as I am a guest of this tribe, and have eaten with them, my wish is to ransom their property with this horse; and had it not been for this misfortune, I never would have parted with such an animal.'"

Antar gave all his plunder in exchange for this noble steed, which thenceforth became the faithful companion of his brilliant career. Soon after he witnessed an encounter between two brothers, who fought for the inheritance of the celebrated sword *Damé*, (the blood-drinker,) which their father had manufactured out of meteoric iron; Antar obtained possession of the weapon, which in his hands became not less renowned than the *Excalibar* of King Arthur.

The age of Antar, Hatim Tai, and the other heroes of the chivalrous romance of the Saracens, immediately preceded the coming of Mohammed; one of Antar's favourite companions be-

came a follower of the prophet, and Hatim Tai's daughter, by a generous heroism worthy of her race, saved her tribe from the fury of Mohammed's soldiers. Hatim's tribe rejected Islamism; the prophet led an army against them, and having gained a complete victory, ordered that all the captives, with the exception of the daughter of Hatim, should be put to the sword. The noble lady, seeing the executioners ready to begin the work of massacre, threw herself at the feet of the prophet, and said, "take back your unwelcome boon; to survive my fellow-citizens, would be to me a fate infinitely worse than that with which they are menaced; spare them, or include me in their condemnation." Mohammed was so affected by this devotedness that he revoked his sentence and pardoned the entire tribe.

Although the preaching of Mohammed was the great cause of the fanaticism which mingled with the military spirit and love of adventure, that previously characterized the Arabian warriors, we find that some religious enthusiasm existed even in the days of idolatry. The pagan Arabs were often found to pollute the temple of an idol belonging to a rival tribe, and nothing but the extermination of the offenders could gratify the offended votaries of the insulted shrine. Religious wars were therefore not wholly unknown, and the enthusiasm which they generated could scarcely be regarded as a new social element. In the very year of Mohammed's birth, there was a fierce religious war between the Christian viceroy of Yemen and the tribes of the Koreish, the hereditary guardians of the temple of Mecca. The change which Mohammed wrought in Saracenic chivalry was not so much the introduction of the religious element, as the giving of that element a prominence and intensity which overshadowed all the rest; yet in the great body of the traditions preserved in the *Mishcat*, we find that the prophet was not insensible to the influence of romantic appeals to the knight-errantry of the Saracens. His magnificent hyperbole—"in the shade of the scimitars Paradise is prefigured"—is, in fact, but a summary of Antar's

* It should rather be Khosrau, the same as Cyrus, a name assumed by the Persian princes of the Sarsanid dynasty, who claimed to be descended from Cyrus the Great.

† That which Antar had just plundered.

war-songs ; but the great change which Mohammed effected in the chivalrous sentiments of the Arabs, was that he taught them not merely to despise death in the field of battle, but to desire it as the greatest of blessings. High as are the praises bestowed on martyrdom in the Koran, they fall very short of the eulogies given to such a death in the *Mishcat al Masabih*, or great collection of traditions. We may remark incidentally, that without studying this collection, which unfortunately is placed beyond the reach of English readers, it is impossible to form any adequate notion of the genius of the Mohammedan religion.

In the section *Gilead*, which treats of "fighting against infidels," it is related that Mohammed said, "thou shalt in nowise reckon those who are killed in the cause of God, dead ; but they are living near their cherisher, and receiving daily bread." Ebn Masud said, "verily, I asked the prophet the meaning of this revelation, and he said, the souls of martyrs are in the crops of green birds, and they have golden chandeliers suspended from God's imperial throne, in place of nests ; and they feed them in every part of Paradise they like, after which they take asylum in the chandeliers : their Cherisher (that is, God) then turns his face towards them and says—do you wish for any thing ? They say, what can we wish for and what desire, now that we feed in whatever part of Paradise we like ? And God asks them the same question thrice, and when they understand that their Cherisher's object is for them to ask something, they say, O Cherisher ! we wish you to return our souls into our bodies and send us into the world, that we may be slain again in thy cause. Then, when God knows that they are in want of nothing, on account of their great rewards obtained, he leaves them."

Ebn Madicarib authenticates another tradition:—"Six boons are assured to a martyr when he approaches near the throne of God : first, on the falling of the first drop of his blood, all his iniquities and transgressions are washed away, and with the blood his name is written on the throne which he shall occupy in Paradise ; second, Moukir and Nekir, the dreadful inquisitors of the tomb shall not molest him in his grave ; third, he shall be for ever delivered from the power of Satan, and the tortures of

the infernal lake ; fourth, a crown of glory shall be placed upon his head, one jewel of which is better than the world, and every thing contained in it ; fifth, seventy-two black-eyed virgins of Paradise shall be given him as companions ; and sixth, if he asks forgiveness of the sins of seventy of his relations the request shall be granted." On this declaration, Abu Horeira remarked, that the prophet had further declared, "whoever shall be in God's presence without fighting for the faith, will meet him with a flaw in his religion ;" and also, "he who fights in the cause of God a period of time, equal to the interval of milking a camel, will have earned admission to Paradise." Abu Amirah added, I heard the prophet say, "there is no Mussulman whom God causeth to die that wishes to return to the world, except a martyr ; for every martyr is anxious to be killed again in the cause of God."

Mohammed anticipated the Roman pontiffs in promising complete forgiveness of their sins to all who fell in the Holy Wars. Ebn Ayid Kais gave as a tradition—"The prophet came out to the bier of a nobleman to recite prayers over the deceased ; when the body was set down before him, Omar (afterwards kaliph) said—do not say prayers over him, O messenger of God, for he was a wicked man!—Then his highness looked towards the people and said—did any one of you ever see him employed in a work of Islam ? A man said, yes ; I did, O messenger of God ! he kept watch one night on the road of God. Then the prophet said prayers over him and threw dust on him, and said to the corpse, your friends imagine you are in hell ; but I bear witness that you are one of the people of Paradise. And he said to Omar, you will not be asked about men's actions, but of their services to the religion of Islam." To this Ebn Amir added, "I heard the prophet say, verily, God forgives three persons their sins, and brings them into Paradise on account of one arrow : the first, the maker of the arrow if he designs it for holy war ; the second, the shooter of it in the cause of God ; the third, the person who gives the arrow into the hand of the archer."

While the prophet animated the Saracens by promises of glory and eternal felicity, he sedulously denounced all meaner motives, declaring that

those who engaged in war for the sake of pay or plunder, should have no other reward. His regulations for the distribution of the booty, which his followers might acquire, are highly chivalrous in their character; the slayer of an infidel was declared to be entitled to his horse, his armour, and all the property he carried about his person; but all the rest of the plunder was thrown into common stock for private distribution, and those who concealed any portion of it were deemed guilty of the sin of Achan.

Abu Horeira said, "a man sent a present of a slave, whose name was Midam, to the prophet, and whilst Midam was unsaddling the prophet's horse, an arrow struck him from an unknown hand and killed him on the spot. Then the people said—be witnesses, and welcome Midam into Paradise. But the prophet answered—it is not so; I swear by God, that the carpet which Midam secreted out of the plunder of Khaiber, before the legal division of the spoil, will strike a flame of hell upon him. When the people heard what the prophet said they were frightened, and whosoever had purloined any thing, although it was the merest trifle, immediately produced it. Then a man brought one or two thongs to the prophet who said, verily, even these thongs would have been a cause of hell-fire." Abdallah Ebn-Amir said, "there was a man who took care of the baggage and clothes of his highness; he died, and the prophet said, he is in the fire. Then people went to look for his things, and among them they found a carpet which he had purloined from some undivided plunder."

We must not omit the Koran in the list of the causes which kindled the enthusiasm of the early Saracens. The Mussulmans of every age have regarded this work as an unrivalled prodigy, and are wondrously affected by the measured march of its sentences, the harmony and variety of its metrical cadences, and the irregular recurrence of its single and double rhymes. It is scarcely possible to imitate in a western language, the modulations of which the Arabic is susceptible; but as the beauties which the Arabians admire most are lost in the literal version of Sale, we have ventured, after the example of Baron Purgstall, to try the experiment of rendering two short chapters,

as nearly as possible in their original form, preserving the measured cadence and irregular rhyme.

CHAPTER XCIX.

The Earthquake at the day of Judgment.

1. When the earth with shaking is quaking.
2. When from her burthen she off is breaking.
3. And man demands what aileth her.
4. On that day her tidings she shall be unfolding.
5. Which then the Lord revealeth her.
6. On that day shall men come in throngs their works showing.
7. And who one grain of good has done, shows it then.
8. And who one grain of ill has done, shows it then.

The next chapter which we shall quote is one of the shortest, but is also the most highly esteemed of the entire work. Abu Dardaa records in the Mishcat, that Mohammed declared it to be equal to the third of the Koran in value.

CHAPTER CXII.

The declaration of God's Unity.

1. Say, God is one God.
2. He is the Eternal.
3. He hath nought begotten.
4. He is not begotten.
5. Like him there is none.

It must also be remembered, that we do not possess the Koran as it was originally delivered by Mohammed. All his pretended revelations were brought forward to meet some particular exigency, and he never had leisure to collect them and digest them into a consistent code. After his death, all his revelations were collected by command of Abu Bekr, and put together without any regard to order or consistency. A collection of the fabulous Sibylline leaves arranged at hazard, by a person who could not read; the leaves of all the books in a library jumbled together, would scarcely exhibit a more anomalous compound than the Koran in its present state; but in the early days of Islam the most stirring chants of the Koran continued to be recited as independent compositions, to stimulate at once the courage and the fanaticism of the Saracenic chivalry.

The doctrine of predestination was sedulously inculcated by Mohammed, and had no little influence in producing that contempt for danger and indifference to odds, which distinguished the Saracens and the Turks in the earlier part of their career. We find the doctrine thus broadly stated in the Ortho-

dox Confession of Faith, universally received both by Sonnis and Shiahhs:—

“ Faith in the decree of God, is, that we believe in the heart, and confess with the tongue, that God the Most Highest, has decreed all things, and the modes of their occurrence; so that nothing can happen in this world, with respect to the conditions or operations of affairs, whether for good or evil—obedience or disobedience—faith or infidelity—health or illness—riches or poverty—life or death; which is not contained in the decree of God, and in his judgment, ordinance and will. But God has thus decreed virtue, obedience, and faith, that he may so ordain and will them to be subservient to his direction, pleasure, and command. On the contrary, he has decreed vice, disobedience and infidelity, and still ordains, wills, and decrees them; but without his salutary direction, good pleasure or command, nay, rather by his temptation, wrath and prohibitions. But whoever will say that God is not delighted with virtue and faith, and is not wroth with vice and infidelity, or that God has decreed good and evil with equal complacency, is an infidel. For God wills good, that he may take pleasure in it; and evil, that it may become the object of his rightful indignation.”

The traditions collected on this subject in the Mishcat are numerous and precise. One of them is so singular, that it deserves to be inserted. Abu Horeira* reported, “ the prophet of God said that Adam and Moses (in the world of spirits) maintained a debate before God, and Adam got the better of Moses, who said—Thou art that Adam whom God created by the power of his hand, and breathed into thee from his own spirit, and made thee an habitation in his own Paradise; after which thou threwest man upon the earth, from the fault which thou didst commit. Adam said—Thou art that Moses whom God selected for his prophecy, and to converse with, and he gave thee twelve tables in which are explained every thing; and God made thee his confidant and the bearer of his secrets—how long then was the Bible written before I was created? Moses said—forty years. Then replied Adam—didst thou see in the Bible that Adam disobeyed God? He said, yes. Whereupon Adam rebuked him, saying—dost thou reproach me with a matter which God wrote in the

Bible forty years before creating me?” Abu Horeira further said, “ the prophet of God came out of his house when we were debating Fate; and he was angry, and became red in the face to such a degree, that you would say the seeds of a pomegranate had been bruised upon it. And he said—hath God ordered you to discuss the awful subject of Fate, or was I sent for this? Your fathers were destroyed for debating about Fate and Destiny; I adjure you not to argue on these points.”

Fully agreeing with the Rev. Dr. Miller, whose lectures on history have not yet attained the fame to which they are entitled, and which they will most assuredly win, that the moral government of Providence is not less discernible in the history of mankind, than in the moral government of the universe, we may be permitted to regard the wondrous development of Saracenic energies in the earlier part of the middle ages, as the providential remedy for the intellectual torpidity and the social anarchy into which Christendom had fallen. The lance of the Moslem gave a means of depletion not less remedial than the lancet of the physician; had less blood been drawn away, the lethargic patient might have slumbered into death. The Saracenic conquest of Spain brought the great rival system of a new civilization within the original limits of Christian Europe; its progress could only be arrested by awakening energies similar to its own; the tide of invasion having once swelled over the Pyrenees, might have rolled to the limits of all the European seas, had not feudal knights encountered Saracenic horsemen and the cross-mustered chivalry, to meet that of the crescent. In Spain Christian chivalry had its cradle, and Saracenic chivalry found its grave. The infancy of the former was unfairly matched against the manly prime of the latter; but on the other hand, Christian chivalry was in the summit of its vigour, when that of the Saracens had sunk into senility and decrepitude. We have to seek for the history of both in legend and romance, and we are cheered to the task by a consciousness, that the greatness of the pleasure attending the investigations, will amply compensate for the meagreness of the results.

* This name signifies “ the father of cats;” the worthy patriarch received it on account of his partiality for these animals.

ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

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CHAPTER I.

ABOUT two centuries ago, in times with which we are all familiar, as they comprised a period of English history the events of which have affected the social condition of the British people more than almost any which have preceded or followed that period—about two centuries ago, there stood upon the slope of a gentle hill in a picturesque part of England, an old brick mansion of considerable extent, and of a venerable though flourishing exterior. On the right hand and on the left there was a wood of various trees, amidst which Evelyn might have delighted to roam, choice children of the British forest, mingled with many a stranger grown familiar with the land, though not long denized in it. In front was a terrace flanked with quaintly carved flower pots of stone, and beyond that stretched a lawn several roods in extent, leaving the mansion fully exposed to the eye of every one who wandered through the valley below. Beyond the lawn, again, a wide view extended over a pleasant scene of hill and dale, with the top of a village church and its high tower peeping over the edge of the first earth wave; and far off, faint and grey, were seen the lines of a distant city apparently of considerable extent. The house itself had nothing very remarkable in its appearance, and yet circumstances compel us to give some account of it, although it is but building up to pull down, as the reader will soon perceive. The middle part consisted of a large square mass of brick work rising somewhat higher and projecting somewhat farther than the rest of the building. It had in the centre a large hall-door with a flight of stone steps, and on each side of the entrance were three windows in chiselled frames of stone. On either side of this centre was a wing flanked with a small square tower, and in each wing and each tower was a small door opening upon the terrace. Manifold

lattices, too, with narrow panes set in lead ornamented these inferior parts of the building in long straight rows, and chimneys nearly as numerous towered up from the tall peaked roofs, not quite in keeping with the trim regularity of the other parts of the edifice. The whole, however, had a pleasant and yet imposing effect when seen from a distance, and to any one who looked near, there was an air of comfort and cheerfulness about the mansion which well compensated for the want of grace. The view, too, from the terrace and the windows was in itself a continual source of calm and high-toned pleasure to the minds that dwelt within, for over the wide scene came a thousand varying aspects as the clouds and sunshine chased each other along like the poetical dreams of a bright and varying imagination. Morning and sunset, too, and moonlight and mid-day, each wrought a change in the prospect and brought out something new and fair on which the eye rested with delight.

It was evening; the lower limb of the large round sun rested on a dark line of trees which filled up one of the slopes of the ground about six miles off; and above the bright and glowing disc which seemed to float in a sea of its own glory, were stretched a few small dark clouds edged with gold, which hung above the descending star like a veil thrown back to afford one last look of the bright orb of day before the reign of night began. Overhead, the sky was blushing like a bride, and woods and fields and distant spires and hills, all seemed penetrated with the purple splendour of the hour. Nothing could be fairer or more peaceful than the whole scene, and it was scarcely possible to suppose that the violent passions of man could remain untamed and unchastened by the aspect of so much bright tranquillity.

Winding along at the foot of the hill and marking the commencement of what might be called the plain—though, to say the truth, the wide space to which we must give that name was broken by innumerable undulations—appeared a hard but sandy road, from which a carriage-way led by a circuit up to the mansion. In some places high banks covered with shrubs and bushes overhung the course of the road, though in others it passed unsheltered over the soft, short grass of the hill; but just at the angle where the two paths separated, the ground rose almost to a cliff, and at the bottom was a spring of very clear water gathered into a little stone basin.

By the side of the fountain, at the time we speak of, sat a figure which harmonized well with the landscape. It was that of a young girl not yet apparently sixteen years of age. Her garb was that of poverty, her head uncovered by any thing but rich and waving locks of warm brown hair, her face and neck tanned with the sun, her feet bare as well as her hands and her arms above the elbows, and her apparel scanty, coarse, and old, though scrupulously clean. She seemed, in short, a beggar, and many a one would have passed her by as such without notice; but those who looked nearer saw that her features were very beautiful, her teeth of a dazzling whiteness, her limbs rounded and well formed, and her blue eyes under their long jetty eyelashes as bright yet soft as ever beamed on mortal man. Yet there was something wanting, an indefinable something, not exactly intellect, for there was often much keen and flashing light spread over the whole countenance. Neither was it expression, for of that there was a great deal; neither was it steadiness, for there frequently came a look of deep thought, painfully deep, intense, abstracted, unsatisfied, as if the mind sought something within itself that it could not discover. What it was it is difficult, nay impossible to say. Yet there was something wanting, and all those who looked upon her felt that it was so.

She sat by that little fountain for a long time, sometimes gazing into the water as if her heart was at the bottom of the brook; sometimes, suddenly looking up, and with her head

bent on one side, and her ear inclined, listening to the notes of a lark that rose high in air from the neighbouring fields and trilled the joy-inspired hymn under the glowing sky; and as she did so, a smile, sweet, and bland, and happy, came upon her lip as if to her the song of the lark spoke hope and comfort from a higher source than any of the earth.

While she was thus sitting more than one horseman passed along the road, but the poor girl gave them only a casual glance and then resumed her meditations. One or two villagers, too, on foot, walked on their way, some of them giving her a nod, to which she answered nothing. A thin and gloomy looking personage, too, with a tall hat and black coat and doublet, rode down from the mansion, followed by two men of somewhat less staid and abstinent appearance, and as he passed by, he gave her a sour look, and muttered something about the stocks. The girl paid him no attention, however, and he was likewise soon out of sight.

At length a horse trotting briskly was heard coming along the high road, and a moment after a gay cavalier, well mounted and armed, with feather in his hat and gold upon his doublet, long curling locks hanging on his shoulders and heavy gilt spurs buckled over his boots, appeared at the angle of the bank. There he pulled up, however, as if doubtful which path to take, and seeing the girl he exclaimed in a loud but not unkindly tone, "which is the way to Bishop's Merton, sweetheart?"

The girl rose and dropped him a not ungraceful courtesy, but for her only reply she laughed.

"Which is the way to Bishop's Merton, pretty maid?" the stranger repeated, bringing his horse closer to her.

"The village is out there," replied the girl, pointing with her hand along the road; "the house is up there," she added, turning towards the mansion on the hill, and then she immediately seated herself again with a deep sigh and began once more to gaze into the fountain.

The stranger wheeled his horse as if to ride up to the house, but then paused, and springing to the ground, he turned to the girl once more, ask-

ing, "What is the matter with you, my poor girl? Has any one injured you—is there any thing ails you? What makes you so sad?"

She looked in his face for a moment with a countenance totally void of expression, and then gazing down into the water again, she resumed her meditations without making any reply.

"She must be a fool," the stranger said, speaking to himself. "All the better for her, poor girl; I wish I were a fool too, one would escape half the sorrows of this life if we did not understand them, and half the sins too, if we did not know what we were about. What a happy thing it must be to be a rich fool, but she is a poor one, that is clear, and the case is not so fortunate. Here, sweetheart, there's a crown for thee. Good faith, I am likely, ere long, to thank any man for one myself, so it matters not how soon the few I have are gone."

The girl took the money readily, and dropped the giver a low courtesy, saying "Thank your worship—God bless you, sir."

"He had need, my pretty maid," replied the stranger, "for never man wanted a blessing more than I do, or has been longer without one." And thus speaking, he sprang upon his horse's back again, and rode up towards the house.

When he was gone, she to whom he had spoken continued standing where he had left her, meditating sadly, as it seemed, for several minutes; and at length she said in a low tone, "Alas! he does not come—he does not come. Perhaps he will never come again—oh, how I wish he would stay away!"

The whole speech was as contradictory as a speech could be, especially when the look and manner were taken as part and parcel thereof. But there was nothing extraordinary in the fact; for man is a mass of contradictions, and there is scarce one enjoyment that does not partake of pain—one apprehension that is not mingled with a hope—one hope that is not chequered by a fear. Antagonist principles are ever warring within us, and many of the greatest contests result in a drawn battle. If, however, the girl's first words and the last had been evidently in opposition to each other, the wish with which she concluded was instantly belied by the glow upon her cheek,

and the light in her eye, when she once more heard the sound of a horse's feet coming from the direction of Bishop's Merton.

"It is he!" she cried with a smile, "It is he! I know the pace, I know the pace!" and running into the middle of the road, she gazed down it, while a horseman, followed by three servants, came on at a rapid rate, with a loose rein and an easy seat. He was a young man of seven or eight and twenty, with long fair hair, and pointed beard, tall and well made, though somewhat slight in form, with a grave and even stern cast of features, but a broad high forehead, clear but well marked brows, and lips, full but not large, fixed, and apparently unsusceptible of any but a cold, thoughtful expression as he rode forward, till suddenly his eyes lighted on the poor girl who was watching him, when a bright and beaming smile broke over his whole countenance, and a complete change took place, like that which spreads over a fine country when the storm gives place to sunshine.

"Ah, Arrah Neil!" he cried, "my poor Arrah Neil, is that you come back? Where is your grandfather, poor child, have they set him free?" And he, too, sprang from his horse, taking the girl's hand with a look of tender compassion.

"No, he is not free," replied Arrah Neil, "he never will be free."

"Oh yes," answered the gentleman, "these things cannot last for ever, Arrah. Time will bring about changes, I doubt not, which will deliver him from whatever prison they have taken him to."

"Not from that prison," answered the girl, with tears rising in her eyes, "it is a low and narrow prison, Lord Walton. I told them he would die when they took him, and he only reached Devizes. But they are happy who sleep—they are happy who sleep;" and sitting down by the side of the well, she fell into thought again.

The stranger stood and gazed at her for a moment without uttering a word. There are times when silence is more eloquent of sympathy than the choicest words of condolence. One of the servants, however, who had ridden up, and was holding his lord's horse, burst forth with an oath—"The roundhead rascals! I wish I had my sword in their stomachs! The good old man was worth a score of them."

"Hush!" said his master sternly, "hush! no such words in my hearing, Langan!"

"Then faith, my lord, I must speak them behind your back," murmured the man; but his master had taken a step forward, and was bending down his head to speak to the poor girl. "Come up to the house, Arrah," he said, "you must not stay here alone, nor go back to the cottage either. Come up to the house, and my sister will comfort and be kind to you."

The girl gazed in his face for a moment, and then suddenly starting up, as if some remembrance flashed across her mind, she exclaimed, "No, no! do not go there, sir! Do not go there! Misfortune will happen to you if you go there—I am sure it will—I am quite sure it will."

"But why, Arrah?" asked her companion, with an incredulous smile, "what makes you think that there is any danger? Have you seen any of the parliament people there?"

"There was Dry, of Longsoaken," replied Arrah Neil, "but he came down again; and it is not that. But I must not say what it is—yet do not go up—do not go up! kind, good Charles Walton, do not go up!"

The young nobleman looked at her

with an expression of much commiseration for her sorrows, but no reliance on her words, "I must go, Arrah," he said; "you know my sister is there; and even if there be danger I must go. Come up, Arrah, there's a good girl, and we will do the best we can for you in these sad times."

The poor girl shook her head sadly, and after a moment's pause, replied—"Ah, you think me a fool, and so I am, perhaps, for things trouble me much here," and she laid her finger on her brow; "memories—memories that haunt me, but are like dreams that we try to recall distinctly after sleep is gone, and yet have but faint images of them, as of trees in a mist. But I am not a fool in this, sir; and I beseech you not to go."

"Stay with her, Langan," said Lord Walton, "and bring her up to the house. The fit is upon the poor girl, and her grandfather's death may make it worse. You loved him well, and will be kind to her. Stay with her, good fellow, and persuade her to come up. I must go, now, Arrah," he continued, "but come up with Langan, for Annie will be glad to see you again, and will try to comfort you." Thus saying, he remounted his horse, and rode onward up the hill.

CHAPTER II.

ON the evening of the same day whereof we have just been speaking, and in the neighbouring village or town of Bishop's Merton—for it was beginning to give itself the airs of a great place—sat two personages finishing their supper, about half-past nine o'clock. Their food was a cold sirloin of roast beef, for the English nation were always fond of that plain and substantial commodity, and their drink was good English ale, the most harmonious accompaniment to the meat. The elder of the two was a hard-featured, somewhat morose looking personage, but of a hale, fresh complexion, with a quick grey eye. There was a great deal of thought about the brow; and round the mouth were some strong defined lines, we might almost call them furrows. He was as thin and spare, too, as a pair of tongs, but apparently strong and active for his age, and his long limbs and breadth of chest spoke

considerable original powers. He was dressed altogether in black, and though a tall steeple-crowned hat lay on a chair by his side, he wore, while sitting at meat, a small round cap of black cloth, in the shape of half a pumpkin, on the top of his head. He had also a good strong sword leaning on the chair beside him, habited like himself in black, with steel points and hilt.

The other was a younger man, very different in appearance; a good deal taller than his companion, and apparently more vigorous; his face decorated with an immense pair of moustachios, and a somewhat long-pointed beard, both of that indistinct hue, which may be called whey colour. His hair floated upon his shoulders in the style of the cavaliers; but to say the truth, it seemed somewhat unconscious of the comb; and his dress, too, displayed that sort of dirty finery, which by no means prepossesses the wary usurer or

experienced tradesman with the idea of great funds at command on the part of the wearer. His doublet of soiled leather displayed a great number of ornamented buttons, and shreds of gold lace; his collar and hand-ruffles were of lace, which had once been of high price, but had seen service probably with more masters than one, and had borne away in the conflict with the world, many a hole and tear, more honourable in flag or standard than in human apparel. Hanging to his side, and ready for action, was an egregious rapier, with a small dagger placed beside it, as if to set off its length to the greater advantage. On his legs were a large pair of jack-boots, which he seldom laid aside, and there is even reason to suppose that they covered several deficiencies; and hanging on a peg behind, was a broad beaver, very unlike the hats usually worn in England at the time, ornamented with a long red feather.

As to his countenance and its expression, they were very peculiar. The features in themselves were not bad—the eyes large and somewhat prominent. The nose, which was by no means pre-eminent, though turned up at the point, was not altogether ill-shaped, and might have passed muster amongst the ordinary noses of the world, had it not been that, though tolerably white itself, it was set in the midst of a patch of red, which seemed to have transferred itself from the cheeks to unite in the centre of the face. The expression was bold, swaggering, and impudent, but a touch of shrewd cunning was there, diversified every now and then by a quick, furtive look around, which seemed to show that the worthy gentleman himself, like a careful sentinel, was always upon the watch.

Certainly, seldom were there ever seen companions more opposite than on the present occasion; and yet it not unfrequently happens, in this strange life of ours, that circumstances, inclination, or wayward fortune, make our comrade of the way, the man, of all others least like ourself; and of all the great general principles which are subject to exceptions, that which has the most, is the fact, of birds of a feather flying together.

"I have done," said the elder of the two, laying down his knife.

"Pooh, nonsense," cried the other, "you haven't eaten half a pound. I shan't have done this half hour. I am like a camel, Master Randal. Whenever I have an opportunity I lay in a store for the journey in my own stomach."

"Or like an ass," replied the other gentleman, "who takes more upon his back than he can carry."

"No, not like an ass, either," replied the man with the great moustachios, "for an ass bears the food for other people—I for myself. How can you or I tell that we shall get another meal for the next three days? 'Tis always right to prepare for the worst; and therefore, so long as my stomach will hold, and the beef endure, I will go on."

"The man who never knows when he has enough," answered his companion, "is sure sooner or later either to want or have too much, and one is as bad as the other."

"Oh, your pardon, your pardon," cried the tall man, "give me the too much! I will always find means to dispose of it—I am of the *too much* faction. It's my battle-cry, my rallying word. Give me the too-much by all means! Did you ever see a carpenter cut out a door? Did you ever see a tailor cut out a coat? Did you ever see a blacksmith forge a horse-shoe? They always take too much to begin with. There are plenty of bags in the world always wide open for superfluities; but, to say truth, I never found I had too much yet: that's an epoch in my history which is to come."

"Because like other fools you never know when you have enough," replied the man called Randal; "and as for your future history, it will form but a short tale, easily told."

"I know what you would say—I know what you would say," replied the other; "that the last act will find me in the most elevated situation I have ever filled, though I may still be a dependent. But I can tell you, my good friend, that in my many dangerous expeditions and important occupations, I have escaped the cross piece of timber and the line perpendicular, so often, that I fear I am reserved for another fate, and am in great dread every time I go upon the water."

"You are quite safe," replied the other, with a grim smile: "I'll wager

a thousand pounds upon your life, in a worm-eaten boat, with a hole in the bottom. But hemp, hemp—I would have you beware of hemp! Odds life, to hear you talk of your dangerous expeditions and important occupations—Cease, cease, I would sleep in peace to-night, and you will give me an indigestion."

"Pshaw," cried the other, "you have no more stomach than a pipped hen; and as to my exploits, what land have I not visited—what scenes have I not seen? To whom, if not to me, was owing the defence of Rochelle? To whom——"

"Hush, hush," said his companion; "tell the tale to others. I would as soon drink vinegar, or eat stale cabbage, as hear lies four times repeated—even with a variation."

"Lies!" cried the other; "thunder and lightning, sir——"

"There, there," cried his companion, quietly waving his hand: "that will do! no more of it! Thunder and lightning will do nothing at your bidding; so the less you have to do with them the better, lest you burn your fingers. Try to be an honest man! leave off lying! don't swagger but when you are drunk! and perchance you may be permitted to hold the horses while other men fight."

"Well, there is no use in quarrelling with a maggot," replied his tall comrade; and, taking to his knife again, he commenced a new inroad on the beef, in assailing which, at least, he kept his word with a laudable degree of fidelity.

In the meanwhile the gentleman in black turned his shoulder to the table, and fell into deep thought. But after a moment or two he opened his lips, with an oracular shake of the head, not exactly addressing his speech to his companion, but more apparently to the hilt of his own sword, the point of which he had brought round between his feet, and the blade of which he twirled round and round with his hands while he was speaking.

"Nine out of ten of them," he said, "are either rank fools or cold-hearted knaves, presumptuous blockheads, who think they have a right to command, because they have not wit enough to obey; or cunning scoundrels, who aim alone at their own interests when they are affecting to serve only their coun-

try, and yet are fools enough not to see that the good of the whole is the good of every part."

"Who, who, who? Who do you mean?" asked the other.

"English gentlemen," replied the man in black, "English gentlemen, I say."

"Complimentary, certainly," remarked his comrade; "and by no means too general or comprehensive. I dare say it's very true, though, so here's to your health, Master Randal."

"Let my health alone," said Randal, "and take care of your own, for if you drink much more of that old ale, your head, to-morrow morning, will be as heavy as the barrel from which it comes, and I shall have to pump upon you, to make you fit for any business whatsoever. Come, finish your supper, and take a walk with me upon the hill.—But who have we here? One of the rebels, I take it. Now, mind your part, but do not lie more than your nature absolutely requires."

The last words of this speech were, as may be supposed, spoken in a low voice, as an addition was made to the party in the room where they were sitting.

The personage who entered was the same thin, self-denying-looking gentleman who had passed poor Arrah Neil, as she sat by the fountain in the morning, and had, in his own mind, charitably furnished her with a lodging in the stocks. That we may not have to refer to this gentleman's previous history hereafter, we may as well pause here for a moment to say the few words that are needed on the subject, especially as some reference may be made to his former life in another place. Master Dry, of Longsoaken, as he was now called, had risen from an humble origin, and though now a wealthy man, had commenced his career as the errand boy of a grocer, or rather general-dealer, in the village of Bishop's Merton. His master was a rigid man, a Puritan of the most severe cast, and his master's wife a buxom dame, given somewhat to the good things of life, especially of a fluid kind, which she employed the ingenuity of young Ezekiel Dry in obtaining for her, unknown to her more abstemious better half. He thus acquired some small skill in deceiving sharp eyes, and it was whispered that his worthy patron did not fail to give him further

improvement in this peculiar branch of science, by initiating him into the mystery of the difference between a yard measure and a yard of tape or ribbon; between a pound weight and a pound of sugar or butter; between which, as the learned reader is well aware, there is a great and important distinction. As worthy Ezekiel Dry grew up into a young man, his master settled down into an old one—and at length, death, who, like his neighbours in a country town, is compelled occasionally to go to the chandler's shop, called one morning at the door of Ezekiel's master, and would not be satisfied without his full measure. The usual course of events then took place—there was a widow, and a shopman—the widow was middle-aged and wealthy, the shopman young and poor, and Mr. Dry became a married man, and master of the shop. During a probation of twenty years, which his matrimony lasted, he did not altogether escape scandal; but in those times, as in others, very rigid piety (at least in appearance) was not always accompanied by very rigid morality—and those people who conceived that they might exist separately, looked upon the latter as of very little consequence where the former was pre-eminent. At length, after having resisted time and strong waters, (which her second husband never denied her in any quantity,) to the age of nearly seventy, Mrs. Dry slept with her ancestors; and Mr. Dry went on flourishing, till at length he sold his house and shop to another pillar of the conventicle, and bought a good estate in the near neighbourhood, called Longsoaken. He still kept up his connexion with his native town, however, became a person of the highest consideration therein, took part in all its councils, managed many of its affairs, was acquainted with all its news, and was the stay of the Puritans, the terror of the parson, and the scorn of the cavaliers.

It was his usual custom, as he still remained a widower, to look into the "Rose of Shaaron" every fine afternoon, less, as he said, to take even the needful refreshment of the body, than to pause and meditate for half an hour, before he retired to his own house; but it was remarked that, on these occasions, he invariably had a small measure of some kind of liquid put down beside him, and consulted

the host upon the affairs of every body in the place. In the present instance, Mr. Dry had received immediate information that two strangers had appeared at the Rose of Shaaron, between eight and nine, and he had hastened up from Longsoaken without loss of time; but he had spent nearly half an hour with the landlord in an inner chamber, inquiring into all the particulars of their appearance and demeanour. Now, the landlord had lost more than one good customer in consequence of the unpleasant interference of his respected neighbour, who had occasionally caused some of the most expensive visitors at his house to be committed as malignants; but as he dared not show any resistance, or make any remonstrance to a person so high in authority as Master Dry, of Longsoaken, his only course was to defend the characters of his guests as far as was safe. But the worthy host was a timid man, and did not ever venture to pronounce a decided opinion in the presence of his betters.

In answer, therefore, to the questions now addressed to him, he replied, "Oh dear no, worshipful sir! That is to say—for one cannot be certain of any thing in this ungodly world—they do not look like it at all. Malignants are always gay in their apparel, and the gentleman is dressed just like yourself, all in black. He has got a Geneva scull-cap too. I should not wonder if he were a gifted man like yourself."

"That may be a mere disguise," said Mr. Dry.

"Then, malignants are always roystering blades," continued the landlord—"calling for all manner of things, beginning with wine, and ending with strong waters. Now, these good people have had nought but beef and ale; though, doubtless, as all godly men may do for the comfort of the inner man, they will take something more warming before they go—but as yet, one tankard of ale is all they have had."

"That looks well," said Mr. Dry, oracularly, "not that I would condemn any man for using creature comforts in moderation, according to his necessity. Some men's complexion, if of a cold and melancholic nature, does require such helps. I myself am driven to it—but what more, my friend? Are they grave in their discourse?"

"As heart could wish," replied the landlord. "I should take them rather for the most pious and humble."

"I will see them myself," said Dry, who began to suspect the landlord. "It is not easy to deceive my eyes."

But the worthy host contrived to detain his worshipful fellow-townsmen for some minutes longer, in order that the guests might finish their meal in peace, by opening a conversation in regard to the return of "the poor silly girl, Arrah Neil," as he called her, in regard to whom, he had shrewd suspicions that Mr. Dry, of Longsoaken, entertained sentiments not quite so rigid as those which his words in morning might seem to imply.

On this part of their conversation, however, I shall not dwell, as it would be neither very instructive nor very amusing, but will return once more to the parlour of the inn which Mr. Dry of Longsoaken entered with a staid and stately step, with his two eyes bent upon the ground as if he were in deep meditation. The younger of the two guests in the parlour lolled in his chair and bit his lip, the elder considered Mr. Dry attentively but suffered him to enter the room and approach the table without saying a word. Neither did he make any movement of limb or feature, but remained cold, stiff, and dry, as if his limbs and his countenance were made of wood. Mr. Dry, however, always recollected that he was a man in authority; and great success in life, where there is any weakness of character, is sure to produce a confident self-importance very comfortable to the possessor thereof, though not particularly agreeable to his friends and companions.

As neither of the others uttered a word, then, he began the conversation himself without farther ado.

"I trust we are brethren, sir," he said, addressing the gentleman whom we have called Randal.

"I trust we are so," replied the other.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Dry, "my name is Dry, sir—Dry of Longsoaken."

"You may be soaked long enough," murmured the man at the table to himself, not loud enough to be heard—"you may be soaked long enough before you be moistened, Mr. Dry."

But his companion, who saw his lips

move, gave him a grave look and replied to the intruder, "I am happy to hear it, sir. It is a godly name, which I have heard of before. Will you never have done with that beef, Master Barecolt?"

"But this mouthful, but this mouthful," replied the gentleman at the table, "and then I am with you."

"One word before you go," said Mr. Dry, "you seem, sir, a godly and well-disposed man, and I doubt not have been led into the right way; but there is an air of prelatric malignancy about this person at the table."

"You are altogether mistaken, worthy Dry," said the good gentleman who had been paying such devoted attention to the beef, "there is nothing malignant about my nature, and the air you talk of is but a remnant of French manners caught while I was serving our Calvinistic brethren in that poor, benighted land. In me, sir, you behold him whom you may have heard of—who in the morning preached to the people in the beleaguered city of Rochelle, from the 2nd verse of the 24th chapter of the Book of Joshua, 'your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in the old times;' and who in the evening led them out to battle, and smote the Philistines hip and thigh. That is to say, broke through the stockade, and defeated two regiments of the guards."

"I have heard of the deed," replied Mr. Dry.

"Then you must have heard likewise," said the gentleman at the table, rising up at full length, and making the intruder a low bow, "of Master Deciduous Barecolt."

"I think I have, I think I have," said Mr. Dry.

"Then, again," cried Barecolt, "when I defended the pass in the Cevennes with only two godly companions against the Count de Suza and a hundred and fifty blood-thirsty papists, you must surely have heard of that exploit."

"I cannot say I have," replied Mr. Dry.

"Then, sir, you are ignorant of the history of Europe," answered the other with a look of high indignation; "for I trust that the name of Deciduous Barecolt is known from the mouth of the Elbe to the mouth of the Danube, and will descend to pos-

terity upon the stream of time, only rendered imperishable by that which destroys other things. Good night, Mr. Dry. Now Master Randal I am ready to accompany you; shall we sing a psalm before we go?"

"No," replied Randal abruptly, and picking up his hat, he led the way out of the room.

The inn was situated near the extremity of the town; and at the distance of about two hundred paces from the door, the two strangers emerged from between the lines of houses, and found themselves amongst the hedge-rows. Without any hesitation as to the track which he was to pursue, the elder gentleman mounted a stile to the right and took a path, which, crossing the fields, wound gradually up over one slope after another till it reached the brow of the hill on which Bishop's Merton House was placed.

It was a fine clear moonlight night; and at the distance of about a mile from the mansion they caught a sight of its wide front extending along the hill till the wings were concealed by a little wood, behind which, as they walked on, the whole building was speedily lost.

"It seems a fine old place," said Barecolt to his companion. "It puts me in mind of the Escorial."

"More likely puts you in mind of the stocks," said Randal, "for you have both seen and felt the one and never set eyes upon the other."

"How can you tell that I never saw it?" exclaimed his companion; "you have not had the dandling of me ever since I was a baby in arms."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Randal, "but I know you never have seen it because you say you have. However, you must either speak truth to-night, or hold your tongue, or we are ruined. I did not stop you in your course with that round-headed knave at the inn, because I knew that you must void a certain quantity of falsehood in the day, and it was necessary to get rid of it before you came up here; for this young lord is not one to take counterfeit coin."

"The monster!" exclaimed Barecolt; "there is not a more cruel or barbarous creature in the earth than

the man who drives from his door all the sweet little children of the imagination which you call lies. He is wanting in all human charity. Give me the generous and confiding soul who believes every thing that is said to him, and enjoys the story of a traveller who relates to him wild scenes in lands he never has visited, just as much as if it was all as true as history ——"

"Which is itself a lie," rejoined the other. "Had this young man's father been alive you would have found a person after your own heart. He was a man of vast capabilities of belief. His mind was but a looking-glass, always representing what was before it; his religion was in the last sermon he had heard, his politics in the last broadsheet, his opinions those of his companions for the hour, his taste the newest mode that he had seen. He was the quintessence of an ordinary-minded man. But his son is a very different being. But do you not see a strange light shining through the wood before us? Hark, there is an alarm-bell!" And hurrying his pace he issued forth from the wood some three hundred yards farther on, where the cause of the light they had seen became too visible.

Rising up from one of the flanking towers of the old house in large white volumes to the very sky, was a tall column of smoke spreading out towards the top, while from the building itself poured forth the rushing flame like a huge beacon illuminating all the country round. Each window in that tower and the neighbouring wing emitted the same blaze; and it was very evident that, although a number of persons were seen moving about upon the terrace, engaged apparently in the endeavour to extinguish the fire, that it was making its way rapidly towards the rest of the house. The two strangers ran as fast as possible to give assistance. But before I pursue their adventures on that night, I must turn to speak of all that had taken place within the mansion of Bishop's Merton during the evening preceding the disaster which I have described.

PROPAGANDISM IN THE PACIFIC.*

EVERY one knows something respecting Tahiti—the beauty of its scenery, and its hospitable inhabitants; for who has not read the narrative of Cook's voyages, or Cowper's verses on the "gentle savage" whom the illustrious navigator brought from the simple usages of his native island to witness the ever-varying features of our complicated civilization. Although the group of the Society Islands was discovered by the Spanish navigator Quiros, it is to the admirable and unrivalled sagacity of Cook that we are indebted for those vivid descriptions which have interested all Europe, and have been translated into so many languages. The surpassing beauty of these remote islands, the splendour and utility of their previously unknown vegetable productions, and above all, a variety of our race differing in complexion as well as in social condition from the rest of mankind, at once mild and energetic, slothful and lively, could not fail to arrest the attention of the most incurious. The Polynesian race to which we were introduced, has its own national character, no less distinct from that of the laborious and patient African, than the nut-brown complexion of the Tahitian differs from the jet-black of an inhabitant of the Gold coast. Probably no two races of mankind exhibit greater contrasts than the stern, melancholy and vindictive American, cherishing vengeance for years, as if he had been descended from the first murderer, making war as he hunts, by stratagem, and more like a tiger than a man: and the Polynesian, on the other hand, cheerful and volatile, fighting in large bodies in the open field or in war-canoes, regardless, it is true, of human life or suffering, but not sullenly and enduringly vindictive.

The peculiar state of society observed in the Polynesian islands may be easily accounted for: the territory

they inhabited was of small extent, and they had no wild animals to chase, but were compelled to become fishers and cultivators; thus, according to the modern theory of colonisation, dispersion was prevented, and men living in communities necessarily made more progress, and framed more complicated systems of policy and mythology. The ancients believed that the Ichthyophagous tribes were the most barbarous of our species; but a more extensive knowledge of the races of mankind has refuted this idea. The Indians of the islands and deeply-indented shores of north-west America are a far more civilizable race than the wanderers amidst the boundless forests, in the same manner as the Polynesian is superior to the inhabitants of the island-continent of New Holland. The reason of this appears to be, that insular and coast tribes must know how to construct a canoe and manufacture fishing implements; hence more manual dexterity, as well as more extensive views of natural phenomena. Such maritime tribes, even under the greatest diversity of climate, are remarkably uniform, because the temperature of the sea and its capacity for sustaining animal life is every where more uniform than that of the land, producing a similarity of character, the result of similar pursuits. In this point of view, strange as it may appear, no two races are more alike than the Esquimaux of Greenland and the islanders of the South-Sea: we find among both a high degree of manual dexterity, and skill in managing their canoes; we find in both a systematic and rather complex mythology, and the same joyous volatile nature delighting in the feast and the dance.

The Polynesian, however, has more points of interest than the Greenlanders: instead of everlasting icebergs and barren rocks, a cloudy summer and dark polar winter, he lives amidst

* Voyages aux Isles du Grand Ocean: par J. A. Moerenhout. Polynesian Researches: by William Ellis. Hawaiian Spectator: Oahu, Sandwich Islands. History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands: by James Jackson Jarves, 1843.

a lovely scenery and the most varied phenomena with which man can be brought into contact. We may easily form a general notion of the appearance of an island in the tropical part of the Pacific. An immense and lofty mountain emerges from the ocean, its summit usually immersed in clouds, and gives origin to numerous alpine streams. But from time to time more awful events take place, and the crater of the volcano pours forth streams of molten rocks, producing barren spaces, which contrast strongly with the surrounding verdure. The base of the mountain is split into deep ravines, which, as they approach the shore, expand into fertile valleys, abounding in bread-fruit trees and mulberries, and plantations of Arum and sweet potato. As the valleys expand towards the sea, we observe that the island is surrounded by a breakwater of coral, and thus appears with respect to its zone of corals like a picture in its frame; while the smooth pellucid water between the coral and the island, the favourite resort of fishes, forms a contrast with the ever restless surge which rolls without. Nor is the value of the natural productions inferior to this beauty: the forest which delights the eye also affords food and clothing; the coconut, the plantain, and the bread-fruit tree afford a never-failing supply of food; and the bark of the *Broussonetia* supplies a cloth suited to the climate. To crown all, the people, generous as the soil they inhabit, welcome their foreign visitors with the kind and prodigal hospitality so consonant to their nature; and to the imaginative mind, the golden age appeared to linger in the groves of Tahiti.

A more close inspection of these blooming scenes soon dissipates the dreams of poets and the speculations of philosophers; and the Utopia of a Rousseau or a Condorcet, like a southern Austral continent, still remains to be discovered. On the contrary, a more intimate acquaintance with the Hesperides of the South-Sea is little creditable either to the primeval simplicity of the islanders, or to the influence which civilized man exerts

over his less fortunate fellows. The Tahitians, when visited by Cook, practised infanticide, offered human sacrifices, had an Arreoy society, were engaged in perpetual wars, and gave themselves up to the most unbridled licentiousness. If the islanders were thus depraved, their early intercourse with civilized man was to them the source of pure and unmitigated evil—its only consequence was, that the most odious vices of civilized life were engrafted on the natural and inevitable vices of barbarians. That this statement is not one of sickly sentimentalism is obvious from the decisive fact, that since the period of Cook's voyages the population of the islands has been decreasing with fearful rapidity—a truth which proves that the amount of human misery has been going on in a ratio, whose increase is in proportion to the extent of their intercourse with Europeans. According to Captain Cook, the number of inhabitants of Tahiti amounted to two hundred thousand; and his learned companion Dr. John Reinhold Forster, after a more elaborate calculation, founded upon the number of war-canoes furnished by each district, estimated the population of Tahiti and the adjacent island of Eimeo at 150,000: at present, the number of inhabitants of the two islands is short of 13,000. In the Sandwich Islands, the same melancholy result has taken place, although not to the same amount. The population of this group was supposed by Cook to amount to 400,000; in 1832 it was 132,000, and in 1836 it had sunk to 110,000.* It is obvious, therefore, that making every allowance for exaggerated statements, the number of deaths far exceeds that of births; and that sooner or later the race will become extinct, and this interesting people will ultimately disappear from the globe, like those strange animals, concerning whose history geologists are so much interested.

If we investigate with a moderate degree of care the causes of this rapid decrease of population, we will find that they are abundantly intelligible and obvious. We will specify in the first place the partial introduction of

* Paper on the population of Hawaii, by Rev. A. Bishop.—*Hawaiian Spectator*, vol. i. p. 62.

fire-arms—we say partial—for, if the supply had corresponded to the demand, so that the different chiefs had retained the same relative strength, no additional stimulus to war would have been given. As it happened, the chief whose district was most frequented, obtained the greatest supply; and when, in addition, he obtained the aid of a few runaway sailors, his power excited jealousy, and led to incessant warfare. This evil, from its nature, was only temporary, and led to its own cure, by the establishment of one superior chief: so that, by putting an end to petty warfare, it ultimately proved a benefit both to the Society and Sandwich Islands, although much suffering and evil was encountered during the process. Two evils of a far more fatal tendency remain to be noticed—the introduction of spirituous liquors and distillation, and of disease, the result of licentious intercourse; and the combined operation of these causes has tainted the constitutions, and shortened the days of vast numbers. Speaking of the Sandwich Islands, Mr. Bishop informs us, “that, at the present day, there are a large number of childless families who have no heir to inherit their little property. Perhaps, not one in four of the families now existing, have children of their own alive. Many have no family at all, and a great majority of the children born in the islands die before they are two years old.” Such is a brief view of this painful topic, and it is truly mortifying to reflect that the visits of civilized men, brought up amidst the philosophy and morality of the eighteenth century, should prove as fatal to the uncivilized tribes, as were the swords of Cortez and Pizarro in an age of barbarous fanaticism.

It is, however, pleasing to remember, that if our age has its evils, it also possesses its advantages—if our fathers performed the part of man-stealers on the coast of Africa, we have emancipated the negro—and if South-Sea whalers and runaway convicts have demoralized the islands of the Pacific, we have reclaimed the inhabitants from idolatry, and placed them in such a position of improved intellect and morality, that their progress in the right direction was certain, provided they had been left to themselves. How these fair hopes have been blighted, and the morals, even of

men emerging from barbarism, have been deteriorated by the interference of the infidel and the Jesuit, it will be instructive to consider.

But, before entering into any details respecting Tahiti, or the Sandwich Islands, we are desirous of saying a few words respecting a work, whose title we have mentioned at the commencement of this article. The work of Moerenhout only merits attention in connection with the present question: the author a merchant, and at present, we believe, residing in Tahiti, can be characterized by no other appellation than that of a thoroughly unprincipled adventurer. This Moerenhout is, we believe, by birth a Belgian. Some time ago he went to South America, and carried on business at Valparaiso; he afterwards settled at Tahiti, and obtained the situation of consul for the United States. Here, by his own account, he sold spirits to the natives, interfered in the affairs of the island, and in short, proved a pest to everyone—and was finally dismissed from the American consulate for breach of trust. While in Paris, some years since, he published his voyages—and what was worse, he put his name to the work, and by a singular fatality, the title of American consul is appended, so that, by publishing this title-page, M. Moerenhout has, as it were, constructed his own pillory. We now proceed to make good our assertions, to which we may add, that there is not a page in his two volumes, the title-page inclusive, which does not contain a falsehood.

Moerenhout professes to give a great amount of new information on all matters relating to the islands of the Pacific: we shall allow him to speak for himself. “I owe,” says he, “to the singularity of a situation altogether peculiar, the advantage of having obtained information concerning Oceania and the Oceanians, which no one could accomplish so well as myself—neither the navigators, who move from place to place—nor the missionaries, on account of the prejudices proper to their calling; information, the want of which has rendered the conduct of the Indians (he means Polynesians) an inexplicable enigma up to the present day.”—(Preface, p. vi.) The mode in which our worthy obtained his information respecting the mythology of Tahiti is rather curious,

namely, in nocturnal conferences with an old priest, apparently a concealed idolater. After some edifying discourse, Moerenhout assures the priest that his national god, Taaroa, and the God of the Christians is the same. The priest then expresses himself—“Ah! why did not your predecessors think as you do? We should then have retained the religion of our fathers; by modifying it, and correcting its abuses, we might have preserved our old customs and government, and not have fallen into the present degradation, without religion, government, or national character—we have acquired all the vices of foreigners, without adopting their virtues, or retaining our own. My friend, what a wound have you re-opened, into what a state has my country fallen? O, Otaiti—alas! alas! alas!” It is needless to say that no Polynesian that ever lived would speak or think in this style—it is clearly, neither the composition of the priest, nor even of Moerenhout, but of some Parisian literary artist, who has been employed to get up the book—in fact, almost as much is admitted in a foot note, the only approximation to honesty which we have found in the work. The narration is concluded by the following statement:—“It is to him (the priest) that I owe all the traditions relating to cosmogony: it is he who is my authority and guarantee for all the following details, concerning the condition of the people at the time of the discovery, and concerning what they may have been at more remote periods.—(Vol. i. p. 394.)

Having stated Moerenhout's pretensions, and in his own language, we have no hesitation in asserting in the most unqualified manner, that his whole work is a tissue of deliberate falsehoods. The truth is, that all that he has told of the manners, customs, and history of Tahiti is stolen from Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*. Sometimes entire sentences are translated—and everywhere a little attention enables one to restore the pillaged property to its lawful owner. On comparing the two works together, (Ellis and Moerenhout,) we found, under every head, that this writer had borrowed from the work of the English missionary. On looking over Moerenhout's remarks on the grammatical structure of the Tahitian

language, we sought as usual in Ellis, but this time our search was fruitless; it occurred, however, that the information was not new to us, and fortunately, we had a Polynesian grammar published in Tahiti, by the missionaries, as far back as 1823, and here at once we found the source whence the information had been derived. Every remark is taken from the grammar—nay, by a strange negligence, the very same words and phrases are given as illustrations. We confess, any thing like honour on the part of Moerenhout would be an anomaly in his character; if we could not vindicate his honesty in a single instance, we have no desire to rob him of the palm of consistency. We must, however, mention that there are a few Tahitian ballads, relating to mythological subjects, which we have not been able to find in any other work. We will venture, however, to conjecture whence they came. In the first place, M. Moerenhout will say he got them, at the midnight hour, from his old priest; and we, on our parts, have a hypothesis of our own. In these ballads of our Tahitian Chatterton, we observe that the orthography, with insignificant exceptions, is that invented by the English missionaries, and consequently different from what a Frenchman would adopt. One of the Tahitian missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Orsmond, has bestowed much attention in the collecting of the old traditions. Moerenhout mentions, in several parts of his work, Mr. Orsmond as a person with whom he was acquainted. They are, therefore, in our opinion, the unacknowledged treasures of Mr. Orsmond. If it turns out that we are mistaken, we have this consolation, that we have done Moerenhout's character no wrong.

We have a few remarks further to offer concerning this work. Vices, like misfortunes, seldom come single; and to falsehood Moerenhout adds malignity. He has not merely appropriated the labours of another out of vanity and self-love: he has written to malign the very men to whom he is indebted for every thing he knows respecting Polynesia. The revolting calumnies which he has invented against the Protestant missionaries require some notice. The following description of an annual reli-

gious meeting, held in Tahiti, will give an idea of the malignity of his character. In the morning the missionaries passed him *au grand galop*. There are few countries in which horses are of less value than Tahiti; the meeting was an annual one, and all the missionaries would be present, that is, between fourteen and sixteen men. We never knew that the island possessed so many horses. Moerenhout might as well have talked of navigating the sands of Africa in a steam-boat. The object of the meeting was to explain to the natives that since the people of England had expended so much money for their welfare, they should now contribute something for themselves. Moerenhout tells us the subscriptions did not go on, and the affair of the subscriptions ended as it had commenced, with a prayer (v. i. p. 241). This, according to Moerenhout, was in 1829; unfortunately, we have no records of that year to appeal to; but we know that, on one occasion, his late majesty, George the Fourth, ordered this native contribution to be admitted duty free, which was esteemed equivalent to a donation of four hundred pounds. The following quotation will afford a very good illustration of Moerenhout's character. It has often struck us as a remarkable peculiarity, that no French writer can touch upon the subject of Tahiti without reverting to Cyprus, Cytherea, and the peculiar train of ideas associated with these places. Nor is Moerenhout, or the person he employed to get up his book, deficient in this respect. Every one has heard of the infamous Arreoy society, which formerly existed in the Society islands. What a mind can that man have, who could write as follows? "*These songs called to mind those of the ancient Arreoy of Otaiti, during the brilliant festivals which they celebrated in the bye-gone days of their glorious independence*" (v. i. p. 96). We shall say no more concerning Moerenhout for the present, except to remark that he has been the fitting associate of the Romish priests, and the bitter calumniator of the Protestant missionaries. Of these calumnies we are certain, after what we have stated, we need only say they are false, and that the counter statements of honourable men, like Captains Gam-

bier, Waldegrave, and Fitzroy, and of Mr. Darwin, are of themselves vindication enough.

We shall now proceed to give an account of the French doings in Polynesia, at the same time availing ourselves of such collateral topics as illustrate the character of the Jesuits and the objects of the French king, in affording them such powerful support. There is one circumstance of remarkable meanness in this transaction; we allude to the intrusion of the Romish priests upon a field which had been pre-occupied by others for upwards of forty years. The interest attached to Tahiti ever since the brilliant voyages of Cooke, were shared by some pious and benevolent individuals, and by their efforts Protestant missionaries were sent out in 1796. The attempt was made on a great scale, and a ship was sent out to effect establishments on several of the groups, but the Tahitian was the only one which survived. The commander of the vessel, Captain Wilson, who tendered his gratuitous services on the occasion, was in every way a remarkable man, whose previous history possessed all the interest of a romance. The missionaries laboured in vain for fifteen tedious years, often despairing, their exertions unregarded, and the island ruined by vice, and distracted by incessant wars and murders. At last, however, about 1813, their labours met with an abundant recompense; and, in a few years, Christianity prevailed, not only in Tahiti, but also in all the islands of the Georgian and Society groups. We may, therefore, briefly state some of the more important changes which have been effected. This we shall do with but few comments; for if, on the one hand, we cannot approve of the bad taste with which friends sometimes speak and write, far less can we approve of the irreligious and bigoted manner in which the subject is discussed, especially by those who know least about it, for bigotry is but another name for wilful ignorance. The changes, or rather benefits, for in this instance the words are synonymous, were of two kinds; in some, every individual in the nation participated, and others were necessarily more limited. We believe every one will agree that the abolition of infanticide, and of human sacrifices, were unmin-

gled good. The abolition of the tabu, which prevented men and women from eating together, removed a powerful obstacle to domestic happiness; and the abolition of idolatry emancipated the mind from much superstition, and every one will rejoice in the downfall of the Arreoy institution. The change was not limited to abandoning what was bad; it also consisted in adopting what is good. Wars ceased, and all acknowledged their sovereign; education was introduced, and many hundreds were taught to read and write, and very many of the Tahitians gave every evidence of sincerity that the most sceptical could desire. One honourable feature of the affair is, that it was free from compulsion, and the effect of argument and entreaty, and a blameless life on the part of the teachers. We had no jugglery or lying miracles—no frauds practised on the simplicity of the natives. It is also to be observed that nothing was done to debase the intellect; no rosaries, crucifixes, or images; no attempt made against the national independence, by bringing their consciences under the tutelage of an Italian priest. The Bible was translated and printed, and with that confidence becoming Protestants, placed fearlessly in the hands of all. How different the measures of the Romish polytheism! In Mexico, some years after the conquest, an old priest writes home that he has almost forgotten his native tongue, from his long residence among the Indians, that he had baptized we do not know how many thousands, and ending by a request that they would send him a book called the Bible, for he had none, and could not procure one in the country. Nor was this all; the people were not only improved in morals but in industry, and of course in amount of comforts and enjoyments of life; and had they been left free from foreign interference, their progress would have been in the right direction. We have now, however, to look to another series of events, in a moral point of view, most disastrous to the whole Polynesian race.

For several years past, the French government of Louis Philippe, aided by the Romish priesthood, have been persevering in their endeavours to obtain a political ascendancy in the Pacific; and had this been done in an

open and manly way, our remarks might have been brief; we shall, however, as the matter stands, enter into some detail. We must, in the first place, allude to a law which has existed in Tahiti, and also, we believe, in the Sandwich islands, that no foreigner is allowed to take up his permanent residence, unless he obtain permission from the constituted authorities. The object of this law enacted long before the intrusion of the Romish priests, was to abate a nuisance of a different kind, and to prevent the settlement of runaway convicts or sailors in the islands, to the detriment of all morality, and had no prospective bearing upon the Jesuits. In 1836, two Romish priests attempted to settle in Tahiti, and the manner in which these incendiaries sneaked into the country is quite characteristic. They did not land at the usual anchorage, but on the opposite side of the island. This proceeding being in contravention of a long-standing law of the island, by which no master or commander of a vessel is allowed to land any passenger without a special permission from the queen and governors, the strangers were desired to leave the island; and upon their obstinate refusal, they were conveyed back to their vessel, without the slightest injury to their persons or property. Now, in all this, which we have quoted from the organ of the London Missionary Society, there was certainly nothing that could offend France; it was precisely what the French government would have done, if an English Protestant preacher had landed at Calais without a passport, and commenced teaching the inhabitants. Here we must interrupt our narrative for a moment, to offer a well-meant piece of rebuke to the directors of the London Missionary Society. These respected and benevolent persons must be in full possession of all the details of the case, and why do they injure their cause by only dealing in general statements? What we require of them is that they publish a complete and minute statement of every fact bearing upon the case. If Moerenhout sold spirits, why not say so? They surely can give the names of the Romish priests; they can tell if any of them were English or Irish, and many other things which we wish

to know; and they cannot have a better model for such statements than that afforded by the American missionaries in the Sandwich islands. The tenor of this article will be, we trust, accepted as sufficient evidence that nothing but friendship to their cause, and a love of our common Protestantism, has prompted us to request that they should break through this over-fastidious Christian delicacy. In the absence of such official information, we must avail ourselves of the honest and plain-spoken statement of the Rev. Dr. Lang, then residing at Sidney, and consequently in a position where correct information could be obtained. According to the account of this honest man, two French Roman Catholic priests landed clandestinely on the Island of Tahiti, with the view of propagating among the Protestant natives of the island the errors of popery. They had come in a small schooner from Gambier's Island, where a Roman Catholic mission had been established, and after traversing the south-western side of Tahiti, proclaiming that they were the only teachers of the truth, and that the Protestant missionaries were false teachers (in proof of which they alleged the astounding fact of the latter being *married*), they were received and accommodated in a cottage on the premises of M. J. A. Moerenhout, American consul, a Belgian we believe by birth, and a Roman Catholic by profession. To this individual, and to the two priests whom he took under his protection it was intimated by the Queen of Tahiti, who was apprehensive of disquiet and disturbance from the character and machinations of the priests, that the latter must leave the island by the schooner in which they had arrived; and Moerenhout and the priests having refused obedience, they were furnished with a copy of one of the Tahitian laws, enacted years before, which prohibited the residence of any foreigners in the island without the express permission of the government. The two priests having expressed their determination to *sit violently*, as they say in Scotland, notwithstanding this communication, and having accordingly locked themselves up in their cottage, a posse of Tahitian constables were sent under the direction of

one of the district judges, who was present to protect the priests from personal violence, to compel them to embark on board the schooner which was ready for sea. Finding the door locked from within, the constables lifted up the rafters of the roof of the house from the wallplate, and springing over the wall, opened the door from within. One of the priests finding resistance no longer practicable, walked down to the canoe that was waiting for him; the other refusing to move, was lifted up as gently as possible by the natives, and placed in the canoe with all their property, and rowed off to the schooner. With respect to Moerenhout, Dr. Lang informs us that he had written most impertinently to the queen, whose authority he pretended to set at nought, on the ground of her being under the influence of Mr. Pritchard, now British consul, who had formerly been a Protestant missionary on the island. As a proof, however, of the manner in which this individual's conduct throughout the whole affair was viewed by the American government, the circumstances of the case were no sooner made known to the President, than *Moerenhout was dismissed from his consulate*. The next step in this history is a curious one. Moerenhout, while yet American consul, actually sent a remonstrance to the French government; that is, he was guilty of a breach of the most sacred trust, inasmuch as any such memorial should have been forwarded in the first instance to the government of the United States. Of course we do not know its contents; but they would be out of harmony with the character of this individual if they were true. The piety of Louis Philippe, however, was offended, and Captain Du Petit Thouars was dispatched to obtain redress, and the conduct of this officer was sufficiently disgusting. The French captain, instead of treating with the native authorities at once, put himself in connection with the grog dealer, Moerenhout, who was at the same time consul for the United States and secret agent for France. The consequence of this dishonourable conference was, a demand for an apology and for the sum of two thousand dollars as a fine for the conduct of the queen in dismissing the priests.

Unless this was done, the valiant Du Petit Thouars threatened to batter down the town of Matavai, and establish a creature of Moerenhout's as sovereign. What follows is honourable to Englishmen: the unfortunate Tahitians had no money, but the sum was advanced by three British subjects, Mr. Pritchard, the British consul, Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bicknell, the son of one of the missionaries. We feel curious to know what became of this and other sums extorted from the Polynesians. Did it go to the French exchequer, or was it absorbed by that money-getting polypus, La Fayette's Utopia, and the best of all possible republics, Louis Philippe?

Disgrace is progressive, and like virtue, advances gradually to perfection. Du Petit Thouars arrived at Tahiti in August, 1838, and in April, 1839, the French frigate, *L'Artemise*, Captain La Place, visited the islands. This ship had sustained some damage from striking on a coral reef, and nearly three months were occupied in its repair. During all this time the unsuspecting Tahitians afforded the most generous and unsuspecting aid to the distressed crew. In return for this hospitality Captain La Place threatened to land five hundred men, and abrogate the government unless the law under which priests were excluded was repealed. The hapless Tahitians had no alternative, and of course submitted, and since then Jesuits and runaway convicts may find an asylum in Tahiti. In the meanwhile Moerenhout, now French consul, like an obscene fowl, was busy at the work of demoralization, inundating the unhappy land with floods of brandy. It is astonishing to contemplate the want of tact and common decency on the part of the French and their ecclesiastical impostors. In May, 1842, the French ship of war *L'Aube*, Captain Dubuset, visited the islands, and the parable of the wolf and the lamb was again exhibited. A short time previously the captain of a French whaler had been guilty of drunkenness and riot, for which, as in any civilized country, he was put in confinement. To punish a drunken rioter touched French honour, and the poor queen was subjected to the humiliation of being compelled to dismiss her police force by the order of Cap-

tain Dubuset. Alas, for French chivalry! such things were enough to make the gallant De Foix, if come to life again, ashamed of his country.

We must now come to the climax of these iniquities and the crowning exploit of Du Petit Thouars; and we may venture to assert that the odious combination of obscenity and falsehood, priestcraft and infidelity, is a disgrace to a nation calling itself civilized. But the iniquities of Du Petit Thouars were preceded by an appropriate prelude by the French consul, Moerenhout. This person, some months before the arrival of the French frigate, and apparently in anticipation of that event, and when the queen was absent from the island, endeavoured to prevail upon the chiefs to sign a letter surrendering the sovereignty of Tahiti to Louis Philippe. The deceived chiefs afterwards declared that they were not aware of the consequences of this act, and immediately retracted it on the representation of the other chiefs. The queen herself, in letters to the Queen of England and to the President of the United States, declared that she had been deceived by Moerenhout, and that she had taken no part in an act which went to deprive her of her sovereignty, and that she relied upon the support of these friendly powers. After this fraud Du Petit Thouars arrived in September 1842; and we have now to record acts which would have cashiered any English officer, and have permanently expelled him from all correct and moral society. For some days after the arrival of our buccaneer all was quiet, and many professions of peace were made on the part of the French. The queen and principal chiefs were then requested to visit the frigate, that the commander might pay his respects to them, and of course it was understood that his visit was of a friendly nature. The poor queen however was in hourly expectation of her confinement, of which Du Petit Thouars appears to have taken unmanly advantage; and it will hereafter be seen that under any circumstances this officer was no fitting society for a modest woman. The mingled cowardice and meanness of what followed requires no comment. In the evening the British and American consuls received an official document

stating the differences that existed between the Tahitian and French governments, which would probably lead to hostilities; and all French, British, and American subjects were therefore warned to take means for securing their persons and property.

Before the queen or her friends could be consulted, or the day appointed had arrived, the French admiral had settled the affair by means of fraud and falsehood, equal to any thing to be found in the memoirs of his countryman Vidocq. A secret meeting was held during the night, at which four chiefs attended, and a document was signed by them resigning the sovereignty of the island to the French king. Next morning, the queen was required to sign this act of abdication within twenty-four hours, or to pay a fine of ten thousand dollars. But a sad experience had taught the islanders the terrific power of France, and had rendered her very name odious among them. The queen declared she would rather die than subscribe to this swindling document; and although in a situation whose delicacy would have called for some forbearance and courtesy on the part of a gentleman, Admiral Du Petit Thouars was inexorable; and as the money could not be procured, she affixed her signature just one hour before the firing was to commence. The following account of this transaction, extracted from a letter from Tahiti, which was published in *The Times* of March 29, deserves to be quoted:—“The French commander sent an emissary to the queen, declaring that if the money was not paid within twenty-four hours, he would bombard the island, and destroy every thing. The queen positively declared she would sooner die trusting in God than pay this extortion, and a council of the chiefs was held to decide on the best means of defence. The next morning, however, the French landed their marines, and demanded the immediate ratification of a treaty (if her majesty would not pay the money) placing Otaïti, with the whole of the Society Islands, under the *soi-disant* protection of France. This the queen, by the force and menaces of French bayonets, was reluctantly compelled to sign, amidst the beating of drums and the cheers of the marines and sailors, as if it was a voluntary act on the part of

the queen and the chiefs, who were, and are, all opposed to the treaty, and which has been extorted from them by main force.”

No honest man can entertain a doubt as to the mode in which Tahiti was brought under the supremacy of France. It was compulsory in the strictest sense of the word; and it is therefore with a feeling of humiliation that we have to refer to Admiral Du Petit Thouars's official account of the transaction. Nothing can better show the opinion of the French admiral respecting his own conduct than that he has been obliged, in order to give a plausible statement of these misdeeds, to fill his official report with falsehoods of the most disgraceful nature. We must quote his own words—“*Ensuite des griefs et reclamations des nos nationaux à Otaïti, par la demande d'une indemnité de 10,000 piastres fortes, réparation facile en égard de l'abondance de numeraire dans ce pays.*” We are informed that in consequence of wrongs complained of by the French subjects residing in Tahiti, the sum of ten thousand dollars was demanded as an easy compensation on account of the abundance of money in the island. The only French residents we have heard of in Tahiti, were Moerenhout and his priests. As to any complaint from that worthy, there is an antecedent probability of its mendacity; but be that as it may, no complaint has ever yet been detailed. As to the admiral's assertion respecting the abundance of money in Tahiti, no man alive knows the falsehood of the statement better than the man who made it. We will only advance the decisive evidence of this deliberately-made accusation. In 1838, this identical Du Petit Thouars visited Tahiti, and demanded a fine of only two thousand dollars. The queen was too poor to pay it, and the sum was advanced on her behalf by three English gentlemen, to avert the calamity of the islands falling into the hands of the French. We shall just quote another example of the veracity of this gentleman. Speaking of the submission of the island to the French, he adds—“*C'est de plein gré et spontanément qu' on s'offre à nous.*” That is, it was surrendered willingly and cheerfully. But enough.

As it is perfectly just and proper

that every detail should be given, we have now to refer to another part of the admiral's conduct. One of the grievances experienced by the French ships visiting Tahiti was the obstructions thrown in the way of their licentious pursuits. We will state this charge in the words of one of Du Petit Thouar's officers, in a letter in the *Journal des Debats*, from one who is described as an officer of the Reine Blanche, and an eye-witness of the whole scene—"The severity of the English missionaries is sometimes very inopportune, and they were certainly the cause of our receiving the visits of several of the women; for the admiral would not have permitted us to receive them on board if the missionaries had not ridiculously opposed. This is how it happened. The officers, who had landed the day after our arrival, had brought back with them three or four women to show them the vessel, and gratify them with music. In the evening the officers invited them to dinner, and only sent them back when they expressed a wish to that purpose, which was rather at a late hour. The missionaries, having learned of this adventure, wanted to impose a fine upon the women for having gone to see the ship. On the news of this there were great murmurs on board the frigate. The circumstances were reported to the admiral, who gave orders that the women might come on board whenever they pleased. In the evening, more than a hundred women came on board. From that day a crowd of women used to come at three o'clock to hear the music. *The officers invited them to dine*, and in the evening they returned in their canoes." We need not enter into any minute details respecting the nocturnal orgies and revolting debaucheries of Admiral Du Petit Thouars and his crew. Suffice it to say that the obstructing of them was one of the wrongs which led to the demand for compensation. If the admiral and his crew were not to be regarded in the light of people engaged

in spreading the Romish faith, we should not have alluded to this topic; but as they were a sort of crusaders—

"Banditti saints disturbing distant lands,"

we may subjoin a few remarks. One gratifying circumstance is, that if matter of recrimination is sought for, we shall find no precedent for the conduct of the French admiral, employed in a mission of a religious nature, and perfectly aware that the eyes of Europe would be directed towards his behaviour. It has been the practice of the infidel and the Romanist to scoff at the efforts of Christian philanthropists to ameliorate the lot of their ignorant and barbarous fellow-men; and here we have an apt illustration of the mode in which these parties conduct themselves in their efforts to spread piety and civilization. Middleton's Letter was far from exhausting the parallels between ancient and modern Roman polytheism. The present history affords an instructive one. Licentiousness and the real presence proceeded with equal steps, and the rites of Paphos were identified with the progress of Popery. It remains only to be added that all these transactions have met with the full approbation of Louis Philippe, who has bestowed on the admiral the cross of the Legion of Honour. We would suggest, that in addition, he be created chief of the Arrecoys, and sent back to Polynesia with a cargo of Jesuits.*

We have thus seen the approved mode of obtaining the sovereignty over a defenceless people. Priests are smuggled in in opposition to the police regulations of the country, a French agent or consul demoralizes the people by the sale of spirits, the greatest crime a European residing among barbarous races can be guilty of. The priest and the agent stir up strife, they are ordered to quit the country, French honour is insulted, a frigate arrives, demands a fine, calculated on purpose to be so high, that it cannot be paid,

* There is something in all this we cannot fathom. Admiral Du Petit Thouars is the son of a brave officer, who fell gloriously at Aboukir, and his uncle was an amiable and respected member of the French Institute. Still, we cannot accept him as a sample of French naval officers. We rather suspect that he and Captain La Place are not over fastidious, and therefore sometimes useful people, who will undertake duties which men of nicer feelings would decline.

and as a compensation, the country is taken possession of under the sovereignty of France. This general statement is fully borne out by the conduct of the French in the Sandwich Islands, a conduct perfectly parallel to that pursued in the Society Islands, of which we will now give some account.

In a recent number of this magazine, in an article on Roman Missionaries,* we gave an outline of the shameful conduct of the French priests and naval officers, in relation to the civil authorities and Protestant missionaries in Owyhee, we have now to add some supplementary observations. It will be remembered that idolatry, with its *tabus*, was prohibited before any missionary had arrived in the Sandwich Islands, and solely on the ground, that the old religion hindered the progress of the nation toward civilization. It was a purely utilitarian change, and had regard only to the material interests of the country. This change, however, excited the discontent of many, and three unsuccessful rebellions ensued; hence the worship of images, and abstinence from certain kinds of food, were as unequivocal evidences of disloyalty, as the belief in the real presence and in the supremacy of the pope, were in the days of Elizabeth and James the First. When the Christian, or what is the same thing, the Protestant missionaries arrived from America, they found the country without a religion; but in a few years, by the efforts of these admirable men, a most satisfactory change was effected; multitudes were brought to the truth, and the standard of morality was raised to a height previously unknown. During this propitious period every thing proceeded as the most benevolent could have wished, when the fair bloomings of Christianity were nipt by the chilling interference of priestly political incendiaries. The history of the interference of these vicious pests is almost a repetition of what happened in Tahiti. In the first place, after the usual manner, certain priests crept in clandestinely without ever requesting permission from the constituted authorities. For some time they obstinately refused to quit

the island, although the native authorities were alarmed at their presence, and earnestly urged it. The grounds of this anxiety were not unreasonable, but founded upon views which in the circumstances of the case afforded a high degree of plausibility. On investigating the details of the Romish ceremonial, and comparing it with the Christian worship to which they had been accustomed, the chiefs argued in the following by no means illogical manner:— Three rebellions have already taken place, and in each instance the rallying word has been the *tabus* and the worship of images. This new religion of Rome *tabus* food on certain days, and worships dead men's bones; it is a return to our old superstition, and will again prove the nucleus of treason and insurrection; as a measure of precaution, therefore, the departure of the priests was insisted on and ultimately accomplished. But the unsophisticated Sandwich Islanders did not need to refuse on mere abstract principles, or to wait until Gibbon's prophecy should be realized, when New Zealand should produce its Hume or Newton; on the contrary, Fathers Bachelot, Short and Walsh, soon proved by their acts the necessity of their banishment, not on the grounds of speculative expediency, but on the palpable basis of decency and morality.

The greatest curses of the Polynesian Islands are the unrestricted use of ardent spirits, and the ministration to the licentious passions of the ships' crews who visit their shores. To prevent these evils the native government prohibited women from visiting the ships, and the sale of spirituous liquors. In consequence of these salutary regulations two vested interests were greatly injured, and those who profited by the abuses were rendered disloyal and discontented, we venture to say the only discontented parties in the country. Of course, worthy Father Bachelot required support, and let the truth be told in plain English, he identified his character with that of the brothel-keepers and grog-sellers of Honolulu; and will our readers believe it, his banishment, now required by public decency, was sanctioned by no less a personage than Du Petit Thouars.

* Article on Romish Missionaries in our number for February, p. 221.

Lest we should be disbelieved, we shall quote his own words :—

“ Honolulu, July 21, 1837.

“ The undersigned commander of the French frigate *La Venus*, promises in the name of M. Bachelot, that he will seize the first favourable opportunity which offers to quit these islands, and go either to Manilla, Lima, Valparaiso, or any civilized part of the world; and in case such a one is not presented, on the arrival of the first French man-of-war which visits these islands, he shall be received on board, in the meantime M. Bachelot shall not preach.

“ A. DU PETIT THOUARS,
“ Post Captain, commanding French frigate,
“ *La Venus*.”

Concerning this part of the affair, we do not wish to enter into further details. Father Bachelot is now no more, and we will say nothing to injure his memory, unless provoked by recriminations.

We have now to follow out the parallel between Tahiti and Hawaii. In July, 1839, the French frigate *L'Artemise*, captain La Place, arrived at Honolulu, the seat of government of the Sandwich Islands, under the same insolent pretext as was used at Tahiti, that French honour had been insulted. Here we may express our wonder;—it appears that ninety per cent. of the vessels visiting that port are English, or American, and in no instance has the honour of the Union-jack or the star-bespangled banner suffered wrong, while the infinitesimal commercial interest, trading under the tricolor, has had its sensitive glory so frequently tarnished. Of the disgraceful and dishonourable proceedings to which French honour and propagandism had recourse, the following will be a sufficient illustration. Captain La Place enumerates among other insults, that the Roman religion had been *tarnished with the name of idolatry*, and certain papal priests expelled from the island.* We have seen that this expulsion was sanctioned by Du Petit Thouars himself, how then could it be a grievance to France? In

his manifesto, the French commander requires the government to conform to the usages of civilized nations, and with an audacity certainly unsurpassed he asserts, “ *there was not even one that did not permit in its territory the free toleration of all religions.*” What fatuity could impel a man in Captain La Place's situation, even to utter such a shameful untruth as this? In his own country, at the present day, free toleration does not exist, and the French government itself makes no unfrequent practice of expelling religious teachers, on the very same grounds on which the government of the Sandwich Islands acted. A precedent for the expulsion of Father Bachelot from Honolulu, was afforded by the expulsion of the Trappists of La Meilleraye in 1830, and penal laws against the Jesuits are still unrepealed in France, while that power is forcing these unwelcome guests upon the unoffending Polynesians.

What follows is still more astounding; after proclaiming universal toleration with singular baseness and effrontery, he turns round to insult the Protestant faith, the religion of the islands, in the persons of its teachers. La Place, at the time he issued his manifesto, also addressed a letter to the American consul, at Oahu, where, after warning him of the probability that hostilities would commence, and offering American citizens an asylum on board his ship, he subjoins the following insolent restriction, to which we invite, in an especial manner, our reader's attention :—“ I do not include in this class the individuals” (that is American citizens) “ who, although born it is said in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the chief of this archipelago, direct his counsels, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. For me, they compose a part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of a war which they shall have brought upon this country.” We shall not allude to the insult rendered

* With respect to the charge of idolatry, we may mention that in Ceylon a few years since, the idolatry of the Romanists appeared too gross for the Buddhists of that island, and “ induced them to prohibit or modify some of their public processions, which were too obviously of heathen origin.”—See Annual Report of American Board of Foreign Missions, 1841, p. 227.

to the United States in this chivalrous epistle, but merely direct our reader's attention to the spirit of bigotry and propagandism with which it is replete. The treaty now enforced at the cannon's mouth, deserves to be noted. By one of the articles, a site for a Roman Catholic church at Honolulu is granted, to be ministered by French priests, that is, by political emissaries from that nation. Another article is truly disgraceful. French brandies are to be admitted on paying a duty of five per cent. The consequences of this article soon became apparent; the French consul, for whose benefit it was insisted on, soon obtained a monopoly of the spirit trade, and caused an amount of demoralization of which few but Captain La Place would care to incur the responsibility. We have already noticed in the case of Tahiti, the strange triumph of popery and licentiousness, and now in that of Hawaii, the combined movement of Jesuitism and intoxication.* Another demand, enforced by the French captain, was for 20,000 dollars; and all being concluded by this act of pillage, unworthy of a buccaneer, the ship took her departure.

We should have felt happy to have concluded here, but after the dissection we have made of the conduct of the French, however humiliating the task may be, we must state as explicitly what is known respecting very disgraceful conduct which could have been effectually prevented or censured by the English government. By the unhappy appointment of Mr. Charlton as British consul to the Sandwich Islands, great mischief was occasioned by the persevering opposition which for many years he offered to every tendency toward the moral progress of the islanders. This individual was in some respects the Moerenhout of the Sandwich Islands, and the parallel holds true to the extent that he was the steady partizan of the priests, and the

uniform opponent of the Protestant missions. Into the details of this melancholy topic we shall not enter, nor shall we comment on the disgraceful exhibition of the representative of Protestant England performing the inglorious part of abetting the interests of France and popery. We shall only quote a few extracts from the very interesting work of Mr. Jarves, in the hope of exciting inquiry, and directing attention to the subject. Mr. Jarves is an American, and a man of literary acquirements; he resided for four years in the Sandwich Islands in quest of health; he arrived prejudiced against the missionaries, and still differs from them in religious opinions, but bears ample testimony to the value of their labours. The following quotation is from Mr. Jarves:—"But those low men," (the profligate Europeans and Americans,) "who formerly held unlimited influence over the chiefs, formed the nucleus of a party—men whose interests and sensuality were curtailed by the increasing civilization. *At their head now appeared the English consul.* In the selection of this individual, the government, for its own credit, has been most unfortunate. So popular had Vancouver and Lord Byron made that nation, that an official agent of generous sentiments and general intelligence might have secured an influence which would have hastened the progress of civilization, and conferred honour upon himself. But this man was of an irritable temperament, profligate habits, and moderate abilities. His character for mendacity soon became proverbial throughout the nation, and he was considered a reproach to his own countrymen by those who had an opportunity of knowing him."—*Jarves*, p. 245. "Failing in defeating the progress of the American mission at this period, he proclaimed it his intention to divide the nation, and create a rival religion, by the introduction of English Roman

* No sooner had this treaty been concluded, than the French consul (M. Duboit we believe) imported a cargo of spirits from Valparaiso; the same vessel brought the Bishop of Nilopolis, M. Maigret and two other priests. On the arrival of the liquor, Father Walsh, a man of low habits and violent temper, encouraged its use both by precept and example. In the Sandwich Islands the term *palani* (*Jarves*, p. 302) signifies brandy, a papist, or Frenchman. So deep has the sense of wrong sunk into the heart of the nation, that children, when quarrelling, use it towards each other as a term of reproach.

Catholic priests."—p. 247. When the chiefs proposed to enact regulations, restricting the sale of ardent spirits, "the vengeance of the British government was threatened by the English consul, if they dared to legislate for themselves."—p. 250. The following statement is so shocking, that an explanation is imperiously demanded; it is mortal either to the reputation of the narrator or the actor:—"Previous to this enactment it had been promulgated that Christian marriage was proper both for man and woman; and to put an end to the polygamy and polyandry of the natives, penalties were enforced for the violation of this statute Mr. Charlton with pompous words endeavoured to bully the chiefs; he declared it necessary for all laws passed by them to receive the sanction of the king of England."—p. 268. In supporting the Romish interest, Mr. Charlton, according to Mr. Jarves's account, appears to have acted precisely as he would have done, had he, like Moerenhout, been the agent of the *obscurantists* of the Tuileries. In 1836, when Father Walsh was ordered to quit the island, although an objectionable person on moral grounds, his cause was espoused by Mr. Charlton, and subsequently by Lord Edward Russell, probably at the consul's instigation. In Captain Russell, a gay and thoughtless young nobleman, that party" (the consul's) "found a man accessible to their views, and reckless of their motives."—pp. 277, 278, 279. Again in 1837 we find the humiliating spectacle of the captains of English and French men-of-war identifying our national flag with the cause of the *camarilla* of the Tuileries. "On the 7th July, 1837, Captain Belcher, of the English surveying ship, *Sulphur*, influenced altogether by the English consul, demanded the release of Mr. Short, and threatened, in case of refusal, to land him by force."

"On the 10th, the French frigate *Venus*, Captain Du Petit Thouars, anchored off the port. He united with Belcher in a demand for the instant landing; this not being obtained, a body of *marines* from the *Sulphur* was sent to the *Clementine*. *Thence escorted by them*, the priests proceeded to the shore, the commanders of the

men-of-war attending them to their residence."—p. 284. We shall now see the mode in which Captain Belcher, according to Mr. Jarves, treated the Protestant missionaries. In consequence of these events an interview took place between the two captains and the king. "The two commanders refused to admit the interpretations of Mr. Bingham, who had been selected by the king for that purpose. Mr. Andrews, of the mission, was then chosen, with their approbation, and Mr. Bingham retired to the opposite part of the room. One of the foreign officers present crowded him back against the wall; upon stepping aside to avoid this he received a violent blow from a movement of the elbow of the individual who so determinedly insulted him. Another officer drew his sword partly from its scabbard, and, slipping up to Mr. Bingham, said menacingly, 'Do you see that?' According to the testimony of Mr. Short, Captain Belcher threatened to hang Mr. Bingham to the yard-arm of his vessel; though better authority relates that he merely said, if any of his men were injured in doing their duty, he would be the first man he should seize."—p. 215.

We have selected these shocking accusations, brought forward, not in the heat of passion, but by an educated man residing on the spot, while some of them occurred, in a country where the rival parties were ready to detect the smallest error of an opponent. For the honour of the country, a full and uncompromising investigation is demanded. We think public attention can be beneficially directed to such topics, for expressing no opinion on the present case, we know that a fearful amount of crime is committed by the adventurers who visit the Pacific; and if one-tenth of what Mr. Jarves asserts be true, we trust that government will take proper steps to wipe away a national disgrace.

Before concluding this part of the subject, it may be of use to quote an example by way of contrast to that of the French officers, and we do so the more cheerfully, as it is honourable to the government of the United States." At Hawaii, the missionaries preached chastity; and under the influence of the Gospel, laws were made against licentiousness, and especially the

intercourse of women with the shipping, before that time universally carried on. These laws were vehemently opposed by the emissaries of commerce. In one instance, a ship's crew came ashore demanding liquor and women. Neither were to be had. They returned on board, threatening violence, and soon afterwards landed again to execute it. The natives sent their women to the mountains for protection, and after searching the town, with fearful oaths and horrible language, the sailors attacked the house of the missionary. Being repulsed, the seamen went on board the ship and cannonaded the house for some time. Several scenes like this occurred at different places, in one of which a naval officer of the United States was concerned. Evidence of this is now in the national archives at Washington. *As the officer was disgraced sufficiently at the time, and has felt the effects of his conduct in his profession, we will not mention his name.* (Du Petit Thouars would have small chance of promotion in the American navy.) Matters came to such a state, that the United States government despatched the sloop-of-war, Vincennes, with a letter to the king, concerning the conduct of the American citizens engaged in these affrays. The stand taken by Captain Finch, and the example set by him, added to the letter of the president, checked and humbled the violence of the rioters. At the same time the American board published the names of the traders and masters of vessels engaged in the riots, and also of the American merchants who persisted in sending into that country the prohibited cargoes. This completed the triumph of the efforts of the natives after good order and morals, and in a few years the Sandwich Islands were perhaps the most temperate colony in the globe.*

It will now be necessary that we should investigate the causes and ultimate tendency of these proceedings, and the light in which they should be regarded by Protestants, the friends of civil and religious liberty. In a case including so many iniquities, it is perhaps unnecessary to say any

thing of a question of good taste and gentlemanly feeling which would be thrown away upon the parties concerned. We might however inquire why the French priests have selected two groups of islands, already Christian and improving;—there were surely abundance of unoccupied heathen tribes on which they might try the effects of their religion, and endeavour, by honourable means, to excel their rivals. The London Missionary Society has laboured for the welfare of Tahiti for more than thirty years, and expended upwards of thirty thousand pounds in its benevolent and most prosperous exertions to diffuse the blessings of the religion of the Bible through the Society islands. The state of society in the Sandwich Islands was such as could not but be contemplated with pleasure, not merely by a Christian, but by any one who had a heart to be pleased with the welfare of his fellow-men. The following statement, taken from a source which no one will accuse of bigotry in such matters, affords a condensed view of what this fine group of islands owe to the labours of the Christian missionary.†

“In May, 1840, twenty years after the missionaries landed at the islands, there were in the whole group, nineteen native churches, numbering 18,450 communicants of good standing. Upwards of 800 natives have died in full communion and profession of faith. There were nearly 6,000 baptized children; and during the year 1840, there were 12,000 Christian marriages and 1,700 baptisms. There were 200 common schools, with 14,000 scholars, of whom 10,000 are able to read. Besides these common schools, there is a seminary for the instruction of native preachers, and a large number of boarding-schools both for boys and girls. These schools all owe their institution to the missionaries, and are either taught by the missionaries, or by persons educated under their care. Printing in the Hawaiian language is extensively done. It was begun by the missionaries, and is still carried on under the care and patronage of the American board. During the year 1840, there were printed and

* North American Review, July, 1842.

† Ibid, July, 1842, p. 194.

bound in that language, upwards of 100,000 copies of books treating upon all subjects; arithmetic, geography, general knowledge and science, the general laws and local regulations of the government, as well as the Scriptures, and works more strictly theological. Several stone meeting-houses have been built by the natives, and good houses are common. Roads and bridges are fast improving. A constitution and a complete code of laws are preparing under the superintendence of an American gentleman, who was formerly a missionary, but resigned his office, in order that the mission might be entirely disconnected from the civil power." We may now ask what right has France, with her infidel officers and intriguing priests, to disturb and interrupt the steady progress of the Gospel of morality, civilization, and commerce, among the most interesting and improvable of the Oceanic family? The commercial interests of France in the Pacific are contemptible compared with those of England and America. And by what strange inversion of morality is it that France is incessantly insulted, while England and America have never complained of the native governments, but on the contrary, the latter has condemned the disgraceful conduct of its own subjects? However, such things may be overdone, and the vile associations with which the spread of Romanism in Polynesia is now irretrievably connected, may be rendered a powerful weapon in the hands of Protestants.

The matter may be viewed in another and very important light. Originally the priests were expelled from Tahiti and Hawaii, in virtue of a law which permitted no one to settle on the islands without the permission of the government. Now, not to speak of the absurdity of the interference of the French in this matter (the interference of a government which punishes any twenty Protestants who dare to hold a prayer meeting), one should think that when toleration for popery was secured all cause of complaint was removed. Had the priests been then left to make the best of their cause we should have thought little of the matter, and felt no fear for the result, a healthy, and intellectual, and scriptural faith would

infallibly have carried the day against the idle superstitions of our modern polytheism. But an attack was made on the liberty of conscience, when the influence of a government of thirty millions of men was thrown into the one scale, while the other contained only the contributions and influence of an humble Christian association. The harassing vexations to which the native government were exposed, the pillaging of their resources, the forcing upon them of immoral and ruinous practices, as in the compulsory introduction of brandy, and the insults offered to the American missionaries in Hawaii were all so many efforts to ruin their labours, and to encourage the intrigues of their opponents.

There is another grave consideration connected with this subject well deserving our notice. Nothing is more certain than that the population of the Polynesian regions has been diminishing with a fearfully rapid ratio. The present inhabitants of Tahiti and Rimeo amount to about twelve thousand, or nearly a seventieth of what their population was in the time of Cook. It is certain that this progress towards extinction, whose rapid approach had alarmed even the natives themselves, received a check when they embraced Christianity. For a few years after this beneficent event no numerical increase was apparent, for this obvious reason that great numbers of the more aged had no families: at last, however, the births began to exceed the deaths, the population is increasing, and we have no hesitation in stating our opinion that the very existence of those nations is owing to the introduction of the Gospel among them. The causes of extinction, we have already stated, were spirituous liquors and vice, the one destroyed the existing race, and the other rendered the future inexistent. In Tahiti, under the French rule, we fear even more than the spread of superstition awaits the unfortunate race, already Moerenhout, the French consul, is letting loose a deluge of intoxicating liquors upon a doomed race, and a garrison of two hundred men will soon arrive to demoralize the islands. In short, the French consul and admiral on the one hand, with their priests on the other, making this irruption upon an inoffensive people

reminds us of Milton's account of the intrusion of death and sin into the primeval abode of our race.

The causes which have led to these strange transactions are not difficult to discover. No one will be simple enough to believe that piety or religious motives actuated the French government in these crusades to the antipodes. We would as soon expect that the Religious Tract Society should publish a cheap edition of Volney's Catechism. In fact, it is purely a political speculation in which any other form of religion would have been employed as readily as the Roman, provided it proved itself an equally efficacious instrument to bring about the ends sought for. We believe there are two objects more particularly aimed at, and also that the forcing of priests and brandy on the islands of the Pacific is only a small part of a very comprehensive scheme. One object of this propagandism is what may be called a dynastic one. We believe there is but little attachment to the Orleans family in France, while it is viewed with rooted aversion by that great part of the nation which calls itself liberal—and in truth, Louis Philippe occupies a lonely position more removed from the sympathies of his people than Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth. As some party is better than none the present attempt is to obtain the adhesion of the priest party, and of course along with it the friendship of Rome and Vienna. In this point of view it is strangely instructive to take a retrospect of the events in France since the reign of Charles the Tenth. That unfortunate and most foolish prince was driven from his throne for attempting a fraction of what his able successor has accomplished. No part of Charles' conduct was more unpopular than his devotion to an intolerant and bigoted priesthood, and who could have believed that a few years could scarcely have elapsed before his successor had transplanted to the Tuileries vigorous shoots of *obscurantism* from Munich and Vienna.

This system of propagandism is equally active in France as in Polynesia, and in the former country it chiefly manifests itself in hostility to the Protestants: and it is a sad reflec-

tion that the religious liberties of that most respectable part of the nation were far safer and better respected under Charles the Tenth than under Louis Philippe. Since the three days, as they are called, the condition of the Protestants has been considerably deteriorated; they have been exposed to ceaseless annoyances, if they wish to build a new place of worship every obstruction is offered, and if they venture to meet for social worship they are fined or imprisoned. One instrument of oppression has been in operation since 1834. A law aimed at political associations was then passed, and one of its articles prohibited, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, the association of more than twenty persons. Two judicious deputies, M. M. Roger and Dubois, proposed that a clause should be inserted excepting religious meetings. Instead of adopting this honest and common sense suggestion M. Persil, the minister of justice, solemnly declared that the law did not relate to religious meetings; but the truth is, that ever since the enactment came into force it has been most unscrupulously employed putting down every kind of Protestant religious association. Not only have the religious liberties of the Protestants been curtailed, but attempts have been made to alter the constitution of their churches with the view of rendering it all but impossible to erect new ones. All this is done by a government which sends men-of-war to the antipodes under the pretext of vindicating the rights of conscience.

There is also another object to be gained by this propagandism, as we have stated the whole affair is merely a political speculation, and indeed this is so far from being disavowed, is openly and boldly proclaimed, M. de Carne, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and a zealous propagandist, informs us that *the maintenance of Catholic influence in the East is inseparably united to the influence of France*. Nor has it been or can it ever be otherwise; the Romish religion is essentially political; its head is the monarch of a second-rate kingdom, and its members everywhere must profess allegiance to an Italian prince as well as to their native sovereign. In this respect the contrast with Protestant missions is

remarkable: they are merely associations of Christians; they defray their own expenses, manage their own affairs, and the government takes no cognizance of their acts, and extends to their missionaries no other protection than that due to British subjects; and further, as each denomination supports its own missions, it is sufficiently obvious that by the very nature of the system there can be no political intrigues, nor any subserviency to the aims of government. On the contrary, the Romish monastic orders have ever been employed both by France and Spain with political views. In Spanish America the conquerors destroyed the national spirit and ruined the political systems of the Indian empires; but the business was only half done, until the intellect of the natives had been prostrated, and the memory of their ancient independence effaced by the lessons of the priests. It is, however, in Canada, while under the French, that this is best seen; for that province, in contact with the frontiers of the English colonies, gave ample scope for the activity and dexterity of the Jesuits. During the period we allude to these fathers were as essential for the defence of Canada as its fortifications and artillery. The great use of the Jesuits was, to bring over the Indian tribes to the French alliance, to detach as many Indians as possible from the English interest. During the period we allude to it might be said of the worthy fathers what is said of the Brahmins of India, that there was no mischief or intrigue set agoing of which they were not the prime movers. Kalm, the intelligent Swedish traveller, who visited Canada in 1749, describes these propagandists very correctly. "The Jesuits," he says, "are of great use to their king; for they are frequently able to persuade the Indians to break their treaty with the English; make war upon them; to bring their furs to the French, and not to permit the English to come among them. But there is some danger attending these attempts; for when the Indians are in liquor, they sometimes kill the missionaries who live among them, calling them spies, or excusing themselves by saying that the brandy had killed them." In the

history of the Jesuits in Canada we must say that the accounts published by members of their own order are complete tissues of falsehood, even when the narrator speaks from personal knowledge. We shall give a specimen of the Canadian Jesuits. Charlevoix, himself a Jesuit, and probably residing in Canada at the time, gives the following martyrology of Father Rasle, who was killed by Massachuset's men: "Father Charlevoix tells us that the Jesuit was shot at the foot of the cross along with seven Indians, who offered their bodies as a protection for his. Thus died this kind shepherd, giving his life for his sheep; thus was a priest treated in his mission at the foot of the cross." This is a specimen of what is to be found in every number of Annals of the Faith. The following is the correct account:—The good father was incessantly stirring up the Abenaki Indians to make war upon the English. When his papers were examined after his death, it was found that he was in correspondence with M. De Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, for the purpose of raising up trouble to the New Englanders. As to dying at the cross, so far from it, he retired to his wigwam, and in the first place, he endeavoured to kill an English captive in the cabin, a boy of fourteen years; he shot him through the thigh, and stabbed him in several places, although he afterwards recovered. An officer forced open the wigwam, and shot the father through the head. We have quoted this as an illustration of the occupations of these propagandists, and the usual character of their martyrdoms. The same system of unblushing falsehood is in use at the present day; and the priests in Tahiti write home to their superiors for publication after the following style:—that the English missionaries assemble the people in their chapel, and instead of *preaching exhibit, by a magic lantern, the pope and the Catholic priests burning the Protestants in a furnace.*

That enormous system of fraud and imposture the Propaganda has existed in France under various forms and with various fortunes since 1655. At present it is in part supported by government grants,

and in part by contributions. The income of this association amounted in 1841 to about £142,000, collected throughout the papal countries. In 1841 the contribution from Ireland amounted to nearly £8,000. Scotland, however, is in a bad case; she is fairly in *partibus infidelium*, and so far from contributing, required a grant of about one thousand pounds to remove the woeful spiritual destitution of the descendants of the covenanters. That this is a political as well as a Romish association is admitted by its friends as well as its opponents; and under this important fact some very serious considerations arise. A vast number of missionaries are sent to the Mediterranean and to the east, and all of course sent from France, and of course so many political agents for that country. Such being the case, we would suggest to our generous but mistaken countrymen, whether it is in good taste, or consistent with unsullied loyalty to contribute along with a foreign government for purposes beyond the propagation of religion. It is humiliating to be gulled in this manner; and why do they, if they wish to spread their faith, not insist that the directors of the plan should reside in Dublin, and thus place their loyalty beyond suspicion. The occupation of Tahiti is an event of no political or commercial importance: a more valueless colony can scarcely be conceived. It is not so with the Sandwich Islands: they occupy a midway station between China and America; they afford an asylum to the South-sea whalers and vessels passing between Asia and America. It is needless to say that their importance will rise yearly, in

proportion as the China trade increases. The occupation of these islands by France would, in the event of war, give her great influence in the Pacific; it would be to her what the Mauritius was with respect to the Indian Ocean—a nest of privateers. The government of the United States are aware of the importance of the subject, and we suspect their efforts will rescue the Sandwich Islands. But there is another circumstance deserving of notice: it is obvious that no Briton can in any way abet the efforts of France; he may remain inactive, but he cannot exert himself against his country. Now, the following circumstance deserves to be remembered: Ireland sends a contribution of eight thousand pounds per annum to the French Propaganda; and these funds have furnished and sent out Father Short, and Father Walsh, both Irishmen, two indefatigable agents in the interest of France in the Sandwich Islands; or in other words, their loyalty to their queen, and patriotism towards their native land, is as dust in the balance, compared with their zeal for the pope, or their devotion to the cause of France. We shall conclude with a single remark—It is possible that the doings in Tahiti may bring more harm than good to the Roman Catholic cause. For many years the dissenters of England and Scotland have been the supporters of the political claims of the Romanists. The cause of Tahiti is taken up by the dissenters; and may not a Protestant re-action in England prove too high a price for a triumph of popery at the antipodes?

FRENCH LITERATURE—COUNT ALFRED DE VIGNY.

[THE following brief sketch of the literary life and labours of Count Alfred de Vigny, the Editor presents to his readers as an appropriate introduction of that distinguished writer to the pages of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.—ED.]

It is too much the habit of French authors of the day to look to present profit and present applause by descending to please the vitiated taste of the public, rather than by striving to elevate it to a higher and purer standard, to secure the gratitude due to those who teach an ennobling lesson, and that better fame which lights a grave.

The feuilleton novelists have of late, by yielding to this taste, so increased its demands that it is hard to say what may be in future sufficiently spicy to create a sensation on the deadened palate of the devourers. The daily necessity of something striking for breakfast, has so caused them to ring the changes on the various and most revolting modes of breaking the ten commandments, that it may be feared ere long that no criminal will be found sufficiently atrocious to excite interest. We may not deny that this kind of literature carries with it the temptation of gain with little toil and a large auditory, as "horrible murders" in newspapers are read by a numerous class, though scarcely to its instruction or advantage. Nor is this fact, taken alone and not outliving novelty, a proof of merit. Genius must necessarily find round itself a more circumscribed circle than belongs to mediocrity—the mob which hails the last will shout and pass by; the few who form the first will be disciples to disseminate the laws of that power which is their centre, and like the sun first gilds the clouds which envelope it, and then disperses them. The feuilleton writer may belong to the turf, loiter behind the scenes of the opera, live in those various crowds which furnish the scandalous stories or delicate allusions which form his staple commodity. For the audience he chooses, reflection would be a work of supererogation; and style

is out of the question to a man who has passed the day in a whirl, and notes down its anecdotes after supper and champagne, or selects a heroine* in an unhappy class of females to whom Parent du Chatelet consecrated a philanthropic work, and finds a vocabulary in Vidocq's memoirs of theft and murder. Study and occasional solitude are necessary to those who would send down a name and a voice along with their land's language. The analysis of human motive, the fathoming the human heart are not to be accomplished at this railroad speed, or where two or three novels march forward in line like the rank and file of a company, with the printer's devil shouting the word of command. The man who makes himself a trade, bears lighter charge than he who performs a mission. Thus, when we find a writer who takes the steep path, only because it leads to a height where the air is pure and the prospect broad, rather than gallop along the smooth road to the market town, we stop to do him homage. Alfred de Vigny is of these; and therefore his style has remained polished, and his inspiration pure. There is a growing and perilous love of biography and description which is one of the thorns of celebrity, and makes scratches deep and venomous—we are infected with it ourselves. It is natural to gaze on the likeness of a brow where the thought which binds us in its spell once had a dwelling. There is no incident in a great man's life so small that we would not wish it recorded; nor do we think the life and works of an author can be things apart, the one remaining veiled, during the dissection of the other. Still it is only death which should lay bare and make their affinity known, close as we believe it to be, and that the stain on the page will usually reflect some blot upon

* La Goualeuse. Eugène Sue.

the scutcheon ; and even were the private hours of Alfred de Vigny's life known to us, we would forbear to touch on them, leaving indiscretion to his friends or his enemies, neither of which dangerous class has as yet, we believe, attempted to cast shade over them. Thus, when we say, he is of an ancient family, born about the beginning of the present century, his early years passed in an old chateau under the eye of his mother, who, like those of other men who have risen to eminence, was a woman of high accomplishment and masculine mind ; that his uncle was shot at Quiberon, and that, a soldier himself as his forefathers had been, he entered the "*compagnies rouges, des mousquetaires*" as a boy in 1814, passing afterwards into the *garde royale*, and thence into an infantry regiment, remaining there till he quitted the service on his marriage, we hold the information sufficient. As to the innocent curiosity which would know whether a poet possesses the exterior set down by imagination, as fitting case for such high faculty, we would willingly gratify it if we could ; but the fact that he is fair-haired and has aristocratic features must suffice here also, for he leads a life of voluntary retirement, and after all one cannot catch a poet in the street to daguerreotype him, nor hunt him like a wild animal, though truly the rhymes which sweep their floods over France and England, prove him to be a rare one. His first published volume is that containing his "*poems*." At an age when few young men are inclined to study, and in a profession which throws barriers in its way, he completed an education already severe, of which the sciences formed a distinguished part, and produced these poems ; inspiring himself on the old classic authors, and the Bible, which throughout his military life was his constant companion, or drawing on the fresh sources of his own mind, as well for matter as for manner. The longest of these, *Eloa*, is in three cantos—the personages angels, the pure and the fallen—the scene laid in heaven ; but the poet's imagination has led him far from that of Milton or Dante ; he has the merit of avoiding to imitate their defects and their beauties. We have here no angels militant ; no blessed spirits lodged in the eyelashes of a celestial bird thus made of happy souls, by the process of

reward diminished to fractions. His heaven is rather a better earth, basking in divine smiles. Difficult as was the subject, it is treated with originality, and the interest sustained throughout. There are passages we would fain quote ; the description of *Eloa's* flight for instance, when she first spreads her wings and, quitting her bright home, advances into space wondering at the effect of her own presence, when her plumes in her passage touch a world—"At the hatred quenched, the prisoned freed, the exile returned." The whole of the third canto is of a beauty which the most prosaic of us will acknowledge, and prosaic we are grown, perhaps from the nature of the commodity which so often usurps poetry's name. Indeed, to make extracts from all these poems would be justice to the author, and a task of pleasure to ourselves ; and if we forbear, it is because compelled by want of space to the omission. They are not a repetition of the same sound, echoed from valley to mountain, from mountain to river, distinguishable only as each is feebler than the one before, but having had one common origin. Various in form and colouring, solemn, graceful, passionate, it is not in a few brief lines we can offer them their tribute due, or call up their images even vaguely. The stern and solitary grandeur of "*Moise*" mourning before heaven over his own mightiness—the youngest angel, "*Eloa*," pure emanation of a divine tear, sprung from the pity which exaggerated to sin, causes her fall—the "*woman taken in adultery*," saved from a violent death to expiate her crime by a more enduring agony—the wild vengeance of the deserted Spanish bride—and the sailor's love for his graceful and gallant frigate, which when the combat was nigh "*warned him with a peculiar motion*"—and the despair of the martyr whose iron mask maddened his youth and tortured his age, and stifles the last sighs which it changes to blasphemy, while the other martyr, the monk, kneels by his side replying to his bitter murmur—" 'Twas perhaps a king"—"*The Saviour was God!*" and the tales of the "*Amans de Montmorency*," of the love stronger than death, and forgetful of eternity.

It is strange that the whole of Alfred de Vigny's works have not been translated into English as into other

languages, since their merit is acknowledged in England by all familiar with the author's native tongue. Scott said that "Cinq Mars" had prevented his writing a novel with Richelieu for his hero. Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, in a note to his tragedy, acknowledges a debt incurred to the French writer; General Napier has quoted the story of "Laurette" from "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires" in his "Lights and Shadows of Military Life;" but the works have not been published collectively, though they would go far to prove the mistake of the assertion, which condemns all French literature as corrupt in its nature, and injurious in its tendency, or would force us at least to acknowledge an exception. The novel of "Cinq Mars," so highly appreciated by Scott, is of these volumes the one best known in England, though notwithstanding its power, and the graphic truth of its characters, those which followed may claim even higher mention. The structure of "Stello," and "Servitude et Grandeur Militaires," is the same or nearly the same, and peculiar to their author; but while "Stello" is fraught with the bitterness which comes to the lip from a heart revolted by injustice, and rising up to do it battle, the tone of "Servitude et Grandeur" speaks the mournful calm of the man resigned to that which is his portion. In both there are three tales bearing out one idea. In "Stello" the style of these changes according to the epoch each recalls. More ornamented and elaborate for Louis the Fifteenth's luxurious court, and the story of Gilbert; graver and more solemn in accordance with the puritanic atmosphere which surrounds Kitty Bell; of ruder strength to echo the "terror" of 1793. Still the three voices chant one dirge.—Stello the poet born under a fortunate star, but suffering from irritability of nerve and depression of spirit, and the impassible and pitiless Docteur Noir, are the two chief actors, their philosophical and critical conversation broken by the beautiful stories which, as we said before, come to illustrate the point on which the book turns.

Between these two personages there seems to exist a close affinity, as between head and heart; and inasmuch as Stello has often much of the profundity of the Docteur Noir, and the

Docteur a touch of the quick feeling of Stello, we sometimes fancy we are listening to the various arguments of the same person, as we meet him in the cold hour of his judgment, or the warm one of his credulity. In the opening chapter, afflicted and cast down, Stello is ready to devote himself for a political opinion, and "write in the interest of a sublime form of government," which he is about to detail to the Docteur Noir, who, to guard him from this temptation, as from slavery to the fantasies of a party, signifies his intention of telling three anecdotes having reference to an absolute monarchy, a constitutional government, and a republic; and then follow, interspersed with the deep reflections of Stello, and the acute conclusions of his companion, the three stories of the Poet Gilbert, who in hunger and despair swallowed a key; of Chatterton, who drank poison; of André Chenier, who died on the guillotine; while Stello thus resumes the idea of the work—"Of these three forms of government—the first fears us, the second disdains as useless, the third hates and would level us, as an aristocratic superiority." It shows forth as "Moise" had done before, the lack of sympathy and fellowship, the necessary solitude of those who are, as regards themselves and mankind, beacons and rocks, burning amid storms and darkness, to warn from the barrenness which is their dwelling, and the gulf which is around them. We would call attention to the fine essays scattered through the work, on the march of revolutions, and their tendency to elevate mediocrity; on the perpetual ostracism, that bridle which Bacon said, keeps men within bounds, "Natural to the nameless multitude, born enemy to names;" on the nature and mission of the imaginative writer, who must stand apart and strive conscientiously, content to bear neglect, nay, contempt; to hear his power questioned and his inability asserted, since while elevating the soul he has no visible effect on the body; and to be thus appreciated even by the sage among the nations, as Tasso by Montaigne, as Homer by Plato.

We would gladly give an extract from the first tale. The sketch of Louis the Fifteenth and Trianon, and Mademoiselle de Coulanges, the fairest

and weakest of the king's mistresses, and the repulse received from the monarch by the Docteur Noir, in return for his prayer for Gilbert, who is crazed and dying, are admirably drawn; yet we must pass over this and even the next story, though Kitty Bell is the most beautiful and pure creation in modern French literature—in our opinion the most ably drawn of Alfred de Vigny's female characters—she belongs to that better truth, which, according to his own rules given in the fine preface "*Sur la vérité dans l'art*," should chiefly shine in the romance writer's magic circle—simple and not silly, devout and yet humble, her only fall is to die. To Kitty Bell we will return in our mention of the drama of Chatterton, drawn by the author from his own tale, and, in the impossibility of quoting from all, select portions from the story of André Chenier, guillotined in 1794. His brother, Marie Joseph, was unjustly accused of having contributed to his ruin, or at least of having allowed it. André, in a good cause, was violent and enthusiastic, imprudent from self-abnegation and straight-forwardness of character. Became an adversary of the Jacobins, of whom he had been the adherent, it was in the course of paper disputes that a coolness arose between himself and Joseph, who remained their partisan longer. But it was never more than coolness; and while André wrote constantly and courageously in the name of order and the law, he excepted his brother from attacks so unguarded, that after the 10th of August, when the *Journal de Paris*, as well as its contributors, was proscribed, the German poet Wieland, deeply interested in the fate of this young man, personally unknown to him, wrote to ask if he had been spared. Retired at a friend's house in Passy, he thence continued to inveigh against the treatment endured by the king. He prayed Monsieur de Malesherbes that he might share in the honour of defending him, and fell ill of grief, when he had been murdered. André and Joseph were reconciled, when, the 6th January, 1794, the former was arrested by a party who came to seek Madame de Pastoret, and seized on all found in her house as suspected also. Owing to these circumstances, his name was pro-

bably not inscribed on any list, and he might have remained forgotten had no attention been called towards him. Joseph's plan on this subject was frustrated by their father's anxiety, and the death of Robespierre, which would have set André free, took place but two days after he had mounted the scaffold. These few lines on André Chenier are possibly not superfluous; excepting by literary men he is not sufficiently known, even in his own country. He was one of the most interesting of the victims of the Revolution, as a genius of high order and a noble and gallant young man. The pages which follow open the story of which he is the hero; the speaker is the "*Docteur Noir*," still applying his moral cure to his patient Stello:—

"Ninety-four struck by the clock of the 18th century, 94, of which every minute was blood-stained and fiery. The year of terror tolled horribly and slowly to the seeming of earth and heaven, which listened in silence. One might have thought that some dread power, untangible as a phantom, passed and repassed among men, so pallid were their faces, so wild their eyes, their heads so gathered between their shoulders, knit as if to hide and defend them. Then men moved aside from one another, or met abruptly, like combatants. Their salute resembled an attack, their 'good-day' an insult, their smile a convulsion, their dress the tatters of a mendicant, their head-gear a rag soaked in blood, their meetings popular disturbances, their families the dens of ferocious and mistrustful animals, their eloquence the clamour of a market, their love a Bohemian orgie, their public ceremonies ill-composed Roman tragedies, acted on provincial boards, their wars migrations of savage and miserable multitudes, the names of the time Poissarde parodies. But all this was grand, because, in the republican rout, if every man played for power, each at least cast his head on the throw. For this cause solely, I shall speak to you of the men of this time more gravely than I have spoken of the others. If my first language was glittering and perfumed as the court sword and hair powder, if the second was pedantic and protracted like the wig and robes of an alderman, I feel that here my speech should be strong and brief as the blow of an axe, which is drawn back smoking from a severed head. In the time of which I speak reigned democracy. The Decemvirs, of whom the first was Robespierre,

were about to end their three months' royalty. They had mown down around them all ideas opposing that of terror. On the scaffold of the Girondins they had crushed those of '*the pure love of liberty*;' on that of the Hebertists those of the *worship of reason*, united with mountain and *republican obscenity*; on the scaffold of Danton, they had cut away the last thought of moderation; there remained then, Terror—it gave its name to the epoch. The '*Comité de salut public*' marched freely along the high road, widening it with the guillotine. Robespierre and Saint Just conducted the rolling machine; the one drew it after him acting the high priest's part, the other urged it on playing the prophet of the Apocalypse.

"The Terrorists are of those who have often made me turn my eyes away; now, and for you, I fix on them again that attentive and patient gaze which nothing shall distract from their corpses till we have observed every thing there, even to the bones of the skeleton. During no one year have so many theories been invented on the score of these men, as in the course of one day of this (1832), because in no epoch have a greater number fostered more hope and found more probabilities of resembling and imitating them. Truly, a time of revolution is most convenient to mediocrity. When the ravings of the voice stifle the pure expression of thought, when height of body is more prized than greatness of character—when the harangue on the curb-stone silences eloquence at the tribune—when the insults of public prints veil momentarily the durable wisdom of books—when a street scandal makes a petty glory and a petty name—when ambitious old age feigns that it may trick them to listen to the beardless schoolboys who inculcate doctrines—when the child raises himself on tiptoe to preach to men—when lofty names are shaken '*pelemele*' in sacks of mud and drawn in the popular lottery by the hands of pamphleteers—when old family shames become a kind of honour—when stains of blood make a halo round the brow—on my word, these are good times. To what mediocrity, so please you, shall it be forbidden to take a grape from this cluster of political power, reputed so full of riches and glory? What little coterie may not become a club? What club, assembly? What assembly, comitia? What comitia may not grow to be a senate, and what senate may not reign? And could these reign without the reigning of a man? And what was needed? To dare! Ah, the fine word! Is that all?

Yes, all! Courage then, empty heads, shout and run, thus do they."

The remainder of these reflections, and a chapter introducing us to the "*Canonier Blaireau*," who is one of Mons. de Vigny's most original conceptions, we pass over, as likewise a scene between the Docteur Noir and old Chenier, who has come to consult him on the means to be adopted to free his son, sent by the Duchess of St. Aignan, the fond and frail love of André, and who, as well as the young Demoiselle de Coigny, to whom he addressed his beautiful ode of "*La jeune Captive*," shared his prison of Saint Lazare. The "*Docteur*" fails in persuading the father to silence, and leaving him suspicious and discontented, is summoned to attend Robespierre, but has first time to visit the Duchesse de St. Aignan. We continue our extracts:—

"Saint Lazare is an old mud-coloured house; it was formerly a priory. I believe I am not mistaken in saying that it was finished only in 1465, occupying the place of the old monastery of Saint Laurent, of which Gregory of Tours speaks, as you know, in the ninth chapter of the sixth book of his history. The kings of France made halt there twice, resting within it on their entrance into Paris, on their departure deposited there on the road to Saint Denis. Opposite the priory there stood, for this purpose, a small hotel, of which does not now remain stone on stone, and which was called the '*Logis du Roi*' (the king's dwelling). The priory became a barrack, a state prison, a house of correction; and for the monks, soldiers, *conspirators*, and females, this foul building, where all was, at the time I refer to, of a gray, sad and sickly aspect, has been in turn, heightened, widened, bolted, and barricaded. I required some time to arrive from the place de la Revolution to the rue du Faubourg St. Denis, where this prison stands. I recognised it from a distance by a sort of blue and red remnant, all saturated with rain, fastened to a long black pole planted over the door. On a black marble slab, in large white letters was written the inscription common to all public buildings, the inscription which to me appeared the epitaph of the nation—

'Unité, Indivisibilité, de la République,
Égalité, Fraternité ou la Mort.'

Before the door of the infected guard-

room, some *sans-culottes*, seated on oaken benches, sharpened their pikes in the gutter, played at 'la drogue,' sang *Carmagnole*, and took down a street lamp, to replace it on the lamp iron by a man, who was seen led along from the upper part of the Faubourg by Poissardes howling the 'Ca ira.' I was known; I was wanted; I entered; I knocked at a heavy door placed on the right hand beneath the archway; it half opened as of its own accord, and as I hesitated, waiting till it should open entirely, the voice of the gaoler shouted to me, 'come along, come in then;' and as soon as I had placed my foot within, I felt the grating of the door on my heels, and I heard it shut itself again violently, as if for ever, with all the weight of its massive wood-work, its heavy nails, its bolts and garnishments of iron. The gaoler laughed in the three teeth he had left. The old villain was coiled up in a large black arm-chair, of the sort called 'a *cremaillère*,' because they have on either side iron notches, which support the back and measure its slope, when extended to serve for bed. There, slept or watched, without ever stirring, the immovable porter. His wrinkled, yellow, sneering face projected beyond his knees, on which it rested by the chin. His legs were passed to the right and left, over the two arms of the chair, to refresh himself from sitting after the usual fashion. He held in his right hand his keys, in the left, the lock of the massive door. He opened and shut it as if by clockwork and without fatigue. I saw behind his chair a young girl standing, her hands in the pockets of her little apron. She was round, fat, and fresh-coloured, with a little nose turned up slightly, the lips of a child, white arms, and a cleanliness rare in this mansion. Her gown was of red stuff, drawn up through its pockets, and her white cap ornamented with a great tri-coloured cockade. This fair girl had an expression at once of kindness and gravity, which to those who saw her there, had the effect of doubling the sadness of the place for which she did not seem created. All her fresh person did so breathe the free air of the country, and the village, the fragrant herbs and thyme, that I hold it certain her presence must have drawn forth a sigh from every prisoner, reminding him of plains and prairies. 'It is a cruelty,' I said, stopping short, 'an absolute cruelty to show that child to the captives.' She understood me no more than if I had spoken Greek,

I did not pretend to be understood; she opened her eyes wide, showed the most beautiful teeth in the world, without smiling, parting her lips, which expanded like a carnation pressed with the finger. The father grumbled, but he had the gout, and said nothing. I entered the corridors, feeling my way before me with my cane, because, at that time, the long, broad, and damp passages were dark at mid-day, and but feebly lighted by the red glare of unwholesome lamps.

"In 1794 the black 'Maison Lazare' resembled a great cage for wild animals. There stood there then only the old gray building still to be seen, a square and enormous block of stone. Four ranges of prisoners occupying the floors moaned and yelled the one over the other. Without, at the windows, were gratings and massive bars, forming rings in their breadth and iron pikes in their height, and interlacing lances and network so closely that the air could scarce penetrate. Within, three broad corridors dimly lighted divided the floors, themselves cut by forty doors of cells worthy to harbour wolves, and often impregnated with the foul odours proper to a den; black and heavy grates of solid iron closed the extremity of each passage, and to all the cell-doors were the small square openings, grated also, which are called wickets, and which the gaoler may open from the outside to surprise and watch the prisoner at all hours. I traversed as I entered the large empty courtyard, where usually stood ranged in rows the terrible carts destined to bear away loads of victims. I climbed on the half-ruined flight of steps by which they descended to enter this their last carriage. I passed an abominable place, damp and fearful, worn by the scuffling of feet, its walls marked and broken as if some combat took place there daily. A sort of cistern, full of water, emitting an ill scent, was its only furniture. I do not know what was done there, but the spot was then and still is named 'Casse Gueule.' I arrived at the Preau,* a large, hideous yard, enclosed within high walls; the sun sometimes casts within a melancholy ray from above a tall house-top. An enormous stone fountain is in the centre, four rows of trees round. At the end, quite at the end, is a white figure of Christ on a red cross, red with the red of blood. Two females were at the foot of this tall crucifix, one very young, the other very aged. The

* The Green.

youngest prayed on both knees, with both hands—her head stooped low, and drowned in tears. She was so like the beautiful *Princesse de Lamballe*, that I turned my head aside. That recollection was odious to me. The oldest watered two vines which grew slowly at the foot of the cross. The vines are there still. How many drops of blood, and how many tears have moistened their clusters, red and white themselves like the tears and the blood! A gaoler was washing his linen, singing as he did so, at the fountain in the centre. I entered the corridor, and stopped at the twelfth cell of the ground floor. A turnkey came up, measured me from head to foot, recognised me, laid his rude paw on the more elegant bolt, and opened to me. I was in the apartments of the *Duchess of Saint Aignan*. As the turnkey opened the door abruptly, I heard a faint exclamation, and I saw that *Madame de Saint Aignan* was taken by surprise, and ashamed of being so. For me, I was surprised at one thing only, to which I could not become accustomed. It was her perfect grace and dignity of manner, her calmness, her mild resignation, her angelic patience, and her commanding timidity. She exacted obedience, her eyes cast down, by an ascendancy over others I have seen in none beside. This time she was disconcerted by our entrance, but she extricated herself admirably, and thus:—Her cell was small and stifling, exposed to the south, and Thermidor was, I assure you, as hot as July would have been in its place. *Madame de Saint Aignan* had no means of shielding herself from the sun which poured full into her poor little chamber, but by suspending before her window a large shawl, the only one, I believe, which had been left her. Her dress, of simple form, was cut very low, her arms were bare, as was as much of her figure as a ball-dress might leave uncovered, but no more. It was little for me, but far too much for her. She rose up, exclaiming, 'Ah, mon Dieu!' and crossed her arms over her bosom, as might a female surprised bathing. She blushed all over from her brow to the tips of her fingers, and her eyes were moistened for a moment. The impression was very transient: she soon recovered, seeing that I was alone, and throwing on her shoulders a sort of white dressing-gown, she seated herself on the edge of her bed to offer me a straw chair, the sole furniture of her prison. I then perceived that one of her feet was bare, and that she held in her hand a little open-worked black silk stocking.

" 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'if you had said but another word——'

" 'The poor queen did as much,' she replied quickly, and she smiled with an assurance and a dignity most charming, raising her large eyes to mine, but her mouth soon resumed its grave expression, and I remarked on her noble countenance a new and extreme alteration, added to its accustomed melancholy; 'Sit down, sit down,' she said to me, speaking fast, and with a changed voice and broken accent. Since my pregnancy has been declared, thanks to you, and I owe you——'

" 'Well, well,' said I, interrupting her in turn, from my aversion for set phrases.

" 'I have a respite,' she continued; 'but it is said that the carts are to arrive to-day, and they will not depart empty for the revolutionary tribunal.' Here her eyes became fixed on the window, and seemed to me somewhat wild. 'The carts, the terrible carts,' she said, 'their wheels shake all the walls of St. Lazare. The noise of their wheels agitates my nerves. How light and rattling they are as they roll beneath the arch on their entrance—how slow and heavy when they go forth with their load. Alas, they are coming to-day to be filled with men and women and children—so I heard; it was Rose said so in the yard, singing under my window. Kind Rose, she has a voice which does good to all the prisoners—poor young thing!' She recovered herself a little, was silent a moment, passed her hand across her eyes, which were growing moist again, and reassuming her noble and confident manner—'What I would ask you for,' she said, resting her fingers lightly on the sleeve of my black coat; 'is some means for preserving from the influence of my sorrows and my sufferings, my unborn child; I am afraid for him——' She blushed, but went on, notwithstanding the sense of shame forcing it to hear what she had to say to me.

'Nevertheless,' she pursued, letting her fair head sink carelessly on her breast; 'it is my duty to bring my child to the day of his birth, which will be the eve of my death. They leave me on the earth only for this—it is all I am good for. I am nothing but the frail shell which preserves him, and will be broken when he has seen the light; nothing more, nothing more, my dear sir. Do you think,' and she took my hand, 'do you think I shall be allowed at least some happy hours to look at him when he is born? If they kill me directly, it will be very cruel, will it not? Well, if they do but leave me time to hear him cry, to embrace him all one day, I shall forgive them, I think, so much do I long for that moment.'

"I could only press her hands—I kissed them with religious reverence, and said nothing, fearing to interrupt her. She began to smile with all the grace of a lovely woman of four-and-twenty, and for a moment her tears seemed joyful—

"It always seems to me that you, you know every thing—that I need but say, why is this, and you will answer me. Why, tell me, is a woman so much a mother as to become less every thing beside? less a friend, less a daughter, less a wife, even, and less vain, less delicate, less, perhaps, a thinking being! That a child who is nothing should be all! That those who live should be less than him—it is unjust and yet it is so—why is this? I reproach it to myself."

"Be calm, be calm," I said, "you have some fever; you speak fast and loud, be calm!"

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "this one I shall not nurse!"

"Saying this, she turned her back to me suddenly and cast herself on her little bed hiding her face in it, that she might weep there unconstrained by my presence—her heart overflowed.

"I gazed intently on this frank sorrow, which sought not to conceal itself; and I admired her complete forgetfulness of the loss of property, rank, luxuries of life. I found in her what at this epoch I had so often occasion to observe, that those who lose the most are ever also those who complain the least."

The remainder of this scene we must unwillingly pass over. The Duchess confides the portrait of André to the doctor's care—it has been rumoured that the prisoner will be searched, which means that they will be spoiled of the little remaining to them. Should a happier day arrive, she will claim it again. Our next extracts conduct us within the refectory, still at Saint Lazare:—

"I had been locked up according to custom, with the graceful prisoner, and while I yet held her hand, the bolts were drawn back, and a turnkey shouted 'Berenger, femme Aignan, to the refectory—ho, he!'"

"There," said she to me in a very gentle voice, and with a very acute smile, "are my attendants to announce that my table is served for me."

"I gave her my arm, and we entered a large apartment on the ground floor, stooping our heads to pass beneath the wickets and the low doors. A long broad table without a cloth, covered

with leaden spoons and forks, with pewter drinking horns, with stone jugs, with plates of blue ware, benches of black oak, shining, worn, knotty, and smelling of tar, round loaves heaped in rude baskets, pillars roughly hewn surrounding the hall, resting their heavy feet on the cracked pavement stones, and supporting with their shapeless heads the smoky ceiling, soot-coloured walls bristling with ill-mounted pikes and rusted guns—all this, lighted by four great street lamps, emitting a black smoke; and filled with a damp cellar air, which made cough those who entered, was what I found on my entrance. I closed my eyes a moment to see better; my resigned prisoner did the same. We saw, as we re-opened them, a circle of some persons who conversed apart. Their quiet tones, their polished and reserved manner, made me recognise them to be of the higher class. They saluted me from their places, and rose when they perceived the Duchess of St. Aignan. We passed on farther. At the other end of the table was another group more numerous, younger, gayer, all in motion, noisy and laughing—a group resembling a grand court quadrille in *negligé* the day after the ball. There were young girls seated at the right and left of an aged great aunt, young men whispering and pointing to each other with irony or jealousy, with half laughter, scraps of songs, dancing airs, glissades, steps, crackling of the fingers to replace triangles and castagnettes; they had formed a circle also to look at something going on in the midst of them. This something caused at first a moment of expectation and silence; then a noisy burst of blame or enthusiasm, applause or murmurs of disapprobation, as after an ill or well-played scene. A head rose suddenly above the rest, and then as suddenly it was seen no longer.

"It is some innocent game," said I, slowly making the tour of the long broad table. Madame de Saint Aignan stopped, leaned on the table, and quitted my arm to press her girdle with the other hand, her accustomed gesture.

"Good heaven! let us not approach, it is again their horrible game," she said to me, "I had so implored them not to recommence. It is inconceivable a piece of unheard-of insensibility. Go to see it—I stay here."

"I allowed her to seat herself on the bench, and I went on to see. It did not displease me so much as her; on the contrary, I admired this prison game, which might have been likened to the exercises of the gladiators. Yes, without viewing things weightily and

gravely, as did antiquity, France has as much philosophy sometimes. We are Latinists from father to son during our early youth, and we cease not to make stations and worship before the same images to which our fathers prayed—we have all in our schools cried miracle on this study of dying gracefully, made by the serfs of the Romans. Well, sir, I saw as much done there without affectation, without parade, jesting, laughing, saying a thousand mocking things to the slaves of the sovereign people."

A chair represented the scaffold, and the lesson learned by the female scholars was to ascend it with grace and propriety. It was in fact strange how during these fearful times imagination became gradually accustomed to the precariousness of life, and the hourly chance of its close, so as to sport with the idea: rather resting on the most dignified mode of performing the exit before an audience than on its real horrors. There were neither tears shed nor appeals made; they hardened their natures to suit the iron period.

Madame de Barry (the quondam mistress of Louis XV.) was, we believe, the only exception; and it was, perhaps, unfortunate, for the populace had grown used to representations which seemed almost indifferent to the actors. Their calm courage appeared contempt to their tormentors: many of the victims belonged to that hated class of nobles they were determined to bow to their own level, and the knowledge that even the knife could not effect this increased their fury. A different line of conduct might have soothed, or controlled, or roused to opposition the trembling pity of the mass whose egotism suffered the sacrifice of men who marched to death as to a banquet, but would have been urged to action by the cry for justice and the struggle for life which had placed these executions in their true light of butcheries. An eye-witness has told us that while the real tragedy was enacting before the statue of liberty on the Place Louis Quinze, the pantomime proceeded at the bottom of the Rue Royale, where little boys, clapping their hands to Punch's guillotine, learned a taste for an exhibition which it then seemed likely they might grow to aid or suffer in.

The Docteur Noir is watching the progress of the game whose details we have passed over.

"A young, very young girl came forward with the elegance of a daughter of Athens, towards the centre of the circle. She danced as she walked as children do; then perceived what she was doing, and walked dancing, rising at each step like a bird which feels its wings. Her black hair, braided over her brow, combed back to form a crown, and bound with a golden chain, gave her the air of a younger Muse—it was a Grecian fashion which had begun to replace powder. Her waist might, I believe, have worn for a girdle the bracelet of many women. Her small head bent forward gracefully, like those of swans or gazelles; her delicate chest, and her shoulders, which stooped slightly, as do those of young growing persons; her arms, long and slender—all gave her an aspect at once elegant and interesting. Her regular profile; her serious mouth—her very dark eyes—her well-formed brows, arched like those of the Circassians, had a something original and determined, which charmed and astonished. It was Mademoiselle de Coigny; it was her I had seen praying in the Preau. She seemed to reflect with pleasure on all she herself did, not on those who looked on her. She advanced with the sparkling of joy 'in her eyes. I like this at the age of sixteen or seventeen—it is the best possible innocence. Her joy, which seemed inborn, animated the worn countenance of the prisoners; it was, in truth, the young captive, who will not die as yet. Her air said—

"My welcome to the day laughs to me in all eyes."

And—

"Fruitful illusion in my bosom dwells."

"She was about to ascend the chair.

"Oh! not you, not you," said a young man, dressed in grey, whom I had not yet noticed, and who issued from the crowd. "Do you not ascend there, I implore you."

"She stopped short with a slight motion of the shoulders, like a vexed child, and laid her fingers on her mouth with embarrassment. She regretted her chair, and looked askance at it.

"I remarked among these groups the pale, and rather worn features of this sad and passionate young man, who wandered silently among all those who stood

there, with head stooped, and arms folded. He had immediately quitted Mademoiselle de Coigny, and walked with rapid strides, roving round the columns, and casting on the walls and iron bars the glances of a caged lion. There was in his dress—in his grey coat, cut like an uniform—in his black stock, and waistcoat buttoned across his breast, a something which bespoke the officer. Costume and countenance, black and straight hair, dark eyes, all was extremely like. It was the portrait I had about me; it was André Chenier. I had not seen him before. Madame de Saint Aignan brought us together. She called him, and he came to sit by her side, took her hand precipitately, kissed it without speaking a word, and looked round him, and on all sides, with some agitation. She also, from that moment, ceased to reply to me, and followed his eyes anxiously. We formed a little group in the shadow, in the midst of the crowd, which talked, walked, and buzzed, gently round. By degrees we were left alone, and I remarked that Mademoiselle de Coigny avoided us."

The half awakened jealousy of Madame de Saint Aignan is ably touched; her whole character is drawn with a most delicate hand—impregnated as it is with the holy feeling of maternity, the author has chosen to give light to an otherwise shadowed brow. To that of Kitty Bell this maternal love is but a garland the more; but Madame de Saint Aignan, in her solitary prison, with her softness, her courage, her fault, of which the retribution seems near, if not in André's death, in his desertion, will still, we think, find charity—not

"The vulgar charity which giveth gold,
But that which is so holy in the heart,
And gentle on the tongue."

A few passages further we find a description of the meal in this gloomy eating-hall, on the authority of his father. André has mistaken the Docteur Noir for an enemy.

"A noisy rattle announced the breakfast: a sort of Poissarde, called, I believe, *dame semé*, established herself in the centre of the table to do the honours of it; it was the female of the animal coiled up at the entrance-gate. The prisoners belonging to this part of the building sat down—they

were about fifty; Saint Lazare contained seven hundred. As soon as they were seated, their manners changed; they gazed at each other, and grew sad. Beneath the four great lamps, red and smoky, their countenances had the lugubrious colouring of those of miners in their underground dwellings, or of the damned in their caverns of punishment. The blush showed blackened—the pallidness inflamed—the fresh cheek bluish—the eyes glaring. Conversations became private and whispered. Standing behind their guests were ranged gaolers, turnkeys, police agents, and amateur '*sansculottes*,' who came to enjoy the spectacle. A few '*dames de la Halle*,' carrying, or dragging after them their children, had received the privilege of assisting at this fete in democratic taste. I had intimation of their entrance by a fishy smell, which diffused itself around, and prevented some women from eating before these princesses of the kennel and the sewer. These gracious spectators had an air at once ferocious and stupified; they seemed to have expected something far other than these peaceful quiet conversations, the decent *d parties*, which in good society are carried on at table, in all circumstances, and every where. As no one shook the fist at them they found nothing to say; they preserved an idiotic silence, and some hid themselves, recognising at this table those whose cooks they had served and robbed."

"Madame de Saint Aignan ate nothing. She scolded André Chenier; and I saw that she looked towards me several times, as if saying to him that he had made a very misplaced sally before one of her friends. He knit his brows, and held down his head, with an expression of gentleness and yielding. She made me a sign to come near. I returned to her side.

"'Here is Monsieur de Chenier,' she said to me, 'who pretends that the mildness and silence of all these Jacobins are bad systems. Pray, prevent him from giving way to his fits of anger.'

"Her eyes were imploring. I saw she was anxious we should be friends. André Chenier aided her gracefully, and spake first with cheerfulness enough.

"'You have seen England, sir; if you ever return there, and meet Edmund Burke, you may assure him that I repent my criticism, that he was very right to foretell to us the reign of street porters. This commission will be I hope less disagreeable to you than

the other. What would you have? Imprisonment does not soften the temper.'

"He held out his hand to me, and from the manner in which I pressed it, he felt I was his friend. At this same moment a hoarse, heavy, dull noise made the dishes and the glasses, the window-panes and the women, tremble; it was the rumble of the carts. Their sound was known, as is that of thunder to the ear, which has once heard it; it was not that of ordinary wheels—it had something of the grating of rusted chains, and the noise of the last spadeful of earth, which is cast upon coffins. Their sound gave me a sensation of pain in the soles of my feet.

" 'Eh, eat, citizenesses, eat,' said the rude voice of the female *semé*.

"There was neither movement nor reply. Our arms remained in the positions in which they were arrested by this fatal roll. We resembled those smothered families of Pompeii and Herculaneum found in the attitudes wherein death surprised them. Dame *Sémé* multiplied vainly her knives, and forks, and plates, nothing stirred, so great was the astonishment this cruelty caused. To have given them a day of meeting, to have permitted the embraces and endearments of some few hours, to have allowed them to forget the sadness, the miseries of their solitary prisons, to have let them enjoy confidence, taste friendship, wit, and even a little love, and this that all might see and hear the death of each! Oh, it was too much! it was truly a sport suited to hungry hyenas or raving Jacobins. The great refectory doors opened noisily and vomited three commissaries, attired in long dirty coats, top boots, and red scarfs, followed by a new troop of bandits in red caps, and having long pikes for arms. All these rushed forward with joyous shouts and clapping of hands as to the opening of some grand exhibition. That which they saw stopped them short, and the victims yet by their demeanour disconcerted their assassins, for surprise had lasted but for an instant, and the excess of their scorn came to impart new strength to all. They felt themselves so superior to their enemies, that it was almost a joy to them, and all eyes rested with firmness and even curiosity on the commissary who advanced before the rest, a paper in his hand, to read its contents to them. It was a calling over of names. As soon as one was pronounced, two men came forward and removed from his place the designated prisoner. He was given over to the *gend'armes*, on horseback

without, and laden on one of the carts. The accusation bore that he had conspired *within the prison* against the people, and projected the assassination of representatives, and the members of the *comité du salut public*.

"The first person accused was a woman of eighty, the Abbess of Montmartre, Madame de Montmorency, she rose with difficulty, and when she was upright saluted all the guests with a quiet smile. Those who were nearest kissed her hand. No one wept, for at this epoch the sight of blood made eyes dry. She went forth saying, 'May God forgive them, for they know not what they do!' A deep silence reigned throughout the hall. We heard from without the ferocious shouts which announced that she appeared before the mob, and stones came striking the windows and the walls, flung no doubt at the first issuing prisoner. In the midst of the noise I even distinguished the report of a gun. Sometimes the *gendarmerie* was compelled to resistance to preserve to the prisoners twenty-four hours' existence. The calling over continued. The second name was that of a young man three and twenty years old, Monsieur de Coatarel, as well as I can recollect his name, accused of having an emigrant son, who bore arms against his country. The accused was not even married. He burst into a fit of laughter when this was read, shook his friends by the hand and departed. The same cries sounded without. The same silence reigned at the fatal table, whence its guests were dragged one by one; they waited at their post as soldiers wait the cannon. Each time a prisoner went out his plate was removed; and those who remained approached their new neighbours, smiling bitterly. André Chenier had remained standing by Madame de Saint Aignan, and I was near them. As it happens that on board a ship in danger of wreck, the crew crowds spontaneously round the man known to be first in genius and firmness, so the prisoners had, of their own accord, gathered round this young man. He stood with folded arms and eyes raised to heaven, as if asking himself if it were possible that heaven should suffer such things, unless indeed heaven were empty. Mademoiselle de Coigny saw, at each summons, one of her guardians retire, and found herself left by degrees almost alone at the other end of the hall. Then she came, following the edge of the table which was growing deserted, and leaning on that edge she arrived where we were, and seated herself in our shadow like a poor abandoned child as she was. Her noble countenance had pre-

served its lofty expression, but nature in her gave way, and her feeble arms trembled as did her legs beneath her weight. The kind Madame de St. Aignan held out her hand, she threw herself into her arms, and burst into tears in spite of efforts to the contrary. The harsh and unpitying voice of the commissary continued the summons. This man prolonged the torture by his affectation of pronouncing slowly, and holding as if suspended the Christian names, syllable by syllable, letting at last the family name drop suddenly, like an axe on the neck. He accompanied the passage of the prisoner by an oath which was a signal for the prolonged hootings outside. He was red with wine, and seemed not over firm on his feet. While this man read, I remarked a woman's head which advanced on his right hand in the crowd, till it was almost under his arm, and far above this head the long face of a man who read with ease over them. It was Rose on one side, and on the other my artilleryman, Blaireau. Rose appeared to me joyous and curious like the market woman whose arm she held. I detested her profoundly. As for Blaireau he had the somniferous air which was common to him; and his artillery uniform seemed to me to waken great respect for him among the piked and red-capped mob which surrounded him. The list which the commissary held was composed of several ill-scrawled papers, which the worthy agent decyphered no better than they were written. Blaireau came zealously forward as to assist, and politely took his hat which incommoded him. I fancied that at the same moment I perceived Rose pick up some paper from the ground; but the motion was so prompt, and the shadows so deep in this part of the refectory, that I was not sure of what I saw. The reading was continued. Men, women, children, passed from us like shadows. The table was almost empty and grew enormous and of sinister aspect from all these absent guests. Thirty-five had gone. The fifteen who remained scattered singly or two and two with eight or ten places left between them, resembled trees forgotten in the felling of a forest. All at once the commissary was silent. He was at the end of his list—he breathed. I for my part a sigh of relief. André Chenier said, 'Go on, I am here!'

André is however saved this time by the interference of Rose and Blaireau. We want room for the scenes which follow, introducing us to Robespierre and Saint Just. As for the fine commentary on Joseph de Maistre,

and his theories justifying murder, as well as for the interview between the two triumvirs with André's father and brothers, they are of deep and thrilling interest, as is the chapter which contains the fall of Robespierre; but we prefer quoting a part of that which precedes it, as it closes André's story:—

"My first action was to hide Joseph Chenier. No one, then, notwithstanding the terror, refused the shelter of his roof to a menaced head. I found twenty houses. I chose one for Marie Joseph. He allowed himself to be led to it crying like a child. Concealed by day, he visited by night all the representatives who were his friends to give them courage. He was heart-broken, and spoke only to accelerate the fall of Robespierre, of Saint Just, and of Couthon. He existed on this idea. Like him, I gave up to it my whole soul; like him, I hid myself. I was everywhere excepting at home. When Joseph Chenier went to the convention, he entered and went forth surrounded by friends and representatives whom none dared lay hands on. Once outside, he was made to disappear; and even the troop of spies belonging to Robespierre, the most subtle flight of locusts which ever descended on Paris, like a plague, failed to find trace of him. The head of André Chenier depended on a question of time: it was, which should ripen earliest—the wrath of Robespierre, or that of the conspirators? Even from the first night which followed this scene of ill augur, (from the 5th to the 6th of Thermidor,) we visited all those, since named Thermidoriens—all, from Tallien to Barres, from Lecointre to Vadier. We united them intentionally without calling them together. Each was decided, but all were not so. I returned saddened. This was the result of what I had seen. The republic was mined and countermined. The mine of Robespierre was sprung from the Hotel de Ville; the countermine of Tallien from the Tuileries. The day on which the miners should meet would be that of the explosion; but there was union on the side of Robespierre, division among the conventionals who waited his attack. Our efforts, urging them to take the initiative, led only this night, and that which succeeded it (from the 6th to the 7th of Thermidor) to timid and partial conferences. The Jacobins had long been ready. The convention stayed for the first blow. The 7th, when day broke—it was to this we had arrived—Paris felt the earth shake under her. As is always the

case here, the coming event might be breathed in the streets; the places were cumbered by earnest speakers; the doors yawned wide; the windows questioned the streets. We could hear nothing from Saint Lazare. I had shown myself there, and the gates had been flung against me with fury. I was well nigh arrested; I had lost the day in vain inquiries. About six o'clock in the evening groups hastily traversed the public 'places' in all directions. Agitated men flung a report among these knots of townsmen, and fled; they said, 'the sections are about to take up arms; the convention conspires, the Jacobins conspire; the commune suspends the decrees of the convention; the artillerymen have just passed by. Some one shouted 'important petition from the Jacobins to the convention in favour of the people!' Sometimes a whole street ran and fled without knowing why, as if swept by the wind. At these times children fell, women screamed, shutters were closed, and then silence reigned again for a short time, till a new fear came to set all in motion. The sun was veiled as by a coming storm; the heat was overpowering. I roamed round my house on the Place de la Revolution, and remembering suddenly that after two nights' absence, I should be least looked for there, I crossed the arcade and entered. All the doors stood open; the porters were in the streets. I walked up stairs and went in alone. I found all as I had left it; my books scattered about and rather dusty; my windows open. I rested myself a moment near that which looked on the Place. Still pursuing my reflections, I gazed from the height I occupied on those sad and eternally-reigning Tuileries, with their green chesnut trees, and the long house on the long terrace des Feuillans; the trees of the Champs Elysées all white with dust, the 'Place' blackened with men's heads, and in the centre, one before the other, two things of painted wood: the statue of Liberty and the Guillotine. This evening was sultry. As the sun hid more behind the trees and beneath the heavy blue cloud as he set, so, more also he shot forth oblique and broken rays on the red caps and the black hats—melancholy gleams which gave to this agitated mob the aspect of a sombre sea spotted by flakes of blood. The confused voices no longer reached to the height of my windows, the nearest to the roof, but as the voice of the waves of ocean; and the distant roll of thunder completed this gloomy illusion. On a sudden these murmurs increased prodigiously, and I saw heads and arms all turned towards the Boulevards, which

I could not see. Something which came from thence excited cries and hootings, rush and struggle. I stooped forward vainly; nothing appeared, and the cries did not cease. An unconquerable desire of seeing made me forget my situation. I was going out, but I heard on the stairs a quarrel which soon made me close my door. Some men insisted on coming up, and the porter, convinced of my absence, showed them by his double set of keys that I no longer inhabited the house. Two fresh voices were added, and said it was true; that all had been searched an hour before. I had arrived in time; they descended with great regret. By their imprecations I knew whence these men were sent to me. Per force I returned sadly to my window, a prisoner within my own walls. The heavy sound increased from minute to minute, and a louder noise approached the 'Place,' like the roar of cannon amid a fusillade. An immense wave of people, armed with pikes, burst into the vast sea of the unarmed multitude on the Place, and I saw at last the cause of this sinister tumult. It was a cart, but a cart painted red and laden with more than eighty living forms; they were all standing, pressed one against the other. All ages, all figures, thus bound as in a sheaf; all had the head bare; and there were seen white locks and bald heads, and little fair ones, reaching to the waist, white robes, dresses of peasants, officers, priests, and citizens; I even perceived two women who held their child to the breast, and nursed it to the last, as if to bequeath to their son all their milk; their blood, their life, about to be taken from them. I have told you before it was called a '*Tournée*.' The load was so great that three horses could not drag it; besides, and this caused the noise, at every step the cart was stopped, and the people sent forth loud cries; the horses backed one on the other, and the cart was as if besieged; then from above their guards the condemned stretched their arms forth to their friends. It was like an overladen boat which is about to sink, and men on shore strive to save. At each effort made by gendarmes and sans culottes to march forward, the people uttered a mighty cry, and forced back the procession with chest and shoulders, interposing between them and their sentence its tardy and terrible veto, and cried with a long, confused, ever-growing voice, which issued at once from the Seine, the bridges, the quays, the avenues, the trees, the curbstones, and the pavement—No, no, no! Before each of these strong tides of men, the cart was balanced on its wheels like a vessel

on its anchors, and almost raised from the ground with all its load. I hoped to see it overturned. My heart beat violently. I leaned my whole body from the window, giddy with the grandeur of the spectacle. I did not breathe—my whole soul, my whole life were in my eyes. In the feverish excitement it caused, it seemed to me that heaven and earth were actors in it. From time to time came from the cloud a faint flash of lightning, like a signal. The black face of the Tuileries became red and bloody, the two great squares of trees bent themselves backward as in horror; then the people groaned, and after their grand voice had spoken, that of the cloud rejoined and groaned mournfully. The shadows commenced to spread, that of the storm before that of the night, a thick dust rose above the heads, and often hid from my eyes all the picture. I could not withdraw my gaze from this shaken cart. I stretched my arms to it from above; I uttered cries unheard; I invoked the people. I called to them 'courage,' and then I looked if heaven would not do somewhat. I exclaimed. 'Yet three days! three days more. Oh, Providence! oh, Destiny! powers ever unknown. God, spirits, masters, eternal, if you hear, stop them yet three days. The cart went on still, step by step, slowly, shaken, stopped, but alas, still forward. The troops increased around it. Between the guillotine and liberty shone a mass of bayonets. There seemed the harbour where the vessel was expected. The people, weary of blood, the irritated people, murmured more, but acted less than in the beginning. I trembled, my teeth chattered. With my naked eye I had seen the *ensemble* of the picture; I took a glass to distinguish the details. The cart was already at a distance, far before me. I recognised, notwithstanding, a man in a grey coat, his hands behind his back. I do not know whether they were bound. I could not doubt that it was André Chenier. The cart stopped again. There was a fight. I saw a man in a red cap ascend the platform of the guillotine and arrange a basket. My sight grew dim. I quitted my glass to wipe it and my eyes. The general aspect of the place changed as the struggle changed ground. Every step gained by the horses seemed to the people a defeat sustained. The cries were less furious and more mournful. The crowd increased notwithstanding, and impeded the advance more than ever, by numbers more than by resistance. I took up the glass again, and I saw the unhappy condemned, who surmounted, by their whole height, the heads of the multitude. At

this moment I could have counted them. The females were unknown to me. I distinguished among them some poor peasants, but not the women I feared to see. The men I had seen at St. Lazare. André conversed with his eyes fixed on the setting sun. My soul blended itself with his, and while I followed from afar the movement of his lips, I repeated aloud his last lines:—

'Comme un dernier rayon, comme un dernier se-
phire,
Anime la fin d'un beau jour,
Au pied de l'échafaud, J'essaie encore ma lyre,
Peut-être est ce bientôt mon tour.'

Suddenly, a violent movement he made forced me to quit my glass to look at the whole extent of the Place, where I no longer heard a cry. The rush of the multitude had all at once become retrograde. The quays so covered, so crowded, grew empty. The masses were cut in groups, the groups in families, the families in individuals. At the extremities of the Place, they ran through a heavy dust to seek shelter. The women covered their own heads and their children with the skirts of their gowns. The anger was extinguished. It rained. Whoever knows Paris will comprehend this. For me, I saw it. I have since seen it again on grave and great occasions. To tumultuous cries, to oaths, to long vociferations, succeeded plaintive murmurs, which seemed a sinister adieu, slow and rare exclamations whose base notes still lengthened and lower, expressed the abandonment of resistance, and groaned over their feebleness. The humbled nation bent its head and rolled on in flocks, between a false statue, a liberty which was but the image of an image, and a real scaffold, dyed with its best blood. Those who hastened, still did so to escape or to see. No one strove to prevent. The executioners seized on the moment. The sea was calm, and this hideous bark arrived safe in port. The guillotine raised her arm. At this moment no voice, no movement, was heard or seen on the whole extent of the Place. The clear and monotonous sound of a heavy rain was the sole which made itself heard, like that of an immense watering-pot. Broad rays of water spread before my eyes and furrowed the space. My legs trembled. I was obliged to kneel. There I gazed and listened breathlessly. The rain was yet sufficiently transparent to allow me, by help of my glass, to distinguish the colour of the dress which rose between the posts. I could also see a white space between the arm and the block, and when a shadow filled up this inter-

val, I closed my eyes. A loud cry from the spectators warned me to re-open them. Thirty-two times I stopped my head thus; saying aloud a despairing prayer, which no human ear will ever hear, and only I could have conceived. After the thirty-third cry, I saw the grey figure upright. This time I resolved to do honour to the courage of his genius by having courage to see all his death. I arose—The head rolled, and what he had there flowed forth with the blood."

Turn we now to the prescription of the Docteur Noir, after the close of these tales addressed to Stello: "To hold separate the poetical and political existence." "To fulfil his mission alone and free." These are its most important articles, and the motives for the advice, given at length, form one of those essays we have referred to before, and of which we can give only a few detached sentences, showing but a portion of the reasoning. He recommends the first, because "a century may produce three poets for a crowd of logicians"—because, "it was more difficult to organize yon small book than yonder weighty government. To hold power in the grasp has always reduced itself to the action of handling idiots and circumstances, and these circumstances and idiots balloted together bring about unforeseen but inevitable chances to which the greatest have confessed they owed the fairest portion of their fame"—because, "the first among men will always be those who of a sheet of paper, a canvass, a stone, a sound, make things imperishable." "Immortal works are produced to dupe death by causing our ideas to survive our bodies; therefore, write such if you can, and be sure that if there be inscribed there an idea, or only a word, useful to the advance of civilization, and which you have let drop, like a plume from your wing, there will be found men enow to gather it up and trade on it and put it in practice, even to satiety—so let them! The application of ideas to things is a loss of time to the creators of thought."

If he bids "to follow the vocation alone and free," it is because "in assemblies, public bodies, companies, schools, academies, and all which resembles them, intriguing mediocrity

arrives by degrees at domination, by means of a rude and wholly material activity, and that sort of cunning to which enlarged and generous minds cannot descend." He adds elsewhere, "the poet has a curse on his life, and a blessing on his name. Follow your vocation—your kingdom is not of this world, but of that which shall be when your eyes are closed."

As yet Alfred de Vigny has followed the advice he thus, through his *docteur noir*, addressed to the great and useful writer: he has held aloof from the political stage the smoke and the glare of its stage lights; and struggles for transient influence, and disputes for vulgar interests, have not come near to break on his studies, like street cries rousing from a holy dream. As yet he does not *even* belong to the academy; a fact which aids in proving true the sentence quoted above; indeed, to judge from those who are, and those who are not within its walls, the French academy bids fair to become fellow to the yearly exhibition for painters—the masters prefer being outside. The drama of Chatterton was brought out in February 1835; it was, in various ways, an innovation; for it had little action and much thought, and the interest of the heroine lay most in her purity; yet the audience listened, and wept in breathless attention and sympathy; and this time at least bestowed its indignation, not on the tiresome virtue which discomfits some interesting vice, but on the hard adorer of Mammon, who pushes despised merit aside, and on the cold and careless who pass it by. It is a fact unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of the Theatre Français, that after each of the first fifteen representations, the actors were recalled and covered with flowers flung to them from the boxes. Monsieur de Vigny had said that he would have framed a simpler plot if possible. His intention was not to adhere to the exact circumstances of Chatterton's life, but to show the man of genius crushed by a state of society wholly material. Alas! in the annals of our authors he might have found many examples more. Kitty Bell is the young wife of John Bell, the monied manufacturer; the old mild quaker is her friend, the fair children her consolation, Chatterton her solitary lodger. Bowed under the rule of her hard husband, we feel that

one grief more would suffice to calm all; she is of the "porcelain of human clay;" Chatterton loves Kitty Bell, but has shown it only in caresses to her child. She, too, feels a deep interest in the stranger, so young, and proud, and poor, but unknown to herself as to him; there is a Bible given by Chatterton to little Rachel, which returned by the mother, falls again into the quaker's hands, and thence a second time into hers, which perhaps she prizes more because it belonged to him. But this is all—even this she feels too much—for after a violent reproof from her husband, caused by some small sum not accounted for, and which, indeed, had served to save Chatterton from starving; but on whose score she is silent, since she will not tell a falsehood, when he grants her the respite of a day ere he question her again, and she kisses his hand in gratitude. She murmurs, gazing after him, as he roughly leaves her—"Why, when I touched my husband's hand, did I reproach myself for having kept this Bible? Conscience cannot be in the wrong, I will return it."

There is a scene we make room for, because we have seen it captivate to closer attention than any belonging to the French stage, the most impatient audience in Europe. Chatterton's retreat has been discovered by some former and joyous companions; they have insulted Kitty Bell; he is stricken in his pride and his affections, and he is now alone in his chill garret with the physical pains of his unsatisfied hunger, and the manuscript which must be finished to-night to save him from gaol to-morrow.

Chatterton's room, sombre, small, poor, without fire—a miserable bed in disorder—Chatterton seated on the foot of his bed and writing on his knee.

"It is certain that she does not love me—and I—I will think of her no more. My hands are icy, my head is burning; here I am alone before my labour; I am no longer called upon to be gentle and to smile, to salute and to press a hand. All that farce is played; I commence another with myself: it is needful that now my will should be strong enough to take hold on my soul, and bear it by turns within the resuscitated corpse of the personages I invoke, and the phantom of those I imagine; or else, before

Chatterton ill, Chatterton cold and hungry, it must bid another Chatterton to sit affectedly, gracefully tricked out for the amusement of the public, that the one may be described by the other, the troubadour by the mendicant. These are the two kinds of poetry possible; one can do no more. Divert them, or excite their pity; pull the strings of miserable puppets, or be a puppet oneself, and traffic in this mummery. Open the heart to spread it on a counter, if it has wounds so much the better, it will fetch a higher price; slightly mutilated, it is bought dearer. [*He rises.*] Rise up creature of God, created after his image, and admire thyself still in this condition. [*He smiles and seats himself—an old clock strikes the half hour.*] No, no; the hour warns you; sit down and labour, unfortunate! Thou lovest time in reflection; thou hast but one to make, it is that thou art a beggar. Dost thou hear? a beggar! every minute of reverie is a theft from thyself, it is a sterile minute. The idea is not the question. Great God! what brings profit is the word. Such and such may fetch even a shilling; thoughts are not current in the market. Oh, begone from me, begone, icy discouragement, I implore thee! Contempt of myself, do not come to complete my ruin; turn aside, oh, turn aside, for now, my name and my dwelling, all are known; and if to-morrow this book is not finished, I am ruined; yes, ruined, without hope! arrested! tried! condemned! flung into prison! oh, degradation! shameful labour! [*He writes.*] It is certain this young creature will never love me. Well, well, can I not cease to have this idea? [*A long silence.*] I have very little pride to think of it still; but let any one tell me why I should be proud? proud of what? I hold no place in any rank, yet it is certain that what supports me is this natural pride; it calls to me in mine ear not to bend and seem wretched. And for whom then do we play the part of a happy man when we are not so? I think it is for women. We all sit to them—poor creatures—they take thee for a throne—oh, publicity, vile publicity! thou who art but a pillory, whereon the profane passers by may smite us. In general, women love the man who will stoop to no one—by heaven, they are right!—at least, this one whose eye is on me, shall not see me bow the head! Oh, if she had loved me! [*He sinks into a reverie from which he starts violently.*] Write, then, unfortunate, bid thy will obey! Why is it so feeble as to fail to urge forward this rebel mind it rouses vainly, and which stops? This is a new humiliation—till now I had ever seen it start before its

master, it needed a curb, and to-night it wants the spur—ha, the immortal! ha, the body's rude master! Proud spirit, are you paralyzed by the miserable mist which penetrates within a ruinous room? Mighty one, does a little cold vapour suffice to conquer you? [*He flings the blanket of his bed round his shoulders.*] Heavy fog, it hangs without my window like a white curtain or a shroud; it hung thus at my father's window the night of his death. [*The clock strikes the three quarters.*] Again, time presses and nothing written! [*He reads.*] Harold, Harold! oh, Christ! Harold . . . Duke William—eh, what I pray you was Harold to me? I cannot comprehend how I wrote this. [*He tears the manuscript as he speaks.*] I, feigned the Catholic—I lied; if I were a Catholic I would be a monk and a Trappist; a Trappist has a coffin for bed, but at least he sleeps in it; all other men have a bed where they sleep; I have one where I toil for money. [*He raises his hand to his head.*] Where am I? Where am I going? The word draws the idea after it in spite of itself—oh, God! Doth not madness march thus? This is that might affright the bravest. So, so—Let me be calm—I was reading over this—Yes!—This poem is not sufficiently fine!—Written too fast—Written to live—Oh, torture! The battle of Hastings!—The old Saxons, the young Normans—Was I interested in all this? No—Why then did I speak of it, when I had so much to say on all I saw? [*He rises and walks to and fro.*] Why awaken cold ashes, when all trembles and suffers around me; when virtue calls for aid and dies of weeping; when pallid labour is disdained; when hope has lost her anchor, faith her chalice, charity her poor children; when Divine law is atheistical, and corrupt as a courtesan; when earth lifts up her voice, and demands justice of the poet on those who search her ceaselessly to have her gold, and who tell her she can dispense with heaven—and I—I who feel this, I shall not reply to it?—Yes, by heaven, I will reply. I will strike with my lash the wicked man and the hypocrite; I will unmask Jeremiah Miles and Wharton. Ah, wretch! But this is satire—thou growest wicked thyself. [*He weeps long and despairingly.*] Write rather on the fog which has lodged itself at thy window as it did at that of thy father. [*He pauses and takes a snuff-box from the table.*] Here you are, my father—here you are—good old sailor! frank sea-captain! You slept at night, and you fought by day! You were not an intelligent Paria, such as your poor child has become. Do you see this white paper—do you see it? If it is not filled to-morrow I shall go to prison, my

father; and I have not in my brain a word wherewith to blacken it because I am hungry. I sold, that I might eat, the diamond which was there on this box, like a star on your noble forehead! and now, I have it no longer and the hunger always. And I have always your pride, my father, which is the reason that I do not say so; but you, who were old, and who knew that money was necessary to live, and that you had none to leave me, why did you give me being? [*He throws the box away from him—he runs after it, throws himself on his knees and weeps.*] Ah, forgive me, forgive me, my father! my old whiteheaded father! You have so often embraced me on your knees! It is my own fault! I believed I was a poet! It is my own fault; but I assure you that your name shall not go to prison; I swear it to you, my old father! See, see—here is some opium! if I am too hungry—I shall not eat—I will drink. [*He bursts into tears over the snuff-box, on which the portrait is painted.*] Some one mounts my ladder stair heavily. Let me conceal my treasure! [*Hiding the opium*]—and wherefore? am I not free? freer than ever. Cato did not hide his sword—stay as thou art, Roman, and look firmly before thee. [*He places the opium on his table.*]

[*Enter the Quaker.*]

This time, calmed and saved, he waits a reply to a letter written to the lord mayor. Beckford, the protector, arrives—arrives to deprecate his past uselessness as a poet, and offer him a post of a hundred a year as his valet; and Chatterton, in that despair which Alfred de Vigny says, in his preface, “is not an idea, but a thing, a material thing, which tortures, and grasps, and grinds the heart of a man, like an iron forceps, till it has made him mad”—Chatterton who, interrogated on the duties of an Englishman, had likened England to a mighty ship, sending her boats to far shores, having on deck king, lords, commons, with hand to mast, and rope, sail and gun, rudder, and compass, who has said that the poet's part on board the glorious ship was “to read in the stars the road marked out by the finger of God”—Chatterton swallows poison. Kitty Bell, in some undefinable fear, is come to seek him. He has read the libel given by Beckford as a cure; he has cast on the seacoal fire the manuscripts trusted in so vainly for fame, if not for life; his aspect terrifies her more than his absence; he bids her to live calmly and piously, to love her children, to drive

from her all thoughts and grief foreign to them; he commands her to leave him, when he has tried all other reasons vainly, because "he loves her." The answer is beautifully returned—"Ah! sir, if you tell me so, it is because you are determined to die." He confesses what he has done, and staggers up the stair, while she sinks down at its foot. The old quaker enters and hurries after him; and Kitty follows also, clinging to the bannister, with little of her body's strength, with all that of her soul in her hold, opens the door at the top, and perceives, as does the audience, Chatterton dying. She utters a cry, and slips down, step by step, falling on the last. We hear the harsh voice of her husband, calling, "Mistress Bell;" she rises as by mechanism; a second summons makes her walk forward to her chair, seat herself slowly, draw her bible from her pocket, turn over its leaves, and—die. The tragedy of the "Marechale d'Ancre" was acted before Chatterton, although we name it after the subject historical, as well as "Cinq Mars;" and belonging to an earlier date of the same reign is the power and the fall of Concini, Marechale d'Ancre, and his wife Leonora Galigai. The former believed to be, jointly with Marie de Medicis, contriver of the death of her royal husband, Henry IV, and shot by Vitry's hand, and Louis XIII's order; the latter, favourite of the queen regent, and sharer of her power, burned at the stake for a sorceress. The successful crime marching blindly on to expiation is finely drawn in this tragedy, which is one of great power and dramatic interest; but we must refer our readers to the volume or the stage, and quote no farther. We are aware that our extracts have been long; but we know no other mode of placing a foreigner in his true light before our countrymen. It is easy to say that a writer's colouring is never coarse, and his thought never impure; that he is not trivial from being exclamatory, or feeble through exaggeration; that phrases are not amplified to conceal a

lack of ideas; and that where we find a pearl, we do not dive for it in a world of water. We might, with truth, have said more than this of Alfred de Vigny, but that we believed his own pen would make him better known than ours, and render praise unnecessary. We have not mentioned the translations of "Othello" and the "Merchant of Venice," which preceded the "Marechal d'Ancre" as the latter did "Chatterton." Our limits do not permit to quote as we intended from "Servitude et Grandeur, the Veillé de Vincennes," a reminiscence of the author's military life; they allow us only to name his letter on "Mademoiselle Sedaine et la Propriété Celleraire," and the poems which now appearing in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, are his latest productions. The letter on Mademoiselle Sedaine, daughter of the dramatist, united with the interest of a romance, found in her true story, his arguments for a law of copy-right for the better protection of literary men and their descendants. If it was not echoed as it should have been in the Chamber of Deputies, for we think it took the fair and just view of the question, for Mademoiselle Sedaine, old, and blind, and poor, and till then, forgotten, it procured a pension immediately. The first published poems to which we referred are three in number,—"*le Sauvage*," "*la mort du Loup*," "*la Flute*:" like those of his early volumes, they carry a philosophical idea on their rhyme. "*Le Sauvage*" is an argument for civilization; "*la Mort du Loup*," a voice of fortitude; "*la Flute*," of resignation. We rejoice that they have broken a silence so protracted as to seem obstinate; the more to be deplored, as in French literature we find none who can replace him.

The years of imagination are brief; its stream does not flow alike or always; it is too turbulent in early youth; it grows shallow in the decline of manhood; it has but a space wherein it can reflect earth and heaven: and of this space the writer does well to profit.

THE STRANGER—A TALE OF THE SEA.

CANTO THE FIRST.

THE night is dark, and the billows roar,
 And 'tis half-past twelve by the clocks on shore,
 And the landsmen are soundly asleep in their beds,
 Unheeding the "pother that's over their heads,"
 And the Landswomen, 'wakening perhaps in a fright,
 Cry "God help the poor sailors this terrible night!"
 Then turning again on their pillows to sleep,
 Forget all the perils of those on the deep.

The night is dark, and the billows roar,
 And a vessel is driving directly a-shore;
 Were she in port you might thus read her name:
 The "Goed Vrouw," and near it the word "Amsterdam."
 She is not one of the "go-ahead" sort,
 Her stern is round, and her bows are short,
 And her masts do not stand so presumptuously high,
 As to carry her "sky-scrapers" up to the sky;
 And she's stuffed to the throat with her cargo within,
 Full of tobacco and good Holland's gin;
 And her captain, the worthy Mynheer Vandergoose,
 Stands five feet exactly when wearing his shoes;
 Which shoes, as polished as polished may be,
 Alas! and alack! he never could see,
 Since his paunch stood a foot farther out than his knee:
 And as to her mate, and indeed every sailor,
 They all might be clothed by the very same tailor,
 From the very pattern, so well are they chosen,
 To match with each other, thirteen to the dozen,—
 All save ONE, and his bones are sharp,
 And his sinews as hard as the strings of a harp;
 And his cheeks are pale, and his nose is blue,
 Where every other is crimson in hue;
 And he stands in his stockings just six feet two—
 All save ONE, that remarkable man,
 And he gives no name but the name of "JAN."

'Tis a pleasant thing, when the morn is bright,
 To glide o'er the waves that are dancing in light,
 And to hear the dash of the feathered oar,
 And the watch-dog's bark from the distant shore.—
 'Tis a pleasant thing, when the storm is past,
 And the ocean still heaves from the recent blast,
 To watch the waves 'neath the sunset rolled,
 Like mountains of amber or torrents of gold;
 But however delightful such scenes may be,
 There are pleasanter things than a shore on your lee,
 In a very dark night, on a very rough sea.

But stay; whilst describing ship, captain, and crew,
 I had nearly forgotten the passenger, who
 If I thus should neglect, I might justly be twitted
 As the manager was,
 Who had Hamlet, 'tis poz,
 Advertised, "with the part of Prince Hamlet omitted."

They were just two-days sail from their own Amsterdam,
 When an odd-looking boat, pulling after them, came,
 And scarcely was hailed, ere she suddenly sunk,
 And nothing was saved but one man and a trunk;
 And even the sailors so sleepy and sleek,
 Turned over the quid in each jolly red cheek,
 And took the pipe from each lazy jaw,
 And pointed slowly, and drawled out "yaw,"
 When that wonderful man on his trunk they saw;
 For light as a feather it seemed to swim,
 Bearing him safe o'er the waters grim,
 'Till a boat was lowered as fast as might be.

It was two when all sunk,
 Save the man and the trunk,
 And they reached him at just five minutes to three,
 Though the wind had begun pretty freshly to blow,
 And they'd nearly five hundred yards to row.
 But he seemed not the worse by a single pin,
 And as they made ready to take him in,

Lightly he sprung,
 And his trunk they flung
 Into the boat "with a kick and a spin;"
 And with oaths, that for me to repeat were a sin,
 Desired to know

"What hurried them so?"

And also, "What made them so pale and so thin?"—
 Small blame to thee, reader! already thou rumourest,
 That the odd little man was a bit of a humourist.

Back to the ship doth the small boat glide,
 Quicker, I trow, than it left her side,
 For fear began their hearts to fill,
 And through their well-stuffed sides to thrill;
 Especially now that the stranger's brow
 Grew darker and darker, they knew not how.

No word they uttered;
 The stranger spluttered
 In some unknown tongue, then, in high Dutch, muttered,
 That "before he had done with the lazy dogs,
 They'd be far more like sailors, and far less like hogs."
 His speech was in Dutch, you remember, but if I lent
 It an English dress, this would be its equivalent.

He's out of the boat with a bound and a skip,
 He's over the bulwarks, he's into the ship;
 And, regardless alike of the crew and their "funk,"
 He roars to them loudly to "hand him his trunk!"
 Slowly their broad-clothed backs they bend,
 Slowly they grasp it by either end,
 Each of those sailors was thought a good puller,
 Wouter Van Twissler, and Barnet Van Muller—
 But though Didrick Van Ranslaer, the second mate, aided,
 And mortals sure never pulled wildly as they did
 And Nicholas Block to the rescue had hastened,
 The obstinate trunk to the bottom seemed fastened;
 And the stranger stood laughing and cheering them on,
 Till almost the breath from their bodies had gone,
 Then, turning around, (whilst some looked for his hoof,)
 He beckoned to Jan, who was standing aloof,
 And whispering a word in the ear of that tall man,
 (On tiptoe he had to stand, being a small man,)

Jan leaped from the side, heaved the trunk from the boat,
Now light as it seemed when they saw it afloat,

And high on his shoulder the burden he bears,
And follows the stranger straight down the steep stairs,
Who walks to the cabin, and gives a loud rap
 On the top of the table,
 That's not very stable,
And startles Mynheer Vaudergoose from his nap.

Mynheer Vaudergoose showed as much of surprise,
As he ever *did* show, in his mouth and his eyes,
Both opened as wide as wide could be,
 But he spoke not a word,
 Nor trembled, nor stirred,
While the stranger exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, you see!
You thought you had only a cargo to run,
But you're sure of a passenger, sure as a gun!"

What more passed of fear and awe,
Ear never heard, eye never saw;
For Jan was bid "make himself scarce" at once,
Which any would do, who was not a dunce,
When twirled round twice as swift as the wind,
And dismissed up the stairs with a slight kick behind.

Three weeks had passed, and the wind was fair,
And they drew towards port, no matter where,
To tell of that is not my care:—
But stay—methinks a voice I hear,
So sweet, the saddest it might cheer,
Or pierce a deaf man's drowsy ear,
Or to the flintiest bosom strike,
Ask, "Pray what was the stranger like?"
I stay the tale, as by a spell,
All that that sweet voice asks to tell.

His limbs were lithe, his face was dark,
His eyes were each a fiery spark,
The lines upon his cheek and brow!
Told of the soul that worked below,
Yet not the plough of lofty thought
Had broadly on that forehead wrought;
The cunning wrinkles seemed to fret
His face, as with a curious net;
The pushed-up mouth was ever screwed
To some satiric attitude;
The wiry limbs sprang quick and light,
But not as where the mind of might
In free proud movement is betrayed—
Here trick and antic were displayed:
That dark small stranger well might be
The demon of activity.

Yet, be what he might, or do what he would,
The crew and the captain in awe of him stood.
And the feats they performed, ere they looked on the shore,
Sure never were seen in the "Goed Vrouw" before.
For instance—Van Hammer, the carpenter heavy,
Was sent to the tops with a well-chosen bevvy.

And Jan the tall, looks grim and serious,
And the dark stranger more mysterious.

An eldritch shriek and a fearful bound,
A lumbering plunge and a cracking sound,
And broken spars around are poured,
The mainmast's going overboard !
Back fall the crew from the fatal spot,
All but Peter Van Schriegel, who drops "like shot,"
And when the yards on deck are dashed,
Is like a monstrous spider, smashed,
But this was no moment to pause and lament him,
When the stranger upsprung from the midst of the *scrimmage*,
And, looking of cheerful contentment the image,
Politely requested an axe might be lent him !

'Twas handed by Jan,

For no other man

Would dare at that moment with aught to present him,
And whate'er he was doing they could not prevent him,
Fast, fast, fast, on the tottering mast
Falls blow after blow, with a power too vast,
(As was after remembered) without some strange charm,
To belong to a man with so slender an arm ;
And when his behaviour was after dissected,
By those who survived, it was well recollected
That the hatchet he used seemed the mast to environ
With sparks showered thickly, and glowed like hot iron ;
But be this as it may, the first danger was past,
Clean over the side went spars, rigging, and mast,
And the vessel relieved staggered onwards unknowing,
Either what she was doing, or where she was going.

But cool as a cucumber, calm as a monk,
The stranger once more bids Jan "bring him his trunk,"
'Tis drawn from the place where it first was deposited
That eve that the captain and stranger were closeted,
And being heaved up to the deck, which was bared
So completely, not even a hen-coop was spared,
The little dark stranger sate quietly down,
Like a monarch enthroned and expecting his crown,
And remarking—"The deck seemed well cleared for an action,"
Regarded the whole with a calm satisfaction,
Others were tumbling, and slipping, and sliding,
He sitting as firmly as if they were gliding
On a steam-boat excursion, with patent machinery,
And quite at their leisure enjoying the scenery.
They could bear it no longer ! that terrible man,
And his sworn coadjutor, that lean long-legged Jan !
So whilst a deep reverie he seemed to be wrapt in,
They stole to the cabin to waken the captain.

Surely he sleeps a charmed sleep !
Or why such even pulses keep,
When even the dead might well awake,
When life, fame, fortune are at stake !
Wake, shipwrecked wretch ! awake and weep !
Let dreams no more thy senses steep !—
Surely he sleeps a charmed sleep !

Aroused by their fears to a strange animation,
And only regarding their chance of salvation,

Sans ceremonie by the collar they take him,
And lustily shake him determined to wake him ;
And their shrieks in his ear become perfectly thrilling,
As they see that already the cabin is filling :

A snort and a groan, and he opens his eyes,
And tries to look angry, then tries to look wise,
And they hear him exclaim—" From the hour that he came,
I gave up the command to Mynheer What's-his-name,
And if *he* can't keep you and save you from evil,
I fear to his worship you have not been civil,
And all I say is, you may go to the devil !
But stay, the night's cold, there's the key of the locker,
(I never believed the ' Goed Vrouw' such a rocker !)
And don't spare the spirits, for even if you do,
I fear there *are* spirits will scarcely spare you !"
Swift from his presence forth they past—

It was a speech
Impressed on each,
For 'twas his longest and his last !

What followed ! a scene of such noise and confusion,
Its memory must seem like a fiendish delusion ;
I have separately asked them about that wild pother,
But hardly two stories agree with each other :
Some vow that the stranger and JAN both together
Sang a *dao* in praise of the airy fine weather ;
Others say that they danced on the corpse of Van Schriegel
In a manner indecent, profane, and illegal,
To music so strangely discordant and frantic
It seemed to be fitted to every wild antic—
But all have agreed the last thing they remember
Is a very rough shock,
On a very hard rock,
At half after twelve, on a night of December.

Morning hath come with her welcome light,
Shining on hills with the snow flake white,
And on the darkly heaving sea,
Where still the waves rage angrily ;
And on a shore where, 'twixt the land
And sea, there spreads a ridge of sand,
And on eleven silent forms,
That her sweet light revives and warms,
For strange to say, of all the crew
Of the " Goed Vrouw," they miss but two,
Van Schriegel, and that white, and wan,
And tall, and thin, and wicked Jan,
The stranger and captain, of course, I except,
But neither of these could be bitterly wept.

High and dry,
On the beach they lie,
And lo ! a vision is passing by—
They must be deceived—
It can scarce be believed
Even where a strange tale is most warmly received,
That the " Goed Vrouw"
Is passing now,
Perfect and whole from helm to prow !

Close to the shore,
 On her course she bore,
 And all her form they may explore,
 Her masts in repair, her sails are there ;
 And her bulwarks are whole, and her deck no more bare ;
 And more than all (at the sight they shrunk !)
 The stranger is standing erect on his trunk,
 And that singular Jan at the helm doth stand,
 And nobody's there to give them a hand,
 Though the captain sits silent and drooping his head,
 And his hands are prest
 On his burly chest ;
 But that white, white face can be but of the dead !
 And a black flag waves from the mast on high,
 With a motto I'll tell you about by-and-by.

But first, let me say, to avoid disappointment,
 It is not to put this strange story in joint meant ;
 I own, and it gives me a feeling of pain,
 Like some "sprig," called to "order,"
 And forced to "*soft sawder*,"
 I am not at this moment "prepared to explain."
 For example—I cannot account for the stranger's
 Queer conduct in bringing the ship into dangers,
 And having disgorged it of every plump elf,
 Repairing, and taking it all to himself.
 I cannot account for his not having sunk,
 Nor know I the mystery attached to his trunk.
 It might, but 'tis only a modest suggestion,
 Have held pamphlets, perhaps on the "Boundary Question ;"
 Or some eloquent speech on "our foreign conditions,"
 Or receipts of "expense of the Poor-law Commissions ;"
 All, and every of which, if the truth could be sifted,
 Would account for its weight when it could not be lifted ;
 But still, I've no reason to give why it yielded,
 And was light as a fly when by Jan it was wielded.
Apropos of that Jan, *he's* another queer mystery,
 That puzzled me greatly on hearing this history ;
 I cannot account for his bond of connection
 With the stranger, but hardly can think 'twas affection ;
 In fact, these are riddles, and so insurmountable,
 That we only can say they are quite unaccountable.

But touching the motto to which I alluded,
 You shall have it without an opinion intruded,
 If you find there a moral, pray keep it in view—
 "WHO SHIPS WITH THE DEVIL MUST SAIL WITH HIM TOO."

WILDE'S AUSTRIA.*

DOCTOR WILDE is already advantageously known to the public by his highly interesting "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Tenneriffe, and the Shores of the Mediterranean"—a work which displays much accuracy of observation, an original spirit of research, and an extensive command of literature.

On Dr. Wilde's return to Dublin, and soon after the publication of the "Narrative," he was advised by many of his professional brethren to proceed to Germany, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the most recent improvements in the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the eye. In compliance with this advice our author went to Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna, and frequented the most celebrated schools of ophthalmic surgery, not only long enough to render himself thoroughly master of the art, but to form an intimate and advantageous friendship both with its professors, and many of the most celebrated writers with whom Germany abounds. It is not our intention (and it would surely be distasteful to Dr. Wilde,) to pronounce an encomium on our author's practical acquirements; but as Irishmen we may be forgiven the pride we feel in being able conscientiously to assert, that no European metropolis contains more ophthalmic skill than Dublin, whether we consider the well-known reputation and brilliant attainments of our many eminent surgeons who so successfully treat the diseases to which the organ of vision is subject, and who are constantly engaged in imparting their valuable knowledge to numerous pupils, or whether we refer to the learning, tact, and experience of Dr. Jacob, whose discoveries in the anatomy and diseases of the eye have acquired for that gentleman an European fame. As might be expected, Dr. Wilde's thirst for knowledge not only exhausted the strictly professional subjects which

he had proposed to study, but prompted him to engage in active inquiries respecting the manners, education, and institutions of the inhabitants of the countries he visited; and in the work before us he has published the results of his researches concerning the Austrian dominions. Our author's work is by no means prolix, not extending beyond three hundred and twenty-five pages; but as great pains have evidently been taken to arrange and condense his materials, he has been thereby enabled to compress a vast fund of information within this comparatively narrow compass.

Throughout the entire work Dr. Wilde exhibits a vast deal of research and critical observation, as well as an intimate acquaintance with vital statistics and the laws that regulate man's existence, his nativity and mortality, &c., and wherever it was practicable, has enriched his pages with very valuable statistical tables, drawn from various and often difficultly accessible sources. These tables have been ingeniously arranged, and from them all those concerned in the management of public medical institutions, may derive many useful lessons. Dr. Wilde describes all the various educating establishments in this great empire, from infant schools to those for the instruction of home and foreign diplomats and employés. Upon this all-important subject of education, he says—

"At the present moment there is no topic of greater interest than that of public instruction; and though, with reference to it, Austria is somewhat inferior to her Prussian neighbour, yet the system pursued in the former country is well worthy of an attentive examination. How well this system is arranged, and with what skill it is conducted, is a source of natural wonder and admiration to the foreigner, who finds, upon inquiry, that among a population exceeding twenty-four millions and a half,

* Austria: its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions. With Notes upon the present state of Science, and a Guide to the Hospitals and Sanatory Establishments of Vienna. By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., &c. Dublin. W. Curry and Co. 1843.

(not including Hungary,) there are no less than 30,320 public national schools, with 2,338,985 pupils in actual attendance upon them: and this admiration is heightened, when he reflects not only upon the vast territorial extent of this immense country, but upon the apparently discordant elements of which it is composed, and the variety of nations and tongues—their different habits, peculiarities, customs, religions and manners—that are all brought under the benign influence of one great system of national instruction. Here we have the great *Slavonic* nation, composed of the once-powerful kingdom of Bohemia, a part of the ill-fated Poland, the great province of Moravia, the ancient territories of Styria and Illyria, the rude military frontier of Dalmatia, the southern countries of Carylthia and Carniola, and all Hungary; the *Rheinish*, or true German nation, consisting of the two arch-duchies of Upper and Lower Austria, the Tyrol, and a small portion of nearly all the other states; and lastly, the *Italian*, who inhabit the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and a part of the Tyrol; besides some *Wallachian* people, half-Christian half-Mahomedan, resident in Transylvania and on the Turkish borders;—all these, variable as the climes under which they are placed, from the hyperborean regions of Russia to the warm Liburnian villas and sunny cities of the Adriatic—Catholics and Calvinists, Lutherans, Greeks, Jews, and Unitarians—all receive the same description of popular instruction, merely varied to suit the language or the religious tenets of each particular nation or country. In Austria, education is compulsory: it is not left to the option of the parent, whether he will or will not instruct his child, for he is compelled to send him, when of a certain age, to the national school of his parish; and the many disadvantages under which the uneducated labour are too many, and the laws against them too strictly enforced, to permit of general ignorance, even in the most distant country parts. All children, from five to thirteen, both males and females, come under what is called the “*school age*,” and the description of education they are to receive is strictly defined, so that all, from the simple agricultural peasant to the highest university professor, must pursue the path of instruction in the manner marked out by the state. *This, however, is not without its disadvantages; for, though the instruction is general, yet the plan is one so conducive to the caste-continuing system, after the manner of the Chinese and ancient Egyptians, that it is opposed not only to political reformation,*

but also to the steady progress of civilization itself, and the rapid development of the resources, both mental and commercial, that should have taken place in this empire during the present long peace with which it has been favoured.

“The measures taken to enforce instruction among the lower orders are so much dependent upon the state of religion, and so mixed up with the local government of the country, that their details would occupy more space than would be necessary to the present introduction. Suffice it to say, that accurate registries of all the children who have arrived at the ‘*school age*’ are kept by the curate and churchwarden of the parish, who, with the local executive, take means to insure an attendance.

“Public instruction in Austria is divided into the *popular or national*, the *intermediate*, and the *superior*. The *popular* consists of that afforded at the elementary schools, *Trivialschulen*; the superior primary schools, *Hauptschulen*; and the *Wiederholungsschulen*, or repetition-schools, for persons above the age of twelve years, analogous to the *Ecoles de Perfectionnement* of France.

“Between this last and the next class there are a number of very admirably-constructed seminaries for the purpose of teaching the useful arts, and giving special instruction in particular trades—the schools of utility, *Ecoles Usuelles*, denominated in Austria, *Realschulen*.

“The *intermediate* instruction is acquired in the gymnasiums, lyceums, and faculties or academies of different kinds; and the *superior* education is that attained in the universities.”

To the passage which we have printed in italics we beg the reader's particular attention, for it announces the apparently anomalous fact, that education may be made the means of arresting the intellectual progress of a nation; and so in truth it does, when, as in Austria, it is confined to the mechanical acquisition of reading, writing, and arithmetic, a little smattering of some of the useful arts, and a dry catechetical formula of religion. Were the state to confine itself to ensuring to all its subjects even this limited quantity of instruction, they would have reason to be grateful, for the first rudiments of learning are the most difficult to acquire, and every individual might depend upon his own exertions for subsequently adding to his stock; but in Austria the state not only forces its subjects to receive an elementary education, but renders

it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, for them to make any further advance in the acquisition of knowledge. This object the government effects by superintending the censorship of books, and preventing, with the greatest jealousy, the sale of all popular and cheap works. The learned may purchase what books they like, provided they contain nothing politically objectionable; but cheap literature, cheap books, calculated not merely to teach some process of art, or convey the principles of a practical trade, but capable of enlarging and enlightening the mind—all such publications, we say, are forbidden. This restriction will, no doubt, excite feelings in the minds of our readers by no means favourable to the Austrian government; but, in candour, we are bound to add, that their defence of this restrictive system is, to say the least, plausible. If forced to become its advocates, we would urge the following arguments in its favour:—Experience proves that unrestricted freedom of education and publication is by no means conducive, either to the morality or happiness of a people. The United States of America exhibit the best example of education most extensively diffused among all classes of the community, and perfectly untrammelled in the department either of schoolmaster or bookseller. There every one may teach what he chooses, or print whatever speculation dictates. The great mental activity which pervades all classes of the Anglo-Saxon race, has not suffered any diminution among the descendants of the English settlers, but on the contrary, from the circumstances of their history and their location in a new world, it has been wonderfully augmented. These colonists left home accompanied by the newly invented powers of the press, and America is now the only free nation in the world which has been founded, and has sprung into existence, since the art of printing commenced its stupendous operations. In America education was called on to perform a new function, and was not destined, as in England, Germany, and France, to modify, to improve, or to deteriorate the character of a people formed during the preceding ages of a slowly developed civilization, but was destined, at once, to stamp with

its impress, the soft and yielding materials of an infant society. In the United States the proportion of persons who can read and write, far exceeds anything we know of in Europe; books too are much cheaper, newspapers more numerous, the law of libel is a dead letter, and no such thing as censorship exists—every religion is tolerated, and consequently the moral and intellectual condition of the citizens of the republic may be considered as the product of an experiment never before made on man. What has been the result? We fear, nay, we are certain, that every candid and unbiassed person who has watched the progress of the model republic, must confess that the result has been most signally unpropitious. Let us receive, on this point, the statement of the *New York Daily Herald*:—"This is the most original and varied country under the sun, and none other is worth living in * * * Every element of thought, society, religion, politics, morals, literature, trade, currency and philosophy is in a state of agitation, transition, change * * * Every thing is in a state of effervescence! 50,000 persons have taken the benefit of the act, and wiped out debts to the amount of 60,000,000 of dollars. In religion we have dozens of creeds, and fresh revelations starting every year or oftener. In morals we have all sorts of ideas, and in literature every thing in confusion. Sceptical philosophy and materialism seem, however, to be gaining ground and popularity at every step."

This is strong language, but perfectly correct, and consequently the picture of America contrasts very unfavourably with that of Austria, as witnessed by ourselves, and as drawn by Dr. Wilde and other travellers; and in addition to this, be it remembered, that no population in the world exhibit so little crime as the Austrian—in this respect Austria far excels America, Britain, or France. Space does not permit us to examine whether the records of history prove that the curse of modern France has been derived from unrestricted literature and uncontrolled education. We firmly believe in the affirmative, while with respect to England we fear that the same causes are beginning to exert their destructive agency; but this is

a subject we cannot now enter on.

Dr. Wilde's description of Vienna and its institutions is both instructive and amusing. The following graphic passage is a good specimen of our author's style:—

“Amusement is cheap in the capital; dancing and smoking are with the students, as with the rest of the Viennese, their chief solace and enjoyment; from the *Sperl* and *Goldenen Birn* down to the balls at *Marien Hülf*, the *Wieden Theater*, the *Volksgarten*, the *Redoutensaal*, and the *Eliseum*, all offer for a few *kreutzers* recreation even to satiety. The latter classic, though not attic, land consists of a vast number of cellars excavated beneath several extensive streets, and fitted up so as to resemble the several quarters of the globe;—capable of holding some thousands of people, and far exceeding in the variety of its entertainments the merriest *fête* at *Longchamp* or the *Champs Elisées* in their most palmy days. The temperature, the decorations, and the dresses of the bands and attendants in each of these fairy lands being arranged in accordance with the originals; the millions of lights, the wit of the improvisators, the music of the troubadors, the native songs of the Tyrolers, the laugh and jest of the clowns, quacks, and conjurors, the clinking of glasses, and the honest good humour that beams in the faces of the many hundred light-hearted Viennese, with their ponderous *Fraus*, and bucksome daughters, make this scene highly attractive to foreigners as well as students, or indeed to all who would witness low-life below stairs in this gayest of capitals. Grotesque and mixed as are the characters one sees in the *Elyseum*, the admittance to which is but four-pence, I have seldom visited it without meeting there some of the highest of the Austrian nobility—nay, it is not without the pale of royalty itself, for both here and in other places of similar character and resort will frequently be found some two or three of the archdukes of Austria, mingling with unconcern and almost without observation among the artizans and shopkeepers over whom they rule: strange to English eyes—yet such is Austrian policy.

“And then as to dancing—Orpheus must have been a *Wiener*, or at least have once set the good people of the imperial city a-going; and should he return some twenty years hence, he will find they have never ceased during his absence. It is really quite intoxicating for a foreigner to look at so many things

turning round on all sides of him—men, women, and children—the infant and the aged, the merry and the melancholy—round and round they go, spinning away the thread of life, at least gaily, if not profitably. I do verily believe, that if but the first draw of Strauss' or Lanner's fiddle-bow was heard in any street or market-place in Vienna in any weather or season, or at any hour of the day or night, all living, breathing nature within earshot would commence to turn: the coachman would leap from his carriage, the laundress would desert her basket—and all, peeresses and prelates, priests and professors, soldiers and shopkeepers, waiters and washerwomen, Turks, Jews, and gentiles, would simultaneously rush into one another's arms, and waltz themselves to a jelly. In fact, this dancing mania, like animal magnetism or the laughing gas, is quite irresistible, at least during the carnival.

“With all this, I have never seen a blow given; I never witnessed a quarrel or a row amidst those varied scenes; and among the students duelling is almost unknown. But for the perpetual, never-ending taking off of hats Austrian politeness would be really charming. The Austrians are polite and obliging to strangers and to one another from good nature and kindness of heart—the French because it is the etiquette. Drunkenness is scarcely ever witnessed: during my residence in Vienna I never saw a person in a state absolutely drunk; and begging is neither tolerated nor necessary.—But, I find I am running into a description of the domestic manners of the people, instead of writing about their statistics and sanatory institutions.”

Dr. Wilde strongly advocates the cause of the long-suppressed Academy of Sciences in the Austrian capital, concerning which so much has been already written:—

“While,” he adds, “no capital in Europe can boast of finer collections or more extensive museums in both science and the arts than that of Austria, it is a fact equally certain and admitted, that there is less done to advance the cause of general science, or any of its higher branches, or to uphold the true philosopher in Vienna, than in any other city of the same extent and resources of the present day. This is no new theme of wonder, no hap-hazard conclusion formed in an hour or a day; it is the result of minute and anxious inquiry for several months—it is a tale in the mouths of all those who are capable of forming an

opinion on the subject, and who dare express their sentiments honestly and freely; and it must be the conviction of any man of science or literature who there mixes in that rank of society from which science and literature have ever emanated. How is this? Is there not material for such? Will the mere want of patronage thus completely crush the growth of so noble and fast-flowering a plant? No—I fear we must seek in some deeper source for the stubborn rock that thus blights the roots of the tree of knowledge. Even the casual foreigner, or the amusement-hunting visitor, who in his short sojourn in the imperial city, is led about by his *valet de-place* from institution to museum, from academy to university—who spends a delightful day in the Ambrass or the Belvedere Gallery—beholds the richest treasures of the animal and mineral kingdom, crowded into the different splendid collections of natural history—is lost in wonder at the brilliancy of the *Schatzkammer*—and sees in the museums of antiquities the noblest efforts of Etruscan and Grecian art—whose mind is powerfully impressed with the paternal government which has erected and endowed such noble hospitals and sanatory institutions—and looking at these things through the purple veil that well-ordered diplomacy has encompassed them, says to himself, surely with such encouragements arts and science must flourish here—the savans of Vienna must be numerous and celebrated. But noble and impressive as are these institutions and museums, they have not produced the effects that similar establishments have in other countries. The higher branches of science are at a very low ebb in Vienna, particularly at this moment, and have been so since the decease of its astronomer, botanist, and mineralogist—Littrow, Jacquin, and Mohs. Chemistry has never had existence there; astronomy is buried in the grave of its late professor; mineralogy is locked up within the glass cases of the K.K. cabinet of the emperor (unless it may again flourish in the person of Mr. Haidinger); physiology is but a name; and geology and comparative anatomy are still unborn in the Austrian capital—the former because it is, or was, *forbidden* to be taught, lest it should injure the morality of the religious Viennese!—and the latter because it has not yet been specified in the curriculum of education prescribed by the state.”

* * * *

“It certainly sounds strange, and loudly demands inquiry, why the imperial city should be the only capital in

Europe without an academy for the cultivation of science, more especially as such institutions are permitted to exist in other parts of the empire, as at Prague, Pesth, Venice, and Milan.”

* * * *

“The fear of change,” he continues, “even of a truly scientific and literary nature, seems almost as great a bugbear to the Austrian rulers as political advancement or reform. But let not the government of Austria suppose that by giving encouragement to the progress of science, it would thereby encourage a revolutionary spirit in the heart of its dominions. The author has resided sufficiently long in the capital, and has had such opportunities of observing the condition of the people at large, as enables him to see and feel that the trading and working classes of the community (the only *materiel* by which the educated and the political can ever hope to effect any revolutionary change in their state or government) are too comfortable, contented, and happy to become their instruments. He has seen with regret how much superior was the condition of the burghers and tradesmen of Vienna to the corresponding classes in England; and how much superior the Viennese mechanic was to the gin and whiskey-drinking, sallow-faced, discontented artisan of Great Britain—too often, alas! rendered unhappy and discontented by the inciting declamation of some ale-house orator, or by the blasphemous and revolutionary sentiments of some Chartist periodical, that lead him to brood over fictitious wants, or drive him forward to deeds of outrage, at once ruinous to himself and disgraceful to the community to which he belongs. But look at the same class in Austria—enjoying their pipe and supper, listening to the merry strains of Strauss and Lanner, while their families, the gay, light-hearted daughters of the Danube, are whirling in the waltz or gallop, both helping to maintain, as well as their betters, the well-known motto of the Viennese, “*Man lebt um zu leben.*” The author has heard of, and also seen much of what is called Austrian tyranny; but ardently as he loves liberty, and venerates the glorious institutions of Great Britain, he is now constrained to say that he would willingly exchange much of the miscalled liberty for which the starving, naked, and often houseless peasant of his father-land hurrahs, for a moiety of the food, clothing, and superior condition of the like classes in Austria. Without entering on the dangerous subject of politics, which should not find its way into a work of this description, even had its author

the desire of doing so, he cannot but notice the boast of one of the latest writers on Vienna—that, while its rulers, or, to speak more correctly, its *Ruler*, has retained this great empire, steady and unmoved, although formed of such an incongruous mixture of tongues and nations, when other countries of Europe have been shaken to their foundations, or had their governments completely overturned by war and internal revolution, Austria has, during the last half century, remained like a ship in a calm, sluggishly rolling on the windless swell, while her helmsman simply rights his wheel when the occasional jarring of his rudder reminds him that he is still director of the barque.

“This may, in political affairs, be all for the benefit of the country—time will yet inform us; but it is not alone in such matters that this great country has remained in *statu quo*;—while the surrounding kingdoms have increased their commerce, extended their fame, and benefitted mankind, by their culture, patronage, and advancement of science; Austria can still boast that her rulers have preserved her unmoved and unaffected by the scientific progress and scientific revolution of the last forty years.

“It may be for her political advantage that her double-headed national emblem should keep a watchful eye upon innovation from without, or alteration from within; but we greatly fear that in this over-anxious care the outstretched wings of the *Schwarzen Adler* have shaded the extensive dominions of Austria, and its imperial city in particular, from the light of science, and cast a gloom upon the ardour necessary to discovery and improvement.”

Dr. Wilde has, with considerable industry and literary labour, collected from various sources, accounts of the several learned societies that have existed in Vienna since the erection of the celebrated Danube Society, by Conrad Celtes, in 1493, in order to show that the abstract and least popular sciences have not progressed since the days of the philosopher, Leibnitz:

“From time to time, and by writer after writer, has this lamentable deficiency been alluded to; still the government, from whom all here must emanate, took no step to remedy the defect; at length a few of the men most eminent in science and literature, finding no minister willing to assist them, or put forward their claims for this purpose, determined to address themselves

to the emperor in person. The following twelve persons petitioned the Kaiser to establish an academy, and grant government assistance towards its support. The representatives of the mathematical and physical section were—Jacquin, the botanist; Baumgartner, director of the China factory; Ettingshausen, professor of physics; Schreibers, director of the natural history cabinet; Pruhel, director of the polytechnic institute; and Littrow, the astronomer. The philological and historical class was supported by the names of Kopiter and Wolf, both of the imperial library; Buchholz Arneth, director of the cabinet of medals and antiquities; Chonel, curator of the imperial archives; and Hammer Purgstall, the orientalist. This petition was received by the archduke Lewis, on the 20th of March, 1837, at the same time that the academy at Milan was re-erected. It was then forwarded to the chancellery, and from thence to the police department; and it remained in its passage through the public offices for about two years, till it at last gained its way back to the bureau of the minister of the interior, where it now remains, and is likely to do so, till a new generation and a more enlightened era forces its attention upon the government. Jacquin, Littrow, and Buchholz, are no more: while they lived, comparisons might have been made as to the respective merits of the individuals who composed the leading persons of this desirable undertaking; but as the list now stands, Von Hammer remains without a competitor, undoubtedly the person of most literary reputation in Vienna.”

But Dr. Wilde has not been its only advocate. Littrow, one of the most distinguished philosophers that Austria can boast of for the last half century, wrote warmly and energetically in its behalf. His eloquent appeals to the state are thus described by our author:—

“In his own beautiful and peculiar style, he details the erection, and recounts the labours of the different European academies. When speaking of those in Spain, a poetic spirit worthy of the great astronomer breaks forth. He eloquently sketches the history of that country in her golden age; not during the period in which she discovered a world, but already, in the eighth and ninth centuries, when warmed with Arabic fire, she poured forth her spiritual light, in the richest streams, over the whole of Europe, then sunk in the dark night of barbarity and superstition, and even

into the regions of the distant east. With the pen of a practised artist, and the graphic powers of an historian, he paints the splendour of the court of the Omunajaden, which added to the renown of arms an equal fame in arts and sciences, and calls to our recollection the day when the philosopher, abandoning his cell in the most distant parts of Europe, and even in the remote lands of Asia, sought instruction in the academy of Cordova. 'Never,' says he, 'was science higher esteemed, or every blossom of the human mind more honoured, than in the resplendent court of Hakem the Second. The renown of the academy of Cordova leaves far behind it the longest echoes of Alexandria, great as it was in its day. It leaves behind it even the fame of the high schools of Bagdad, Kufa, Bassora, and Bocara, and even the erections of Haroun Al Raschid, and Almamon; and never was Spain (in comparison with its time, and with the surrounding world) more intelligent, richer, or happier; never was its administration, finances, or industry—its internal or external commerce—its agriculture, and even the condition of its roads better attended to, than in the glancing period of the Omunajaden.' He next alludes to the men brought forward by academies, foremost among whom stands Pope Sylvester the Second, the renowned teacher of kings and princes. He adduces the benefits, national, scientific, and individual, conferred by the societies of London, Berlin, Paris, and St. Petersburg. He holds up to Austria, the many great masters that these academies have produced—the Newtons, Eulers, D'Alemberts, with Copernicus, Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Gauss, and others; who, fostered by academic institutions, have extended their researches into the regions of the unknown; and by enlarging the boundaries of science, advanced the interest and honour of their countries. In a style of the most withering sarcasm, but with such admirable tact, as to escape the red pen of even an Austrian censor, he compares his own country to the present stereotype condition of China; and in the same classical, argumentative, and cutting vein, he clearly defines that difference so hard to impress upon the Austrian government, between a university and an academy: the former being designed but for the instruction of youth, and where

each professor (especially in Southern Germany) must teach not only certain doctrines, but teach them according to specified rules framed for his direction, and beyond which he dare not advance; while the latter is intended not only for the advancement of abstract science, but for the instruction of the professors themselves."

We understand the reason at present assigned by the heads of the Austrian dominions for refusing this boon to the literati of their capital, is that there is not a sufficiency of talent there to give it stability or eclat; but

"If," says our author, "such a want does exist, then the science and literature of the Austrian capital must have degenerated since the days of Leibnitz and the time of Maria Theresa; and such a deficiency at present can only be accounted for, as I have already stated, by the misdirection or mal-administration of the *Studium-Hof-Commission*, and by the absence of the necessary care and support of science in the heart of the Austrian dominions. It is generally but erroneously supposed, that the Viennese possess but little taste for literary and scientific matters. I do firmly believe, that were the barrier that now dams up the stream of learning at its source but once removed, Vienna would pour forth a flood of light that would soon rival every capital in Europe. Surely, with such men as Hammer Purgstall, the first of living orientalists, and who undoubtedly stands at the head of the Austrian literati; mathematicians and chemists of such eminence as Baumgarten and Ettingshausen; novelists like Caroline Pichler; poets like Grillparzer, Sedlitz, Lenau (Nimpsch), and Castelli;* travellers like Hügel; naturalists, who count among their numbers John Natterer, Endlicker, Schreibers, Haidinger, Diesing, and Heckell, besides such men as Count Bruenner, the friend and pupil of Cuvier, and Pratobavaria, the lawyer; together with those persons whose names have been already enumerated in the petition of 1837, and many others that I might with great justice enumerate;—there is a sufficiency of talent to render the literary society of the capital both useful, brilliant, and agreeable."

So strenuously has our author taken

* The number of poets in Vienna is very remarkable: independent of those I have enumerated above, we find Count Auersperg, (the *Anastasius Grün*,) Fränkel, Feuchtersläben, and Betty Paoli, who have all written with much spirit and effect.

up this subject, that we cannot forbear, even at the risk of being tedious, quoting his observations upon the establishment of an academy as a political movement from another portion of his work:—

“ With reference to the present state of science in Vienna, and the want of an academy in particular, two subjects have started into notice since this work was originally composed, both pregnant with events that must one day influence the welfare of Austria. It is well known to those conversant with the present state of affairs in that part of Europe, that during the last two years Magyarism and Slavism have raised their heads from out of the literary darkness, and much of the political thralldom in which they have been sunk for upwards of half a century; and one of the first efforts of this new spirit has evinced itself in various attacks upon true Germanism. Should not, therefore, sound policy grasp at every means of opposing to those growing influences such a powerful scientific organ as an Austrian academy. The urgency of this becomes the greater, as the Hungarians and Bohemians rejoice in such institutions, and from these bodies have issued many of the works to which I now allude. The Austrian monarchy, and the reigning house in particular, being truly German, it is more than Egyptian blindness in them to remain passive spectators of the overpowering efforts of the Slaves and Magyars, and not to strengthen and bind together, as they thus might, the German elements of the constitution. Is it not an unaccountable and unwarrantable neglect of the German race, whose scientific worth and capability is so much underrated in comparison with the Hungarians, Bohemians, and Italians, to whom academies are permitted, thus to prohibit one in the capital city of the empire, from the days of Leibnitz to the present?

“ But if patriotism has no avail, the consideration of foreign policy should have its weight. All Germany, as we have lately had many instances to prove, is rallying its nationality against France. The *Zollverein* is the great bond of union which holds the various states and principalities of this vast dominion in connection; but from this Austria still stands aloof. Can we, therefore, while she neither leagues with the one, nor permits the other, consider her fully alive to her own and the common interests of Germany?”

As our author treats principally of medical subjects, the contents of his most important chapters are not suited to our pages, and consequently we must content ourselves with one more extract referring to the state of the fine arts in Austria:—

“ Although the fine arts are not particularly cultivated in the imperial city or the provinces of Austria Proper, yet the splendid galleries of the former, added to the patronage bestowed upon modern artists, and its academy of painting, has created no unworthy school of art since the commencement of the last general peace; and even in the year 1820 there were seven hundred students and young artists studying in Vienna: but while Venice, Milan, and Prague are numbered among the cities of the empire, sculpture, painting, and engraving, music and the drama, find there a more congenial home.

“ Generally speaking, the fine arts flourish most in the German, Bohemian, and Italian provinces; while Hungary, Transylvania, Galicia, and the Military Borders, as might be anticipated from the present condition of these countries, neither possess much art, nor feel its want. Yet although this applies to Hungary as a nation, the observation is daily losing force in the capital of that country.

“ The imperishable reputation of Italy as a school of art, the magnificence of its galleries, the number and the value of its antiques in marble and on canvas, the remembrance of its ancient glory, and the very tread of its classic ground, have long since created it the centre of European art; and while Rome forms the nucleus of this centre, the cities of the Austrian dominions in the Lombardo-Venetian states still continue to uphold, as far as the state of art in the present day will permit, the name and celebrity bequeathed to them by the ancient masters: and the spoils of the Byzantine kingdom, which adorn the lovely daughter of the Adriatic, still mould the Venetian artists.

“ So early as the end of the fourteenth century, the school of Padua had arisen, with Andreas Montegna and his followers, and that of Verona, with Gianfrancesco Carotto. In these, if the outline was sharp or even harsh, still the drawing was correct. In the second half of the fifteenth century the Venetian school arose; and while it softened the lines of the two former, first brought into play those wonderful

powers of its magnificent colouring, which has since become its characteristic, and has never been surpassed. As we advance in the sixteenth century—the golden age of painting in Italy—Rome, Florence, and Venice vie for the mastery in the art bequeathed to them by Giorgione and the celebrated Tiziano Vercelli; and even in later years, when the glory of painting had departed from the other Italian schools, that of Venice still flourished, and could boast a Tintoretto and a Paul Veronese. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, those stars of the first magnitude which had illuminated the horizon of Italian painting had set; the age of imitation ensued, for the artists of that day acknowledging the superiority of their forefathers, seemed as it were awed by the perfection attained by the masters of the early school, and seldom ventured to test their own powers of originality; and thus, although the schools of Milan, Venice, and Cremona still produced many distinguished artists, they were but disciples of an earlier and more resplendent period.

“This condition of the art in Italy continues to the present day; for although a hundred pieces of sculpture, and four hundred and ninety-seven paintings, by modern artists, were produced in the Milanese exhibition in 1838, there were but few works among them of any merit, whereupon ‘copy’ could not have been read.

“While the arts were undergoing this change in Italy, the peculiar schools of Austria and Bohemia shot forth, and even in their infancy were characterised by much taste and genius, particularly in miniature painting. To Bohemia undoubtedly belongs the honour of having created the first national school in the Austrian dominions, for even so early as the latter end of the fourteenth, and beginning of the fifteenth century, when the Emperor Charles IV. held his court in Prague, the encouragement which painters, sculptors, and architects of every nation there received, soon raised a healthful spirit of emulation among the native artists of that country, among whom the names of Kunze and Theodorich of Prague stand pre-eminent.

“The works of the early Bohemian school possess all the errors in drawing and perspective which characterize the old German style. The last and the present centuries have, however, produced many distinguished Bohemian artists, who justly earned for themselves and their country considerable reputation in painting. The imperial city was

one of the last places in the monarchy where native art commenced to flourish; how far this circumstance may have arisen from the want of that encouragement to artists and that fostering care of art, (such as she now denies to science,) the records I have consulted make no mention; for, although we read of the protection afforded by Rudolph II., the school has made but little progress till the present time.

“In 1704, an academy of painting and sculpture, under Leopold the First, was founded in Vienna, and furnished with models of the best antiques from Rome and Florence; thus the foundation was laid, but no superstructure arose upon it, and a very few years after its erection it fell into decay. In 1726 it again rose into life, and a school of architecture was connected with it; but the first great step towards the formation of a school of art had its origin in the collections commenced by the noble families of Lichtenstein and Schwartzberg, and by the protection and patronage which they afforded to architects, sculptors, and painters, during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

“Under Joseph II. the academy was enriched with many new and splendid works of art, liberally endowed by this patriotic emperor, divided into separate schools for its several branches, and placed under the direction of Frederick Füger, a painter of acknowledged and superior merit.

“The splendid public and private galleries of Vienna are now too well known to require comment or description—the present school is chiefly distinguished for its success in portrait painting and landscape. Although sculpture has never flourished to any extent in the capital, the statues and monuments of which are principally by Italian masters, yet Austria has sent forth many distinguished artists in this department, at the head of whom stands Raphael Donner, one of the most celebrated European sculptors during the early years of the last century. Some years ago the Viennese school of engraving was more distinguished than any other of southern Germany, and received much *eclat* from the works of Jacob Schmutzer; but this art has here, as in other parts of Germany, given way to the softer touches of lithography. We are indebted to a Bohemian, Alois Senefelder, for the invention of this latter art, which was first brought into general use in Munich, and afterwards in Vienna, from whence it has spread to all parts of the globe.

“Singing and music, which have had

their birth-place in the Italian states of this empire, are highly cultivated in the capital, the operatic and sacred music of which is ably sustained by native artists, and the melody and power of Lutzer and Staudigel will be long remembered by those of their hearers who have a heart that can be charmed by music and song.

"The German and Bohemian people, who by nature possess so much of the genius of music, soon improved their own talents in that line by adopting much of the style and manner of their Italian neighbours; Prague and Vienna have lately become rallying points for all the good musicians and singers on the Continent; and the reputation which Mozart and Haydn, (both of whom were Austrians,) and Gluck and Beethoven, acquired for the capital of southern Germany, is still sustained by able artists and composers."

"The Viennese possess much taste for the drama in all its branches; the theatres, though numerous, are always well attended, and that of the Burg is one of the best conducted on the Continent. The pieces acted there are always of the chastest character, and the talent of its actors—among whom are Löwe and Madame Rettich—is universally acknowledged."

The remainder of Dr. Wilde's fifth chapter on the *Present state of Science in Vienna* is extremely interesting, and in order to give our readers some idea of Dr. Wilde's diligence in collecting information, we willingly lay before them his remarks upon Austrian literature—

"The literature of Austria, in quality as well as quantity, appears to have degenerated during the last fifty years, for, from 1733 to 1790, the period when it flourished most, there were in one year in Vienna upwards of four hundred authors. It is stated by Springer, that the authors of Austria amount in the present day to two thousand five hundred. The severity of the censorship is no doubt one of the chief causes at present acting so injuriously upon all literary labour, literary speculation, and the general spread of knowledge. Natural history, geography, mathematics, law, and the physical, technical, and medical sciences, compose the chief part of the present home literature of Austria. Philology also has been long cultivated with success, and the oriental languages in par-

ticular have received in this country special attention, while dramatic works and lyrical poetry are, when unconnected with politics or religion, rather encouraged by the state, and are well suited to the genius of this imaginative people. The Austrian literature, as may be supposed, consists of the several languages and nations of this great empire, and likewise numbers among its productions, works in several of the oriental languages, particularly the Armenian. These latter, which consist partly of translations and partly of original productions, emanate from the Mechitaristen or Armenian Catholics, in the cloister of St. Lazarus, near Venice; they are for the most part composed of works of instruction and devotion, and supply those of the Armenian creed throughout the Ottoman empire generally. The Wallachian people, upon the borders of Hungary and Transylvania, although they cannot be said to be possessed of a special literature, have their school-books, and also some religious works printed in their own tongue. Within the last few years, several new works have been printed in Latin, Rumanic, and Hebrew; but the proper national literature of Austria consists of those works published in the German, Italian, Slavonian, and Hungarian languages, and very lately, some few books have appeared in the original Bohemian tongue. The German press is most actively employed in the capital, and the country below the Enns, and least so in the Tyrol, Carinthia, and Carniola. Hungary has lately sent forth many valuable publications, chiefly on scientific subjects, in the Slavonian language; but the upper portion of that country seems latterly to have preferred the German literature to its own. Its literature is said to have arisen during the second half of the last century, in the numerous songs and airs which well suited the chivalrous and enterprising spirit of the Magyars; and it has grown so rapidly since that period, that in the space of nine years, from 1817 to 1825 inclusive, there appeared three hundred and ten articles in Hungarian, two hundred and fifty-nine in Latin, one hundred and twenty-seven in German, and eleven in the Slavonian tongue, in that country.

"Venice and Milan are the centres of Italian literature, which is at present characterized by the predominance of works on language, mathematics, na-

* "During my stay at Vienna I was twice present at concerts in the great riding school of the palace, at which 1100 artists performed."

tural philosophy, and the natural sciences generally; not because I believe those subjects to be more congenial to the tastes and manners of that people, but because they are the only ones they can treat with safety.

"The Hungarian language, now the language of its senate and its official details, is daily becoming more known, more valued, and more cultivated—poetry, and dramatic and theological writings are at present its chief subjects.

"The Slavonian literature, which is divided into the proper Bohemian, the Slavonian, and the Serbish and Windish tongues, has long been distinguished in Moravia, Bohemia, and the Czechen, and may date its most glancing period so far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it continued till the influence of Austria forced upon the people of these countries the German tongue. After a long pause, an endeavour has been recently made to re-establish the written language of Bohemia, but with little success; the public, and the upper circles in particular, had become accustomed to their adopted language, and they possessed neither the energy nor the literary ability of the Hungarians to throw it off. In 1835, there were nine journals published in Prague in the mother tongue.

"The literature of Poland has likewise had a glorious era in the same period with the Bohemian; and a sufficiency remains from that time to exhibit its abundance, force, and beauty, in poetry, history, and theology. It can hardly now be expected that, bowed down, and broken in spirit as in fortune, Poland could still shine in literature; and, therefore, although translations from the French and German are numerous, her native works and authors are but few, yet these few still adhere to the original type, and their productions are chiefly of a poetical, religious, and historic nature.

"The Serbish literature is still in its infancy, for this tongue has only been elevated to a written language since the commencement of the eighteenth century. It is chiefly cultivated in Dalmatia and Ragusa. Several of the works of Hungary, particularly upon theological, historical, and philological subjects, are written in Latin, for there that language is still spoken, even by the lower orders, in the common usages of life.

"The following table exhibits in a clearer manner than words can express the character and present condition of Austrian literature; it is extracted from

Springer's Statistics, published in 1840, and shows that the number of works published in the monarchy had decreased two hundred and seventy from 1832 to 1833:—

SUBJECTS.	YEARS.	
	1832	1833
Morals and Theology, Religion, Prayer-books, &c.	729	665
Law and Political Affairs	41	58
Medicine and Surgery, including Inaugural Dissertations	262	279
Philosophy	26	25
Philology	9	8
Astronomy	9	4
History and Biography	216	111
Chemistry and Physics	20	24
Mathematics and Geometry	31	43
Romances, Tales, and Novels	231	198
Agriculture and Technology	48	59
Natural History	15	25
Architecture	23	16
Poetry and the Drama	197	151
Minor Poems and Songs	256	233
Music and the Fine Arts (Painting)	51	43
Statistics	8	10
Geography, Voyages, and Travels	106	98
Military Works	8	6
Educational and School-books, &c.	179	165
Almanacs, Calendars, Hand-Books, and Annuals, &c.	196	160
Other Works unspecified	93	106
	2754	2484

"An examination of this table affords us no bad criterion of the taste of the Austrian people and the character of their literature, as sanctioned and patronized by the government. Heretofore we have been in the habit of judging of the Austrian literature by the number of the publications of that country specified in the Leipzig catalogue; this however is an unfair test, for in the list of German works, published at the Easter fair in the year 1835, of 3164 books mentioned therein, but 216 were Austrian; and in 1839, of 3127 works only 118 were Austrian. This arises from the little intercourse that subsists between the Austrian and the other German publishers—from many of the Austrian works being written in the Slavonian, Hungarian, and Latin languages—from the fact of most Austrian works being expressly written for, and only applicable to, the condition of the inhabitants of that country—and from the strict censorship of the imperial dominions, rendering impossible the usual barter or interchange of literature, by which the booksellers of the other countries of Germany conduct their mercantile transactions. It is calculated that but a tenth part of the annual Austrian literature appears in the Leipzig catalogue. Compared with the other states of Europe, and with Germany in particular, it is evident, that when we subtract the mere school-books and other minor publications, the literature of

Southern Germany is by no means adequate to the population and the present state of civilization in that country; and the polyglot condition of this literature, reduces the number of works which are applicable to each nation or condition of the community to a much smaller number.

"It will be seen by referring to the foregoing table, that (independent of the school-books and almanacs) religious works are the most numerous; then follow those on medicine; after that, poetry and dramatic productions; and then historical and biographic works; the novel and romance literature, although apparently so numerous in these years, is not so in reality, for many of the works included in this number, were but new editions of former publications. Many of the poetic works, which were chiefly Italian, were of mere local interest; and much of the history and biography is of a popular and encyclopædic character.

"The relative proportion of works in the four different languages now in most general use in the Austrian states, stood thus in the years 1832 and 1833—Italian 2,221, German, 2,139, Latin 389, Bohemian 178; Hungarian literature was not at this time in a sufficient state of advancement to offer a fair comparison with the foregoing. In Italian literature, the greatest number of works are those published in the Lombardy states, which, even in the year 1824, possessed a native literature to the amount of 1,040,500 volumes;—in 1832, this kingdom published 913 and the Venetian state 862 works; and in 1836, Lombardy produced 788 and Venice 843 books.

"In the years 1832 and 1833, the works published in Austria (not including Italy) were 70 Polish, 91 Greek, 37 Windish and Serbish, 58 Hebrew, and 8 Armenian, exclusive of its own immediate literature; many of these, however, were but translations and new editions, the number of original works being about two-thirds of the whole.

"Owing to the strict censorship, few foreign works are admitted into Austria;—in 1832, these amounted to 2,509, and in 1833, they numbered 2,791; among those of the former year were 67 historical, 63 poetical, 29 theological, and 14 legal and juridical. Of 5,300 foreign publications recently admitted into Austria, 3,578 were German, 771 French, 657 Italian, 112 Polish, 75 English, 6 Greek, and 101 Latin.

"The periodical literature is very scanty; each of the fifteen principal cities publishes a newspaper, denomi-

nated the *Provinzial Zeitung*, which is under the immediate direction of the government of the place; it contains all the government orders and regulations, and likewise publishes the local news. Each government-office issues an *Amtsblatt*, or government gazette, which is solely occupied with all the new laws, regulations, and enactments. There are likewise fourteen other newspapers, the principal of which are the Austrian Observer (*Oesterreichische-Beobachter*), established since 1810, and the Salzburg, Troppau, Presburg, and Agram papers, the *Kaschauer Botte* and the Magyar Kurir; that, however, in the greatest circulation, is the *Wiener Zeitung*. There are six newspapers published in the capital, two of which, the Observer and the *Wiener Zeitung*, are so-called political. The chief foreign news, however, obtained by the Austrians, is contained in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, or Augsburg Gazette, which has, it is said, a separate edition printed for circulation in Austria when any thing appears in its pages that does not satisfy the conscience of the censor.

"Foreign newspapers were likewise admitted, in the following numbers and proportions, in 1833, German 252, French 116, English 20, Italian 35—in all, 423.

"This number has, however, been much curtailed since that period, for by the last official accounts (those for 1836) we find the number reduced to 205; the tone and character of which may be learned from the following statement:—German—89 political, 52 literary and artistic, and 40 of a mixed nature; French—21 political, 2 literary and artistic, 36 mixed; English—4 political, and 1 literary; Italian—6 political; and 2 in other foreign languages. The higher periodical literature consists of journals, (*Jahrbücher*,) magazines, and general communicators, (*Mittheilungen*,) to the number of seventy-six. One half of these belong to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, which takes the lead in literary matters of all the other Austrian provinces: thus, we find, that of the 76 journals published in the entire of Italy, 32 belonged to Lombardy, 10 to Venice, 24 to Naples, and 10 to Sardinia. The characters of the 76 Austrian journals are, 2 theological, 8 legal, 7 medical, 2 astronomical, 13 for physics, agriculture, trade, and commerce, 9 for history, statistics, and geography, 2 military, 2 for general literature, and 36 for art and mixed subjects. There are 2 literary, 2 medical, and 3 legal periodicals published in Vienna, besides the quarterly proceedings of the

agricultural and industrial societies. The *Jahrbücher der Literatur*, which commenced in 1818, is the chief Austrian journal of eminence, and the *Medicinischo-Chirurgische-Zeitschrift*, published at Innsbruck, is one of the oldest medical periodicals in Europe; it is now in its fifty-fourth year. The six papers which are principally read in the capital, have the following circulation:—*Allgemeine-Zeitung* 1999, *Theater-Zeitung* 965, *Militär-Zeitschrift* 523, *Wiener Mode-Zeitschrift* 490, *Leipziger Moden* 229, *Journal de Francfort* 87; besides this, there are the *Humorist* and the *Oesterreichische Zuschauer*, which have also got a considerable circulation. There is a private subscription reading-room in Vienna, the Casino, where foreigners will find some of the English newspapers and reviews—the 'Times,' 'Morning Post,' and the 'Athenæum.'

At the present moment, when the subject of the medical charities of Ireland engrosses so much attention, it is extremely fortunate that Dr. Wilde has presented us with the fullest details respecting the Austrian Sanatory Institutions, for although the established habits of this country, and the nature of the British constitution, render the adoption of the entire

Austrian code impossible, yet there are many of their sanatory regulations which we might borrow with great benefit to ourselves, and we have no hesitation in asserting that on the important questions of the poor laws and medical police the legislature might derive many useful hints from our author's fifteenth chapter on the *General and Medical Statistics of the Austrian empire*.

We are now compelled by our limits to close our notice of this interesting work, in which, although the author's object was principally to record the existing condition of Austrian literary, scientific, and sanatory institutions, abundant matter will be found to interest and amuse the general reader. Hard names and statistical tables may at first blush deter him who reads merely for pleasure, but we promise that a nearer intimacy with the volume will suffice to dispel any idea of dullness, as it really is but another of the many instances before the world of how agreeable a book can be made on apparently the least amusing topics, by a clever man, particularly when that clever man is a clever physician.

SONNETS

Suggested by Mr. Roberts's picture of "The Vocal Memnon," in the Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

[It is necessary to explain, that the colossal figure, which tradition names after a real or fabled Memnon, is one of a *pair*, similar in most respects, placed side by side in the desert of Thebes.]

GIGANTIC miracles of stone! which sit
 Brooding above the silent wilderness,
 And throned in adamantine power, oppress
 The heart with worship! Doth no tongue transmit
 Your history? Shall we ask yon clouds which flit
 Like dreams across the desert?—or address
 The dusky tribes that throng around?—or guess
 The riddles o'er your marble mantles writ?
 All's silent—but ye still sit side by side,
 Colossal sentinels before the tomb
 Of Time, wherein the cerements of man's pride
 Around the reliques of his hopes consume;
 And e'en Conjecture scarcely dares to glide
 Past your mute watch, to fathom mystery's womb.

Have ye resembled men? uplifted here,
 The mightier image of the mighty dead,
 That thus around your pedestals should spread
 The world in worship, till its tribes appear
 Cast in the mute bewilderment of fear
 Before a memory? Idle tales are read,
 And credulous fools by names and dates misled;
 But from the echo of our hearts we hear
 The indignant confutation breathed aloud:—
 Thence through the bosom to the kindling eye
 The overflowing impulses which crowd
 To force conviction, swell the heart's reply—
 Behold the twins whose birthplace is the cloud—
 Who shall presume to claim ye from the sky?

Or are ye but the massy wrecks of days,
 When form and thought were mountainous, and things
 Soared with Titanic daring on the wings
 Of energy towards heaven?—when stones men gaze
 And muse upon, of temples that amaze
 Our pigmy eyes, then rose in giant rings
 For rites unknown and dismal? Oh, it brings
 Strange thoughts to life, that shadowy veil to raise,
 And rear again the vast Cyclopean state,
 Unchronicled, save by the half-hewn stone,
 Which lapsing ages half obliterate
 Into its quarried shapelessness, o'ergrown,
 As if Time claimed such monuments from fate,
 And made of years the steps to grandeur's throne.

Or, yet more ancient, did your crowns appear
Along with light, above the waters, when
The spirit of God, new risen off the main,
Had struck his pinion for a higher sphere?
Perchance with those uncouth memorials, where
Shapes more than mighty press the groaning plain
With more than monuments, ye too remain,
Like bones protruding from a dead world's bier,
With Mammoth and the Mastodon, sole trace
Of types preadamite, ere nature's mould
Had shrunk into the present, and the race
Of monsters of a magnitude untold,
Extinct to give a dwindled offspring place,
Then by such stalwart masters were controll'd.

Whatever was your birth, there, there ye are,
Split, hot, and crumbling in the furnace-sun
Of years, which in unnumbered course have run
Around ye, casting your tall shade afar,
Like dials, thwart the sand. And yet ye share
One power with those that made ye—for upon
Day's first approach, a sweet but single tone
Doth ever welcome in the morning star.
No more—in life ye bear no further part.
In eyeless impotence each rears its head
Above a desert, stony as its heart,
And dry as mummies in their Memphian bed.
Strange! that the soul should quail, and reason start
Before these idols, powerless and dead!

Riddles ye are, deep as your kindred Sphynx,
And man hath now no Œdipus to read
The meaning of your mystery, decreed
To wait the loosing of those fleshly links
Which chain us to the hour. Yet fancy thinks
Strange fables forth, and nourishes the seed
Of wonders, sprinkling o'er the wildest weed
Drops from the fountains whence devotion drinks.
For there's religion in your silence—deep
And thrilling as the midnight ocean's swell;
And your ineffably mysterious sleep
Bids worship wake—nor can beholders tell,
Why, as the watch of ages there ye keep,
All levity is hushed, as by a spell.

Oh, mighty moral of the human story!
Like ye, the potentates of earth at last,
When all the visions of their pride have past,
Or, like their locks, float round them, thin and hoary,
Prove what a mockery is earthly glory,
The eternal gaze along the arid waste
Of joys, beyond their palsied powers to taste,
Light as Egyptian sands, and transitory.
Oh! from these cumbrous ruins, learn, ye wise,
To rear the trophies of a truer power,
As much superior to such vanities,
As much more rich than empire's vastest dower,
As earth's fair field this wilderness outvies,
As Christian hopes o'er Memnon's memory tower!

ADVENA.

WORDSWORTH'S GREECE.*

THIS very beautiful book is worthy of the name of Greece, and of another name now classical in England by a double claim, that of Wordsworth. As regards the pictorial, it delineates almost every thing—scenery, buildings, costume; and has besides numberless fanciful vignettes. There are upwards of three hundred and fifty engravings on wood, and twenty-eight on steel, all by such artists as Copley Fielding, F. Creswick, D. Cox, Harvey, Paul Huet, Meissonier, Sargent, Daubigny, and Jacques. The descriptive paints Greece as it was, and again as it is; and with the hand of one who is master of his subject, thoroughly acquainted with the ancient and modern geography of the country, and an accomplished observer in all that relates to the arts. The historical portion, in like manner, exhibits the learning and judgment of the author. The traveller in Greece will find this, we are inclined to think, the very best book he could take with him—no other work contains, perhaps, so much matter in one fair octavo; and it has this further advantage, that whatever information Dr. Wordsworth gives us on subjects of this class, comes stamped with acknowledged authority. The classical student, albeit that he never makes a voyage except it be *autour de sa chambre*, will find in these pages most interesting and abundant information; and the poet, the architect, and the antiquarian may gather from them quite enough to repay a perusal.

One or two short extracts may give some idea of the manner and matter of the book.

The passage which follows leads to his description of Athens:—

“To describe Athens, a man should be an Athenian, and speak the Athenian language. He should have long looked upon its soil with a feeling of almost religious reverence. He should have regarded it as ennobled by the deeds of illustrious men, and have recognised in them his own progenitors. The records

of its early history should not be to him a science; they should not have been the objects of laborious research, but should have been familiar to him from his infancy—have sprung up, as it were, spontaneously in his mind, and have grown with his growth. Nor should the period of its remote antiquity be to him a land of shadows—a platonic cave in which unsubstantial forms move before his eyes as if he were entranced in a dream. To him the language of its mythology should have been the voice of truth. The temples of Athens should not have been to him mere schools of art. He should not have considered them as existing, in order that he might examine their details, measure their heights, delineate their forms, copy their mouldings, and trace the vestiges of colouring still visible upon them. They should not have afforded materials merely for his compass or his pencil, but for his affections and for his religion.

“This, we gladly confess, is not our case. We commence our description of this city with avowing the fact, that it is impossible at this time to convey, or entertain an idea of Athens such as it appeared of old to the eyes of one of its inhabitants. But there is another point of view from which we love to contemplate it—one which supplies us with reflections of deeper interest, and raises in the heart sublimer emotions than could have been ever suggested in ancient days by the sight of Athens to an Athenian.

“We see Athens in ruins. On the central rock of its acropolis exist the remains, in a mutilated state, of three temples—the temple of Victory, the Parthenon, and the Erectheum; of the Propylæa in the same place; at its western entrance, some walls and a few columns are still standing; of the theatre on the south side of the Acropolis, in which the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were represented, some stone steps remain. Not a vestige survives of the courts in which Demosthenes pleaded. There is no trace of the academic porches of Plato, or of the lyceum of Aristotle. The pœcile of the Stoics has vanished; only a few of the long walls which ran along the plain and united Athens with its harbours, are yet visible. Even nature herself appears to have undergone a change. The source of the fountain

* Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical. By Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Royal 8vo. London: W. S. Orr and Co.

Callirrhoe has almost failed; the bed of the Ilissus is nearly dry; the harbour of the Peiræus is narrowed and made shallow by mud.

"But while this is so, while we are forcibly and mournfully reminded by this spectacle of the perishable nature of the most beautiful objects which the world has seen, while we read in the ruins of these temples of Athens, and in the total extinction of the religion to which they were dedicated, an apology in behalf of Christianity, and a refutation of paganism, more forcible and eloquent than any of those which were composed and presented to the Roman emperor by Aristides and Quadratus in this place, we are naturally led by it to contrast the permanence and vitality of the *spirit* and *intelligence* which produced these works, of which the vestiges either exist in a condition of ruinous decay, or have entirely disappeared, with the fragility of the *material* elements of which they are composed.

"Not at Athens alone are we to look for Athens. The epitaph—*Here is the heart: the spirit is everywhere*—may be applied to it. From the gates of the Acropolis, as from a mother city, issued intellectual colonies into every region of the world. These buildings now before us, ruined as they are at present, have served for two thousand years as models of the most admired fabrics in every civilized country of the world. Having perished here, they survive there. They live in them as in their legitimate offspring. Thus the genius which conceived and executed these magnificent works, while the materials on which it laboured are dissolved, has itself proved immortal. We, therefore, at the present time, having witnessed the fact, have more cogent reasons for admiring the consummate skill which created them, than were possessed by those who saw these structures in their original glory and beauty."—pp. 129, 130, 131.

These eloquent and able passages attest the scholarship of the author. He goes on to observe that it is not in the *material* productions of Athens that her spirit is still seen: it survives in the intellectual creations of her great minds; and the interest which they have given to the soil, invests it with new and strange charms for us of modern times. Dr. Wordsworth then enters into a minute account of the remarkable buildings of Athens—a subject on which no one in these times could venture to say much, who had not some confidence in his classical

acquirements, and in his knowledge of the arts. Dr. Wordsworth is well known to be a sure guide in all these matters. His name alone might give character to the book, but it would fail to do it justice. It is so beautifully got up, that to be appreciated it must be seen.

The passage we have quoted may give our readers a very fair impression of the author's style; but being only introductory to more detailed observations, it does not exhibit any thing of the fulness and variety of matter for which the work is very remarkable. We had pencilled some other passages for extracts. One giving the fable and the history of Theseus, another suggesting with much ingenuity and apparent truth, that the systems of education adopted at Athens and in Sparta—systems strongly contrasted in all points—arose from the physical forms of the two countries. The site of Sparta at a distance from the coast, secluded in a valley at the extremity of Greece, led to a system of self-dependence, abstinence, and denial, and to that principle of implicit obedience to the law "so emphatically described," says Dr. Wordsworth, in the epitaph engraved upon the tomb of the Spartan heroes who fell at Thermopylæ—"Oh, stranger, go and tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their commands."

"At Athens," observes our author, "the maintenance of such a system of education would have been a physical impossibility." Her site, her soil, barren in corn, but rich in marble, the sea flowing before her, the islands, nurseries for a maritime population, her facilities for communicating with other countries—all led to a system of education of which the freest development of all her resources, of all the energies of her population, was the object and the result.

Travellers in Greece are usually struck with its Homeric aspect—with the resemblance of the localities to those described in the Iliad. Scenes of any note, and many but little known to fame, are given in the illustrations. The mountain-chain—the rich vale, made classic by its ruined temple—the headland and the isle, all form attractive pictures, being nearly all immortal by their names; and the attention of the reader is directed to

almost every circumstance that can lend them interest.

There is one topic which we exceedingly regret that Dr. Wordsworth has not touched on, that is a comparison of the Romaic with the ancient language of Greece. The resemblances are so constant, the identities so frequent, that a tolerable classic might make his way there with but little difficulty. A striking circumstance is, that the language appears to be the same throughout the country—that there are no longer those differences of dialect which were so remarkable in the ancient times. We regret that our learned author did not examine this subject, as we cannot often hope to have a traveller so well qualified to undertake it,

There are very considerable efforts now making for the civilization and advancement of Greece. A great deal doing in the way of schools by King Otho and his government; but these efforts attract hardly any notice in England,

or in the principal countries of Europe.

We may further observe, that in their contests with the Turks the Greeks exhibited traits of character and deeds of heroism quite worthy of their ancestry, and yet were they but little regarded by other nations, and are hardly remembered. It may be that our acquaintance with the story of ancient Greece is so early and so intimate, and leaves on our mind so many and such absorbing impressions, that we have no interest to spare for that kingdom now save what is connected with the past. This we are disposed to think is, to a great extent, actually true, and it is a most singular result, consigning a fair country to the destiny that, do what she will, she can never revive—that the nations of Europe *will* think of her only through the past, and for ever hold

“ ’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.”

REPEAL AGITATION.

THE agitation through which the party favourable to a repeal of the legislative union hope to effect their object has increased almost to hurricane violence. Ireland, over which a halcyon calm seemed to have settled shortly after the accession to power of Sir Robert Peel, is now agitated from its surface to its lowest depths; and Great Britain, which was disposed to enjoy itself and take rest when it saw good men in the cabinet, and the parliament righted, has become seriously disquieted by new alarms, and has found that anti-Anglican influences have not ceased to be mischievous by being cast out of places where power is exerted under a form of legitimate authority. On the Stock Exchange, in the senate, in the manufacturing towns, in the clubs,—every where throughout Great Britain, the repeal movement in Ireland has been made to tell,—and every where its progress has been observed and commented on with feelings of vexation, and disappointment, and alarm. How must we think of it here—

we who are in the current, almost in the rapids?

It is not more than might have been anticipated, that the people of Ireland attached to British connection should look out with much anxiety and with something of impatience for the announcement of some scheme of policy by which her majesty's government would professedly and effectually put down the agitation which disturbs and afflicts this country. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that some amongst us should ascribe to mal-administration of their offices on the part of the existing government, a state of disorder and affright worse than had been experienced under the rule of their distrusted predecessors; nor is it strange that some should go the further length of wishing the Conservative party in its old place, that of its strong opposition again. But, although we are not surprised when we hear such persuasions expressed, we are not deluded into a belief that they are reasonable, and before proceeding further with

our subject, we are desirous of making it clear that they are erroneous.

It is not because Sir Robert Peel has misgoverned Ireland that the repeal agitation has swelled into a storm.

While his predecessors abandoned the country to Mr. O'Connell, or governed it as his instruments, agitation, like that which now distracts us, would have been impolitic as it was unnecessary. In process of a few years, all posts of trust and importance would have been occupied by men in whom the repeal party could place reliance. The magistracy, the constabulary would have been gained over. Patronage in all departments would have been so exercised as to disgust the well-affected, to strengthen the hands of repealers, and to decide all who were open to sordid influences in favour of the party which had most the power to serve them. In short, the Radical government was laying up and disposing in order the *materiel* to carry repeal. Mr. O'Connell and his party could afford to wait. They superintended the preparations which were in progress for the dismemberment of the empire, and beguiled, at the same time, the apprehensions of those who would have counteracted their schemes, by the delusive tranquillity with which they paid, as it were, for the fatal power conceded to them.

When deprived of office and authority by a Conservative government, they naturally fell back on the power they had acquired in the evil days when they prospered; and the formidable aspect of the agitation by which they now convulse and affright the country, indicates their great increase of strength during the season in which it was supposed they were inactive.

But, it is said, a Whig government succeeded in curbing the repeal agitation of former days by adopting measures of coercion. Why are such measures now delayed? While Sir Robert Peel was in opposition and his rivals in power, the progress of repeal was boldly arrested. Would it not be profitable for the country that parties again returned to their former estate, and that the Conservatives should resume their old places on the opposition benches, and recover the activity which made them useful there? The former question we shall in due place consider; the second, we will

dispose of here:—Let no man lay to his heart the flattering unction, that the Conservative party, if now driven from power, will be such as it was. Let no man for a moment suppose that Sir Robert Peel can become again in opposition the leader and combiner of a powerful party. In power, he may perhaps satisfy, or at least justify the expectations entertained of him, when the ascendancy of public principle, the triumph of public virtue, put out his rivals, because they seemed his country's enemies, and gave him place and honour. When his plans have been matured and his policy fully developed, it is probable that the expectations then entertained of him may be realized: at this moment it seems generally felt that they have been disappointed. If he goes out of office with the shadow of this disappointment upon him, it is possible he may withdraw from public life altogether; and it is most probable, should he continue to take a part in politics, that it can never again be such a part as he sustained in those years of difficulty and honour, when he withstood the progress of revolution. To be what he was in opposition, Sir Robert Peel must become what he was expected to be in office, or he must convince the sanguine friends who had so high hopes of him, that their expectations were unreasonable, and that he is not responsible for their disappointments. The good understanding between Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party may be effectually restored while he is in place. Out of office, the evil will become irremediable. The state of opposition will be like that of the grave wherein—

“Friends, kinsmen, and brothers are
laid side by side,
And none have saluted, and none have
replied.”

Let no man wish Sir Robert Peel's retirement from office, in a hope, a most vain and treacherous hope, that he can be as powerful as he was during the period of the reform and the revolutionary cabinets.

But why does he not adopt coercive measures?—were they not successful, when employed by the Whigs?—could not a Conservative government be forced by a pressure from without to

adopt them? These are grave questions—we begin by answering the second. It is true the Whig government of Lord Grey succeeded in arresting the progress of repeal agitation. It succeeded by a combination of encouragements and restraints—of bribes and penalties. It prohibited the tumultuary meetings by which good subjects would have been awed into a desertion of their duties to their sovereign's crown and law—and it gratified the evil passions of the parties thus restrained, by inflicting wrongs, or at least, unmerited hardships, on that class of society least capable of defending their civil rights, and most obnoxious to the hostility of the repealers. It prohibited public meetings, and it inflicted sore wrongs on the church. It gave over ten bishoprics, and nearly (or, taking into account the tax on clerical income, perhaps more than) a fourth of the rightful possessions of the clergy. But with all this, *did* they really succeed? Did their bribes satiate the cupidity, or satisfy the malignant passions, to which they thought it expedient to minister? Did their severity and rigour discourage the lawlessness they would subdue by restraint and intimidation? The scheme to appropriate church revenues to secular uses—the withdrawal of the Duke of Richmond, of Lords Ripon and Stanley, of Sir James Graham and Earl Grey, from the cabinet—in which the last-named nobleman was circumvented—give the answer. Lord Grey's policy had not succeeded against the party who laboured for repeal. The accession of Lord Melbourne to the highest office in the state, gave the answer in a form more unequivocal and emphatic—and that formidable increase of power with which repeal now affronts and threatens the friends of England, makes it too manifest, to be for a moment denied or misunderstood, that the measures of the Whig government had no *permanent* influence of a sanative kind upon the evil disposition it was designed to correct and reform.

No wise statesman will be satisfied with obtaining a partial or transitory success, when it was in his power to achieve a permanent and general advantage. To prevent outward manifestations of a disaffected people, and to leave them their disaffection un-

changed, is not a merit of that kind, for which a wise or honourable man would take credit. The legislator for whom a nation would offer up thanksgivings—in whom it would place such trust as may be reposed in man, is one who will explore into far distance the consequences of his most successful measures. Such a counsellor will say, what is to follow after I have thus far prevailed? what is my antagonist likely to do? by what devices will disaffection disguise or exert itself? how will rivals avail themselves of opportunities or pretexts which severity may afford, in order to embarrass the cause of good government? how will the peaceable and just stand affected? must there be for ever strife between the government and a discontented party? is it possible, by means honest and safe, to terminate such a strife? if it be not possible, what will be the issue to the harassed and wounded country? Questions like these will present themselves to the mind of the man who may be entrusted with the custody of the public weal. He will remember that, in a contest with an able adversary, all things do not proceed according to his wish, and he must provide against the activities by which his best-considered schemes may be crossed and thwarted.

Let these considerations be kept in view, while we discuss some of the measures by which it has been thought that the present repeal movement could be arrested. Pronounce the discussion of repeal high treason. Would such a law correct the evil? Suppose the movement turned against the church or against rents. Suppose the hundreds of thousands who now assemble to petition for a domestic parliament, were congregated under the banner of "half rents, and no established church," would the meetings be less formidable? Assuredly, no. Whatever the end may be, which is to be attained by demonstrations of physical force, the demonstrations are evil and alarming. Prohibit these tumultuary assemblages. How hard it is to frame laws—how hard to carry laws in parliament—which shall do good by such prohibitions! how very difficult (if possible) to guard against the contrivances by which they may be defeated or eluded!!

But are we therefore of opinion that assemblages such as have recently

alarmed all thinking men in this country should be permitted or connived at? No: they are not only symptoms which indicate unsoundness, but they constitute in themselves a distinct and a very grave subject of alarm. They exasperate and embolden the disaffected—they irritate and alarm Protestants, encompassing their minds with menacing presages of the times for which they are reserved, and making them acquainted with feelings of disappointment, if not indignation towards the government, which they are led to think has forsaken them. Assemblages which have effects like these ought not to be tolerated. And their effects are worse still. They become occasions for sowing seeds of discontent in the hearts of all who feel the pressure of distress against laws incapable of affording them relief. They diffuse complaints which embitter the relations between landlord and tenant, and are thus organizing a state of hostility between the different orders in the community, from which it is impossible that, whoever suffers, the repeal cause must not greatly profit. They give tenfold effect to the efforts insidiously made for the detaching Protestants from their old principles of loyalty and love of British connection, and alluring them into engagements in which old principles are to be bartered for some present advantage, or for a promise of future safety.

Let no man think that the apprehension of Protestants becoming influenced to embrace the side of repeal is a chimera; nor let the loyal men who may be thus allured sink low in the judgments of those who are more prosperous than themselves, or who are set in circumstances of less peril. Let it be remembered that the maintenance of British connection, through the medium of a legislative union, presents itself as a matter of interest and expediency—not as a point of principle. It is clearly the interest of Irish Protestants, of all, indeed, who are of English race, to guard the legislative union. Security for Protestantism in Ireland is not separable from British connection. At least we have been so long accustomed

to believe in a relation between these two ideas, that we cannot, without an effort, separate them. Why will Great Britain tear them asunder—why will she expose Irish Protestants to the perilous temptation of thinking that she affords all facilities to their adversaries and hers to marshal their strength and mature their plans, while they, her long tried friends, are neglected and discouraged? It is a very sore trial for men whose remembrances are such as those of the loyal Protestants of Ireland, to be exposed to the influence of such agencies as are now permitted to act upon them. Great Britain has put their adversaries in possession of those strongholds, the corporations, which were originally erected for their protection. She has required of them to dissolve confederations by which they rendered her signal service, and were strong to defend themselves. Great Britain has disembodied the yeomanry, to whose merits, it is not forgotten, Lord Stanley, when in office, under Earl Grey, offered a grateful acknowledgment, and to whom he returned thanks for the benefit they had recently conferred upon their country. Great Britain has withdrawn from the Protestants of Ireland her support and countenance in maintaining a system of scriptural education, and taxes them to endow a system of secular education, conducted on, or rather actuated by, the Roman Catholic principle, that Scripture must be excluded.* Such are among the concessions of which Protestants complain, which Great Britain has made, at their cost, to conciliate a party unfriendly to British connection. And what do they find has been gained for England or for them by such sacrifices—sacrifices which, so far as the British government is concerned, would deprive their children of knowledge, and would leave their homes defenceless? For the corporations wrested from them—the Orange society broken up—the yeomanry disbanded—the church impoverished, the Bible despised—the national education rendered popish—what return have they? They see that hostility to England has become more malignant and more formidable in the

* We do not argue this truth. According to the rules of the National Board, it is indisputable. *The system concerns itself with Scripture only in the prohibition of it.*

party so highly favoured—they see that the power of that party has fearfully increased; and that when, at the desire of the British government, they discontinued those public celebrations to which they were so naturally and fondly attached, celebrations which all who reflect will discover attended by many great advantages, and which a most searching inquiry proved to have been alloyed by no commensurate evils, they only left a vacancy for those immense and well-organized gatherings which openly threaten a dismemberment of the empire, and which were never held without peril to the lives and properties of all who do not feel or affect to feel a friendly interest in them. Is it wonderful if, under such circumstances, many a poor man may think that Great Britain has abandoned him, and in his desperation, may purchase protection for his household from repealers even on the ruinous terms upon which it is offered.

It may be said that the experience of recent as well as of former periods attests the uselessness of preventing public displays, unattended by outrage, of whatsoever description they may be, unless the feeling in which they have their origin and their life can be changed or subdued. The force of a strong national feeling often becomes increased by the restraints which circumscribe it, and when the pressure is removed, it is often found that passions which would have vented themselves and escaped in public display, have become concentrated and inveterate by being denied the opportunity of open demonstrations. Witness, it may be argued, the issue of the struggle between the Whig ministry and Mr. O'Connell. The Irish government, under the advice and control of Earl Grey, succeeded in preventing repeal meetings, but succeeded at the cost of its own overthrow; succeeded at the cost of placing a small minority of Irish members in authority over the councils of Great Britain; succeeded at the cost of showing that there was a party in England which would consent to wear the semblance of authority on condition that it was to be used in conformity with the directions of the repeal party in Ireland; succeeded at the cost eventually of so strengthening that daring party, that it now boldly

confronts and menaces Great Britain and its government, at a time, when, all circumstances considered, the power of the government and the country is mightier than it ever was before within the memory of the men of this generation.

All this is true, and the lesson it inculcates is of no mean importance. So long as the seat and source of disease are neglected, it is lost labour to be busied about the removal of symptoms. To forbid public demonstrations may be evil, or may be good, according to the character of the policy from which the prohibition emanates. To prohibit the display of a feeling which is flattered or left unregarded is not wise. To prohibit the display, and at the same time take measures to extinguish or amend the passion which prompts it, is the part of true wisdom. To forbid meetings of hundreds of thousands, and to take no account of the agencies through which such multitudes are brought together, would savour more of petulance than of sound policy. No public man, not wilfully blind, can long remain ignorant of what these agencies are. No measures to stem repeal agitation, which do not contemplate them, can be effectual.

In our last number we offered some remarks on the advantage which Mr. O'Connell has acquired for the cause of repeal in the concession to him of "the normal schools of agitation." While the pages containing our observations were at press, another source of the agitator's power was disclosed on an announcement which, we should imagine, will never be forgotten in Ireland—the announcement namely, that the whole hierarchy of the Church of Rome in the country have declared themselves repealers. This announcement was made at "a teetotal banquet," in the town of Mullingar on Sunday, May 14th, by Dr. Higgins, Roman Catholic Bishop in Ardagh. The testimony of this right reverend witness was *corroborated* (we use the word deliberately) by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in a letter addressed to the public press, bearing date May 22nd, and it was subsequently reiterated and commented on. It may be now regarded as an admitted fact, *that the whole Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland are, at heart, earnestly*

desirous to effect a repeal of the legislative union.

The circumstances under which this important truth has been ascertained are of too much moment not to have a place assigned to them among records more permanent and more readily accessible than those of the daily press. They are likely to become, they certainly ought to become, matter of history; and our readers will, therefore, not be surprised to find a place assigned them here.

At a dinner given to Mr. O'Connell on Sunday, May 14th, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath acting as chairman, and nearly fifty Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in the company, the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, returning thanks for an honour done him and his brother bishops, spoke to the following effect:—

“ My lords and gentlemen, any claims to notice or respect which that body, of whom I stand here a very humble and very unworthy representative, may possess, has been so emphatically and so clearly, and to my own humiliation so partially dwelt upon by the Liberator of Ireland, and other speakers who have addressed you, that I feel I may totally dispense with any portion of their merits. Yet there is one point which I believe, *in delicacy to some members of our body*, has been omitted, but which I feel it my duty to mention—the connection of the hierarchy with the repeal question. I wish to state that I have every reason to believe, I may add, that I know that *every Catholic bishop in Ireland*, WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION, is an ardent repealer”—(enthusiastic cheers, which lasted for several minutes, and in which Mr. O'Connell heartily joined.)

“ Mr. O'Connell—Let Bobby Peel hear that”—(cheers.)

His lordship proceeded—

“ I know that virtually you all have reason to believe that the bishops of Ireland were repealers; but I have now again formally to announce to you that they have all declared themselves as such, *and that from shore to shore we are now all repealers*”—(great cheers.)

“ Mr. O'Connell—This is the best news I ever heard”—(cheers.)—*The Nation*, Saturday, May 20th.

An announcement like this was not likely to remain unnoticed. Had it been untrue, it would have been, no

doubt, contradicted. In a fortnight after it was uttered, its right reverend author had an opportunity of noticing the invectives he had provoked, and of reiterating his portentous assertion. At a repeal dinner given to Mr. O'Connell in Longford, on Sunday, May 28th, Dr. Higgins, Roman Catholic bishop in Ardagh, took the chair, and in the speech by which he prefaced his first toast, reiterated the statement he had made at the former dinner:—

“ There is,” said he, “ a second lord who has assailed me. But I should beg your pardon for introducing a subject calculated to create so much disgust in your minds—(hear, hear.) The second is the Earl of Wicklow; but mind that I only speak of the persons that I find in the newspapers—(loud laughter.) He is reported to have said, if what I stated in Mullingar were really the fact, namely, that the bishops of Ireland are all repealers—that such a man as the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, that sainted being, had declared his opinions on the repeal, he would not have chosen so obscure an individual as I am to convey them to the public; but what will he say when I declare—and I hope the press will bring my words to his ears—that I have one of the most respectable clergymen in the kingdom ready to verify that he heard the Most Rev. Dr. Murray declare himself to be a repealer before a large company of priests; and who has ever heard that he retracted it?—(hear, and cheers.) This is my answer to Lord Wicklow”—(renewed cheers.)—*The Nation*, Saturday, June 3.

Before Dr. Higgins had thus repeated his original statement, it had been confirmed by Dr. Murray—confirmed in a letter which some in England held to be a contradiction of it. The letter is too characteristic to be omitted. It will not alarm the reader by its length:—

“ To the Catholic Clergy of the Diocese of Dublin.

“ Beloved brethren—You must have read with extreme surprise a statement lately published in the newspapers, intimating that *all the Catholic bishops of Ireland had, without exception, thrown themselves, as ardent repealers, into the great political movement which is now agitating the country.* I owe it to you to declare (and I avail myself of the first moment after my arrival in Dublin so

to do,) that I have taken no part whatever in that movement, and that in no instance did I give to any human being the slightest reason to suppose that I have.

"In January, 1834, I concurred in the resolution unanimously passed at our general episcopal meeting, recommending our clergy to abstain in future from taking any prominent part in proceedings of a merely political character. To the spirit of that resolution I strictly adhere; and I have not, by any act or word of mine, set an example at variance with it.

"May the God of peace, who has called you to be the dispensers of his awful mysteries, guide you in the saintly exercise of your peaceful ministry, for the promotion of His greater glory, and the sanctification of those who are committed to your care.

"I remain, brethren, your humble and affectionate servant in Christ,

"† D. MURRAY.

"Mountjoy-square, 22d May, 1843."

—*The Nation*, Saturday, May 27.

If this letter is to be received as testimony, we learn from it, in conjunction with evidence previously adduced, that there were two statements respecting the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland—one, that of Dr. Higgins, who confined himself to a representation of their political opinions; the other, that of the newspaper press, which professed to describe their political conduct. According to the right reverend divine, they were all, at heart, ardent repealers. According to that statement of the newspaper press which Dr. Murray found it convenient to notice, "they had all thrown themselves into the political movement," &c. One of them, Dr. Murray, has denied the truth of this latter statement. They all, by their silence, acquiesce in the correctness of the former—"The Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland are all ardent repealers." Mark, Doctor Higgins did *not* say that Doctor Murray "*had thrown himself into the movement*" at present agitating for repeal. And this is *all* that is contradicted. He *did* say, impliedly, that Doctor Murray was, at heart, a repealer, *and this is not denied*.

"The Roman Catholic hierarchy in Ireland are all ardent repealers!!" In this announcement the hidden source of all Ireland's disorders is made known. We do not speak of

Dr. Higgins' advertisement as if it disclosed any thing really secret or new. Protestants had previously and repeatedly affirmed the same momentous truth, but had not procured general credence to it. The evidence for it is now, if not more conclusive, more undeniable. A Roman Catholic bishop has spoken, with authority, in his own name, and as the organ of his right reverend and most reverend brethren, his and their political sentiments. He has pronounced all ardent repealers, and his assertion remains unimpeached, unimpugned. It has aroused the attention of all who can reflect—has become a subject of discussion in the imperial parliament—and has not been reclaimed against by the parties most intimately concerned. It has thus become an acknowledged truth, and is to be classed among the principles from which we reason.

The frankness with which Dr. Higgins declared the sentiments of his episcopal brethren and himself did not forsake him when he described the nature of the activities through which they could give their political opinions effect.

"I cannot sit down," said he, "without adverting also to the means which that body (the Roman Catholic bishops) would have, and would be determined to exert, in case that foolish minister who presides over the fatal destinies of our country would have dared to put his threat into execution—(hear, hear, and cheers.) I, for one, defy all the ministers of England to put down agitation in the diocese of Ardagh—(Mr. O'Connell—Hurrah now for repeal.) If they attempt, my friends, to rob us of the daylight, which is, I believe, common to us all, and prevent us from assembling in the open fields, we will retire to our chapels, *and we will suspend all other instruction, in order to devote all our time to teaching the people to be repealers in spite of them*—(cheers.) If they beset our temples, and mix our people with spies, we will prepare our people for the circumstances; and if they bring us from that to the scaffold, in dying for the cause of our country we will bequeath our wrongs to our successors. (The entire assembly here arose and continued cheering for several minutes.) Let them try that experiment if they will—(cheers.) They are too keen, they are too determined to go on with their insidiousness, to give us even fair play at dying for our country—(cheers.) No,

they would not do it; and therefore I am justified in saying *that the bishops of Ireland and the people who co-operate with them, despite all human ingenuity, and all the malignity of British councils, have within their grasp the power to countervail their designs, and to carry out repeal in spite of every possible resistance.*"—*The Nation*, Saturday, May 20.

When Dr. Higgins was pleased to make the announcements and to utter the menaces which we have cited from the great organ of the repeal party, his declarations were received, as might naturally be expected, with various sentiments; but they awakened very general attention, and not a little alarm. Those who had resisted evidence, stronger, perhaps, than wise men have ever neglected in any other case, against the Church of Rome, read the speeches of Dr. Higgins with indignation and surprise: some became convinced by them of error in which they had too long indulged; some sought a subterfuge against conviction in the assumption that the speaker was an obscure man, and without the authority which could give consequence to his assertions. We apprehend this illusion has been dissipated. The statement of Dr. Higgins has been affirmed in the silence of those whom it immediately concerned. It has acquired authority by the progress which makes a papal bull become law. It has been published, and "not reclaimed against." For the obscurity of the right reverend prelate, it is factitious and imaginary. No Roman Catholic bishop in Ireland, we boldly affirm, ought to have been less obscure—none ought to have been more observed. Dr. Higgins an obscure man!! We confidently affirm the contrary. In his own church his reputation is high. He was elected professor of dogmatic theology in the college of Maynooth, after an examination of five days, in the year 1826, while he was yet a young man. In that year he gave evidence before the royal commissioners such as fully vindicated his title to be noticed. From his professorship, we believe, he was elevated to the Roman Catholic bishopric of Ardagh, of which he had been originally "a subject." For the services rendered to his church since he was set on one of its thrones, we refer those who list to the pages of the

"Catholic Almanac;" and we have no hesitation to affirm, that the notices of him in this annual are enough to prove that they who accuse the right reverend repealer of obscurity, simply prove that they themselves are troubled as regards Roman Catholic ecclesiastics with the disease of "not marking."

Our feelings, we frankly confess, when we read the speech of Dr. Higgins, were tinged with alarm, principally because we regarded it as the manifesto of one who is among the ablest of the body to which he belongs. We understood that the dinner was a temperance banquet—that there were not the ordinary excuses for indiscretion. We were convinced that a speaker who was to occupy such a post as that of a Roman Catholic bishop, acknowledging a courtesy to himself and his episcopal brethren, must have carefully studied his subject and weighed his words; and we found it difficult to avert the alarming inference that his announcement was made, because they who knew best the circumstances of Ireland thought the utterance of it consistent with safety. This was our fear. In the intelligence communicated by Dr. Higgins there was no new subject of alarm. We had long been cognisant of the predilections as well as the principles of the Roman Catholic bishops; but we *did* see matter of alarm in the fact that it was held prudent to make so plain a notification of their political sentiments.

No government can contemplate without feelings of very deep anxiety a state of things like that which Dr. Higgins has thus daringly disclosed. No government can be reputed upright or wise which will not feel that, in consequence of such a disclosure, its duties have become more arduous. That the hierarchy of the Church of Rome in Ireland—a church in which, or rather over which, the bishops exercise an authority not less absolute than that of the old oligarchy of Venice—shall, one and all, entertain a settled desire to accomplish a measure which must have as its result the dismemberment and downfall of the British empire; and that, while one or two of these high functionaries maintain amicable relations with the state, and are channels through whom government favours are distributed to the

Roman Catholic people, all their brethren lend themselves to a system of agitation which is designed to create and exasperate a hostile feeling towards England; and finally to extort a repeal of the legislative union from the weakness or the fears of the cabinet or the parliament; all this indicates a state of difficulty and a danger which the least thoughtful can scarcely contemplate without apprehension. The danger is one which it demands wisdom, and knowledge, and resolution, such as are bestowed on few, to meet in such a manner as to overcome it.

Speculators on the condition of Ireland have long been divided into two schools, or classes, in the judgments they have pronounced respectively on the agitation and disorder by which our country has been disquieted. Some have ascribed the disorder to religious or moral—some to social causes. The question at issue between these parties is now, we apprehend, only as to the degree in which each of the disturbing influences exerts itself in producing a result to which both, in some degree, contribute. A similar distinction is observable in the parties who have made public their opinions on the agitation for a repeal of the union (we confine our remarks to those who think the agitation formidable)—some regarding it as a religious movement, others as a national. These parties too, we apprehend, will learn that the distinction between them is not material. In Irish Romanism the national cannot be separate from the religious; *and this is, perhaps, the great peculiarity of the Church of Rome in Ireland.* Elsewhere, indeed in every other country, obedience to the church, and love of country, are two distinct principles of action or endurance which correct, and limit, and modify each other. In Ireland alone, they combine; and the power which they create becoming united, is a principle of hostility to England. To the Romanist bigot, England is a rock of offence as the great stay of the Reformation; to the Romanist of strong Hibernian sympathies, England is an object of hatred, as the nation which clove down his country's liberties, and degraded and impoverished the families of her defenders. The English Romanist, if he be conscious of a love of country, may withstand the behests

of Rome, where obedience to them would be detrimental to his country's interests and honour; and Rome, in its subtlety, will avoid, if it be possible, a struggle with a principle so strong as patriotism. In Ireland, a decided Romanist, in the very same proportion as his feelings of what he terms patriotism are strong, will be disposed to find it a recommendation of any precept issued by spiritual authority, that it be such as England would disapprove or deprecate. This is an advantage which Romanism has obtained in no country on earth excepting Ireland. Here, alone, Roman bigotry can be found arrayed in a dazzling eclat of patriotism; seditious patriotism can recommend itself as the minister or handmaid of religion. In truth, the two principles, the religious and the national, are now taken into one system, in which Romanism supplies the purpose, and patriotism or nationality the passion; the one directs, the other constitutes the moving force. It is a formidable combination.

The instances in which politics have been invested with a character of religion are too numerous to have escaped the observation of any who have paid the least attention to the movements of Romanism in Ireland. It will not be out of place, however, to notice a single instance here. At what has been called "The Great Repeal Demonstration in Longford," on Sunday, May 28th, Dr. Higgins, in a very energetic speech, is reported to have used the following expressions:—

"I pledged you long since, not only through this county but throughout this vast diocese, extending through seven counties—I have pledged you all to temperance—(hear, hear, hear.) You have kept that pledge under the most glorious morality. I want you all here to-day to take another pledge from me. I stand here uncovered in the presence of Almighty God, while I administer it to you, and let no man answer me in it who is not sincere in his determination to adhere to it. Let no man answer it for the mere value of a shout, or that cannot put his hand to his heart and say, in the presence of the Deity, that he is determined to co-operate with the Liberator. (A tremendous cry of, we all pledge ourselves, followed by enthusiastic cheers.) THAT IS THE HOLIEST PLEDGE THAT I OR ANY OTHER MAN EVER AD-

MINISTERED."—*The Nation*, Saturday, June 3.

The holiest pledge that ever man administered!! Thus is the purpose to effect national convulsion and dismemberment baptized with religion. Surely it is unnecessary, or rather, it is mischievous to distinguish longer between the religious and the national, or even to imagine them separate in the repeal movement. The only question which ought to occupy the mind of a legislator, or a minister, is, how are these combined influences to be dealt with?

The Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland are favourable to "repeal," and the masses at their command are passionate to accomplish that portentous measure. What is to be done by the government? There are three courses obvious—to yield—to conciliate—to resist. The first policy, we suppose, will hardly be adopted—at least, not immediately. The danger and difficulty must become more obvious and graver, before a British minister will venture to announce the craven resolution of hauling down the union-jack. The two other courses are worthy of a brief consideration. Ought a minister of the British crown to resist the efforts of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in Ireland—or, should he endeavour to conciliate them? By this latter alternative we mean—should he prostrate the establishment of the Catholic church—or else, raise up an establishment for the Roman? To endow the Church of Rome, or to dis-establish the Church of England, would probably be accepted by the "hierocracy," as a measure of conciliation. Would it be possible to buy off the Church of Rome from repeal at such a cost, or by such a sacrifice? We deliberately answer no. "We waive the quantum of the sin" altogether. We regard the question neither as moralists, as Protestants, nor as Christians—we consider merely under a political aspect, as persons who know something of Ireland; and we record our deliberate opinion, that the minister who should allay the present ferment in Ireland by such a process of conciliation as we have imagined here, might possibly have purchased some quiet hours for himself in parliament, but would have

won them by the betrayal of his country—would have confirmed Roman Catholics in the determination to make their country independent—animating them by the spectacle of England's submission, and by the reasonable hope that the obstacles were removed which have hitherto kept back many Protestants from swelling the repealers' ranks. The Roman Catholics of Ireland, we hold it a fixed principle, cannot be bribed, either by the endowment of their own church, or the impoverishment of ours, into an abandonment of the purpose to make Ireland independent. May they be resisted with effect—and how?

These are grave questions—but the answers are not difficult to find. The power of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics appears to be very great, and to have had, of late years, a very formidable increase. This must be acknowledged. It is truth. But it is remarkable, the power of the Romish priesthood over their people has been increasing in the same proportion as it seems to have been felt in its ascendancy over the state. The history of education will furnish an example in point. In the year 1812, a commission, appointed by the crown, found four thousand six hundred schools in Ireland, in about six hundred of which holy Scripture was read. It was proposed by the commissioners to have two thousand four hundred schools erected, in which the clergy of the Established Church should appoint the masters, and preside over a system of scriptural education, and that there should be a number of supplemental schools established, in which the Bible need not be read, but scriptural extracts should be used during the hours of general instruction. Finally it was determined that the experiment of the supplemental schools should be tried on the plan proposed by the Kildare-place Society. The Roman Catholic priests disapproved of the rule that the Bible was to be read; but they could not influence their people to unite with them in opposition to the dreaded system. The people could not or would not understand the righteousness of an objection to the reciting of Scripture. The result proved that they would not. In the year 1824, a second commission found that the schools in Ireland had increased to the number of eleven thou-

sand eight hundred and twenty-three, scriptural schools to the number of eight thousand and three: that is to say, the number of schools had, within the twelve years, increased *nearly threefold*; of schools in which Scripture was read, *more than thirteenfold*. A little longer, and masses of the Roman Catholic people would have been confirmed in that degree of mental independence which the constitution of Great Britain pre-supposes in those who are to exercise its privileges; but in the moment of need, the British government stepped in as has been ever its wont, and restored to the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics the captives who had almost effected their escape. Since the establishment of the anti-scriptural system of education, which is called national, in Ireland, the power of the priesthood has been very greatly augmented, and the dispositions of the people abandoned to them have become what they are now, far less favourably disposed to England (this admits of no doubt) than when England was less disposed to concession.

But the power thus acquired by "the hierocracy," exercised as it is, is not of the kind which contains a promise of permanence. It rests upon a secular rather than a religious basis. It has been fostered by unhopedor success, and is now triumphant in a system of agitation from which far greater success than has yet been achieved may be rationally hoped for. Such a power has not within itself a principle of endurance. If hope be withdrawn from it, the people over whom it is exerted will not long be patient of its pressure. As it has converted politics into religion, it has abased the sentiment of piety and faith—it has disenchanted minds from the captivations of old superstition. Were England now to meet the menace of the Roman Catholic bishops with a dignity worthy of her name—were she to withdraw from them facilities for acquiring and maintaining influence which she has given them, and they have turned against her—were she to say—You have avowed your desire to accomplish a measure which, in the judgment of all-wise men, would be ruinous to the empire; I will give you no new powers to assist you in such a scheme—those which I have lent to you I recall. Were England

thus to leave the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome destitute of the aid and countenance she has hitherto afforded them, their power over the Roman Catholics of Ireland would soon cease to be dangerous.

If the government were disposed to adopt this policy of resistance, *which implies no more than that the state will not abet what the laws and the constitution condemn*, it must be bold enough to inquire into the system of instruction for which it has made itself responsible by endowing the Royal College of Maynooth. It is, indeed, a wondrous retribution to be plagued with its own device. In order that a national rather than an alien feeling should be cherished in the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland, a domestic college is instituted and maintained by the state; and when that college, according to the testimony of Mr. Wyse, has told on the country, it is found that the national spirit it has fostered is estrangement, if not a more hostile principle, from England. Its priests are the most conspicuous in every menacing demonstration, and the bishops it has raised up are, one and all, ardent repealers. Surely it would be advisable to explore the educational course which England seems thus to have countenanced to her own sore detriment; and to ascertain whether or not the grave charges which have been preferred against it, have a foundation in fact.

The Church of Rome in these countries has a rare advantage in its opposition to the government: namely, that of feeling assured that its assaults are not likely to provoke reprisals. It is a very singular, although an incontestable, fact, that, in her relations with the state, Romanism frequently adopts the air and language of menace and defiance, frequently accompanies and exemplifies its language with acts of hostility, while the state, however irritating these acts and expressions may be, never once intermits or withdraws her bounties and favours from the formidable and refractory rival. Bishops and priests combine against the Established Church, excite popular violence, not against its doctrines, against which, perhaps, a sense of duty might urge those who thought them dangerous, to protest, but against its revenues, in which clearly persons of a

different religion, who really had no share in the burden they imposed, could righteously have no concern. No matter, the state proceeded as usual paying for the education of the clergy who thus daringly opposed it, and showing its sense of their criminal clamours only by mulcting the body against whom their fury was directed, and compelling the landed proprietors to pay directly an imposition which they had previously paid at second hand. The state recently in its favour towards ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, committed to them the education of the Irish people—at least proclaimed that education must be conducted agreeably to the principles of their church, and rendered the proclamation emphatic by denying aid to the clergy of the Established Church. What is the acknowledgment of Romanism? It is made in the speech of Dr. Higgins, in the announcement that all the Roman Catholic bishops are at heart ardent repealers, and have declared themselves such. Ought the rejoinder of the state to be some new favour? Would not Romanism be more abstinent if she had reason to apprehend that menace, and assault, and injury, were sure to provoke a severe and just retaliation?

But it may be said that an inquiry into the system of education pursued at Maynooth could have no effect on the repeal agitation by which the country is now disordered. This would not be altogether correct. Such an inquiry, well conducted, would intercept many a copious source of most pernicious agitation. At the same time it may be true that such a measure would not meet all the exigencies of the present crisis. There are two things to be done. The agitation which now affrights the country is to be suppressed or allayed—the source of future agitation is to be cut off. To effect the one, government must turn its attention energetically to the tumultuary meetings by which it has been proclaimed, “repeal” is to be carried; to effect the other, it must explore and reform the system of education provided, at its cost and charge, for the Roman Catholic clergy.

It is said that the repeal demonstrations are to be permitted with no greater discouragement than that stimulating check, if the Hibernicism may

be indulged to us, which the Lord Chancellor of Ireland has so ingeniously applied. It is also very confidently rumoured that Maynooth is to remain unventilated. Nay, it is more than insinuated that Romanism is to be endowed in Ireland; and shrewd reasons are assigned to justify a measure which may have the effect of protecting the British minister against so grave an inconvenience as might arise to embarrass him if the people of Ireland were to become united. We pass away from these rumours, and, whether they be idle or well grounded, we beseech attention, from all who have authority or influence, to a matter which seems to have been too generally neglected. While the nation listens to the portentous menaces of the Roman church, and looks on inactively upon the gathering hosts which are to be the vast armies of repeal, what provision is made for keeping together the band of Irish Protestants upon whose union and loyalty the best interests of the empire may soon be dependent? It may be said that the principles in which they have been brought up should keep them steadfast, and eloquent scorn may be vented, even on the suspicion that they could be led astray. But surely the subject is too momentous to be so lightly disposed of. If Protestants are led to think that England is untrue to them, what principle can stand firm against such a dispiriting conviction? They have remembrances which will awaken too often, and which may become too powerful to bear up against. The corporations transferred from them, the yeomanry disbanded, the Orange society, that great break-water of Protestantism in Ireland, dissolved; and, while they have been thus left comparatively defenceless, their adversaries permitted to assemble in numbers sufficient to appal stout hearts—permitted to utter sentiments and to avow purposes of a character the most menacing, the most exasperating! Surely, when under such circumstances, the memory of what they have been required to surrender presents itself to their troubled minds, there ought to be some provision made that they shall not lose their trust in England, as they remember how she has recompensed them, and as they see how she indulges their and her enemies.

It is not an easy task to make Protestants of the humbler classes, especially those who had been enrolled as Orangemen, understand the justice of the laws by which they conceive themselves aggrieved. Meetings in commemoration of the achievement which saved the empire are illegal; meetings in anticipation of an event which is to achieve the empire's ruin are pronounced conformable to law! Meetings of hundreds to celebrate the triumph of civil and religious liberty are prohibited, because some Roman Catholics took offence at them! Meetings of hundreds of thousands to effect a change which would imply the overthrow of all liberty, the extirpation of Protestants from Ireland, and the dismemberment and final prostration of the British empire, although every man in the country attached to British connection looks upon them not only with indignation, but with a lively sense of alarm, are permitted, nay, government has been at the expense—an expense surely for which the parties convening such meetings ought to be made liable—of protecting them, or protecting the public peace which they threaten, to insure a quiet issue to their parades and reviews of physical force! Such is the distinction made by modern law between retrospection and anticipation! One might say the distinction is the reverse of what it should be. The retrospect of the Orangemen had for its object an accomplished fact—in its spirit there was the guarantee of permanence. The anticipation of the repealers has for its object a convulsion yet to be: its essence is a spirit of change. Should its purpose be attained, England must cease to be a nation. It is not easy to make men little conversant with the subtleties of law, and the difficulties by which legislation is embarrassed, to understand the justice of the law which makes such a distinction as Protestants complain of. The utmost which the friends of order can do, is, to induce submission to it; and it is a state of things much to be de-

precated, and such as demands the most serious attention of men in power, that the classes in Ireland upon which, in the event of a civil war, the issue of the struggle will be dependent, even while they obey the laws which here impose new, and, as they think, injurious restraints upon the meetings of loyal men, complain of them and protest against them, nevertheless, as severe, and unjust, and partial. We certainly would not have Orange processions revived; *but in a country where a law so alien to the spirit of the British constitution as that for their prevention has been passed, one would expect to see the balance kept in some sort even by a corresponding law passed against demonstrations in favour of repeal.* If this may not be, some better arrangement should be made to restore confidence to the subjects of Great Britain in Ireland, who desire the maintenance of British connection, and to keep them steadfast to their principles and their party until at least the impending danger be overpast.

The danger of division among Protestants ought not to be regarded as a chimera; nor, under existing circumstances, would it be wise or honest to conceal it. A system of propagandism seems to have been organized, against which measures of protection should be taken. Paid emissaries, there is much reason to believe, are active and insidious in the endeavour to inspire discontent in the great Protestant body. Presbyterians are exasperated against the Established Church, rendered more offensive in their eyes by the imputation to it of tractarian Romanism: the discontents of the poor are inflamed, and their cupidity tempted by dazzling promises as to the change which is to be wrought in the condition of farmers and tradesmen; and, on the other hand, the fears of all Protestants, especially females, are wrought upon by mysterious intimations of a danger near at hand.* Those who say, that the Protestants may be de-

* The following notice of such influences is taken from the *Newry Telegraph* of June 17:—

“In Kenary, near Charlemont, resides a pensioner, called ———, a Roman Catholic, being also a repealer. This person lately applied to several of his neighbours, who are mostly Protestants, urging them to become repealers—i. e. to subscribe to the repeal rent. All his arguments, however, were unavailing. Among the recusants was another pensioner, a Protestant. On the night of the same day

pended on, and that the emergency, whenever it comes, will find them ready, do not take into account the agencies which are employed in detaching them from their duty and their true interest. Times and circumstances are greatly changed since the periods upon the remembrance of which sanguine men place their reliance. Influences to divide and dismay, open and secret, are far more powerful than they ever were before—Protestants are exposed to them unprovided of the defences which had in old times afforded them protection—bonds which united them into a compact body have been some loosened, some broken—that confidence in the wisdom, and power, and justice of the British government which sustained them against the artifices and assaults of enemies has been mournfully weakened. If it be desirable that Protestants, under such circumstances, be kept together, it is wise to think of means by which the efforts to disunite them can be counteracted.

Upon the means, or the best means, of effecting this great good, we wish those would reflect who have ample knowledge of the state and resources of the country. For our parts we offer no suggestion. This much, however, we may venture to say, the objections usually offered to the adoption of obvious means of defending and uniting loyal men, are with us decided arguments in favour of it. We speak of the re-embodiment of the yeomanry. *That an objection should be urged and should prevail against such a measure in Ireland, is proof that we are in a most unsound state of political being.* Nothing can be more accordant with the spirit of our constitution than the maintenance of a yeomanry force; nothing can show that the principles of our constitution are forgotten more clearly than the objections which are successful against the expedient of calling out such a body for the defence of the country. The yeomanry of Ireland ought never to have been disembodied; and it would be a great good, if the difficulties of these present times influence a careful

government to reconstruct that constitutional force anew. It is said that the circumstances of Ireland are so dissimilar from those of Great Britain, that they forbid the employment of a force which in England may be used with advantage. On the contrary, the dissimilarity of circumstances would create a necessity for its employment. In Ireland it is said, a yeomanry would be mainly composed of Protestants. It would so, because the repeal army is mainly composed of Roman Catholics. The circumstances of Ireland are these:—about a million and a half of its inhabitants are resolute to maintain British connection; about five millions are said to be determined on effecting a separation from England, total or partial. It would clearly be madness to recruit the yeomanry from this disaffected multitude. It is little less than madness to leave the well-affected a multitude, when they might be made powerful as an organized body, simply because they who desire the downfall of England, and the few who are willing to be their instruments, object to the employment of what they call a party force. It was one of the complaints against the yeomanry of former years that they were composed of Protestants, in many instances of Orangemen. The answer was, that in those days a force so composed was the only one which could be relied on. A remarkable instance in point was furnished in the case of a corps commanded by Mr. Sharman Crawford. *Every individual, with, at the most, a single exception, under his command was an Orangeman!* He was not himself a member of the Orange institution; he was, perhaps then, as now, of politics which forbade his joining that body; but he wished to have a corps of loyal men, who would not betray the cause which they swore to serve. He deliberately made or acceded to a rule, that every candidate for admission into his corps should pass through the scrutiny of a ballot; and, as the inevitable consequence, his corps consisted exclusively of *Protestants*—or

on which the parties were solicited, and refused, threatening notices were put under the doors of each, commanding them to leave the country immediately, or else——; stating at the same time that they had had an opportunity of becoming repealers, but that they had refused," &c. &c.

ORANGEMEN! The practice thus sanctioned by the adoption and approval of so ultra a liberal as Mr. Sharman Crawford was an answer and a refutation in advance to all that has been urged against the employment of a Protestant yeomanry. But it need not be exclusively Protestant. Wherever Roman Catholics, favourable to British connection and of known loyalty, would join the force, they should be welcomed, as indeed they have been welcomed, even in times when it is pretended the force was exclusive. If all Roman Catholics cast themselves "into the repeal movement," or suffer themselves to be deterred from opposing it, such a state of things which

makes manifest the necessity of concentrating in yeomanry corps the strength of the loyal, supplies, at the same time, an explanation why these bodies are exclusively Protestant. In a word, the yeomanry force is strictly constitutional; the objections urged against the calling it out furnish a reason the more why the state should return again to the old ways of the constitution, and organize and arm loyal subjects to maintain them.

Our space is exhausted; topics, and thoughts, and wishes still continue to crowd upon us; but "to those who *think*, we have said enough—to those who *feel*, we are afraid to say more."

ENGLISH NOTIONS OF IRISH AFFAIRS.

DEAR MAC SHANE—You are somewhat surprised at the proceedings of the British government in regard to Irish affairs, and you desire to know what the people in England really think of the state of Ireland. I shall tell you all about this as well as I can, but you must not expect to hear any thing reasonable when I am telling you of general impressions. No man who has lived thirty years in the world and looked about him, will hope to find truth in public opinion about occurrences of the day. It may be that public opinion comes right in the end, but if it does, it blunders along through a vast quantity of preposterous notions before it arrives at that end. Men of passion or of subtlety are generally the guides of public opinion, and such men are generally wrong. Either they are the dupes of their own desires, or they wish to dupe others into becoming the instruments of these desires. Show me a man with large gifts for forming and swaying public opinion, and I will show you a man whom it is dangerous to trust in regard to public matters. I say this without any imputation upon their sincerity—

"For he is oft the wisest man
Who is not wise at all,"

as the poet sings; and as Edmund

Burke has said, even the lamp of prudence may blind a man if it shine with unnatural lustre; how much more those lights of genius which more generally attract the public admiration, and give a man influence in guiding the opinion of the multitude!

But to quit moralizing and come to facts:—five-sixths of all the people in England who are worth five hundred pounds and upwards, think the Irish a very dangerous sort of people at all times, and more particularly at present; and they think that at all times it is very meet, right, and prudent, but more particularly at present, to have a strong force in Ireland to overawe the rebellious in spirit, or to crush rebellion if it break out. This feeling however is not connected, as many of you in Ireland might think, with any especial fear or hatred of the Irish people, or with a desire of domination. In short, it is connected with no strong feeling whatever, but simply a sentiment arising from some sense of dignity, and some habit of precaution in regard to all that is strange and not well understood. Of this tolerably general feeling of the middle and upper classes in England regarding Ireland, you will of course find nothing in the newspapers, because it is their business to deal not so much with the actual as with the prominent. Of all the sentiments and actions—the

thoughts, words, and works of men—but a very small part indeed thrust themselves forward into public observation, and it is with this small part alone that the public journals have, or ought to have, any thing to do. Yet it is this unexpressed feeling of society which mainly influences the votes of the great mass of members of parliament. It is only the more prominent few who are mainly guided by such reasonings and impressions as are publicly stated and maintained in parliament, or at popular meetings, or in the press. These few are, whether consciously, or unconsciously, public performers, and must study their parts accordingly. They lead in one sense, but in another sense they follow. Their course is under the control of public events as they happen to arise and to arrange themselves, and the deep, effectual under-current often runs in a different direction to that which is at the top, and under direct public observation.

If the feeling of *the British nation* were consulted, there is no measure however strong which government might think fit to propose for the security of the friends of British connexion in Ireland, that would not be eagerly welcomed. But the feeling of the British nation is one thing, and the affectation of the British House of Commons quite another. The distinction between the reality of British sentiment and that which men venture to profess in the House of Commons is growing broader every year. It is the vice of the time to eschew genuineness, and it is impossible to hinder this vice from having its practical effect; but it is well to mark the difference between events which have their foundation in the national conviction or the national prejudice, and those which flow from a spurious parliamentary affectation. It was this affectation which carried the Roman Catholic emancipation bill. Whether that measure was theoretically right or wrong, it was a measure from which most assuredly the national sentiment of Great Britain revolted; but as by far the greater part of the eloquence and ingenuity of public speaking and public writing had been on its side, it became the affectation of the House of Commons to regard opposition to it as

a mark of prejudice or thick-headedness, and so it was carried.

It belongs to the character, the position, the history, and the temper of the present prime minister to refer every thing to the House of Commons standard. I do not find fault with this—I merely state the fact. The minister will never correct any error of the house, if it commit an error, by throwing upon the subject the light and heat of the national sentiment. From any thing that has yet occurred in the House of Commons it might be supposed that the ministers in that house were scarcely cognisant that there was any such thing as a particular agitation in Ireland at the present time. If the government have shown an astounding activity in the transmission of military force to Ireland, the government has shown an apathy no less astonishing upon the subject in the House of Commons. Perhaps I should not say apathy, but speak rather of a cold, guarded caution. The reason of all this, if there be any reason, is yet to appear. Many attribute it to a kind of fastidious fear, of which they disapprove. Government is anxious to distinguish itself as a government of pure reasonableness. It would apparently wish to solve the problem of the management of Ireland as if it were a problem of mathematics. It is resolved to have no likings or dislikings. It is willing to suppose Mr. O'Connell and his men to mean as well as any other set of men in the kingdom, and to judge of all exactly as if government were but a higher department of police, only excluded from taking cognisance of past character and conduct, as the inferior police courts do. If this be a true account of the present government, it may be decided at once that such government will not do for Ireland. Yet that this is a true account may be concluded from the course which government has taken. The only serious notice of the agitation for the repeal of the union which the prime minister has taken in the House of Commons, has been a recapitulation of the declaration ventured upon by the Whig government in 1834, and expressed in the speech from the throne at the opening of the parliamentary session in that year.

Sir Robert Peel, after reading those strong expressions, stated that he was authorized by her majesty to say that such were also her sentiments upon the same subject; and there the minister left the matter, and has left it. He has directed none of his eloquence to the excitement of a feeling of indignation against the conduct of Mr. O'Connell. It was not so during the former repeal agitation, when Sir Robert Peel was leader of the opposition. Not very long after the speech from the throne which denounced the O'Connell agitation in Ireland, the honourable and learned gentleman thought fit to hint at the propriety of reducing the interest upon the national debt, and talked with bitter derision of "the cant of national faith." This roused Sir Robert Peel. He said that "he rejoiced to hear the honourable and learned member for Dublin avow his political creed, because when they came in a few days to the consideration of the repeal of the union, they would bear in mind under what auspices and with what views the measure was proposed;" and he then proceeded in the following more than usually emphatic strain:—

"Oh, all ye who have interest in the funds in Ireland—oh, all you Protestants who hold lands in Ireland, learn by this timely declaration what your fate will be when you shall have been delivered up to the tender mercies of a popular assembly, returned by the influence and adopting the principles of this man, who makes a jest of national honour, and talks of the cant of public faith.

'I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

"The question of the repeal of the union has been decided by that preliminary declaration. Who that had any thing to lose would not draw the inference, that if such slender pretences could be brought forward to justify the violation of national faith, there could be no security for any property of any description!"

In this way did Sir Robert Peel, when leader of the opposition, animate the public sentiment against the repeal agitation. His silence as minister, combined with the evidence afforded,

or supposed to be afforded, by the military preparations in Ireland, has led many to conclude that he has something so serious to disclose, that until every thing is ripe for its announcement, he is unwilling to be drawn into remarks which might tend to reveal his secret too soon.

It is needless to repeat for the hundredth time that the English do not understand the Irish. It is not probable they ever will. When the English hear of prodigious meetings renewed from time to time, they cannot help believing that the people who thus assemble must have some definite purpose of good for themselves, to be attained at the expense of England. They cannot understand that all this trouble could be taken for the mere sake of display, or the glorification of a popular leader. "What do the people want?" say they; "what do they expect to gain by these multitudinous assemblages? We knew what our people wanted when they assembled in riotous disarray last autumn. They wanted a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; but when they found that going about in a riotous matter did not bring them any nearer to the point at which they aimed, they abandoned their tumultuous proceedings." Thus do the English talk; and it is in vain that one hints to them that such meetings may take place without any distinct object on the part of the people thus assembling. It is in vain that one tries to explain that the very love of mystery—the *not* knowing exactly why they are wanted to make such formidable demonstrations, and therefore fancying something much more important in the matter than there really is—may be the very reason that such multitudes assemble. The mass of the Londoners eagerly caught at the bold assertion of "*The Times*"—"Ireland is on the verge of rebellion." It was the very thing which had been occurring in an indistinct manner to their minds for some time previously, and they rejoiced to find it proclaimed in plain terms by their favourite journal. For some days after this you could not hint to any London citizen of credit and renown that you did not apprehend rebellion in Ireland, without exciting his contempt, and some degree of indignation. He deemed it an

affront to his own sagacity to doubt that there was the most imminent danger. Loud as the applause generally is at city dinners when the Duke of Wellington's health is given, it never was so tremendous as when his present activity was called to mind in making such effectual preparations for the outbreak in Ireland—and all this when your good Protestant folks in Ireland were wondering what all this mighty warlike preparation could mean, and almost laughing at what seemed to you a ludicrously unnecessary display of force!

I know if I were writing this to any of the multitudinous victims of the O'Connell machinations, they would forthwith be persuaded that Saxon hatred of the Irish led to this feeling of exultation at the prompt and effectual preparation which has been made for putting down revolt in Ireland, if any such thing should be manifested. But you will not be thus misled. It is very true that the general feeling of the English in regard to the Irish is the reverse of respectful. The general notion of them is tinged by a foregone conclusion about a tendency to absurdity and wrong-headedness. The defects of the English character lead the English into exaggerated conceptions of the defects of the Irish. The coldness of the English temperament, and their dull, dogged laboriousness in the pursuit of riches and distinction, which, when obtained, they cannot enjoy, make them regard as quite absurd those errors which, although in an opposite direction, are scarcely more unreasonable than their own, and are frequently less unamiable. It is not, then, because the English hate the Irish, or wish to see them coerced by military force, that they have rejoiced to see a commanding force in Ireland, but it is because they dislike and fear public disorder, especially when it has no clear practical matter for its object, and therefore they are glad to see put under check that which they consider a direct tendency to public unsettlement and disturbance.

Sir Edward Sugden had, as you know, a prodigious reputation here as a lawyer, and such is the effect of that reputation, that many persons will scarcely suffer themselves to believe that his proceedings with

regard to the Irish magistracy have not been just what they ought to have been. But the majority of thinking people, even here, are not of that opinion. They believe that his letter to Lord Ffrench said a great deal too much. There was no need of mooted the question of legality, or of stating that the government did not want to govern opinion. It is a great fault of lawyers, and especially of chancery lawyers, that they are apt to say a great deal more than there is any necessity for saying. If there had been a circular sent from the office of the secretary of state to all Irish magistrates declaring that the government deemed the agitation of the repeal of the union dangerous to the public peace, and requesting them to use all their magisterial power and influence towards the discouragement of that agitation, it would have made the will and purpose of the government evident to all. If after that notification, any magistrate gave encouragement to the agitation, no more explanation would have been required for superseding him than simply that as he did not take the same views of what was needful for preserving the public peace as were taken by her majesty's ministers, it was better that he should not continue to hold her majesty's commission. If this course had been taken it does not seem likely that the chancellor, or any other officer of the crown, would have had to encounter the variety of epistolary treatises which have been written upon the points of law and government which are thrown out (as it were for criticism) in the Irish lord chancellor's letter.

As to party disquisition upon Irish affairs, it is to be remarked that no organ even of the most Radical part of the Whigs ventures to advocate repeal. Still Mr. O'Connell is excused. The Whigs are placed in rather an awkward predicament in this matter. No hardihood of prevarication, or ingenuity of wriggling, can get them out of their distinct and oft-reiterated pledges to uphold the union. On the other hand they have been too deeply implicated with Mr. O'Connell—too much bound to him in times past, and with too much hope of his assistance in time to come, to make it politic for them to cast any blame upon him. They therefore ex-

cuse him, after their manner, by assuming that he does not in the least mean what he says, and that, while he agitates nominally for a repeal of the union, the mode by which that agitation may be subdued is to repeal the Protestant Church in Ireland! This is a curious sort of explanation, and no doubt very creditable to Mr. O'Connell's honesty and candour; no less so than the assurance of the same high journalizing authority that though Mr. O'Connell boasts that he will effect repeal by peaceful agitation and by strictly legal means, it is absurd to suppose that he really contemplates the possibility of repealing the union by any other method than that of physical force. It strikes me that nothing can be more disgusting, after the experience which the Protestants of Ireland and of Great Britain have had, than the suggestion that it would be wise to surrender the Established Church in Ireland in order to satisfy the longings of Mr. O'Connell and his party. The baseness of such a surrender, if it could be exceeded by any thing, would be exceeded by the folly of supposing that such a concession to rabble intimidation, would put an end to that intimidation, and the demands which are attempted to be enforced by it. Do the Whigs suppose that the Protestants of the empire are such miserable dolts and drivellers—so totally bereft of all sense and memory as to be betrayed and cheated over and over again, by the same coarse arts, and the same false protestations of the same men? Are we to forget that all manner of men, Irish orators, and English Whig wits, lawyers, and legislators, writers of pamphlets, and writers of newspapers, and writers of songs, all joined in the chorus, which for years was dinned into our ears, that the Romanists wanted nothing but relief from civil disabilities, and that being emancipated all jealousy of the Established Church would cease? Did it not come to pass at last, that a man dared scarcely utter his apprehension that if the Romanists gained political power they would direct it against the church establishment, so ready were all the smartest talkers and writers in the kingdom, to be down upon the hapless utterer of such an apprehension—to abuse him as a bigot, to ridicule him as a fool—to hold him

up to scorn and derision as a person incapable of reasoning forward from cause to effect, or backward from effect to cause? And yet it turns out that the apprehension was perfectly well-founded, and that the concession to the Romanists, far from satisfying them, has made them ten times more vehement in their complaints than they were before. It has turned out that the political power granted to the Irish Romanists has been incessantly directed against the Established Church, and at length we are told that to prevent Ireland from being wrested altogether from the British empire, the Established Church in Ireland must be surrendered as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the Irish Romanist monster, or, as the Whigs have it, "the church grievance" must be abolished!

But this new Whig plan of propitiating Mr. O'Connell and restoring peace to Ireland, is but of a piece with the whole dastardly course of their conduct since 1834—a course of conduct than which nothing could possibly be more disgraceful, unless it be the extraordinary impudence with which they now pretend that by the wisdom of *their* government Ireland was kept tranquil. Why their whole secret consisted in an absolute surrender to the great mob-master Mr. O'Connell—a surrender which was begun, continued, and consummated, not from any regard to Irish tranquillity, but from considerations affecting *the political state of parties in England*. That it began with this object, Earl Grey has himself distinctly affirmed, in giving an account of the base intrigue which led to his abandonment of the government. He stated in his place in parliament that he had received a private letter from the lord lieutenant containing matters which appeared to have been suggested not so much by any original view taken of the state of Ireland, as by certain considerations which were suggested to the lord lieutenant from England, without his (Lord Grey's) knowledge or concurrence—considerations affecting rather the political state of parties in England, than of Ireland. This was the first fruit of the intrigue with O'Connell, which, being undertaken by Mr. Littleton, shortly after Mr. O'Connell had posted Mr. Littleton's

party through Europe as "the base, brutal, and bloody Whigs," soon made the able agitator their fast and most influential friend, while it lost them Lord Grey.

To judge of the gross and shameless conduct of the Whigs, who now boast to have had the welfare of Ireland so much at heart, and to have governed it so well, it will be useful to take a rapid glance at the history of affairs in 1834. At the commencement of the session of that year, King William the Fourth from his throne in the House of Lords—I heard him *hisce auribus*, and well I remember the emphasis with which he spoke—stated the *just indignation* which he felt at the continuance of attempts to excite the people of Ireland to demand a repeal of the legislative union. In the summer of that year, Earl Grey proposed a renewal of the Irish coercion act, and, alluding to the speeches of political agitators, said it was impossible for any one to suppose that these political harangues, as they were called, could be addressed to the people without stirring up among them a general spirit of resistance to the constituted authorities, and of disobedience to the laws, which broke out in excesses such as had been witnessed in Ireland, and which it was the object of the coercion bill to prevent.

The further summary of parliamentary history connected with this matter I shall copy from Dr. O'Sullivan's "Case of the Protestants of Ireland." They who would form a proper estimate of the honesty of the Whigs in Irish matters, should never forget this little history.

"On July 3d, Mr. O'Connell demanded of the chief secretary for Ireland, whether the statement in the newspapers, that the renewal of the coercion bill in its present form had been advised and called for by the Irish government was correct? He asked also whether it was the secretary's intention to bring in the bill into the House of Commons, and on learning that whoever brought it in, Mr. Littleton would vote for it, observed in words not to be forgotten, 'then, I have been exceedingly deceived by the right honourable gentleman.' It was upon this occasion that memorable altercation between these honourable members amazed the reformed House of Commons, and gave rise to discussions,

in which the secret proceedings by which Earl Grey was circumvented became to some extent exposed. Mr. Littleton, after consultation with Lord Althorp, had confided to Mr. O'Connell his belief that the forthcoming coercion bill was not to contain a clause enabling government to put down political agitation. Mr. O'Connell, relying on the right honourable secretary's communication, suffered the government to proceed on its way unmolested. Mr. Littleton had communicated in confidence also with the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and endeavoured to procure from him a recantation of the opinion he had officially announced, that without the disputed power he could not carry on the government; Lord Wellesley, in compliance with this clandestine suggestion, declared that he would endeavour to content himself with the mutilated bill—that he would, in short, halt on as well as he could by the aid of the broken reed that was prepared for him. This, also, without the knowledge of Lord Grey, or even of Lord Althorp, Mr. Littleton confided to the *Liberator*. The consequence was, the retirement of the head of the government—the abandonment of the obnoxious clause in the coercion bill—the adoption of a policy of which Mr. O'Connell approved—and finally it is said, to that gentleman a large increase of 'rent'—and to Mr. Littleton, a peerage. Mr. O'Connell, as soon as Earl Grey had been actually displaced, was willing to condole with Mr. Littleton, whom he had previously accused of falsehood, and wished that a double share of blame should fall upon him, rather than that the secretary should be censured. There is little more to be said. The combined indiscretion of these two gentlemen prevailed, like a successful stratagem, against Earl Grey. They have each had their reward—*ille crucem, hic diadema*. The one has the coins—and the other, a title."

Such was the commencement of that O'Connell alliance, to which the Melbourne government was indebted for six years of place—as base an intrigue as ever disgraced a party: and this is what is now alluded to, within parliament, and without, as the kind and careful policy of the Whigs for the benefit of Ireland! From that time to the overthrow of the Whigs in 1841, (with the short interval of Sir Robert Peel's first administration,) the Whig government of Ireland was O'Connell's government; and the mobs were comparatively quiet, because the masters

of the mobs had their "consideration." Is this a system that Irishmen, of honour and patriotism, should wish to see revived? Never.

The English public have no definite notions on the subject of the causes of Irish discontent. Whether they will be more enlightened on the point after the discussion of Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion on the 27th instant, I shall not now anticipate. That gentleman has given notice that he will move on the 27th for a committee of the whole house to consider those causes. A feasible project truly, at the end of June! Such a committee would afford the House of Commons three months' work at the least, though it did nothing else during the time. But Mr. Smith O'Brien knows very well he will get no committee. He will only have a night's, or perhaps two nights', debate upon Irish grievances, and his motion will be negatived, leaving the subject in the same confused maze of contradiction which envelopes it at present. When the subject of Irish grievances is started in any mixed company of the English middle classes, the first inquiry is, "what taxes do they pay?" And when it is answered that they pay no income tax, no assessed taxes, no taxes on horses, carriages, servants, or windows, that it is only lately they have heard of poor rates, and that church rates are not paid by the public, but out of the ecclesiastical funds, they find it hard to swallow the tale of Irish grievances. They may be very dull in this respect, but this is their way. They do not understand what pressure there can be in grievances which they call imaginary. If you mention "the grievance of the Irish church" to any but hot partisans who have gathered their views from the Radical newspapers, they ask "who pays?" "Has the church funds of its own, as in England?" Yes. "Are the dissenters from the Established Church called upon for rates to keep churches in repair?" No. "Well, then, you have no right to talk of grievance, as regards the church."

Such is their conclusion. How far it is a reasonable one, I leave you to judge.

There are people here, however, (with whom I agree,) who think that Ireland suffers under the grievance of a well-meaning, but an erroneous and uncongenial government. They say that the civil government of the country has the faults of weakness and ambiguity, and that it acts in such a manner that no considerable portion of the Irish public reposes in it that warmth of confidence, which is necessary to the satisfaction of the Irish people. They say (and I think justly,) that the Irish are constitutionally disposed to look upon all persons connected with them either as friends or as foes, and that they can as little comprehend a cold, neutral government, as the English can comprehend the quick, imaginative, humorous, passionate character of the Irish, which appears even in the conduct of grave affairs. They say that such a government is a mistake, and that Ireland requires a strong, fervent, intelligible government. Many to whom one states this think that what one really means is a violent, harsh, tyrannical government of the favoured few over the unfavoured many. I am sure that I, for one, mean no such thing. I abhor tyranny and truculence, let who will attempt to indulge in either the one or the other: but I think there might be a government at once resolute and kind—at once decided in principle and forbearing in practice—at once a terror to evil doers, and an encourager and benefactor of those who do well—a government that would despise conciliation with knaves and bullies, and that would show kindness and fostering care to honest industry and faithful obedience, though it were ever so humble. I think that such a government as this might even now put down repeal of the union agitation, and do so without bloodshed or military force.

Believe me, dear Mac Shane,

Yours very truly,

TERENCE O'ROURKE.

St. Giles's, London, June 15, 1843.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXVIII. AUGUST, 1843. Vol. XXII.

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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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THE LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT VIII.—BRUXELLES—"THE FRANCE."

MORGAN O'DOGHERTY was wrong—and sooth to say, he was not often so—when he pronounced a “mess” to be the perfection of dinner society. In the first place, there can be no perfection any where, or in any thing, it is evident, where ladies are not. Secondly, a number of persons so purely professional, and therefore so very much alike in their habits, tone of thinking, and expression, can scarcely be expected to make up that complex amalgam so indispensable to pleasant society. Lastly, the very fact of meeting the same people each day, looking the very same way too, is a sad damper to that flow of spirits, which, for their free current, demand all the chances and vicissitudes of a fresh audience. In a word, in the one case a man becomes like a Dutch canal, standing stagnant and slow between its trim banks; in the other, he is a bounding rivulet, careering pleasantly through grassy meadows and smiling fields, now basking in the gay sunshine, now lingering in the cool shade; at one moment hurrying along between rocks and moss-grown pebbles, brawling, breaking, and foaming; at the next, expanding into some little lake, calm, and deep, and mirror like.

It is the very chances and changes of conversation, its ups and downs, its lights and shadows—so like those of life itself—that make its great charm; and for this generally, a mixed party gives the only security. Now, a mess has very little indeed of this requisite; on the contrary, its great stronghold is the fact, that it offers an easy tableland for all capacities. It has its little, dry, stale jokes, as flat and as dull as the orderly book; the regular quiz about Jones's whiskers or Tobin's horse; the hacknied stories about Simpson of “Ours,” or Nokes of “Yours,” of which the major is never tired, and the newly-joined sub. is enraptured. Bless their honest hearts, very little fun goes far in the army; like the regimental allowance of wine, it will never intoxicate, and no man is expected to call for a fresh supply.

I have dined at more messes than any red coat of them all, at home and abroad; cavalry, artillery, and infantry—horse, foot, and dragoons, as Grattan has it; in gala parties, with a general and his staff for guests; after sweltering field days, where all the claret could not clear your throat of pipe-clay and contract powder; in the colonies where flannel jackets were substituted for regulation coats, and land crabs and pepper-pots for

saddles and sirloins ; in Connemara, Calcutta, or Corfu, it was all the same,—*cælum non animum*——&c.

Not but that they had all their little peculiarities among themselves ; so much so, indeed, that I offer a fifty, if you set me down blindfolded at any mess in the service, to tell you what “corps” they belong, to before the cheese appears ; before the bottle goes half round, I’ll engage to distinguish the hussars from the heavies, and the fusileers from the light-bobs ; and when the president is ringing for more claret, it will go the hard with me if I don’t make a shrewd guess at the number of regiment.

The great charm of the mess is to those young, ardent spirits, fresh from Sandhurst or Eton, sick of mathematics, and bored with false quantities. To them the change is indeed a glorious one, and I’d ask nothing better than to be sixteen, and enjoy it all ; but for the old stagers, it is slow work indeed. A man curls his whiskers at forty with far less satisfaction than he surveys their growth and development at eighteen ; he tightens his waist too, at that period, with a very different sense of enjoyment. His first trip to Jamaica is little other than a “lark ;” his fourth or fifth, with a wife and four brats, is scarcely a party of pleasure ; and all these things re-act on the mess. Besides, it is against human nature itself to like the people who rival us ; and who could enjoy the jokes of a man that stands between him and a majority ? Yet, taking them all in all, the military cut up better than any other professionals. The doctors might be agreeable ; they know a vast deal of life, and in a way too, that other people never see it ; but meet them *en masse*, they are little better than body snatchers ; there is not a malady too dreadful, nor an operation too bloody, to tell you over your soup ; every slice of the turkey suggests an amputation, and they sever a wing with the anatomical precision they would extirpate a thigh bone. Life to them has no interest except where it verges on death ; and from habit and hardening they forget that human suffering has any other phase than a source of wealth to the medical profession.

The lawyers are even worse. To listen to them, you would suppose that the highest order of intellect was a skill in chicanery ; that trick and stratagem were the foremost walks of talent ; that to browbeat a poor man, and to confound a simple one, were great triumphs of genius ; and that the fairest gift of the human mind was that which enabled a man to feign every emotion of charity, benevolence, pity, anger, grief, and joy, for the sum of twenty pounds sterling, wrung from abject poverty, and briefed by an “honest attorney.”

As to the parsons, I must acquit them honestly of any portion of this charge. It has been my fortune to “assist” at more than one visitation dinner, and I can safely aver, that never by any accident did the conversation become professional, nor did I hear a word of piety during the entertainment.

Country gentlemen are scarcely professional, however the similarity of their tastes and occupations might seem to warrant the classification—fox-hunting, grouse-shooting, game-preserving, road-jobbing, rent-exacting, land-tilling, being propensities in common. They are the slowest of all ; and the odds are long against any one keeping awake after the conversation has taken its steady turn into short-horns, Swedish turnips, subsoiling, and southdowns.

Artists are occasionally well enough, if only for their vanity and self-conceit.

rs are better still, for ditto and ditto.

Actors are most amusing from the innocent delusion they labour under, that all that goes on in life is unreal, except what takes place in Covent Garden or Drury-lane; in a word, professional cliques are usually detestable, the individuals who compose them being frequently admirable ingredients, but intolerable when unmixed; and society like a Macedoine, is never so good as when its details are a little incongruous.

For my own part, I know nothing equal to a *table d'hôte*—that pleasant re-union of all nations, from Stockholm to Stamboul; of every rank, from the grand duke to the bag man—men and women—or, if you like the phrase better, ladies and gentlemen; some travelling for pleasure, some for profit; some on wedding tours, some in the grief of widowhood; some rattling along the road of life in all the freshness of youth, health, and well-stored purses; others creeping by the way side, cautiously and quietly: sedate and sententious English, lively Italians, plodding Germans, witty Frenchmen, wily Russians, and stupid Belgians—all pell-mell, seated side by side, and actually shuffled into momentary intimacy, by soup, fish, fowl, and *entremets*. The very fact that you are *en route*, gives a frankness and a freedom to all you say. Your passport is signed, your carriage packed; to-morrow you will be a hundred miles away. What matter, then, if the old baron with the white moustache has smiled at your German, or if the thin-faced lady in the Dunstable bonnet has frowned at your morality: you'll never, in all likelihood, meet either again. You do your best to be agreeable—it is the only distinction recognised; here are no places of honour—no favoured guests—each starts fair in the race—and a pleasant course I have always deemed it.

Now, let no one, while condemning the vulgarity of this taste of mine, for such I anticipate as the ready objection—though the dissentient should be a tailor from Bond-street, or a schoolmistress from Brighton—for a moment suppose, that I mean to include all *table d'hôtes* in this sweeping laudation—far, very far from it. I, Arthur O'Leary, have travelled some hundreds of thousands of miles in every quarter and region of the globe, and yet would have considerable difficulty in enumerating, even six, such as fairly to warrant the praise I have pronounced.

In the first place, the "*table d'hôte*," to possess all the requisites I desire, should not have its locale in any first-rate city, like Paris, London, or St. Petersburg; no, it should rather be in Brussels, Dresden, Munich, Berne, or Florence. Again, it should not be in the great overgrown mammoth hotel of the town, with three hundred daily devourers, and a steam engine to slice the "*bouilli*;" it should, and will usually be found in some retired and quiet spot, frequently within a small court, with orange trees round the walls, and a tiny modest *jet d'eau* in the middle, a glass door entering from a flight of low steps into a neat antechamber, where an attentive, but unobtrusive waiter is ready to take your hat and cane, and, instinctively divining your dinner intentions, ushers you respectfully into the salon, and leans down your chair beside the place you select.

The few guests already arrived have the air of "*habitués*;" they are chatting together when you enter, but they conceive it necessary to do the honours of the place to the stranger, and at once include you in the conversation; a word or two suffices, and you see that they are not chance folk whom hunger has overtaken at the door, but daily visitors, who know the house, and appreciate it. The table itself is far from large—at most sixteen persons could sit down at it; the usual number is about twelve or fourteen. There is, if it be summer, a delicious bouquet in the midst; and the snowy whiteness of the cloth, and the clear lustre of the water strike you instantly. The covers are as bright as when they left the hands

of the silver-smith, and the temperature of the room at once shows that nothing has been neglected that can contribute to the comfort of the guests. The very plash of the fountain is a grateful sound, and the long necks of the hock-bottles, reposing in the little basin, have an air of luxury far from unpleasing; while the champagne indulges its more southern character in the ice-pails in the shade, a sweet, faint odour of pine apples and nectarines is diffused about; nor am I disposed to quarrel with the chance view I catch between the orange trees of a window, where asparagus, game, oranges, and melons are grouped confusedly together, yet with a harmony of colour and effect, Schneider would have gloried in.

There is a noiseless activity about—a certain air of preparation—not such as by bustle can interfere with the placid enjoyment you feel, but something which denotes care and skill; you feel, in fact, that impatience on your part would only militate against your own interest, and that when the moment arrives for serving, the potage has then received the last finishing touch of the artist. By this time the company are assembled; the majority are men, but there are four or five ladies. They are *en chapeau* too; but it is a toilet that shows taste and elegance, and the freshness—that delightful characteristic of foreign dress—the freshness of their light muslin dresses—are in keeping with all about. Then follows that little pleasant bustle of meeting; the interchange of a number of small courtesies, which cost little, but are very delightful; the news of the theatre for the night; some *soirée*, well known, or some promenade, form the whole,—and we are at table.

The destiny that made me a traveller has blessed me with either the contentment of the most simple, or the perfect enjoyment of the most cultivated cuisine; and if I have eaten *tripe de rocher* with Parry at the Pole, I have never lost thereby the acme of my relish for truffles at the “Freres;” therefore, trust me, that in my mention of a *table d’hôte* I have not forgotten the most essential of its features,—for this the smallness and consequent selectness of the party is always a guarantee. Thus, then, you are at table; your napkin is spread, but you see no soup; the reason is at once evident, and you accept with gratefulness the little plate of Ostende oysters, each somewhat smaller than a five frank piece, that are put before you. Who would seek for pearls without, when such treasures are to be found within the shell—cool, and juicy, and succulent; suggestive of delights to come, and so suited to the limpid glass of Chablis. What preparatives for the potage, which already I perceive to be a “printaniere.” But why dwell on all this? These memoranda of mine were intended rather to form an humble companion to some of John Murray’s inestimable treatises on the road; some stray recollection of what in my rambles had struck me as worth mention; something that might serve to lighten a half hour here, or an evening there; some hint for the wanderer, of a hotel, or a church, or a view, or an actor, or a poet, a picture, or a *paté* for which his halting place might be remarkable, but of whose existence he knew not—and to come back once more: such a picture as I have presented is but a weak and imperfect sketch of the “Hotel de France” in Brussels, at least of what I once remember it. Poor Biennais, he was indeed an artiste! He commenced his career under Chicaud, and rose to the dignity of rotisseur under Napoleon. With what enthusiasm he used to speak of his successes during the empire, when Bonaparte gave him *carte blanche* to compose a dinner for a “party of kings.” Napoleon himself was but an inferior gastronome: with him the great requisite was, to serve any where and at any moment; and though the bill of fare was a modest one, it was sometimes a matter of difficulty to prepare it in the depths of the black forest, or on the sandy

plains of Prussia, amid the mud-covered fields of Poland, or the snows of Moscovy—a poulet, a cutlet, and a cup of coffee was the whole affair; but it should be ready, as if by magic.

Among his followers were several distinguished *gourmets*. Cambaceres was well known; Murat also, and Decrès, the minister of marine, kept admirable tables. Of these Biennais spoke with ecstasy: he remembered their various tastes; and would ever remark, when placing some masterpiece of skill before you, how the King of Naples loved, or the arch-chancellor praised it. To him the overthrow of the empire was but the downfall of the "cuisine;" and he saw nothing more affecting in the last days of Fontainebleau, than that the emperor had left untouched a "fondue" he had always eaten of with delight. After that, said Biennais, I saw the game was up. With the hundred days, he was restored like his master, but, alas, the empire of casseroles was departed; the thunder of the cannon foundries, and the roar of the shot furnaces were more congenial sounds than the simmering of sauces, and the gentle murmur of a stew-pan. No wonder, thought he, there should come a Waterloo, when the spirit of the nation had thus degenerated.

Napoleon spent his last days in exile; Biennais took his departure for Belgium; the park was his Log-wood; and, indeed, he himself saw invariable points of resemblance in the two destinies. Happily for those who frequented the Hotel de France, he did not occupy his remaining years in dictating his memoirs to some Las Casès of the kitchen, but persevered to the last in the practice of his great art, and died, so to speak, ladle in hand.

To me the Hotel de France has many charms. I remember it—I shall not say how many years; its cool, delightful *salon*, looking out upon that beautiful little park, whose shady alleys are such a resource in the evenings of summer; to sit beneath the lime trees and sip your coffee, as you watch the groups that pass and repass before you, weaving stories to yourself, which come thicker and thicker as the shade deepens, and the flitting shapes are barely seen as they glide along the silent alleys; a distant sound of music—some air of the Fatherland—is all that breaks the stillness, and you forget in the dreamy silence, that you are in the midst of a great city.

The "Hotel de France" has other memories than these too; I'm not sure that I shall not make a confession, yet somehow I half shrink from it. You might call it a love adventure, and I should not like that; besides, there is scarcely a moral in it—though who knows?

FRAGMENT IX.—A SOUVENIR OF "THE FRANCE."

It was in the month of May—I won't confess to the year—that I found myself, after trying various hotels in the Place Royale, at last deposited at the door of the Hotel de France. It seemed to me in my then ignorance like a *pis aller*, when the postillion said, let us try the France, and little prepared me for the handsome but somewhat small hotel before me. It was nearly five o'clock when I arrived, and I had only time to make some slight change in my dress, when the bell sounded for *table d'hôte*.

The guests were already seated when I entered, but a place had been reserved for me, which completed the table. I was a young—perhaps after reading a little farther you'll say a very *young* traveller at the time, but was soon struck by the quiet and decorous style in which the dinner was conducted: the servants were prompt, silent, and observant; the guests easy and affable; the equipage of the table was even elegant;

and the cookery, Biennais. I was the only Englishman present, the party seemingly made up of Germans and French; but all spoke together like acquaintances, and before the dinner had proceeded far, were polite enough to include me in the conversation.

At the head sat a large and strikingly handsome man of about eight and thirty or forty years of age; his dress a dark frock richly braided and ornamented by the decorations of several foreign orders; his forehead was high and narrow, the temples strongly indented; his nose arched and thin, and his upper lip covered by a short black moustache raised at either extremity and slightly curled, as we see occasionally in a Vandyck picture; indeed, his dark brown features, somewhat sad in their expression, his rich hazel eyes and long waving hair gave him all the character that great artist loved to perpetuate on his canvas; he spoke seldom, but when he did there was something indescribably pleasing in the low, mellow tones of his voice; a slight smile too lit up his features at these times, and his manner had in it—I know not what—some strange power it seemed that made whoever he addressed feel pleased and flattered by his notice of them, just as we see a few words spoken by a sovereign caught up and dwelt upon by those around.

At his side sat a lady, of whom when I first came into the room I took little notice. Her features seemed pleasing, but no more; but gradually as I watched her I was struck by the singular delicacy of traits that rarely make their impression at first sight. She was about twenty-five, perhaps twenty-six, but of a character of looks that preserves something almost childish in their beauty. She was pale, and with brown hair—that light sunny brown that varies in its hue with every degree of light upon it; her face oval and inclined to plumpness; her eyes large, full, and lustrous, with an expression of softness and candour that won on you wonderfully the longer you looked at them; her nose was short, perhaps faultily so, but beautifully chiselled, and fine as a Greek statue; her mouth, rather large, displayed however two rows of teeth beautifully regular and of snowy whiteness, while her chin, rounded and dimpled, glided by an easy transition into a throat large and most gracefully formed. Her figure, as well as I could judge, was below the middle size, and inclined to *embonpoint*; and her dress, denoting some national peculiarity of which I was ignorant, was a velvet boddice laced in front and ornamented with small silver buttons, which terminated in a white muslin skirt; a small cap, something like what Mary Queen of Scots is usually represented in, sat on the back of her head and fell in deep lace folds on her shoulders. Lastly, her hands were small, white, and dimpled, and displayed on her taper and rounded fingers several rings of apparently great value.

I have been somewhat lengthy in my description of these two persons, and can scarcely ask my reader to accompany me round the circle; however, it is with them principally I have to do. The others at table were still remarkable enough: there was a leading member of the chamber of deputies—an ex-minister, a tall, dark-browed, ill favoured man, with a retiring forehead and coal black eyes; he was a man of great cleverness, spoke eloquently and well, and singularly open and frank in giving his opinion on the politics of the time. There was a German or two from the grand duchy of something, somewhat proud, reserved personages, as all the Germans of petty states are; they talked little, and were evidently impressed with the power they possessed of tantalizing the company by not divulging the intention of the “Gross Herzog of Hoch Donnerstadt” regarding the present prospects of Europe.

There were three Frenchmen and two French ladies, all pleasant, easy, and conversable people; there was a doctor from Louvain, a shrewd, intelligent man; a Prussian major and his wife, well bred, quiet people, and like all Prussians, polite without inviting acquaintance; an Austrian secretary of legation; a wine merchant from Bourdeaux; and a celebrated pianist completed the party.

I have now put my readers in possession of information which I only obtained after some days myself; for though one or other of these personages were occasionally absent from *table d'hôte*, I soon perceived that they were all frequenters of the house and well known there.

If the guests were seated at table wherever chance or accident might place them, I could perceive that a tone of deference was always used to the tall man, who invariably maintained his place at the head, and an air of even greater courtesy assumed towards the lady beside him, who was his wife. He was always addressed as Monsieur le Comte, and her title of countess never forgotten in speaking to her. During dinner, whatever little chit-chat or gossip was the talk of the day was specially offered up to her.

The younger guests occasionally ventured to present a bouquet, and even the rugged minister himself accomplished a more polite bow in accosting her than he could have summoned up for his presentation to royalty. To all these little attentions she returned a smile, or a look, or a word, or a gesture with her white hand, never exciting jealousy by any undue degree of favour, and distributing her honours with the practised equanimity of one accustomed to it.

Dinner over and coffee, a handsome britzka drawn by two splendid dark bay horses would drive up, and Madame la Comtesse, conducted to the carriage by her husband, would receive the homage of the whole party as they stood to let her pass. The count would then linger some twenty minutes or so and take his leave, to wander for an hour about the park, and afterwards to the theatre, where I used to see him in a private box with his wife.

Such was the little party at "the France" when I took up my residence there in the month of May, and gradually one dropped off after another as the summer wore on. The Germans went back to sour kraut and kreutzer whist; the secretary of legation was on leave; the wine merchant was off to St. Petersburg; the pianist was performing in London; the ex-minister was made a clerk in the bureau he once directed; and so on, leaving our party reduced to the count and madame, a stray traveller, a deaf abbé, and myself.

The dog days in a continental city are, as every one knows, stupid and tiresome enough. Every one has taken his departure either to his chateau, if he has one, or to the watering places; the theatre has no attraction, even if the heat permitted one to visit it; the streets are empty, parched, and grass grown; and except the arrival and departure of that incessant locomotive, John Bull, there is no bustle or stir any where.

Hapless indeed is the condition then of the man who is condemned from any accident to toil through this dreary season; to wander about in solitude the places he has seen filled by pleasant company; to behold the park and promenades given up to Flemish *bonnes*, or Norman nurses, where he was wont to glad his eye with the sight of bright eyes and trim shapes flitting past in all the tasty elegance of Parisian toilette; to see a lazy *frotteur* sleeping away his hours at the *vorte cochère*, which a month before thundered with the deep roll of equipage coming and going—all this is very sad, and disposes one to become dull and discontented too.

For what reason I was detained at Brussels it is unnecessary to inquire: some delay in remittances, if I remember aright, had their share in the cause. Who ever travelled without having cursed his banker, or his agent, or his uncle, or his guardian, or somebody in short, who had a deal of money belonging to him in his hands, and would not send it forward? In all my long experience of travelling and travellers I don't remember meeting with one person who, if it were not for such mischances, would not have been amply supplied with cash. Some, with a knowing wink, throw the blame on the "governor;" others, more openly indignant, confound Coutts and Drummond; a stray Irishman will now and then damn the "tenantry that haven't paid up the last November;" but none, no matter how much their condition bespeaks that out-o'-elbows habit which a "ways-and-means" style of life contracts, will ever confess to the fact that their expectations are as blank as their banker's book, and that the only land they are ever to pretend to, is a post obit right in some six feet by two in a churchyard. And yet the world is full of such people—well-informed, pleasant, good-looking folk who inhabit first-rate hotels—drink, dine, and dress well—frequent theatres and promenades—spend their winters at Paris, Florence, or Rome—their summers at Baden, Ems, or Interlachen; have a strange half intimacy with men in the higher circles; occasionally dine with them; are never heard of in any dubious or unsafe affair; are reputed safe fellows to talk to; know everyone—from the horse-dealer who will give credit, to the Jew who will advance cash; and notwithstanding that they neither gamble, nor bet, nor speculate, yet contrive to live—ay, and well too—without any known resources whatever. If English—and they are for the most part so—they usually are called by some well-known name of aristocratic reputation in England: they are thus, Villiers, or Paget, or Seymour, or Percy, which on the Continent is already a kind of half nobility at once; and the question which seemingly needs no reply—*Ah, vous êtes parent de mi lord!* is a receipt in full for rank any where.

These men—and who that knows any thing of the Continent has not met such every where?—are the great riddles of our century; and I'd rather give a reward for their secret than all the discoveries about perpetual motion, or longitude, or St. John Longism that ever was heard of; and strange it is too, no one has ever blabbed. Some have emerged from this misty state to inherit large fortunes and live in the best style, yet I have never heard tell of a single man having turned king's evidence on his fellows. And yet what a talent theirs must be. Let any man confess who has waited three posts for a remittance without any tidings of its arrival, think of the hundred and one petty annoyances, and ironies to which he is subject: he fancies that the very waiters know he is "*à sec*;" that the landlord looks sour and the landlady austere; the very clerk in the post-office appears to say "no letter for you, sir," with a jibing and impertinent tone. From that moment too a dozen expensive tastes that he never dreamed of before enter his head: he wants to purchase a hack, or give a dinner party, or bet at a race course, principally because he has not got a sous in his pocket, and he is afraid it may be guessed by others; such is the fatal tendency to strive or pretend to something which has no other value in our eyes than the effect it may have on our acquaintances, regardless of what sacrifices it may demand the exercise.

Forgive, I pray, this long digression which, although, I hope, not without its advantages, should scarcely have been ventured into were it not apropos to myself; and to go back—I began to feel excessively uncomfortable at the delay of my money. My first care every morning was to

repair to the post-office ; sometimes I arrived before it was open, and had to promenade up and down the gloomy "Rue de l'Evêque" till the clock struck ; sometimes the mail would be late—a foreign mail is generally late when the weather is peculiarly fine and the roads good—but always the same answer came—"Rien pour vous, Monsieur O'Leary ;" and at last I imagined from the way the fellow spoke that he had set the response to a tune, and sang it.

Beranger has celebrated in one of his very prettiest lyrics "how happy one is at twenty in a garret." I have no doubt, for my part, that the vicinity of the slates and the poverty of the apartment would have much contributed to my peace of mind at the time I speak of. The fact of a magnificently furnished *salon*, a splendid dinner every day, champagne and Seltzer promiscuously, cab fares and theatre tickets innumerable being all scored against me, were sad dampers to my happiness, and from being one of the cheeriest and most light-hearted of fellows, I sank into a state of fidgety and restless impatience, the nearest thing I ever remembered in my life to low spirits.

Such was I one day, when the post, which I had been watching anxiously from mid-day, had not arrived at five o'clock. Leaving word with the commissionaire to wait and report to me at the hotel, I turned back to the *table d'hôte*. By accident, the only guests were the count and madame ; there they were, as accurately dressed as ever ; so handsome and so happy looking ; so attached too in their manner towards each other—that nice balance between affection and courtesy which before the world is so captivating. Disturbed as were my thoughts, I could not help feeling struck by their bright and pleasant looks.

"Ah, a family party !" said the count gaily, as I entered, while madame bestowed on me one of her very sweetest smiles.

The restraint of strangers removed, they spoke as if I had been an old friend—chatting away about every thing and every body in a tone of frank and easy confidence perfectly delightful ; occasionally deigning to ask if I did not agree with them in their opinions, and seeming to enjoy the little I ventured to say with a pleasure I felt to be most flattering.

The count's quiet and refined manner—the easy flow of his conversation, replete as it was with information and amusement, formed a most happy contrast with the brilliant sparkle of madame's lively sallies ; for she seemed rather disposed to indulge a vein of slight satire, but so tempered with good feeling and kindness withal, that you would not for the world forego the pleasure it afforded. Long—long before the dessert appeared I ceased to think of my letter or my money, and did not remember that such things as bankers, agents, or stockbrokers were in the universe. Apparently they had been great travellers ; had seen every city in Europe, and visited every court ; knew all the most distinguished people, and many of the sovereigns intimately ; and little stories of Metternich, *bon mots* of Talleyrand, anecdotes of Goethe and Chateaubriand, seasoned the conversation with an interest which to a young man like myself was all engrossing. Suddenly the door opened, and the commissionaire called out—"No letter for Monsieur O'Leary." I suddenly became pale and faint ; and though the count was too well bred to take any direct notice of what he saw was caused by my disappointment, he contrived adroitly to direct some observation to madame, which relieved me from any burden of the conversation.

"What hour did you order the carriage, Duischka ?" said he.

"At half-past six. The forest is so cool, that I like to go slowly through it."

"That will give us ample time for a walk, too," said he: "and if Monsieur O'Leary will join us, the pleasure will be all the greater."

I hesitated, and stammered out an apology about a head-ache, or something of the sort.

"The drive will be the best thing in the world for you," said madame; "and the strawberries and cream of Boitsfort will complete the cure."

"Yes, yes," said the count, as I shook my head half-sadly—"La comtesse is infallible as a doctor."

"And, like all the faculty, very angry when her skill is called in question," added she.

"Go then, and find your shawl, madame," said he; "and, meanwhile, monsieur and I will discuss our liqueur, and be ready for you."

Madame smiled gaily, as if having carried her point, and left the room.

The door was scarcely closed, when the count drew his chair closer to mine, and, with a look of kindness and good nature I cannot convey, said:—"I am going, Monsieur O'Leary, to take a liberty—a very great liberty indeed with you, and perhaps you may not forgive it." He paused for a minute or two, as if awaiting some intimation on my part. I merely muttered something intended to express my willingness to accept of what he hinted, and he resumed. "You are a very young man; I not a very old, but a very experienced one. There are occasions in life, in which such knowledge as I possess of the world and its ways may be of great service. Now, without for an instant obtruding myself on your confidence, or inquiring into affairs which are strictly your own, I wish to say, that my advice and counsel, if you need either, are completely at your service. Now a few minutes ago I perceived that you were distressed at hearing there was no letter for you——"

"I know not how to thank you," said I, "for such kindness as this; and the best proof of my sincerity is, to tell you the position in which I am placed."

"One word first," added he, laying his hand gently on my arm—"one word. Do you promise to accept of my advice and assistance when you have revealed the circumstance you allude to? If not, I beg I may not hear it."

"Your advice I am most anxious for," said I hastily.

"The other was an awkward word, and I see that your delicacy has taken the alarm. But come, it is spoken now, and can't be recalled. I must have my way: so go on."

I seized his hand with enthusiasm, and shook it heartily. "Yes," said I, "you shall have your way. I have neither shame nor concealment before you." And then, in as few words as I could explain such tangled and knotted webs as envelope all matters where legacies, and lawyers, and settlements, and securities, and mortgages enter, I put him in possession of the fact, that I had come abroad with the assurance from my man of business of a handsome yearly income, to be increased, after a time, to something very considerable; that I was now two months in expectation of remittances which certain forms in Chancery delayed and deferred; and that I watched the post each day with an anxious heart for means to relieve me from certain trifling debts I had incurred, and enable me to proceed on my journey.

The count listened with the most patient attention to my story, only interfering once or twice, when some difficulty demanded explanation, and then suffering me to proceed to the end: when, leisurely withdrawing a pocket-book from the breast of his frock, he opened it slowly. "My dear young friend," said he, in a measured and almost solemn tone, "every

hour that a man is in debt is a year spent in slavery. Your creditor is your master: it matters not whether a kind or a severe one, the sense of obligation you incur saps the feeling of manly independence which is the first charm of youth; and, believe me, it is always through the rents in moral feeling that our happiness oozes out quickest. Here are five thousand francs; take as much more as you want. With a friend—and I insist upon your believing me to be such—these things have no character of obligation: you accommodate me to-day; I do the same for you to-morrow. And now, put these notes in your pocket. I see madame is waiting for us."

For a second or two I felt so overpowered I could not speak: the generous confidence and friendly interest of one so thoroughly a stranger, were far too much for my astonished and gratified mind. At last I recovered myself enough to reply, and assuring my worthy friend that when I spoke of my debts they were in reality merely trifling ones; that I had still ample funds in my banker's hands for all necessary outlay; and that by the next post perhaps my long-wished-for letter might arrive.

"And if it should not?" interposed he, smiling.

"Why then the next day——"

"And if not then?" continued he, with a half-quizzing look at my embarrassment.

"Then your five thousand francs shall tremble for it."

"That's a hearty fellow!" cried he, grasping my hand in both of his. "And now I feel I was not deceived in you. My first meeting with Metternich was very like this. I was at Presburg, in the year 1804, just before the campaign of Austerlitz opened——"

"You are indeed most gallant, messieurs," said the comtesse, opening the door, and peeping in. "Am I to suppose that cigars and maraschino are better company than mine?"

We rose at once to make our excuses; and thus I lost the story of Prince Metternich, in whom I already felt an uncommon interest, from the similarity of the adventure to my own, though whether I was to represent the prince or the count I could not even guess.

I was soon seated beside the comtesse in the luxurious britzka; the count took his place on the box; and away we rattled over the *paré*, through the Porte de Namur, and along the pretty suburbs of Etterbech, where we left the high road, and entered the Bois de Cambre by that long and beautiful *allée* which runs on for miles, like some vast aisle in a Gothic cathedral—the branches above bending into an arched roof, and the tall beech stems standing like the pillars.

The pleasant odour of the forest, the tempered light, the noiseless roll of the carriage, giving a sense of luxury to the drive, I can remember vividly to this very hour. Not that my enjoyment of such was my only one; far from it. The pretty countess talked away about every thing that came uppermost, in that strain of spirited and lively chit-chat that needs not the sweetest voice and the most fascinating look to make it most captivating. I felt like one in a dream; the whole thing was fairy land; and whether I looked into the depths of the leafy wood, where some horsemen might now and then be seen to pass at a gallop, or my eyes fell upon that small and faultless foot that rested on the velvet cushion in the carriage, I could not trust the reality of the scene, and could only mutter to myself—"What hast thou ever done, Arthur O'Leary, or thy father before thee, to deserve happiness like this?"

Dear and kind reader, it may be your fortune to visit Brussels; and although not exactly under such circumstances as I have mentioned here,

let me advise you, even without a beautiful Polonaise for your companion, to make a trip to Boitsfort, a small village in the wood of Soignes. Of course your nationality will lead you to Waterloo; and equally of course, if you have any tact,—which far be it from me not to suppose you gifted with,—you'll not dine there, the little miserable cabarets that are called restaurants being wretched beyond description: you may have a glass of wine, and if so, take champagne, for they cannot adulterate it; but don't venture on a dinner, if you hope to enjoy one again for a week after. Well then, "having done your Waterloo," as the cockneys say, seen Sergeant Cotton and the church, La Haye Sainte, Hougoumont, and Lord Anglesey's boot, take your road back, not by that eternal and noisy *chaussée* you have come by, but turn off to the right, as if going to Wavre, and enter the forest by an earth road, where you'll neither meet waggons, nor postilions, nor even "a pike." Your coachman will say "Where to?" Reply, "Boitsfort,"—which, for safety, pronounce "Boshfort"—and lie back and enjoy yourself. About six miles of a delightful drive, all through forest, will bring you to a small village beside a little lake, surrounded by hills, not mountains, but still waving and broken in outline, and shaded with wood. The red-tiled roofs, the pointed gables, the green *jalousies*, and the back-ground of dark foliage, will all remind you of one of Berghem's pictures, and if a lazy Fleming or so are seen lounging over the little parapet next the water, he'll not injure the effect. Passing over the little bridge, you arrive in front of a long, low, two-storied house, perforated by an arched door-way leading into the court; over the gate is an inscription, which at once denotes the object of the establishment, and you read—"Monsieur Dubos fait noces et festins." Not that the worthy individual officiates in any capacity resembling the famed Vulcan of the North; as far be it from him to invade the prerogatives of others, as for any to rival him in his own peculiar walk. No: Monsieur D.'s functions are limited to those delicate devices which are deemed the suitable diet of newly-married couples—those *petits plats* which are, like the orange-flower, only to be employed on great occasions. And, as such, he is unrivalled; for notwithstanding the simple and unpretending exterior, this little rural tavern can boast the most perfect cook, and the best-stored cellar: here may be found the earliest turkey of the year, with a dowry of truffles; here the first peas of spring, the newest strawberries, and the richest cream, iced champagne and grapy hermitage, Steinberger and Johannisberg—are all at your orders. You may dine in the long *salon, en cabinet*, in the garden, or in the summer-house over the lake, where the carp is flapping his tail in the clear water, the twin-brother of him you have just eaten; the garden beneath sends up its delicious odours from beds of every brilliant hue; the sheep are moving homeward along the distant hills to the tinkle of the faint bell; the plash of an oar disturbs the calm water, as the fisherman skims along the lake; and the subdued murmur of the little village all come floating in the air—pleasant sounds, and full of home thoughts. Well, well; to be sure I am a bachelor, and know nothing of such matters; but it strikes me, I should like to be married now and then, and go eat my wedding-dinner at Boitsfort!

And now once more let me come back to my narrative; for leaving which I should ask your pardon, were it not that the digression is the best part of the whole, and I should never forgive myself if I had not told you, not to stop at Brussels without dining at Boitsfort.

When we reached Boitsfort, a waiter conducted us at once to a little table in the garden, where the strawberries and the iced champagne were

in waiting. Here and there, at some distance, were parties of the Brussels bourgeoisie, enjoying themselves at their coffee, or with ice; while a large *salon* that occupied one wing of the building, was given up to some English travellers, whose loud speech and boisterous merriment bespoke them of that class one is always ashamed to meet with out of England.

"Your countrymen are very merry yonder," said the countess, as a more uproarious burst than ever broke from the party.

"Yes," said the count, perceiving that I felt uncomfortable at the allusion: "Englishmen always carry London about with them wherever they go. Meet them in the Caucasus, and you'll find that they'll have some imitation of a Blackwall dinner, or a Greenwich party."

"How comes it," said I, amazed at the observation, "that you know these places you mention?"

"Oh, my dear sir, I have been very much about the world in my time, and have always made it my business to see each people in their own peculiar haunts. If at Vienna, I dine not at the 'Wilde Man,' but at the 'Fuchs' in the Leopoldstadt. If in Dresden, I spend my evening in the Grün-Garten, beyond the Elbe. The bourgeoisie alone, of any nation, preserve traits marked enough for a stranger's appreciation—the higher classes are pretty much alike everywhere, and the nationality of the peasant takes a narrow range, and offers little to amuse.

"And the count is a quick observer," remarked madame, with a look of pleasure sparkling in her eyes.

"I flatter myself," rejoined he, "I seldom err in my guesses—I knew my friend here, tolerably accurately, without an introduction."

There was something so kind in the tone he spoke in, I could have no doubt of his desire to compliment me.

"Independently, too, of speaking most of the languages of Europe, I possess a kind of knack for learning a patois," continued he. "At this instant I'll wager a cigar with you I'll join that little knot of sober Belgians yonder, and by the magic of a few words of genuine Brussels French, I'll pass muster as a Boss."

The countess laughed heartily at the thought, and I joined in her mirth most readily.

"I take the wager," cried I, "and hope sincerely to lose it."

"Done," said he, springing up and putting on his hat, while he made a short circuit in the garden, and soon afterwards appeared at the table with the Flemings, asking permission, as it seemed, to light a cigar from a lantern attached to the tree under which they sat.

If we were to judge from the merriment of the little group, his success was perfect, and we soon saw him seated amongst them, busily occupied in concocting a bowl of flaming "ponche," of which it was clear, by his manner, he had invited the party to partake.

"Now Gustav is in his delight," said the countess, in a tone of almost pique—"he is a strange creature, and never satisfied if not doing something other people never think of. In half an hour he'll be back here with the whole history of Monsieur von Houdendrochen, and his wife and their fourteen manikins; all their little absurdities and prejudices, he'll catch them up, and for a week to come we shall hear nothing but Flemish French and the habitudes of the Montagne de la Cour."

For a few seconds I was vastly uncomfortable—a thought glanced across me—what if it were for some absurd feature in me, in *my* manner, or *my* conversation, that he had deigned to make my acquaintance. Then came the recollection of his generous proposal, and I saw at once that I was

putting a 'somewhat high price on my originality, if I valued it at five thousand francs.

"What ails you," said the countess, in a low soft voice, as she lifted her eyes and let them fall upon me with a most bewitching expression of interest. "I fear you are ill, or in low spirits."

I endeavoured to rally and reply, when she went on.

"We must see you oftener. Gustav is so pleasant and so gay, he will be of great use to you. When he really takes a liking, he is delightful; and he has, in your case, I assure you."

I knew not what to say, nor how look my gratitude for such a speech, and could only accomplish some few and broken words of thanks.

"Besides you are about to be a traveller," continued she; "and who can give you such valuable information of every country and people, as the count? Do you intend to make a long absence from England?"

"Yes, at least some years. I wish to visit the East."

"You'll go into Poland?" said she, quickly, without noticing my reply.

"Yes, I trust so, Hungary and Poland have both great interest for me."

"You know that we are Poles, don't you?"

"Yes."

"We are both from beyond Varsovie. Gustav was there ten years ago. I have never seen my native country since I was a child."

At the last words her voice dropped to a whisper, and she leaned her head upon her hand, and seemed lost in thought.

I did not dare to break in upon the current of recollections I saw were crowding upon her, and was silent. She looked up at length, and by the faint light of the moon, just risen, I saw that her eyes were tearful, and her cheeks still wet with weeping.

What, said I to myself, and has sorrow come even here—here, where I imagined if ever the sunny path of life existed, it was to be found.

"Should you like to hear a sad story?" said she, smiling faintly, with a look of indefinable sweetness.

"If it were yours it would make my heart ache," said I, carried away by my feelings at the instant.

"I'll tell it to you one of those days then—not now—not now though—I could not here—and there comes Gustav—how he laughs."

And true enough, the merry sounds of his voice were heard through the garden as he approached; and strangely too, they seemed to grate and jar upon my ear with a very different impression from what before they brought to me.

Our way back to Brussels led again through the forest, which now was wrapped in the shade, save where the moon came peeping down through the leafy branches, and falling in bright patches on the road beneath. The countess spoke a little at first, and gradually relapsed into perfect silence. The stillness and calm about seemed only the more striking from the hollow tramp of the horses, as they moved along the even turf. The air was mild and sweet, and loaded with that peculiar fragrance which a wood exhales after nightfall; and all the influences of the time and place, were of that soothing, lulling kind, that wraps the mind in a state of dreamy reverie. But one thought dwelt within me. It was of her who sat beside me, her head cast down, and her arms folded. She was unhappy—some secret sorrow was preying upon that fair bosom—some eating care corroding her very heart—a vague, shadowy suspicion shot through me, that her husband might have treated her cruelly and ill; but why suspect such—was not every thing I witnessed the very reverse of such a fact?

What could surpass the mutual kindness and good feeling that I saw between them—and yet their dispositions were not all alike—she seemed to hint as much. The very waywardness of his temperament—the incessant demand of his spirit for change, excitement, and occupation—how could it harmonize with her gentle and more constant nature. From such thoughts I was awakened by her saying, in a low, faint voice—

"You must forget what I said to-night. There are moments when some strong impulse will force the heart to declare the long-buried thoughts of years—perhaps some secret instinct tells us that we are near to those who can sympathise and feel for us—perhaps these are the overflowings of grief, without which the heart would grow full to bursting. Whatever they be, they seem to calm and soothe us, though afterwards we may sorrow for having indulged in them. You will forget it all, won't you?"

"I will do my best," said I, timidly, "to do all you wish; but I cannot promise you what may be out of my power: the few words you spoke have never left my mind since—nor can I say when I shall cease to remember them."

"What do you think, Duischka?" said the count, as he flung away the fragment of his cigar, and turned round on the box. "What do you think of an invitation to dinner I have accepted for Tuesday next?"

"Where, pray?" said she, with an effort to seem interested.

"I am to dine with my worthy friend Van Houdicamp, Rue de Lacken, number twenty-eight—a very high mark, let me tell you—his father was burgomaster at Alost, and he himself has a great sugar bakery, or salt 'raffinerie,' or something equivalent, at Scharbeck."

"How can you find any pleasure in such society, Gustav?"

"Pleasure, call you it—delight is the word. I shall hear all the gossip of the Bas Ville—quite as amusing I'm certain as of the Place and the Boulevards; besides, there are to be some half dozen Echevins, with wives and daughters, and we shall have a round game for the most patriarchal stakes. I have also obtained permission to bring a friend—so you see, Monsieur O'Leary——"

"I'm certain," interposed madame, "he has much better taste than to avail himself of your offer."

"I'll bet my life on it he'll not refuse."

"I say he will," said the lady.

"I'll wager that pearl ring at Mertan's, that if you leave him to himself he says yes."

"Agreed," said madame—"I accept the bet. We Poles are as great gamblers as yourself you see," added she, turning to me. "Now, monsieur, decide the question—will you dine with Von Hottentot on Tuesday next, or with me?"

The last three words were spoken in so low a tone as made me actually suspect that my imagination alone had conceived them.

"Well," cried the count, "what say you?"

"I pronounce for the —— Hotel de France," said I, fearing in what words to accept the invitation of the lady.

"Then have I lost my bet," said the count, laughing; "and worse still, have found myself mistaken in my opinion."

"And I," said madame, in a faint whisper, "have won mine, and found my impressions more correct."

Nothing more occurred worth mentioning on our way back; when we reached the hotel in safety, and separated with many promises to meet early next day.

From that hour my intimacy took a form of almost friendship. I

visited the count, or the countess, if he was out, every morning; chatted over the news of the day; made our plans for the evening, either for Boitsfort or Lacken, or occasionally the *allée verte*, or the theatre, and sometimes arranged little excursions to Antwerp, Louvain, or Ghent.

It is indeed a strange thing to think of what slight materials happiness is made up. The nest that encloses our greatest pleasure is a thing of straws and feathers, gathered at random or carried towards us by the winds of fortune. If you were to ask me now what I deemed the most delightful period of my whole life, I don't hesitate to say I should name this. In the first place, the great requisite of happiness I possessed—every moment of my whole day was occupied; each hour was chained to its fellow by some slight but invisible link; and whether I was hammering away at my Polish grammar, or sitting beside the pianoforte while the countess sang some of her country's ballads, or listening to legends of Poland in its times of greatness, or galloping along at her side through the forest of Soignies, my mind was ever full—no sense of weariness or *ennui* ever invaded me; while a consciousness of a change in myself—I knew not what it was—suggested a feeling of pleasure and delight I cannot account for or convey; and this I take it—though speaking in ignorance and merely from surmise—this I suspect is something like what people in love experience, and what gives them the ecstasy of the passion. There is sufficient concentration in the admiration of the loved object to give the mind a decided and firm purpose, and enough of change in the various devices to win her praise, to impart the charm of novelty. Now for all this, my reader, fair or false as she or he may be, must not suspect that any thing bordering on love was concerned in the present case. To begin—the countess was married, and I was brought up at an excellent school at Bangor, where the catechism, Welsh and English, was flogged into me until every commandment had a separate welt of its own on my back. No; I had taken the royal road to happiness; I was delighted without stopping to know why, and enjoyed myself without ever thinking to inquire wherefore. New sources of information and knowledge were opened to me by those who] possessed vast stores of acquirement, and I learned how the conversation of gifted and accomplished persons may be made a great agent in training and forming the mind, if not to the higher walks of knowledge, at least to those paths in which the greater part of life is spent, and where it imports each to make the road agreeable to his fellows. I often said to you I was not in love—how could I, under the circumstances?—but still I own that the regular verbs of the Polish grammar had been but dry work, if it had not been for certain irregular glances at my pretty mistress; nor could I ever have seen my way through the difficulties of the declensions if the light of her eyes had not lit up the page, and her taper finger pointed out the place.

And thus two months flew past, during which she never even alluded most distantly to our conversation in the garden at Boitsfort, nor did I learn any one particular more of my friends than on the first day of our meeting. Meanwhile all ideas of travelling had completely left me; and although I had now abundant resources in my banker's hands for all the purposes of the road, I never once dreamed of leaving a place where I felt so thoroughly happy.

Such then was our life, when I began to remark a slight change in the count's manner—an appearance of gloom and pre-occupation which seemed to increase each day, and against which he strove, but in vain, to combat. It was clear something had gone wrong with him, but I did not dare to

allude to, much less ask him on the subject. At last, one evening just as I was preparing for bed, he entered my dressing-room, and, closing the door cautiously behind him, sat down. I saw that he was dressed as if for the road, and looking paler and more agitated than usual.

"O'Leary," said he, in a tremulous voice, "I am come to place in your hands the highest trust a man can repose in another—am I certain of your friendship?" I shook his hand in silence, and he went on. "I must leave Brussels to-night secretly. A political affair in which the peace of Europe is involved has just come to my knowledge; the government here will do their best to detain me; orders are already given to delay me at the frontier—perhaps send me back to the capital; in consequence I must cross the boundary on horseback, and reach Aix la Chappelle by to-morrow evening. Of course the countess cannot accompany me." He paused for a second. "You must be her protector. A hundred rumours will be afloat the moment they find I have escaped, and as many reasons for my departure announced in the papers. However, I'm content if they amuse the public and occupy the police, and meanwhile I shall obtain time to pass through Prussia unmolested. Before I reach St. Petersburg, the countess will receive letters from me, and know where to proceed to; and I count on your friendship to remain here until that time—a fortnight, three weeks at farthest. If money is any object to you——"

"Not in the least; I have far more than I want."

"Well, then, may I conclude that you consent?"

"Of course you may," said I, overpowered by a rush of sensations I must leave my reader to feel, if it has ever been his lot to have been placed in such circumstances, or to imagine for me, if he has not.

"The countess is of course aware——"

"Of every thing," interrupted he, "and bears it all admirably. Much however is attributable to the arrangement with you, which I promised her was completed, even before I asked your consent—such was my confidence in your friendship."

"You have not deceived yourself," was my reply, while I puzzled my brain to think how I could repay such proofs of his trust. "Is there any thing, then, more," said I—"can you think of nothing in which I may be of service?"

"Nothing, dear friend, nothing," said he. "Probably we shall meet at St. Petersburg."

"Yes, yes," said I; "that is my firm intention."

"That's all I could wish for," rejoined he. "The grand duke will be delighted to acknowledge the assistance your friendship has rendered us, and Potoski's house will be your own." So saying, he embraced me most affectionately and departed, while I sat down to muse over the singularity of my position, and wonder if any other man was ever similarly situated.

When I proceeded to pay my respects to the countess the next morning, I prepared myself to witness a state of great sorrow and depression. How pleasantly was I disappointed at finding her gay—perhaps gayer than ever—and evidently enjoying the success of the count's scheme.

"Gustav is in St. Tron by this," said she, looking at the map; "he'll reach Liege two hours before the post; fresh horses then will bring him rapidly to Battiste. Oh, here are the papers. Let us see the way his departure is announced. She turned over one journal after another without finding the wished-for paragraph, until at last, in the corner of the *Handelsbad*, she came upon the following:—

"Yesterday morning an express reached the minister for the home

affairs, that the celebrated *escroc*, the Chevalier Duguet, whose famous forgery on the Neapolitan bank may be in the memory of our readers, was actually practising his art under a feigned name in Brussels, where, having obtained his *entrée* among some respectable families of the lower town, he has succeeded in obtaining large sums of money under various pretences; his skill at play is, they say, the least of his many accomplishments."

She threw down the paper in a fit of laughter at these words, and called out—"Is it not too absurd. That's Gustav's doing—any thing for a quiz—no matter what. He once got himself and Prince Carl of Prussia brought up before the police for hooting the king."

"But Duguet," said I—"what has he to do with Duguet?"

"Don't you see that's a feigned name," replied she—"assumed by him as if he had half a dozen such. Read on, and you'll learn it all."

I took the paper and continued where she ceased reading:—

"This Duguet is then, it would appear, identical with a very well-known Polish Count Czaroviski, who, with his lady, have been passing some weeks at the Hotel de France. The police have, however, received his '*signalement*,' and are on his track."

"But why, in heaven's name, should he spread such an odious calumny on himself?" said I.

"Dear me, how very simple you are. I thought he had told you all. As a mere *escroc*, money will always bribe the authorities to let him pass; as a political offender, and as such the importance of his mission would proclaim him, nothing would induce the officials to further his escape—their own heads would pay for it. Once over the frontier, the '*ruse*' will be discovered, the editors obliged to eat their words and be laughed at, and Gustav receive the black eagle for his services. But see, here's another."

"Among the victims at play of the well-known Chevalier Duguet, or as he is better known here, the Count Czaroviski, is a simple Englishman resident at the Hotel de France, and from whom it seems he has won every louis-d'or he possessed in the world. This miserable dupe, whose name is O'Leary, or O'Leary——"

At these words she leaned back on the sofa and laughed immoderately.

"Have you then suffered so deeply?" said she, wiping her eyes—"has Gustav really won all your louis-d'ors?"

"This is too bad—far too bad," said I; "and I really cannot comprehend how any intrigue could induce him so far to asperse his character in this manner: I for my part can be no party to it."

As I said this, my eyes fell on the latter part of the paragraph, which ran thus:—

"This poor boy—for we understand he is no more—has been lured to his ruin by the beauty and attraction of Madame Czaroviski."

I crushed the odious paper without venturing to see more, and tore it in a thousand pieces, and, not waiting an instant, hurried to my room and seized a pen; burning with indignation and rage, I wrote a short note to the editor, in which I not only contradicted the assertions of his correspondent, but offered a reward of a hundred louis for the name of the person who had invented the infamous calumny.

It was some time before I recovered my composure sufficiently to return to the countess, whom I now found greatly excited and alarmed at my sudden departure. She insisted with such eagerness on knowing what I had done, that I was obliged to confess every thing, and show her a copy of the letter I had already despatched to the editor. She grew pale

as death as she read it, flushed deeply, and then became pale again, while she sank back faint and sick into a chair.

"This is very noble conduct of yours," said she, in a low, hollow voice, but I see where it will lead to—Czaroviski has great and powerful enemies; they will become yours also."

"Be it so," said I, interrupting her. "They have little power to injure me—let them do their worst."

"You forget apparently," said she, with a most bewitching smile, "that you are no longer free to dispose of your own liberty—that as *my* protector you cannot brave dangers and difficulties which may terminate in a prison."

"What then would you have me do?"

"Hasten to the editor at once; erase so much of your letter as refers to the proposed reward; the information could be of no service to you if attained—some 'miserable,' perhaps some spy of the police, the slanderer. What could you gain by his punishment save publicity? A mere denial of the facts alleged is quite sufficient; and even that," continued she, smiling, "how superfluous is it after all: a week—ten days at farthest, and the whole mystery is unveiled. Not that I would dissuade you from a course I see your heart is bent upon, and which after all is a purely personal consideration."

"Yes," said I, after a pause, "I'll take your advice: the letter shall go without the concluding paragraph."

The calumnious reports on the count prevented madame's dining that day at *table d'hôte*, and I remarked as I took my place at table, a certain air of constraint and reserve among the guests, as though my presence had interdicted the discussion of a topic which occupied all Brussels. Dinner over, I walked into the park to meditate on the course I should pursue under present circumstances, and deliberate with myself how far the habits of my former intimacy might or might not be admissible during her husband's absence. The question was solved for me sooner than I anticipated; for a waiter overtook me with a short note written with a pencil; it ran thus:—

"They play the Zauberflotte to-night at the opera; I shall go at eight perhaps you would accept a seat in the carriage."

"DUISCHKA."

Whatever doubts I might have conceived about my conduct, the manner of the countess at once dispelled them. A tone of perfect ease and almost sisterly confidence marked her whole bearing; and while I felt delighted and fascinated by the freedom of our intercourse, I could not help thinking how impossible such a line of acting would have been in my own more rigid country, and to what cruel calumnies and aspersions it would have subjected her. Truly, thought I, if they manage these things, as Sterne says they do, "better in France," they also far excel in them in Poland; and so my Polish grammar, and the canzonettes, and the drives to Boitsfort all went on as usual, and my dream of happiness, interrupted for a moment, flowed on again in its former channel with increased force.

A fortnight had now elapsed, without any letter from the count, save a few hurried lines written from Magdeburg; and I remarked that the countess betrayed at times a degree of anxiety and agitation I had not observed in her before. At last the secret cause came out. We were sitting together in the park, eating ice after dinner, when she suddenly rose, and prepared to leave the place.

"Has any thing happened to annoy you?" said I hurriedly. "Why are you going?"

"I can bear it no longer!" cried she, as she drew her veil down, and hastened forward, and, without speaking another word, continued her way towards the hotel. On reaching her apartments, she burst into a torrent of tears, and sobbed most violently.

"What is it?" said I, maddened by the sight of such sorrow. "For heaven's sake tell me. Has any one dared——"

"No, no," replied she, wiping the tears away with her handkerchief; "nothing of the kind. It is the state of doubt—of trying, harassing uncertainty I am reduced to here, is breaking my heart. Don't you see that, whenever I appear in public, by the air of insufferable impudence of the men, and the still more insulting looks of the women, how they dare to think of me. I have borne it as well as I was able hitherto; I can do so no longer."

"What!" cried I, impetuously, "and shall one dare to——"

"The world will always dare what may be dared in safety," interrupted she, laying her hand on my arm. "They know that you could not make a quarrel on my account, without compromising my honour; and such an occasion to trample on a poor weak woman could not be lost. Well, well; Gustav may write to-morrow or next day. A little more patience; and it's the only cure for these evils."

There was a tone of angelic sweetness in her voice as she spoke these words of resignation, and never did she seem more lovely in my eyes.

"Now then, as I shall not go to the opera, what shall we do to pass the time. You are tired—I know you are—of Polish melodies and German ballads. Well, well; then I am. Do you know that we Poles are as great gamblers as yourselves? What say you to a game at picquet?"

"By all means," said I, delighted at the prospect of any thing to while away the hours of her sorrowing.

"Then you must teach me," rejoined she, laughing, "for I don't know it. I'm wretchedly stupid about all these things, and never could learn any game but *ecarté*."

"Then *ecarté* be it," said I: and in a few minutes more I had arranged the little table, and down we sat to our party.

"There," said she, laughing and throwing her purse on the table. "I can only afford to lose so much; but you may win all that, if you're fortunate." A rouleau of louis escaped at the instant, and fell about the table.

"Agreed," said I, indulging the quiz. "I am an inveterate gambler, and play always high. What shall be our stakes?"

"Fifty, I suppose," said she, still laughing: "we can increase our bets afterwards."

After some little *badinage*, we each placed a double louis-d'or on the board, and began. For a while the game employed our attention; but gradually we fell into conversation, the cards dropped listlessly from our hands, the tricks remained unclaimed, and we could never decide whose turn it was to deal.

"This wearies you, I see," said she: "perhaps you'd like to stop?"

"By no means," said I. "I like the game, of all things." This I said rather because I was a considerable winner at the time, than from any other motive: and so we played on till eleven o'clock, at which hour I usually took my leave; and by this time my gains had increased to some seventy louis.

"Is it not fortunate," said she, laughing, "that eleven has struck? You'd certainly have won all my gold; and now you must leave off in the midst of your good fortune: and so, *bon soir, et a revanche.*"

Each evening now saw our little party at *ecarté* usurp the place of the drive and the opera; and though our successes ran occasionally high at either side, yet, on the whole, neither was a winner, and we jested about the impartiality with which fortune treated us both.

At last, one evening eleven struck when I was a greater winner than ever, and I thought I saw a little pique in her manner at the enormous run of luck I had experienced throughout.

"Come," said she, laughing, "you have really wounded a national feeling in a Polish heart—you have asserted a superiority at a game of skill. I must beat you:" and with that she placed five louis on the table. She lost. Again the same stake followed, and again the same fortune, notwithstanding that I did all in my power to avoid winning—of course without exciting her suspicions.

"And so," said she, as she dealt the cards, "Ireland is really so picturesque as you say?"

"Beautifully so," replied I, as warmed up by a favourite topic, I launched forth into a description of the mountain scenery of the south and west; the rich emerald green of the valleys, the wild fantastic character of the mountains, the changeful skies, were all brought up to make a picture for her admiration; and she did indeed seem to enjoy it with the highest zest, only interrupting me in my harangue by the words, "*Je marque le Roi*," to which circumstance she directed my attention by a sweet smile, and a gesture of her taper finger. And thus hour followed hour; and already the grey dawn was breaking, while I was just beginning an eloquent description of "The Killeries," and the countess suddenly looking at her watch, cried out—

"How very dreadful! only think of three o'clock!"

True enough; it was that hour: and I started up to say "Good-night," shocked at myself for so far transgressing, and yet secretly flattered that my conversational powers had made time slip by uncounted.

"And the Irish are really so clever, so gifted as you say?" said she, as she held out her hand to wish me good-night.

"The most astonishing quickness is theirs," replied I, half reluctant to depart: "nothing can equal their intelligence and shrewdness."

"How charming! *Bon soir*," said she, and I closed the door.

What dreams were mine that night! What delightful visions of lake scenery, and Polish countesses,—and mountain gorges, and blue eyes,—of deep ravines, and lovely forms! I thought we were sailing up Lough Corrib; the moon was up, spangling and flecking the rippling lake; the night was still and calm, not a sound save the cuckoo was heard breaking the silence; as I listened I started, for I thought, instead of her wonted note, her cry was ever, "*Je marque le Roi!*"

Morning came at last; but I could not awake, and endeavoured to sink back into the pleasant realm of dreams, from which daylight disturbed me. It was noon when at length I succeeded in awaking perfectly.

"A note for monsieur," said a waiter, as he stood beside the bed.

I took it eagerly. It was from the countess: its contents were these:—

"MY DEAR SIR—A hasty summons from Count Czaroviski has compelled me to leave Brussels without wishing you good-by, and thanking you for all your polite attentions. Pray accept these hurried acknowledgments, and my regret that circumstances do not enable me to visit

Ireland, in which, from your description, I must ever feel the deepest interest.

"The count sends his most affectionate greetings.

"Yours ever sincerely,

"DUISCHKA CZAROVISKI née GUTZLAFF."

"And is she gone?" said I, starting up in a state of frenzy.

"Yes, sir, she started at four o'clock."

"By what road?" cried I, determined to follow her on the instant.

"Louvain was the first stage."

In an instant I was up, and dressed; in ten minutes more I was rattling over the *pavé* to my banker's.

"I want three hundred Napoleons—at once," said I to the clerk.

"Examine Mr. O'Leary's account," was the dry reply of the functionary.

"Over-drawn by fifteen hundred francs," said the other.

"Over-drawn? impossible!" cried I, thunderstruck. "I had a credit of six hundred pounds."

"Which you drew out by cheque this morning," said the clerk. "Is not that your hand-writing?"

"It is," said I, faintly, as I recognised my own scrawl, dated the evening before.

I had lost above seven hundred, and had not a sous left to pay post-horses.

I sauntered back sadly to "The France," a sadder man than ever in my life before: a thousand tormenting thoughts were in my brain; and a feeling of contempt for myself, somehow, occupied a very prominent place. Well, well; it's all past and gone now, and I must not awaken buried griefs.

I never saw the count and countess again; and though I have since that been in St. Petersburg, the grand duke seems to have forgotten my services, and a very pompous-looking porter in a bear-skin did not look exactly the kind of person to whom I should wish to communicate my impression "about Count Potoski's house being my own." J

A FEW TRANSLATIONS BY WILLIAM DOWE.

A DREAM.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

The tall and lovely Cypris as I slept
 Drew near my couch ; in her white hand she led
 Her beauteous boy, whose bashful eyes were kept
 Still on the ground, and thus the goddess said :
 To thee, oh, well-beloved swain, I bring
 My infant Eros ; teach him how to sing !

She spoke and vanished. I, alas ! began
 To teach the urchin apt our rustic lays—
 How Hermes gave the lute in mythic days ;
 Athena the soft lute, and forest Pan
 The unequal reeds ; and how the shepherds praise
 Apollo for the harp ; that done, the child
 Tossed his superior head in scorn, and smiled.

And lo ! the little egotist broke forth
 And sang to me of love ; and deftly taught
 Of mortal loves, and those of upper birth,
 And of his mother's acts in heaven and earth.
 In sooth, what wonder that I soon forgot
 All I had told him, while the strain he sung
 Still vibrates on my heart and on my tongue !

ODE TO BACCHUS.

HORACE.

I saw—believe it all !—I saw, one day,
 Bacchus repeating, among crags far distant,
 Verses, and crowding nymphs that learned the lay,
 While goat-footed satyrs, quick-eared, listened !
 Huzza, huzza !—my mind is trembling yet
 With recent dread ; and all my soul, replete
 With the inspiring god,
 Tumultuous feels a thousand ecstasies.
 Huzza !—yet spare me—let me be at ease,
 Thou, dreaded for thy ivy-wreathed rod !
 'Tis given to me to sing
 The wanton Bacchanalian priestesses,
 And the wine-fountain spring,
 And milky-flowing rills,
 And evermore the honey that distils
 From hollow trunks of trees.
 Mine to the added blazon and the pride
 Of all the heavens in her, thy starry bride ;
 And Pentheus' palace ruined, and the fall
 Of the stern Thracian king, Lycurgus old.

'Tis thine to hold
 Dominion of all rivers, and of all
 The broad Barbaric Sea ; thou, moist with wine,
 On thy exclusive mountains, 'mid the hair
 Of Thracian maidens, harmless dost entwine
 The knotted vipers ; thou, when through the air
 The cohort of the giants rushed to scale
 The kingdom of thy father, didst assail,
 And drive with lion teeth and talons out
 Rhœcus 'thwart the sky with fearful rout.
 Though deemed more suited to the dances light,
 And jocund sport and play,
 And insufficient for the mortal fight
 Yet then thou didst display
 A common soul for either game ; and thus,
 Wagging his gentle tail, old Cerberus
 All innocently gazed on thy return,
 And with his triple tongue did greet
 Thy legs and feet—
 Advancing glorious with thy golden horn !

THE GARDENS OF ARMIDIA.

FROM THE GERUSALEMME OF TASSO.

These passed ; they see the garden beautiful,
 With verdant glades and crystal ponds and founts,
 And silvery, sighing waterfalls that lull
 The listening ear ; rare trees, and flowers, and plants,
 And leafy branching bowers, and grottos cool,
 And valleys in the shade, and sunny mounts—
 All the more wonderful, that none may guess
 The power which framed such passing loveliness.

So was the cultured with the savage blent,
 So rare the unison of every part,
 That nature seemed, in site and ornament,
 To imitate her imitator, art.
 The mild pure air and cloudless skies gave scent
 And beauty to the flowers ; no storms might hurt
 The unshaken trees, which bore exhaustless there
 Perennial blooms and fruits for ever fair.

When the fruit fell another quickly sprung,
 Hid by the self-same leaf ; beside the old
 Grew the young fig ; the mellow apple hung,
 With its smooth rind alternate green and gold ;
 The teeming vine her fertile tendrils flung
 Beneath the weight they scarcely might uphold ;
 The grapes were here unripe, and there they grew,
 Swelling implete with bacchanalian dew.

The merry birds beneath the greenwood shade
 Sung loving songs ; the boughs and leaves were stirred
 By the soft wind that gently blew, and played
 Upon the waters with a sweet accord ;
 And when the songsters paused, loud answer made,
 Sinking anon when these again were heard :
 Thus, were it chance or art, the very breeze
 Joined in these strange and varied harmonies.

With many-coloured plumes and purple bill,
 A wondrous bird amidst the others sung
 Her amorous lays with clear and blithesome trill,
 In sounds like accents of the human tongue ;
 And so much did she talk, so strange, that still
 Her feathered fellows round in silence hung
 Upon her strains—there came no watery hum
 From the hushed waves, and Zephyr's voice was dumb.

She sung—" behold the budding rose that steals
 At first into the day with blushing mien ;
 In her young modesty she half conceals
 And half unfolds her charms, when scantest seen
 Ever most fair ; till, bolder, she unveils
 Them all abroad, then fades her beauteous sheen ;
 She seems no more the flower that paramours
 And maidens cull to deck the nuptial bowers.

" Thus in a day the bud and blossom pass
 Of mortal life, to perish in the tomb,
 Joyless and withering like the levelled grass.
 Then take the rose of love while in its bloom ;
 Short is our little day of years—alas !
 'Tis past on ere we can believe it come.
 Pluck, while ye may, the lovely rose, and moved
 With mutual bliss, oh ! love and be beloved !"

She ceased her descant, and amid the groves
 The warbling birds renew their glad assent :
 In soft caresses sighed the turtle doves ;
 All living things in pairs sequestered went
 'Mid oaks and laurels, where, o'er lone alcoves,
 A thousand trees their mingled shadows bent ;
 A charm was round the spot, and warmly wove
 Soft spells of gay voluptuousness and love.

A PICTURE.

FROM THE JOCELYN OF LAMARTINE.

This evening, by the hearth-fire blazing bright,
 I gazed on Lawrence in the cheerful light
 Back from his face reflected, while the child
 Sat on the ground, and gazed and gaily smiled
 On a young fawn—his favourite fawn that lay
 Close couched between his feet in quiet play.
 Methought I never yet saw aught so fair
 In simple beauty as that harmless pair.

Its slight legs bent beneath its downy breast,
 The petted creature laid itself to rest,
 As in its grassy pasture, where the breeze
 Blew all the day ; and thus, between his knees,
 In all the sweet, bold confidence of love,
 It turned its pure intelligent eye above
 To gaze on his, and with complacent mien
 Ate the young sprouts of willows from between
 His delicate fingers ; and, when all was done,
 Stretched up its grateful head to rest upon

His shoulder ; and contented with its place,
 Looked with a happy triumph in my face,
 And gently rude in its voluptuous joy,
 Nibbled the auburn ringlets of the boy.

THE DAUPHIN.

A STORY FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Hear a tale of those merry old times that are gone :
 'Tis of Richard, a troubadour, youthful and bold,
 The favourite of Charles, Louis, Philip, or John—
 But which of these monarchs has never been told.
 The birth of a dauphin was solemnized once ;
 Our Richard at Blois was then making a stay,
 And there he first learned the good fortune of France ;
 Come, sing for your monarch in ode or in lay—
 Sing, merry troubadour, troubadour gay !

Back he came, harp in hand, to the royal saloon,
 And every one said—make a song for the birth :
 So then he gave thanks to the virgin, and soon
 A song on the dauphin came duteously forth.
 The song was applauded and so was his mien,
 And the ladies around were heard softly to say,
 Admiring his air, he's a man for a queen ;
 Sing for your monarch in ode or in lay—
 Sing, merry troubadour, troubadour gay !

When the song was got over he ran to the church ;
 For what ? for a confessor ; listen and learn !
 He met a fat gray-bearded monk in the porch,
 A censor of manners, unbending and stern.
 Ah ! sain me and save me ! perdition is such—
 I had always objections to travel that way.”
 “ Why, what have you done?—loved the ladies too much ;”
 Sing for your monarch in ode or in lay—
 Sing, merry troubadour, troubadour gay !

“ To my bane, I'm too dearly belov'd,” said the youth :
 “ Son, speak me no riddle—what means thy mischance ?
 Say, what hast committed ?”—“ committed, in truth,
 A sin of some size, sir—a dauphin of France.
 “ Thou'rt a favourite at court,” said the monk, as he grew
 More calm from the shock of his sudden dismay ;
 “ Provide us, your friends, with an abbey or two,
 And sing for your monarch in ode or in lay—
 Sing, merry troubadour, troubadour gay !

“ For one or two princes,” the father proceeds,
 “ One need not be damned altogether, my son :
 Tell over five aves and so many creeds,
 And—speak of our order at times by the throne.”
 Brave Richard absolved, then returned to his place,
 And his love for the boy was exceeding, they say ;
 So God save our king's long legitimate race !
 And sing for your monarch in ode or in lay—
 Sing, merry troubadour, troubadour gay !

H E R N A M E.

VICTOR HUGO.

A lily's pure perfume ; a halo's light ;
 The Evening's voices mingling soft above ;
 The hour's mysterious farewell in its flight ;
 The plaintive story told
 By a dear friend who grieves, yet is consoled ;
 The sweet soft murmur of a kiss of love ;

The Scarf, seven-tinted, which the Hurricane
 Leaves in the clouds, a trophy to the sun ;
 The well-remembered tone
 Which, scarcely hoped for, meets the ear again ;
 The pure wish of a virgin heart ; the beam
 That hovers o'er an infant's earliest dream ;

The voices of a distant choir ; the sighs
 That fabulous Memnon breathed of yore to greet
 The coming dawn ; the tone whose murmurs rise,
 Then, with a cadence tremulous, expire ;—
 These, and all else the spirit dreams of sweet,
 Are not so sweet as her sweet name, oh lyre ;

Pronounce it very softly, like a prayer ;
 Yet, be it heard, the burden of the song :
 Ah ! let it be a sacred light to shine
 In the dim fane ; the secret word, which there,
 Trembles for ever on one faithful tongue,
 In the lone, shadowy silence of the shrine.

But oh ! or ere, in words of flame,
 My muse, unmindful, with the meaner crowd
 Of names, by worthless pride revealed aloud,
 Should dare to blend the dear and honoured name
 By fond affection set apart,
 And hidden, like a treasure in my heart ;

My strain, soft syllabled, should meet the ear
 Like sacred music heard upon the knees ;
 The air should vibrate to its harmonies,
 As if light hovering in the atmosphere,
 An angel, viewless to the mortal eye,
 With his fine pinions shook it, rustling nigh.

Cork, 1842.

TRAVELS AND TRAVELLERS.*

Lady Chatterton—Clifton Paris—The Travelling Physician—Change for the American Notes.

IN this age of vagabondage, when every one travels, and more still, when every one writes a book on his wanderings, we must not only expect to find that the highways of the world are somewhat overtrodden, but also, that for lack of newer matter and more interesting topics, the tourists have been obliged to fall back upon their personal adventures, making their own little circle of experiences the burden of their book: the consequence is, that we take up a volume of modern travels, not expecting to discover any new views in the state of politics, religion, literature, or the fine arts, in the described countries, but simply the *res gestæ* of the book-writer with custom-house officers, commissionaires, and passport-people; their bill of fare at the hotel, and their score at parting; some few, and generally speaking, not very profound observations on national character; the ordinary proportion of *rechauffée* anecdote; a story—now grave, now humorous—told by the postillion; a small sprinkling of well-known names; an odd chapter of scenery and impressions, *et voila!* your book of travels.

The only variety this walk of literature—for it has regularly become such—presents, is in the character and position of the traveller himself. We expect, and find, prettier writing and more refined sentiments among the lady voyagers; while the sterner sex favour us occasionally with certain inklings of their home politics and prejudices, while discussing the acts of Louis Philippe, or the King of Prussia.

He would undoubtedly seem a bold man who, in the present state of things,

would announce a volume of travels, purporting to be a tour from Liverpool to Dover, taking Birmingham and London *en route*, giving us all the details of the railroad, the stations, the hot coffee at day-break, and the cold luncheon at noon; with occasional digressions upon factory and poor-law questions, foundries and furnaces: and then making up the body of his work on the great metropolis, with a narrative of his hotel, and the fat waiter, and the gentleman at No. 8, who played the key bugle, and walked in his sleep; and so on. But after all, bating that Stafford and Wolverton, Coventry and Tring, are somewhat more familiar to our ears and tongues than Montreuil and St. Omer, Amiens and Abbeville, is not the road to Paris as well known and as hackneyed as any in the empire? Who is there, and whose wife is there, who has not journeyed it in *coupé* or extra post, in *malle* or diligence? who has not sported his ten-pound note and his bad French at Meurice's? who has not dined at Very's. And the same may be said of Belgium: in every part, from Ostende to Leige, from Antwerp to the frontier of Prussia, there is one flood-tide of English of every rank and class—bankers and bagmen, lords, cheese-mongers, swindlers, levanters, horse-dealers, members of parliament, picture-buyers half-pays, widows, and dissenting clergymen—all mixed up inextricably together, and conveying, doubtless, very singular impressions of the land from which they emanate. The result is, that the Continent swarms with our countrymen: and from Spitzbergen to Switzerland there is no escaping them. This at first blush might seem a reason against the

* The Pyrenees, with Excursions into Spain. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1843.

Letters from the Pyrenees. By T. Clifton Paris, B. A. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street. 1843.

The Life of a Travelling Physician. 3 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1843.

Change for the American Notes. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1843.

ten-thousand-times-told tale of a trip to France—six weeks in Holland—a summer in Germany—a winter in Italy; but a little consideration will show the reverse to be the case: and it is exactly to meet this universal mania for rambling, such books as we speak of are written, sold, and read. As in the peninsular war, the subalterns of our army never knew the result of movements in which they formed part, until the arrival of the *Times* from England, which informed them that they had gained an important victory—taken cannon, prisoners, &c.; so your common traveller is never sure of his impressions till confirmed by Messieurs and Mesdames Tennent and Trollope, Jameson, Quin and Company. He goes forth to spend money—be road-sick and sea-sick—speak unintelligible French, and be cheated; he comes home to read of where he has been, and make himself strong upon France, or Holland, or the Rhine. For ourselves, John Murray is all we care for as a road-book. Let us know the miles before us, and the road, and we answer for it that we shall find wherewithal to amuse us, even without a roguish commissionaire to point the way. We are, however, very far from dictating to others; and the more as our table at this moment presents us with an array of volumes of a very different order, and well calculated to lighten many an hour at home, and give added zest to many a day abroad: and first to begin—let us open Lady Chatterton.

Lady Chatterton's pleasant books have already met the meed of our approval in this journal, and we are happy to have another opportunity of confirming this favourable award.

Her journey southward from Paris took her through a most interesting portion of France, by Orleans, Poitiers, and Angouleme, to Bourdeaux, along which she lightens the way by many a sparkling passage and some interesting memoranda of the ancient chateaux of the land. From Bourdeaux she proceeds to visit Blanquefort, the once residence of Edward the Black Prince; nor do we think we can more favourably introduce our authoress to our readers than in her sketch of the castle.

“I have suffered much from head-

ache since we came here, and did not feel equal to a long rumbling drive on the *paré*, but still I wished to see either the castle of La Brede or Blanquefort,—two excursions on different sides of the town. Edward the Black Prince passed some of the latter days of his life at Blanquefort; and Montesquieu wrote his ‘*Esprit des Lois*’ at the Chateau de La Brede, they are both about two hours’ drive from Bourdeaux: but that to La Brede is said to be the prettier. Now, the Black Prince has, by far, greater attractions for me, besides it seems a much less frequented excursion. We should be able to get an excellent dinner, all the guides said, at the restaurant of La Brede; but there was none they knew of at the little village De Blanquefort; and its very name even does not occur in a guide book of five hundred and seventy pages, which we unluckily bought. Many of the coachmen were equally ignorant. All this decided us in its favour; and so off we went in the nicest little carriage I ever entered, calling itself a *fiacre*; but the only thing that betrayed its avocation, was its No. 32. It appeared perfectly new both outside and in; its form, that of a Brougham, with beautiful silk linings, spring-cushions, two handsome grey horses in excellent condition, and a smart, gentlemanlike driver—in short, our equipage was quite perfect, and so was our excursion. We passed near the pretty villages of Le Bouscat, Brouges, and Ezzines, and on each side of the road were innumerable villas, with gardens full of standard roses and fine orange-trees in full bloom. The castle of Blanquefort is not situated so high as I had expected from James’s description, for we certainly could not see the windings of the river from it, but we had a lovely view over the fertile plains of Bourdeaux, with the striking spires of the cathedral, and the heights on the opposite bank of the river, covered with fine woods, villas, and pine-trees. The old chateau itself stands in a little valley below the village. How picturesque and interesting are its ancient walls! Besides having been a favourite residence of the Black Prince, Blanquefort is said to be the last place in this part of the country, which held out for the English. The whole form may be perfectly traced, with the outward moat and towers. Some of the rooms even are in good preservation; the mouldings of the windows, the corbels, and ceilings beautifully carved. We could clearly distinguish the English leopard in many places, and, I think,

Prince of Wales's feathers on some parts of the walls. The stone is of a yellowish white hue, and looks so fresh and new, that one might almost fancy some of the ornaments to have but just come out of the sculptor's hand: yet the ivy, wild fig, honeysuckles, and vines, which overshadow the ruined towers, and cluster in graceful festoons round the carved windows and broken staircases, give them a venerable appearance. It is, however, so very well and solidly built, that time alone could not have worked the desolation which now reigns. We heard that one of the largest houses at Blanquefort was built of stones taken from our Edward's palace."

At length the wished-for object of her ramble, the "lofty Pyrenees," appear in sight, and we feel warmed by the increasing energy of her style, as the character of the scenery changes before her.

"Bayonne.—Evening.—Hotel St. Etienne. The last three hours of our drive was through very lovely scenery. The Pyrenees were but dimly visible in the distant haze; but here and there a blue summit peeped above the light clouds, and still further, a snow-capped peak glistened through them. There was something in these mysterious outlines which enchanted me, even more than if we had obtained a clear and uninterrupted view of our new friends—friends I trust they will be, for I know of nothing in inanimate nature to which we get so much attached as mountains. We soon learn their forms and names by heart. Then the distinct and near views were beautiful—the sea, the Bay of Biscay was on our right, bounding a woody plain, and on each side of the road, the plane, the tulip, and cork-tree frequently occur, telling of new regions and southern lands; and vines, trellised over whole fields, form an umbrageous roof to Indian-corn, which grows beneath. Then we passed by little clear lakes, and dells, and abrupt heights, and scenes which suddenly transferred us in imagination to an old English park, with its giant oaks and lordly fern, looking wild, yet so aristocratic, that we gazed through a break in the forest, almost expecting to see the old manor-house; but a distant mountain appeared instead, and the eye travelled far over vine-clad plains; and Spanish-featured peasants, carts drawn by oxen, and the smell of the wild heliotrope, told us that we were far south. And in this

town every thing tells that we are very near Spain. The shops, the hotels, have Spanish as well as French signs, and the old arcades and highly-ornamented houses have quite a Spanish air. The low, old-fashioned arcades, the dress and look of the people—the language, all announce a frontier town."

Lady Chatterton well remarks, that as great beauty of scenery seems to paralyze the power of sketching, so great interest in a subject interferes with description; and so it is, the dissatisfaction felt at our inability to convey any thing approaching to our sensations throws a damper on our efforts, and we prefer this unmutated enjoyment even to ourselves, lest in participating them with others, we should destroy the illusion they have created.

We pass over a legend too long for insertion, but which, gracefully and well told, will amply repay perusal, to reach a spot we have always loved—one of the sweetest in a sweet country, and, whether for climate, situation, or scenery, having no rival—Pau. We are sorry for once—it is only once—to observe, that a most pleasant chapter opens with one of those blemishes we have stigmatized at the commencement of this paper. Far from us be the thought, to undervalue the affection of one of God's creatures—the humblest and the meanest: we treasure love too dearly to reject it, though it beam from the soft eye of a spaniel, or show itself in the gambols of a Blenheim; but that the death of a favourite dog should be announced as the reason for change of place—a cause for "seeking distraction and excitement in new scenes;" this, we confess, we not only do not subscribe to, but must actually condemn; and even were the feeling to be defended, we must dissent to the taste of introducing this mention of it in such a place, and such a manner; and we are really sorry to read, that the old castle of Henri IV. failed to excite its due pleasures under the memory of this bereavement.

The passage which follows is far more to our liking:—

"We started from Bayonne for Pau at ten minutes before eight, and reached it at five; thus doing the hundred and five kilometres, upwards of sixty-eight

miles, in nine hours and ten minutes. Heavy showers occasionally occurred, and the weather became so cloudy, as to shut up the view of the higher mountains, and thus deprive the landscape of its chief attraction; still, enough was left to render it very beautiful, and occasional glimpses showed us what the scenery would be with the high chain exposed. We had an opportunity of judging of the fine position of Bayonne this morning, with the mountains clear. The view, soon after leaving the town, from the Pau road, was very beautiful, and, for the first time, the snow mountains were distinctly visible; they soon became clouded. We passed a nice *campagne* commanding this fine view; the river is an interesting feature in the foreground—as is the Pic du Midi in the distance. Before descending to the Adour the view must be fine; it was in a great measure hidden from us. The river, which is crossed by a good modern bridge, is here, as it appeared to me, a broader stream than at Bayonne.

“At Peyrehorade, which is on the Gave, there is a bridge over the river, here a fine stream, and near it is an interesting old castle, now, I believe, a poorhouse. Its position is good, over the river; and the terrace of a little garden we walked to, commands a fine view. On the height above are the remains of an ancient castle. All this country is very highly cultivated; and the rich green of the Indian corn contrasts well with the yellow tints of the wheat, fast advancing to maturity. After ascending a *côte* beyond Peyrehorade, we came to a pretty *maison de campagne*, commanding a rich and extensive view of the course of the Gave and the range of mountains. In the villages the St. John garlands are universal: these garlands are made of flowers, gathered on St. John's eve, and, being blessed by the priest, are suspended to the barn-door, where they remain until replaced by a fresh one on the following year, and are supposed to have the effect of protecting the crop.”

The Englishman travels for pleasure, says Lady Chatterton, and therefore comforts are essential. His hotel must be well arranged, his dinner well cooked, and his attendance prompt. True; but there is another reason for this: home habits make these things every-day matters in England; not so with foreigners, who, if not in the very highest walks of society, have not the most vague notion of domestic comfort. To them

there is no inconvenience in eating, drinking, dressing, and sleeping in the same one chamber; the waiter may be a half-clad *frotteur*, and the floor sanded; the *soins de toilette* are a slight matter, and demand neither space nor time, we had almost added, nor water; and a “Frenchman's wash” is a proverb for a scrubbing with a dry towel. Hence, the source of what is so often mis-called fastidiousness in John Bull, and contentment in the foreigner.

Our authoress enters Spain by the Port de Venasque, and the description of the route is most exciting.

“We were up at five o'clock, and had the happiness to see the mountains perfectly distinct, and a brilliant morning; departure for Spain, of course, resolved on. I in a *chaise à porteur*, carried by two men, with two to relieve, for which we are to pay forty francs: the rest of the party mounted, and our guide, Benoit, carries on his horse a portmanteau, and various other things—provisions for the men, and a leathern wine-bottle, to be used *à l'Espagnolle*, that is, to be held a certain distance from the mouth, and the stream of wine directed into the mouth, thus really ‘making the throat a thoroughfare for wine.’

“The ride up the valley was delightful; woods and mountains, known before under the gloomy influence of mist and rain, now appeared in all their beauty.

“We passed the Tour de Castel Bielle, standing out in its fine position, and I found that the ‘*porteurs*’ kept up to the usual mountain-pace, for in less than an hour we reached the point where the road to the Vallée de Lys branches off, and we entered the Vallée of the Hospice—a valuable property of the commune of Luchon.

“We soon reached the Cagot's hut. The Cagots seem to have ceased to be considered as a separate race—the only present distinction being their own inclination to remain in the mountains. The family occupying this hut lost a remarkably fine young man, who was killed at Constantine, and their remaining son has now been drawn in the conscription: I saw the wife loading a horse with wood, to sell at Luchon.

“We continued to ascend, enjoying a good view, of which the Pic de Pecade, not visible from Luchon, formed the great attraction; it is a complete sugar loaf of smooth shist, and looks almost as if it had been chiselled. We now reached the forest of Charagan, grow-

ing very fine beech and fir, with other trees, and I saw a large cherry lately cut, which is a wood much esteemed for building.

"Soon after leaving the forest, we reached the Hospice, having, by degrees, neared the great heights, to which, for many days we had looked forward with so much anxiety; behind us we saw the fine pasture height of Sobra Bagnieres, and could judge that the view from it must be very good, commanding all the heights; a visit to it might be combined with the expedition to the Valley du Lys.—*Mem. for future travellers.*

"The Hospice is a large, substantial house, for which a considerable rent is paid; the tenant is obliged to keep the road to the Port from the Hospice in order, as it is called; and in winter, when he descends into the valley, must leave bread, wine, and firing in the house for the relief of any traveller who may call. It is a point of conscience, which is almost invariably observed, to leave money equivalent to the quantity of provisions consumed. Another trait of honesty connected with this passage is the sacredness of property left at the Port de Venasque. By law the carriers do not cross the frontier; the bales of goods are deposited at the Port, and there they often remain for the day and night, before being removed by the parties to whom they belong, and yet the plunder of a bale is a thing never heard of. And whence is this? Is it that scenes like these, that the sight of nature in its sublimity, the awful terrors of the avalanche and storm in these high regions, have the power of elevating the mind, and rendering it incapable of base and sordid actions?

"A strong religious feeling, too, is connected with the pass: it has all been consecrated, so that the bodies of those lost in the passage may lie in holy ground. I was pointed out a spot, at the side of one of the small lakes, where lie the bodies of five men, who were carried away by an avalanche of snow, in attempting a passage during the winter. It was two months before they were discovered. Our *cortège* stopped at the Hospice a few minutes; we walked forwards, about to penetrate amongst the great heights around us, and with a feeling of curiosity as to how we were to get on—a feeling destined to be far more strongly excited. We had, from a height reached in a few minutes, to halloo loudly, before we could move the main body, still lingering at the Hospice below us."

After a short but pleasant excur-

sion in Catalonia, Lady Chatterton returns to the French side of the Pyrenees, and we meet her once more at Bagneres; and here we find an amusing contrast pictured between the bathing-places in the Pyrenees and in Germany.

"We were much surprised at the high price of every thing in these Pyrenean baths; so much dearer than in Germany; and it is a comfort to know that this cannot be attributed to the English, for they are chiefly frequented by French; there was, indeed, only one English family among all the visitors at Luchon. The manner of living is much less sociable than in Germany: few *tables d'hôte*; no parties; nothing to bring people together: every thing appears less cheerful, less primitive. Ladies, indeed, are much better dressed here, but they do not look half so happy or cheerful. Certainly, the superior beauty of the scenery compensates for much; still I delight in the 'bad' life of Germany. I say nothing of low prices, and facility of conveyance, which are great advantages; but its early hours—the pleasant, well-instructed, intellectual Germans, and travellers of other nations, to be met with at the *tables d'hôte*—the beautiful music with which the ear is gratified—all this is more soothing, as well as exhilarating, to the spirits of an invalid, than even the splendid scenery of the Pyrenees. The Germans give me the idea of being the happiest, the most rationally happy, people on earth; and nothing does one so much good as to look on happiness."

Lady Chatterton remarks upon the erroneous impressions which are current about the climate of France, Germany, and even Italy; and pronounces that the breezes of England are, to the full, as exhilarating. We do not intend to join issue with her in the matter; albeit, the atmosphere is the last thing, in the way of our nationality, we shall ever undertake to dispute with a foreigner.

"I do not mean to say," she continues, "that people misrepresent the happy state of their feelings when travelling on the Continent; but the fact is they are wrong in attributing the exhilaration they feel to the climate, whereas it probably proceeds from the exciting effect of new scenes—as different country, interesting places, and perhaps, more than any of these, from the fact of their getting away from the cares

and torments of house-keeping, and sundry other annoyances, which home, sweet home, sometimes entails; above all, to those who write, meaning to publish, there is another and most delicious excitement — the hope of amusing and interesting others.”

We, unhappily for ourselves and for others, perhaps, know something of the latter; and *certes*, we must acknowledge that we never found our journal any solace to our low spirits, and our ink is the very last bottle we should ever look to to raise our desponding heart. And here, however unwillingly, we must pull up short, though, in fact, only at the opening of the truly Spanish portion of the book. We are certain, however, that in the extracts we have given, enough will appear to justify all we have said of these pleasant volumes, while we have left an unreaped harvest of amusement to the reader in the remainder of the work.

Next on our list comes Mr. Clifton Paris, and a pleasanter traveller we would not ask to forgather with. His book bespeaks the gentleman and the scholar: no sickly cant, no overwrought description, no searching for unnatural sensations to be expressed in less natural phrases; but a manly, unaffected Englishman, who, hearing much of the Pyrenees, and unable to obtain information accurate enough to guide his rambles, sets out to explore the route himself, and for the benefit of others, publishes his notes.

As a pedestrian, and such he is, his volume has more than the common share of adventure. Your foot-pad meets men and women under circumstances that your muffled traveller, in a *coupé*, wots not of. The peasant, *en blouse*, is his fellow-traveller; the way-side cabaret his hotel; and if he have fewer of the enjoyments which wealth and civilization diffuse, *en revanche*, he has the more amusing features of a land before him; and the sphere of his observation is not limited by the glass window of a coach, or the directing finger of a cicerone.

Without dragging our reader over the road from Paris, we shall skip boldly to Bayonne at once, and present our author *en route*.

“The first village on the road towards Pau was Peythorade, about twen-

ty-one miles distant from Bayonne; but I did not undertake the journey without the full expectation of finding some intermediate cottage, or at least some convenient spot where I might repose for a few hours. The night was beautiful and moonlight, and the air was filled with fragrance. For many a mile the country was wild and solitary; not a human being, nor a cottage, nor dwelling of any description was to be seen; and the stillness was unbroken by the slightest sound. The road ran in a straight direction over a sandy soil, skirted on each side by dark pines; and had it not been for the oppressive weight on my shoulders, the walk would have been extremely agreeable. I soon found, however, that I was compelled to rest every now and then upon the stones that were piled by the road-side, and at length I felt so utterly exhausted, that I sought some nook or snug berth among the trees where I might repose for the night; but this plan I was compelled to abandon from the impossibility of finding water, without which I could not have availed myself of any resting place, however inviting it might otherwise have been; for I was as thirsty as Tantalus; and like him, I imagined at every step, from the ideal murmurings of water which the wanton breeze brought to my ear, that the much-desired elixir was at my lip. In such a state, what was my delight when I suddenly came upon a cottage shining in the moonlight, and evolving wreaths of smoke from its good old chimney! It was an oasis in the desert, and my lips acknowledged it with gratitude after having been refreshed by repeated draughts of clear cold water. Some little time elapsed before I could obtain entrance, shouting and thundering at the door until the black pines around me re-echoed the sound; but such efforts were at last rewarded, and I was admitted into a room dimly illuminated by glowing logs of wood that displayed the comfortable recesses of a huge chimney corner. A row of Bayonne hams was hanging from one of the massive cross-beams of the ceiling, and on the earthy floor lay various household implements in picturesque disorder. But the inmates whom I encountered brought to my mind the shrivelled tenants of St. Michel's vault,—two wretched crones, miserably clothed, with withered arms and naked feet, and a man of but little better mien and dress. Considering the hour of the night and the loneliness of the road, it was not surprising they should have expressed astonishment at my abrupt intrusion: for aught I know, they might

have mistaken me for some phantom, had not the pack on my shoulders spoke so plainly of this earth and its vanities. Upon asking permission to pass the night there, I was told that I should meet with a little auberge about half a mile further on; so after draining their water vessel to my heart's content, I resumed my route, and having wearily passed the promised half mile, I again stood before a dark stone cottage. It was involved in the deepest obscurity; no smoke ascended from its chimney, and windows and doors were all closed. I was, however, unwilling to abandon my chance of a lodging without an effort, and I accordingly opened a heavy battery of fists upon the shutters. It had no immediate effect; it summoned forth a dog, which taking up a station about six yards in my rear, proved a valuable auxiliary; for the shutters soon creaked and turned upon their hinges, and a figure, evidently aroused from its bed, emerged from the casement into the cool night air, whilst a gruff voice demanded the cause of so much disturbance?

" 'A weary traveller,' said I; 'open your door, and give me shelter for the night; I am so exhausted I can proceed no further.'

" 'I have no bed for you,' was the chilling answer; 'but you will find an auberge at a very short distance;' and he then graphically described the house, standing on the side of the road, with an earnestness which excited my gratitude, and which I mention as being highly characteristic of the kind feelings that I have ever found among the peasantry of France. Few Englishmen, I fancy, when thus summoned from their beds at midnight, would have treated the disturber of their rest with so much courtesy.

" Having apologised for my abrupt interruption of his slumbers, I once more started in pursuit of this phantom auberge, for such did I begin to regard it; another quarter of a mile, however, did actually bring me to a whitewashed cottage standing endways on the road. All right thought I; but no evidence of life appeared from window or chimney, neither did its aspect accord with that of a house devoted to public accommodation; appearances, however, are proverbially deceptive, so, without any hesitation, I entered a little farm yard, and passing through a colony of snoring swine, began, as before, an attack upon the window-shutters, but no cries for quarter came responsive to the assault; I might as well have stormed a tomb and called upon the dead to answer—it was the hall of enchantment, and the

sleepers were evidently spell-bound.—In this dilemma I accidentally espied an old ruinous ladder that leant its crazy form against the opening to a chamber, which I accordingly ascended, and soon found myself in a hay-loft, which obviously communicated with the house; need I say, that I instantly cast my load from my back, kicked off my shoes, and threw my wearied limbs upon the soft hay? And never surely did bed of down afford more delightful repose, although I must confess, that before I fell into a profound sleep, the idea of hungry rats crossed my imagination, and I felt some instinctive dread that I might not awake in the morning with a proper complement of toes; but under my circumstances, fancy could not long sustain a contention with sleep.

" At about four the next morning I was sufficiently aroused by the Bayonne porkers, to observe that the sky was red with the coming sun, and that a heavy thunder-cloud was sailing along the heavens; but so incessant and in such various and startling tones was the grunting, that after a few interrupted naps, I determined to rise, and having well shaken myself, I prepared to astonish the natives by my appearance. So far from this, however, I was received by them as if I had been the familiar guest of weeks, which I can only explain by supposing that the lazy inmates had heard my noisy application for entrance on the previous night, but were indisposed to acknowledge the summons, although they one and all protested to the contrary.

" The aspect of the interior bore no greater resemblance to an auberge than did the exterior walls. The host was a blacksmith, and was labouring at his vocation in an opposite shed; but his daughter, who was really a very pretty girl—a perfect rose in the wilderness—most kindly ministered to my various wants; and I so far ingratiated myself into her favour as to obtain a bowl of hot milk—a rare luxury in these parts, as it is generally made into cheese. This, with an unlimited supply of bread, afforded me an excellent breakfast, and at seven o'clock I found myself ready to start on my pilgrimage to Peyrehorade."

We cannot omit his description of Eaux Bonnes, to which he ascends from the Vallée d'Ossau.

" Turning to the left, I now began the ascent to Eaux Bonnes, having crossed the Gave by a stone bridge commanding a scene of striking beauty. A stream of the most vivid blue appears issuing from the bowels of a huge and

precipitous mountain, which, together with the green plants that hang round it, form a striking contrast to the gloomy gorge from which it flows. I advanced into this cleft as far as I was able, and was greatly tempted by its presiding spirits to take one of their deadly baths. No water-kelpy could have desired any thing more delicious in aspect and transparency than the rock-imbedded pools that lay immediately below; but a cold of fearful intensity lurked within their depths, and the stranger who rashly plunged into them would run a fair chance of losing his life. From this bridge the road wound up a steep acclivity in a zigzag direction, which, in about half an hour, I found to terminate in the little mountain city of Eaux Bonnes. How strangely is this placed! It really looks as if it had scampered away from the civilized world, and could proceed no further, from having in its vagrant haste blindly entered a *cul de sac* of mountains, from which there was no escape. It principally consists of hotels and lodging-houses; and during the season, which lasts for the summer months, it is crowded by the influx of fashionable visitors. You would have thought that the whole Parisian world had congregated in the different hotels; and I found, as I had expected, that a shelter for so wandering and unsettled a being as myself could scarcely be procured. At one house the sum of five franks the night was asked for a wretched bed-room, with an aperture which its owner poetically entitled a window. I believe this is not an unusual demand; but after a further search I succeeded in obtaining one for two franks: it was, however, but a sorry apartment, situated in the roof of the house.

Every body breakfasts and dines at the *table d'hôte*, the charge for which is not unreasonable—four francs a head for an elegant *déjeuné* and dinner, inclusive of wine. You can have no idea what a lively scene the place presented at ten and five, the *hours for feeding*: all the inhabitants were then lounging about; and as the clock struck, innumerable garçons sallied from their respective hotels, and sent into the air a hundred iron-tongued calls, which were duly bandied about by the surrounding mountains. The French are essentially a sociable people; and there is one custom at these watering places that is very agreeable to the solitary traveller: as soon as the *table d'hôte* is over, the greater part of the company adjourn to another room called the *Salon de la Musique*, where they find a pianoforte and cards; some lady then usually places herself at the instrument, and

the rest of the party sit down to whist, or amuse themselves by dancing or conversation. These meetings are rendered particularly pleasant by the free and easy manners, and perfect good-breeding of the French.

I arrived at Eaux Bonnes about mid-day, and had no sooner provided myself with a lodging than I went in search of its well-known cascades. For this purpose I entered upon the mountain side that slopes downwards from the little town, which is covered with beech trees of great age, wrinkled and distorted into a variety of grotesque forms, and is accommodated with walks variously interlacing each other. Below speeds the torrent Valencia, leaping through a wild vegetation, and 'shepherding her bright fountains' down a hundred falls towards the Vallée d'Ossau. Two of these are very remarkable—the Gros Hêtre, and the Eaux Bonnes; the former about a mile up the stream, and the latter immediately below the entrance of the town. It was to the latter that I now bent my steps, and I found it well worthy of a visit: the torrent bounds rather than falls down a slope of rock, in two magnificent curves, with incredible rapidity and stunning noise, the broken water being received in a circular pool, begirt with cliffs, and literally canopied by rainbows! It is

'The sheeted silver's waving column,'

and in its undulations unlike any other cascade I have ever seen. I remained so long at the foot of this wild fall, that I had not time to pay my *devoirs* to the spirit of the Gros Hêtre; but I wandered up the course of the stream, and encountered numerous cascades of minor importance."

Again—

"When at Eaux Chaudes I had inspected my map of the Pyrenees, and thereon seen marked a certain Lac de l'Ours in the neighbourhood of Gabas; the name looked well; the *Lake of the Bear* promised a wild and solitary scene, and I had half resolved, in the vagrant freedom of pedestrianism, to undertake a pilgrimage to it. The only difficulty in the execution of this project was my ignorance of its situation and distance; but while I was hesitating as to the wisdom of proceeding under the sole guidance of my map, the colossal landlady entered the room, and I questioned her as to the facility of its access, and whether I could visit it by the daylight that yet remained.

She answered, it was a long way distant, that the road to it was a ladder of broken rocks, an ascent that was most difficult and laborious, and that it would be impossible to go there and return before sunset; 'but,' she added, 'there is an old man below who is on the point of starting for the lake, and he will, no doubt, be happy to act as guide, should you wish it.' This was most desirable; and I instantly expressed a wish to be introduced to him, and accordingly in about two minutes he entered, and cheerfully volunteered his services. He was one of a party who were tending a herd of three hundred cattle on the higher mountain pastures, and he was about to return, with his donkey and a supply of bread, from a foraging excursion to these lower regions. His appearance was agreeable: he wore a highland garb, the round cap of Bearn, a jacket which he now carried over his shoulders, knee-breeches and leggings, all of the same rough woollen materials, and of a russet-brown colour; long black hair flowed down his back, he was exceedingly deaf, and appeared of extreme age. He said I must make up my mind to sleep in his *cabane*, and be content with black bread and milk, his only fare; and he warned me of the probability of a mist on the morrow that might obstruct my plan of ascending to the lake. I, nevertheless, joyfully accepted these conditions, being quite ready for any adventure, and equally indifferent as to food and lodgings. Accordingly, we sallied forth at about half-past one for the wild residence of my 'old man of the mountain.' Our labour commenced by climbing a path which greatly reminded me of the Faulhorn, so alpine was the character of the surrounding scenery: it led through gloomy pine-woods, over roaring torrents, and up rocky and precipitous ascents; but our pace was not fatiguing, as my companion had attained his sixty-ninth year, and he drove before him a donkey of about the same age, possessed with a strange spirit of contradiction, and with an appetite perfectly marvellous. Ascending by the side of the stream, we suddenly came upon a surprising scene of havoc and desolation: an avalanche of snow, set in motion by the warmth of the previous spring, had fallen headlong down a steep gully in the mountain, torn a path through the forest, and finally settled at the bottom of the gorge, damming up the waters with its icy mass and the wreck of trees. Its destructive bulk had diminished during the heats of summer; but the open gap, the shattered rocks

and firs, and a remnant of snow that yet impeded the torrent, bore evidence of the catastrophe. Some little way from this scene of devastation we mounted a crumbling ridge, without a blade of grass to enliven it; but having gained the summit, we stood upon a *plateau* of velvet green, surrounded by wooded heights, and studded with moss-grown rocks. No enthusiast could have desired a more suitable spot for the worship of Dame Nature, and I felt almost inclined to turn hermit, that I might sit me down there as her votary; upon reconsidering the matter, however, it appeared more prudent to leave the *wolves* and *isards* in the uninterrupted enjoyment of their possessions.

"We here halted for a time, as the old man's bones began to ache, and the donkey was seized with an appetite too ravenous to be resisted. A conversation accordingly commenced between the highlander and myself, but it was carried on with some difficulty. His deafness would have been proof against the thunder of the avalanche, and his French was sadly confounded by *patois*. I succeeded, however, in satisfying his inquiries—whether there were mountains and wolves in England—whether my country was very far distant—and whether I was the eldest son; and then I sent forth a protest, at the top of my voice, against an assertion he made, that I must be very, very rich; although I doubt not, that the sum I had then in my possession would have been a fortune in the eyes of the poor highlander.

"Hitherto we had been climbing the roots of the Pic du Midi de Pau, as if we had meditated the ascent of that mountain, but at this point we turned to the right, and bore down towards the bank of the torrent, where the ass had to be unpacked previous to its being driven through the stream, since the slight pine bridge that was thrown across was not of sufficient breadth or strength to sustain it. After this passage we began the labour of the excursion; my highland guide having here thought proper to protect his naked feet by immersing them in a huge pair of *sabots* or wooden shoes. We ascended by a crooked path of rock through wild firs, and immediately opposite to the Pic du Midi; so you may well imagine the grandeur of the scenery. This famous mountain is barren and precipitous, soaring aloft in a huge cone, and having a notch in its impending crest, like a pair of gaping jaws, with which it would seem eager to grasp the heavens. I should think it impossible to find a better point for viewing it than that afforded by this ascent; and to

those who, being struck by its singular form and wild aspect, as seen from the *Parc* at Pau, may wish to view the giant nearer, I could give no better advice than that they should undertake a pilgrimage to the *Lac de l'Ours*.

"Among the rocks of this wilderness we met three young mountaineers conducting a white steed to the country below. As a matter of course, they took off their caps to me, for such even is the universal custom among these sons of nature, and then they laughed and joked with the old man, with whom they seemed on terms of familiarity, probably belonging to the same settlement. I was very much struck with the magnificent appearance of one of them: he was upwards of six feet in height, with dark curling hair, full expressive eyes, and with a mouth that disclosed a row of teeth as white as they were regular. He inquired where I was going, and then wished me every delight and happiness: such is the innate politeness of a Frenchman, even in his most uncivilized condition.

The air now became sharp and chilly; we had left the shelter of the pine woods, and had entered the open regions of pasture, where nothing met the eye but huge rocks, gorges deep and dangerous, wherein the snow yet lay unmelted, and a wild expanse of grass bedecked with the purple flower of the *Iris*. About five o'clock in the day, my aged guide and his donkey came to a sudden pause in the midst of an assemblage of granite boulders; but my eye unacquainted as yet with mountain dwellings, did not comprehend the object of our delay; the old man, however, began to unpack, and upon observing a pile of stones that appeared to have been artificially arranged, I was told that it was the hut where I was to pass the night. This wild habitation, composed of pieces of rock, roughly piled together, to the height of four or five feet, was covered in by rude planks of pine wood, which in turn were kept in their places by an outer layer of stones. Stooping low, I entered, and found two highlanders asleep, covered with bearskins and heavy cloaks, upon a raised platform, composed of the leaves of the fir which occupied the whole *cabane*, with the exception of a narrow strip at the end, where a wood fire was burning, before which I eagerly seated myself, and was soon joined by my venerable guide, who invited me out to eat some black bread, and drink a bowl of milk

with him after our fatigues. Upon issuing forth, the air felt both cold and wintry, and was strongly contrasted with the temperature to which I had been lately accustomed, whence I inferred the great elevation of my present position. I perceived that we were among barren summits and dreary hills of grass, and at length I discerned the tawny cattle* hitherto lost to my careless eye, from the immensity of the slopes upon which they were feeding. The dews now began to fall, and the mists to boil up from the deep gulf below, and ere I had finished my rude repast, they came careering along the mountain sides, and shortly involved us in a premature night.

"There is nothing, certainly, in elevated regions more calculated to startle and rivet the stranger, than the aspect and conduct of the clouds when viewed for the first time; but to appreciate fully the novelty of their appearance, he should be placed in some elevated valley, in which there is nothing to remind him that he stands at any considerable elevation: he must then surely be amazed when he views the mist, instead of falling imperceptibly from the sky as seen from below, sweeping bodily towards him in wild and tumultuous columns. How well have its mystic freaks and unearthly appearance been described by the magic pen of Byron—

* The mists boil up around the glaciers, the clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury.*

"Yet it is requisite to view them with the eye rather than the imagination, to become fully impressed with the strangeness of their appearance; there is something so colossal in the vast size of their convolutions, when compared with the specks of cattle on the mountain side over which they are sweeping; something so wild in the manner in which they whirl around, and such stateliness in their more sober movements, now weaving their flimsy texture into an impenetrable veil, and now separating to give the overshadowed ground another gleam of sunlight."

After an unsuccessful attempt to pass the mountains to Luz, in which Mr. Paris encounters considerable danger, a new hazard presents itself:—

"I had walked for about an hour through the darkness of this solitary region, when I found myself marching abruptly into the midst of a recumbent

* "There is a breed of cattle peculiar to the Pyrenees: they are diminutive in stature, and universally of a tawny colour."

flock of sheep. To be attacked by the dogs was the work of a moment; and as they were five in number, their assault soon wore a most menacing aspect. At the critical moment, however, when the angry animals seemed inclined to make a dash upon me, the shepherd came roaring from his *cabane*, and order was immediately restored. Although in no tranquil mood, I could not help admiring the obedience and sagacity of my noble assailants: they walked quietly away, without any suppressed growl or skulking demeanour, seeming to say that they attacked me with no particular malice, but for the purpose of summoning their master, who would now inquire my business. The Pyrenean dog ranks among the noblest of his kind, and is as remarkable for docility as for strength and courage: he is not the drover of the flock—to drive it here and there, or to keep it together; on the contrary, he walks in advance, and leads it to the mountain side, or towards evening to the *cabane* of the shepherd. His principal duty, however, is to defend his fleecy charge from the wolf or bear; and should either venture an attack, he unhesitatingly gives battle, and generally comes off the victor. These fine animals will always salute the passing stranger, as he journeys over the mountains, but will seldom, I believe, do more than menace; lifting a stone will keep them at a distance; or should they come to closer quarters, a blow over their legs with your stick, as the guides affirm, will immediately command respect. At night, of course, their attack may be dangerous."

At Partecosa, the inquisitive character of the Spaniard strikes our traveller, and he is struck by the American delineation with which the scrutiny is exercised:—

"Never have I seen any thing at all approaching the determination with which they stared at us; I would have wagered them against the American who looked the bark off the tree, and we naturally began to inquire whether there might not be something very extraordinary in our appearance; nor was their intent gaze all we had to encounter—they stood around us in a circle earnestly talking with each other, and commenting upon every mouthful we eat, and how we eat it. We were not, however, the least abashed, for hunger quashes diffidence, and indeed we felt some pride in exhibiting ourselves at feeding time."

We cannot leave this truly delightful volume without a longing to tra-

verse the country at pictures. The little vignettes which are drawn and engraved on wood by the author, are done with taste and feeling, and occasionally present us with effects of mountain scenery grander than any thing we see in the Tyrol or the Swiss. There is a character of truthfulness about the descriptions, which every reader will be struck with; and the voracious seeker after amusement may read the description of escapes and adventures in this little ramble with an interest which few, very few works of fiction could present any thing to vie with. That Mr. Paris may write soon again, and that we may be among his readers we sincerely wish, and with this must say our good-bye.

The travelling physician, and he it is who stands next on our muster roll, is a different style of traveller from either of the preceding. Not journeying *pour se détruire*, like Lady Chatterton; nor braving the dangers of flood and precipice, like our Cambridge friend, in search of the grand and the picturesque; his life has been passed among men and cities; his career made travelling not an end but a means, less an amusement than an occupation. Adopting the duties of a travelling physician at his outset in life, partly on reasons of health—the climate of England being pronounced fatal to him—he starts on his first tour with Lord —.

"In the month of September, 1819, I was introduced to his lordship, and I shall never forget the impression that my patient made upon me. I saw all the features of consumption traced upon his face, and I must have expressed this by my own (one of the most treacherous ever allotted to man) for as soon as we left the room, the surgeon said to me, 'I see you think it is all over with him. You are right, I am afraid; but still he may live some time.'

If I had none of those bashful, fearful feelings, which some anticipate in their first introduction to those of a superior rank, still I had very different sentiments after this interview from those which I had previously entertained. I found his lordship mild and condescending, affable in his manners, and he wore an agreeable smile upon his face which was at the same time captivating and dignified. I thought that I could trace even in the lengthened mien and haggard appearance no ordinary marks of intel-

lect. There was something, however, restless about him; an agitation of mind, evinced by his bodily movements, and a certain decision in his tone, which perhaps bordered upon obstinacy. His was a mind which evidently would not remain a moment unoccupied. There was no approach to a state of rest. Such was my first impression, and it was a true one. This was the feature in the composition which alone brought us into contact, for the feverish brain had destroyed the outer man, and was now gnawing the vitals. It was arranged that I should leave the party in London and proceed *solus* to Dover, where they would join me the following day. I got to Dover, and into the heart of the town without perceiving it, so dense was the fog, at six o'clock in the morning, in the month of September. I went to bed, it was Sunday morning, and when I had refreshed myself with a little broken sleep, and with a good breakfast, I began to reflect upon the nature of things in general, and my own affairs in particular. My first idea was naturally to commence my journal. I began by philosophising upon my present situation. It was certainly a new one to me. I was placed in circumstances, which I could hardly, in the probability of events, ever have anticipated. When I began seriously to reflect, therefore, how I came to be so, it produced a mental excitement, which those only can understand, who, like myself, have suddenly passed into such opposite states; nor can even they appreciate it, unless, at the same age, they have possessed the same enthusiasm as myself. I had lately recovered from an alarming illness, and my nerves still vibrated under its effects. I had quitted Edinburgh under disadvantageous circumstances, having been obliged to resign an official situation in the infirmary, which, at that period of my medical career, promised to be most conducive to my success. Upon quitting Scotland, I knew not whither I was going, nor what means I should find to carry into effect what was then indeed the one thing needful, viz., the restoration of my health. My funds were not ample, hardly sufficient, indeed, to take me to Lisbon, could I find no other port where I might drop my anchor. I was far from being destitute, it is true, but my pride would not allow me to apply to friends for pecuniary assistance. I had received letters from my father, who was in France, authorising me to draw upon him for a hundred pounds; but the last time we parted we had an altercation upon that subject, and I had almost resolved never to apply again to that

source. It was an impious resolution, begotten in pride and reared in ingratitude.

"Such were my feelings two months previous, and they were wrought to excess by the little power my fever left me to resist them. How differently did I find myself situated at the present moment. I was at once turning my professional studies to account, and putting into my pocket what I had been putting into my head. I was about to work out my temporal subsistence; and how easy, how amiable did the task appear! The same excess of feeling, which once depressed me beyond what was absolutely probable, now raised me above all possibility; for no one ever so little reduced to practice the golden rule of Horace—'*aquam servare mentem*.' I imagined myself, therefore, at once launched into fashionable life, and was travelling physician to an English nobleman, about to set out upon his travels. How sweetly smooth did the future appear to me; my success I considered certain. I had the first interest, which would protect and patronize me in future. I imagined myself already practising in St. James's, my carriage waiting at the door, until I had dismissed my morning patients. This, and similarly extravagant misconceptions of my real situation worked upon my imagination, always prone to look forward to a brilliant future—always paying the price of its ardour in the disappointment of the present. How different did the thing really appear when placed in its true colours. What was I, and what was I about to do? A youth, who with some hundred more of his companions had got a medical diploma, and, by a lucky concatenation of events, was allowed to accompany a family to the south of France, who might repay themselves for the inconvenience such a guest might cause them, by some trifling services which he might render them."

This extract will put the reader sufficiently *au courant* to the manner of the doctor and his intentions; he will see that he has to deal with a shrewd, ready-witted son of the north, whose natural quickness is no bad compensation for his ignorance of the world. The difficulties of a new position, the strangeness of a novel situation, have already struck him; but one can see in the few brief words he lets fall, that he is prepared to meet the roughs of life, and in the adage of his country—

"To put the stout heart to the stiff brae."

His dignity, which at first is offended at his being consigned to the "calash" with the *femme de chambre* "for a companion, he sees it better to put in his pocket; and after indulging a sulky fit for the "first half stage"—we question if an Irishman had found the arrangement so faulty—he cheers up and becomes happy in the evening.

The party to which he is attached proceed southward in search of climate; and we have a lively, pleasant account of the journey, without, however, any thing very new or original. He remarks, with great truth, on the almost universal error that in England attributes a character of salubrity to the climate of Mont-Pellier, which place is deserted at once by the natives when attacked with chest disease; and the few observations which occur here are well and wisely presented. There are in reality no such mistakes current in our country as those concerning the climate of particular parts of the Continent. The most part of English writers deciding this difficult question on the experience of a summer excursion, and with little deference to the opinions of the local physicians, or any attention whatever to hospital statistics.

The patient lord becomes daily worse, and, after enduring the well-known vicissitudes of the fell malady to which he is subject, sinks into debility and dies.

The doctor is again upon the world, and "had only to think of returning home."

"Upon arriving at Bourdeaux, I found that a new schooner, fitted up in a superior style, had just arrived on her first trip from Southampton, whither she was again bound in a few days. I had nicked my time, and after taking a cordial leave of the family, from which I had received every kindness, I embarked on the first of May on board the *Britannia*. There were only three passengers besides myself. The wind was not fair, so that we dropped down slowly with the stream on a fine evening, admiring the banks of the Garonne, now rich in vegetation; for here the season was far advanced, and it seemed to be already summer. At nightfall the spires of the cathedral were still visible. I climbed the mast to take a long and last farewell of one of the finest cities in Europe. I was still young and enthusiastic, and I found myself about to

quit a country in which I had passed eight months so pleasantly; and forgetting, perhaps, how much this enjoyment was attributable to my patrons, I felt as if I could have remained there for ever. I could say, at least, with Mary Stuart, 'That my heart was still there.'"

After an unsuccessful attempt to become physician to a London dispensary—the failure in which, however humorously told, we can scarcely regret, such is the plasticity of moral and manly feeling displayed by the doctor in his canvas—he establishes himself once more in town; and, by joining various learned societies and scientific bodies, endeavours, as he expresses it, "to be continually before the profession." The picture is a painful one, and we should read it with increased depression, had we any, the slightest sympathy for him who endured it; but happily for us and for him, the web of his nature was not of any frail and delicate texture, and we never feared for him, and, accordingly, we were right.

"I had been suffering from a local complaint for some time—a continued relaxation and elongation of the uvula, which London air always produces with me; and I called upon Mr. —, a surgeon in —. He received me with that suavity and urbanity of manner which were always characteristic of him, and told me what to do, begging me to call upon him in a few days. I did so, and being better myself, was sorry to find him suffering from a nervous affection.

"'Can you tell me what is good for nervous deafness?' he asked me in an irritated tone. 'I shall lose my hearing altogether; what is good for it?'

"'Remove the nervousness, and the deafness will depart,' I replied, 'out at the same gate;' and remembering Lucretius, I continued—'Lenis enim mens est et mire mobilis ipsa.' He rallied immediately.

"'Oh, you have hit the mark!' he exclaimed; 'you know me too well already. Will you dine with me to-morrow? I have a few medical friends.'

"I bowed assent, and repaired at the usual hour, when I was introduced to the family. Fortune favours the brave; and it happened that I took an active part in the dinner conversation, my mind being stored with the topics which by chance turned up. I remember it was upon the migration of birds, a subject

which, from my intimacy with the late Dr. Leache, had interested me a great deal.

"I paid, indeed, almost daily visits at that time to the British Museum.

"The day passed off gaily. I played my rubber, made another happy quotation, as I dealt—

'Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle.'

and turned up a trump. The rubber finished, I made my bow, and departed.

"A few days afterwards I received a three-cornered note, begging me to call at my leisure. I soon found leisure to call, and going into the room Mr. — met me, and, putting a packet of letters into my hand, told me to take them home, and read them at my convenience.—'If the thing will suit you—and I must apologise to you for making the application—pray let me know before tomorrow's post. I am too much engaged to talk over the matter with you at present.'

"I hurried home, as may well be imagined, to examine the contents of this packet, from which, through the influence of secret presentiment, I anticipated much good. It proved to be a request from — to engage a physician to reside five years in Paris in a nobleman's family. A *carte blanche* was left as to terms, and the recommendation of my friend was all that seemed required to insure me the situation. I need not say that I accepted the offer, and authorized my friend to arrange the business for me."

Five hundred per annum for five annuities was not to be rejected; and I found myself once more at Dover. Upon arriving at Calais, he had some difficulty in getting his medicine chest through the custom-house, and without his doctorial title had not succeeded. This was the only time in his travels such a rank gave him any advantage. "I would recommend my colleagues to sink the doctor in travelling abroad, if they wish to be considered gentlemen. The term doctor in France is decidedly *canaille*."

This is perfectly correct: no foreigner has any, the slightest notion of the position enjoyed by the English physician in his own country; nor can he be made to understand the estimation a man is held in who has access to the intimacy of the highest persons in the land, not as the mere agent to

relieve pain and suffering, but on terms of confidence and close friendship. The rate of remuneration has much more to do with this than perhaps people generally suppose. The high fee of the English physician is a guarantee for a certain amount of acquirement, education, and breeding; and there can be but little respect paid to him whose *honoraire* is something about the fare of a cab, and rather less than half the payment to a hair-dresser. Besides, to do nothing, to have no art or *metier*, is the *sine qua non* of foreign gentility. Your count or baron, the tenth son of a poor father, would rather struggle through life how he can, depending on *rouge et noir* for his coat, and the friendship of an actress for his dinner, than adopt an honest calling. There is, properly speaking, no middle class on the Continent. The lawyer, the doctor, the clergy, are all drawn from the very humblest walks of life; and that peculiar rank which in England unites within itself the learning, the breeding, the polish, and the refinement of the very highest class, with the industry, energy, and enterprise of the working order, has no existence abroad;—while with us no rank, however elevated—no wealth, however vast, can absolve a man from the calls which the public feel they have a right to make on his time and services. On the Continent, the miserable possessor of two hundred per annum would scorn to add to his narrow fortune by any effort of his own.

We now pass on to the doctor's second patron:—

"The prince was a man who lived for the day, and only thought of the morrow as able to procure him possibly more entertainment than to-day. He seldom read, and if he did, it was only a pamphlet, or the last new novel by Avocat. With politics he never troubled himself, or he had, perhaps, been too much troubled by them. As regarded general literature, however, he seemed to be quite *au fait*; he knew the merits of most authors, and could equally point out their defects. Speak of chemistry, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the science. Physics he had a natural talent for, and was often occupied in inventing some plan to counteract the loss in vertical motion. He was a very fair mathematician. He was an excellent

modern linguist, and could speak half a dozen languages fluently. He knew nothing of the classics. His conversation was replete with anecdote, for his memory was most retentive, and he turned every thing he heard to his own account; he made it, in fact, his own. So far from appearing to have neglected his education, he seemed, on the contrary, to have studied a great deal; and yet his whole information was derived from what he had picked up in conversation, and little from books. His social powers were great, and as he was not pedantic, but gallant and amiable in the extreme, so he was adored by the fair sex. The character drawn by Segur of the famous Potemkin would apply, in many respects, to the prince:—

“ Personne n'avait moins lu que lui, peu de gens étaient plus instruits. Il avait causé avec des hommes habiles dans toutes les professions, dans toutes les sciences, dans tous les arts. On ne sut jamais mieux pomper et s'approprier la savoir des autres. Il aurait étonné dans une conversation un littérateur, un artiste, un artisan, et un théologien. Son instruction n'était pas profonde, mais elle était fort étendue. Il n'approfondissait rien, mais il parlait bien de tout.”

“ To return to the prince, I may observe, that his occupations were most trivial. He would rise at five o'clock, put on his *robe de chambre*, and sit at his table in his study till ten or eleven o'clock, A.M. During the whole of this time he was employed in sketching something upon paper, chewing the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and taking snuff; wholly absorbed in these occupations, he hardly lifted his head from the table until he was summoned to breakfast. Then his latent faculties became free, and he would converse during the whole of this repast with his *maitre d' hotel*, or his cook, if he had no other company. He seldom, however, was driven to such expedients, for as his table had the first reputation, there were seldom wanting guests in the shape of cousins or nephews, or even of intimate friends. This repast, which generally lasted an hour, was always taken in the *robe de chambre*: and then he retired again to his cabinet, where he remained until it was time to dress himself for the more important duties of the day; such as are performed by a man with plenty of money, and without any official occupation, in the most dissipated city in Europe. It was a promenade with the Duchess of —, or the Countess of —, perhaps it was in paying court to the king, or more

probably in doing nothing at all, with which he occupied himself till dinner time.”

We shall spare our readers the sketch of the cook and the secretary of the prince's household, *arcades ambo!* and pass on to a lively account of two more interesting personages:—

“ During my stay in Paris I became acquainted with two professional men who once excited great interest in Europe. The tomb has now closed over both, and their systems will probably, ere long, find repose in the vault of the founders.”

“ I first met with Dr. Gall at a patient's breakfast table. He was busily employed in eating dried salmon, for which his organs of taste seemed to have been particularly created. His first expression startled me a little, and the more so as it was in a hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain.

“ ‘ Tout ce qui est ultra est bête,’ said the doctor, as he was criticising the conduct of one of his patients, who, not having attended to the doctor's injunctions, was suffering for his disobedience by confinement to bed.

“ ‘ Permettez moi de vous presenter le Médecin de mon frère,’ said the lady of the house, interrupting him, ‘ c'est un Anglais.’

“ The doctor rose and bowed in honour of my country. Several common-place phrases were interchanged between us, but nothing which passed denoted any thing extraordinary in the mental endowments of the phrenologist. Still as I gazed upon his brow, I seemed to see indelibly imprinted the iron character of his soul; the stern, unyielding physiognomy, which scarce allowed a smile to play upon it. His countenance was one, however, expressive of great intellect; for thus far we will go, but no farther, that the head is the ‘ mansion of the mind, and the index of its powers.’”

“ I made Dr. Spurzheim's acquaintance under different circumstances. I was introduced to Dr. Gall as a physician; I first saw Dr. Spurzheim in the professor's chair delivering a lecture to a small class whom he had assembled in the Rue de Seine.

“ ‘ I cannot think, gentlemen, how it is that travellers have never paid any attention to the heads of their fellow-creatures. They make long voyages by sea and land, and measure stones and columns; and yet we never hear of their having examined the form and figure of men's skulls. It is to me truly

extraordinary; and then he held up two horses' heads to point out the difference, in moral qualities, between an English and French horse. He asserted that French horses are more vicious than English, but that French milliners possessed the fitting organs, and adjusted gowns to ladies' waists beyond all comparison better than British female tailors. Who can dispute the fact?

"I listened with interest and attention to the doctor's lecture; and his anecdotes, in illustration of reason and instinct, were so amusing, that I continued to attend him regularly throughout the whole of his course. He did not convince me, however, of the truth of his system as a whole, although I was convinced of much that he asserted.

"No two men ever differed more in their physiognomies, nor in their moral characters than these two professors of phrenology.

"Dr. Spurzheim's physiognomy indicated every thing which was kind and benevolent, and he was what he appeared. A better man never lived. He had, perhaps, too great faith in his own opinions. As to the countenance of Gall, I should say that it indicated that feeling had been absorbed in interest, and that it betrayed a disbelief in every thing, and even in his own system; and if the world judges rightly, such was really the case. In conversing with several of the French professors upon this subject, I found them unanimously of this opinion."

After a short visit to England, where he meets his old friends once more, the doctor returns to his patron, and sets out for Poland, passing first through Alsace.

"It is difficult to draw a line of demarkation between two countries that have no natural boundaries, and such is the case with France and Germany on this side of the Rhine; the country is neither French nor German. The language, the looks, and even the manners of the people, all bespeak a blending of character, that has nothing purely original. You feel and see that you are entering another country, and yet the gradation of difference is so trifling, that you are puzzled to find out in what it directly consists. You are placed in a kind of purgatory, and anxiously await the moment that shall transport you into regions which have a more defined character. If you occasionally meet a peasant with a large slouched hat, or an Israelite in his Jewish gabardine, you imagine yourself no longer in France; but when the postillion at the

end of the stage tells you in very polite French, that he has driven you very well, you find that you are not in Germany.

"It was not till we arrived at the village of St. Avoird, very prettily situated, and surrounded by hills and forests, that we could be made fully sensible that we were quitting La Grande Nation. The style of architecture of its church differs entirely from any thing we had seen in France; but, on the other hand, an inscription only half effaced, over its portal, leaves no doubt that the Revolution proceeded to the very frontiers. 'Le peuple Française reconnaît l'existence d'un Être suprême, et l'immortalité de l'âme.' Such is the noble declaration of the French people. With this exception, we might have imagined ourselves emerged from the territories of this enlightened nation. Many little differences were here visible. The peasant smoked his pipe over a mug of beer; salted cucumbers and *sauer kraut* were served for dinner, and the ostler, demanding a pittance for putting to the horses, observed that it was the last town in France, and that '*cela commence ici*.'

"It would have been more congenial to my wishes to have embarked at Mainz, and have navigated the Rhine as far as Cologne; to have seen the embryo of one of the finest cathedrals ever meditated by architectural imagination; to have seen fifty churches, and whatever else the town may be proud of; but this was not in our march route, and following orders, we crossed the Rhine at Mainz, over a bridge of boats. Here, at the confluence of the Main, it rolls proudly and rapidly along, as if conscious of its superiority over other European streams, and proud of the hosts of battles which once made it blush. It was but a hasty glimpse which we could enjoy of its bubbling waters, and yet the momentary view was long enough for the mind to conjure up a thousand associations, a history of our world,—for Europe is a world to us.

"We arrived at Frankfort in time for dinner, and lodged in the Zeil, famous for the number of its magnificent hotels. They are like so many palaces; and the internal arrangement and cleanliness are not surpassed by the Pulteney in Piccadilly, nor the Clarendon in Bondstreet. There is the difference, however, of fifty per cent. in the charges, and on the right side too, which gives them a decided advantage, and insures them plenty of guests to partake of their excellent cheer. I could at this time read German tolerably well, having devoted some time to it in Paris; but

speaking it was out of the question, yet I did contrive to say to the waiter, 'geben sie uns ein recht gut mittagsessen,' and, what is more, he understood me too, and fulfilled the orders given to him. Such a dinner I shall never forget; it was a perfect era in my existence; it was a triumph of two of the senses over the other three: who can forget such a circumstance? We may forget the style of architecture of a convent which we have seen externally, for this implies the use of one sense only; we may forget when we first heard the waltz in Der Freyschutz, for this implies the sense of hearing only; we may forget what we have felt with our fingers, for this requires the aid of another sense to make it complete; but to forget the taste and smell of twenty dishes, exquisitely cooked and served up, at the very moment when the palate, beginning to be oblivious of the last, is regaled by the taste of its superior flavoured successor; to forget this, I say, would imply a want of general delicacy of feeling, which no man can accuse me of. I forget many things which occurred in our route from Paris to Cracow, and perhaps they are not worth remembering; but the dinner at the Windenhof I shall never forget."

At last arrived in Poland, the whole features of society are different.

"Each guest breakfasts in his own room, where tea and coffee are served at his own hour; he rises to take it, or takes it in bed, sipping his coffee, eating his toast, or smoking his pipe, alternately. If he has no particular plan of amusement for the morning, no hunting, no shooting or gallanting, he remains in his dressing gown, reclining upon his sofa, with a pipe in one hand and a book in the other, till dinner time. There is in most houses a luncheon served about eleven; but it is often sparingly attended by the guests, for the dinner hour is early in Poland. 'Not longing at sixty for the hour of six.' Their longings are not so long, and all assemble for the grand object of life about three o'clock. From the ceremonies of inquiries concerning health and last night's fatigue, and, 'hope you did not take cold,' and 'I am afraid that you exerted yourself too much,' and 'how charmingly your daughter dances,' and 'when does your son return from his travels?' and then the servant enters with a little tray, covered with little glasses, which he presents with one hand, holding a bottle of brandy or some spirit in the other, to fill the glass at your command, and

another servant hands you a small bit of cheese, or a bit of dried salmon or salt herring, with a little bit of bread upon which to put the tit-bit, which you put into your mouth, and the folding-doors opening, you hand a lady in to dinner.

"As regards the seat you occupy, the nearer you are to the mistress of the table, the nearer you are to the seat of honour; and each takes his place by a kind of aristocratic, instinctive feeling. The doctor sits very near the end of the table, the farthest removed from the seat of honour. The dishes are all handed round, as in France, and nothing is carved upon the table, which is generally covered with the dessert. There are few dishes peculiar to the country, except the sour soup, which is exquisite. The beer is delicious, the wines of the country bad; but at a nobleman's table, of course, the best wines are imported from France.

"The dinner does not last long; the process of carving much lengthens this repast with us. All rise together, and the gentlemen conduct the ladies to the drawing-room where coffee is served. If there be no strangers present, it is customary for the men to retire into their rooms immediately after dinner, where they smoke their pipes, and take a siesta till about eight o'clock. All meet in the drawing-room at tea time, when evening visitors flock in. Then begin the waltz and the mazurka, with the ravishing German music. How much he loses who does not dance, and has not music in his soul! Cards, dice, billiards, have their votaries, and the amusements continue till midnight, when all retire, and the following day resembles the preceding."

"I was playing at cards on new year's eve, when the cold was very intense—I think 27° Reaumur, and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death, about a mile from the town.

"'Il n'y a que trois, c'est peu de chose,' and continued his game of *quinze*, without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occurred in England, but would not he to whom the news communicated make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families? Not so with the Pole; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This, it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct: but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor,

so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them, on the part of the superior, that, so far from sympathising with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them.

"Such an assertion may draw down upon me the stigma of the patriotic, who only see oppressed virtue in every Polish exile. I am not defending the oppressor, nor do I suppose him to be an iota better than his conquered neighbour; the demoralization of one does not justify the oppression of the other. Every Englishman would gladly, from his heart, rejoice in the restoration of Poland to her state of political freedom; but every Englishman who, like myself resided some time in the country, would more rejoice to see the nobility permit that civil freedom to their serfs, which can alone entitle the nobility of Poland to the commiseration of a people who allow that liberty to others which they enjoy themselves. But many of those 'who dwell where Kosciusko dwelt' are unworthy of him whom Campbell has immortalized in the lines—

Hope for a moment bade the world farewell,
And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

The times are changed in Poland, and that hospitality for which it was so deservedly celebrated has naturally received much modification.

"It was once usual for every nobleman, who could afford it, to make his house a gratuitous tavern; and a gentlemanly demeanour was all that was necessary to insure a welcome reception and the use of servants and horses, with the advantage of the best fare, to any traveller who presented himself. I have often heard the count say, that it was not unusual for a dozen guests to be seated at his father's table, whom he never saw before, might never see again, and whom he knew not by name. These good old times are gone; and the Pole, having lost his country, but not his hospitable character, displays by necessity abroad, what he once could do by choice at home. It is chiefly this spirit of hospitality which gains him such ready admission into all foreign society. Independent of this, however, the Pole is, of all others, the man most calculated to shine in society. Variety of language, which to most foreigners is so great a barrier, and allows them rather to be tolerated than courted, is to him no obstacle. When he is at Vienna he speaks better German than the emperor; when in Paris, the most

refined ear can hardly detect the foreign accent; and even in London, his pronunciation of English is so much more tolerable than that of all other foreigners, that it is the subject of general admiration.

"This great facility of speaking languages, so peculiar to the Poles, is attributable to two causes: *primo*, their own language comprehends of itself all the sounds which can be found by a combination of letters; and, *secundo*, they are accustomed, from infancy, to speak several languages daily. Polish, German, French and English, ring the changes in their ears every hour of the day; and when these are instilled into them at an age when no choice is allowed, the difficulty of acquiring is inconsiderable.

"Languages are only acquired by the habit of speaking them, and not by rules of grammar.

"It is the constant conversation with natives themselves which gives the facility. Whichever language is predominant, this alone will be the one well spoken; hence the great object is to allow none to be predominant; and this is accomplished in the education of Polish children, as much from necessity as from choice. The child is at the commencement of his existence, put into the arms of an English nursery-maid; as he grows older, he will probably have a French dancing-master, a German music-master, and an English tutor. When he has completed his morning tasks under these different tutors, he sits down to table, where the languages are as various as the dishes; and when he retires to his playground, he finds half a dozen children of different nations to play with. There is not a day in the whole year in which he is confined to speaking and hearing his mother tongue. It is precisely the language which he knows the least, and which he never speaks from choice."

We must pass over an interesting account of the salt-mines of Weelitzka, and proceed at a somewhat quicker pace than heretofore; nor have we time and space to dally with our author through his Russian tours, his intention in visiting the cold north being to make a fortune, wherewith to return to more hospitable regions.

"Every thing conspired to strengthen me in this opinion. The prince assured me that my success was certain; and what better assurance could I require than that of a man so influential?"

himself, and occupying so high a rank in society? All the Russians and Poles whom I had attracted in Paris spoke in the same terms of certainty; and judging, as I did, from the liberal manner in which they had enumerated my services, I anticipated an abundant harvest. As I journeyed along the road towards my destination, the same hopes seemed to revive as the season advanced.

"At Carlsbad I was promised a place at court, which, indeed, I considered essential, believing with Touchstone, that not to have been at court was to be like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. My sojourn in Cracow fed my hopes still more; and my progress through the provinces, until my arrival at Odessa, still fanned the flame. Here the climax—the crown of professional glory was placed upon my head. I was here presented to her imperial majesty, and graciously received; nay, I was to attend one of the imperial children professionally. 'Je vous attends avec impatience a St. Petersbourg,' was the valedictory blessing of my numerous friends upon my quitting the capital of the south. Buoyed up with the hope and certainty of a continuation of previous good fortune, I hardly inquired concerning the English settlers whom I should find in St. Petersburg. Strange to say, I had never heard of the factory.

"What was it then but fate, chance, or destiny which so thwarted my career in one sphere, to establish it in another and altogether unhopèd-for direction?

"I fell suddenly from the pinnacle of ambitious expectation, to climb, by slow and surer degrees, the tree of medical existence.

"I had aimed at plucking the apples of the Hesperides, and found myself too happy in the possession of the Ribston pippins supplied at the hospitable boards of the English merchants. If my former expectations were founded upon excessive vanity, I must plead in my excuse, that most men will believe themselves to be what others designate them; and if a certain degree of success corroborates the assertion, we can hardly be censured for acting upon an idea which has grown gradually into imaginary reality."

While speaking of the misstatements of travellers concerning Russia, our author remarks with his usual quickness one great cause of that diffusion of dishonest and knavish habits so rife in the dominions of the czar.

"No man in office can live upon his

pay in Russia. This holds good from the field-marshal to the ensign—from the chancellor to the lawyer's scribe—from the grand-masters of the police to the city-watchmen. Every Russian will attest to the truth of this assertion. Now, as these people must and do live, so the deficiency is made up by private fortune or by speculation. As all the higher ranks are found, under some pretext or other, to serve their country in some shape, so their salaries are of minor consideration; and it is indeed the custom for men of fortune to divide the salary they receive from government among their subordinates. In no country is there so great a number of *employés* as in Russia; for as its small nobility are, from the causes before mentioned innumerable, it is necessary not only to put them into all vacant places, but to create a number of such for their special service, and consequently this class of nobility or chinapicks, or what we should call little gentry, are the crying burden of the state. The army disposes of many of them; and although their pay is but trifling, they still find means sufficient for subsistence. But the greater class are employed as scribes in the public offices; and as most of them do not receive more than thirty pounds' salary, out of which they must furnish an uniform, their mode of existence must be very equivocal. As regards those who are in the pay of the police, no doubt can exist as to their way of going to work.

"One example will be sufficient to furnish the clue to the whole machinery. The city is divided into different quarters, over which is placed a superior police officer, who is of course subordinate to the grand-master of the police. The former, however, has a large suite of underlings, and is the active personage in maintaining order in his district. He is a man of a certain education; he is lodged in a good house; generally keeps two or three pair of horses, a number of servants; lives in that style which supposes an income of £700 sterling per annum: while his whole receipts from government do not exceed £80. His means of making up the deficiency I shall leave to conjecture."

There is much amusement and some information to be gained by accompanying the physician in his rambles to Sweden and back, by Berlin, Magdeburg, and the German baths, to England, where he arrives at last, after a long absence. But we have already dwelt too much on these things—at least, our editor's frowns

are before us; and certain warnings are in our ears that politics and poetry demand also their legitimate attention at his hands; nor can we better conclude our notice of these pleasant and entertaining volumes than in the words of their author—

“And now if any one has had patience to accompany me in my travels, I wish him farewell, and thank him for his company. I am now riding at anchor, and it is not my intention to put to sea again. Should I ever be tempted to slip my cable, I shall steer directly for the New World. I should say of my book, that it is a curious production, touching upon many things, and dwelling upon none. It is highly electric: it approaches all surrounding bodies, which, as soon as they have touched it, fly off at a tangent, repelling each other.”

“The Change for the American Notes” is an unhappy exception to the class of books we have just presented to our reader’s notice; and it would seem that the conclusion of our paper, like the codicil of certain wills, was to revoke any provision contained in the body of the testament.

From the title of this volume, no less than from the degree of irritation and anger caused by Mr. Dickens’ recent work on America, we were disposed to expect something like an attack or a refutation of his notes; a strong case made out to show misrepresentation and misstatement, and clever defence of America against the assaults of so distinguished a writer. On the contrary, however, Mr. Dickens’ name only occurs at intervals throughout the volume; the allusions to him and to his book are few and meagre, and never accompanied by even an effort at contradiction, and the Change for the American Notes is simply an attempted “Roland for Boz’s Oliver”—a miserable endeavour to carry the war into the enemy’s camp, at the moment too when their own army is routed. The object of the book is certainly strange, coming from one who, in a few lines of preface, affects to regret the evils arising from severe animadversions on the part of travellers, but which probably she consoled herself for in the present instance by the comforting assurance she concludes with—

“that the English will not be much

impressed by her remarks, for ‘when it is told of themselves, they are a people regularly unmoved by the truth.’”

The politeness of the remark, not to speak of its veracity, might have disposed us to leave the volume where we found it—the more as we flatter ourselves Mr. Dickens *versus* the lady is about as much odds as any reasonable man could wish for; but a lurking curiosity to see the points selected for attack, rather than the mode of conducting it, induced us to proceed further, and here we present “our experience” to our readers.

The volume purports to be a series of letters written by an American lady to her friend at New York, and opens with some random remarks about taxes and custom houses, both of which excite her American indignation, in company with the unhappy Thames, “whose *smallness* she cannot get over.” These are followed by an obligate introduction of Mr. Dickens’ name, of whom, after some very pretty marks of approval regarding his works of fiction, of which we feel assured Boz is duly sensible and proud, she thus discourses:—“The noblest rivers in the world rolled from him unregarded by, or at least unparaphrased. In the Mississippi he beholds but a muddy stream flowing through a woody wilderness; his mind’s eye catches no prescient glimpse of the cities that in the fulness of time will adorn its banks—he alludes not to the all hall hereafter.”

We confess we deem this hard, very hard indeed; that Mr. Dickens should be rated not only for not having indulged in a special panegyric of the Hudson and the Mississippi, but also because he did not launch forth into ecstasies over cities which have no existence. “He did not see the Spanish fleet, because it was not yet in sight,” such is the measure of his iniquity. That Mr. Dickens gave not the rein to his glowing imagination in this instance, were we an American, we should feel excessively grateful for; had fancy predominated over reason, and had he suffered himself to catch these same “prescient glimpses” the lady speaks of, the probability is that his vision would have been of low and stagnant swamps peopled by caymans, a fetid morass, redolent of ague

and pestilent fever, where miserable humanity toiled, and sickened, and died, unpitied and unknown. But to pass on—after some dalliance on the score of a new bonnet, in which she incidentally remarks that “in French fashions we are in advance of the ladies in London”—a natural circumstance doubtless attributable to the vicinity to Paris and the greater intercourse between the two nations; we have an apt comparison between Indians and opera dancers, in which the palm of gracefulness is accorded to the former. If the lady be correct in this instance, we can only say, that Mr. Catlin must have been hoaxing us here to a considerable extent: any thing more barbarous than the cotillions of his red men we never witnessed, and with about as much resemblance to Ellsler or Cerito as the “Change” bears to the American “Notes” themselves.

In her fourth letter we are treated to a trip to Windsor, the main object of which is, to contrast the conduct and manners of American and English railroad travellers. “No smoking is allowed in any of the carriages; there are no feathery showers such as Bos tells of. The English rarely open their mouths for any purpose but to eat and drink, while they travel.” How handsome he would be if he had only a *goitre*, was the exclamation of the Swiss peasant, to whom the frightful deformity from long habit had become a beauty in her eyes; and so with the lady, she cannot contain her regret that no feathery showers remind her of the land of the west—no pleasant fumes of chewed tobacco scent the breezes, to recall the free winds of America.

A little further on we are informed that one of her solicitors assured her she “could not be taken for any thing but an English lady. He intended it for a compliment,” &c. With every respect for a legal opinion, we beg most respectfully to dissent from this, and say, “an American against the world.”

Westminster Abbey and its stipendiary system, which we are most willing to condemn, open the ninth letter; and we are gravely told, “the Americans as well as the British may feel ennobled in Westminster; for there are the great names of a common ancestry

—the warriors who made British valour felt—the poets and philosophers who gave undying lustre to the language long before misrule made America exclaim, ‘I will be free;’ Chaucer, and Spencer, and Barrow, and Addison, and Newton, are ours as well as England’s.” It would be difficult to cram more absurdity into one paragraph than this; and we would ask with what face Americans can affect pride in their connection with a nation which by every effort in public and private, they never cease to vilify? “That great men lived before misrule made America exclaim” any thing, is very possible, inasmuch as great men existed before America was ever known or thought of; and as to any copartnery they possess in the illustrious names of English history, they have it in common with Jack Sheppard, and Turpin, and Jonathan Wilde, and others of that stamp—ay, and pretty much on the same conditions too. The collection of names reminds us not a little of the Irish schoolmaster’s classical authorities—“Vulcan, Venus, and Nicodemus;” but this we forgive, begging to assure the “lady” that if we are severe in our strictures on America, we have at least this much of consistency to boast of—that we never affect to feel proud of what we so strenuously condemn.

After some remarks, much more flippant than true, about the ignorance of the lower classes in England, the lady remarks, “that on the west coast of Ireland there are a great many islands, and the inhabitants are as rude and as apparently uncared for, as they were centuries ago. How *self-denying* then are the British to send out teachers to Tahiti, to New Zealand, to the Niger, &c. Am I deceived, dear Julia, in my irony?” As in all likelihood “dear Julia” will not be able to reply, we shall do so for her. You are deceived. The islands you speak of are the scene of the labours of one of the most remarkable men of the day, the Rev. Mr. Nangle, a clergyman of the Church of England, who, voluntarily submitting to the hardships and vicissitudes of a life of the greatest privation, devotes his entire energies to the religious and moral instruction of these people. That you may have heard of the islands, and not of him, with whose name they now are and

must for ever be associated, might be somewhat strange, but that it is perfectly in keeping with the tone of information in the entire volume. This is followed by a digression—for so goes on the book—as to how a writer should describe America, in which the chief force lies in the exaltation and enumeration of all the great things which America has not done—the cities that do not exist—the people who are not born, and the “giant’s strength and sage’s wisdom;” the only evidences of which we have seen are to be found in the practice of slavery and the declaration of national bankruptcy; the “strength” that tyrannizes—the “wisdom” that cheats.

“I think,” writes the “lady,” “the boastfulness imputed to Americans is generally a trick of manner more than any thing else.” We confess ourselves unable to say yea or nay to the doctrine, not knowing what the words “trick of manner” are meant exactly to imply. If merely a habit—if nothing more than a passing tribute to conventional usage, in which nothing serious is intended, then say we, for heaven’s sake abandon it. Miserable as your long dyspeptic faces make us—unhappy as we feel at the uncouth liberties of your parts of speech—disgusted as we must be at “your feathery showers”—your vain-glorious boastfulness is, of all your sins, the most grievous and difficult to endure.

We have met them at home and abroad; in their own Broadway and on the continent of Europe; of every class, from the diplomatist downwards, and this one pervading feature went through all, rendering their conversation almost unendurable, and their intercourse a “bore;” and here let us remark that nothing is more false and untrue than to suppose that Americans only meet severe criticism from the English. The most cutting sarcasms on their vulgarity, the heaviest censures on their ill breeding, want of tact and manner, we have ever heard, came from foreigners when, speaking of the class of persons who represent the “States” at European courts.

The lady concludes an endeavour to refute Alison’s powerful and most trustworthy picture of America in the last volume of his history of Europe by remarking, “That America, confi-

dent in her resources, can afford to be evil spoken of, and is pretty well inured to it into the bargain,” a confession, we own, that might be adopted with great success and propriety by many calumniated individuals at the Old Bailey. The old story about the Americans speaking English with more purity than the English, because some peasants in Yorkshire are unintelligible, scarce deserves a notice. When we talk of a language in its purity, we mean that language as spoken by the educated classes, by whom its standard is preserved; and with what truth can any one assert that English is so spoken in New York, Boston, or even Washington? In the very volume before us too many Yankeeisms are apparent. Whence came the word “napery?” Who ever heard of neighbourhood as a verb? and so on: if we took the pains, we might string twenty similar instances.

“The Americans intonate more deliberately.” That they do!—con-si-derably; but if they did not impart a nasal twang to the whole, we might forgive the intonation.

As to their proficiency in European languages, it is lamentable; we scarcely remember ever to have met an American a tolerable French cholar. We never saw but one—he was a Gottingen student—who could speak German. The “lady,” though not sparing of French quotations, only once ventures on employing a phrase on her own account; and then she uses “embonpoint” as an adjective, page 369, the common error of all who employ a French word without knowing the language.

But enough, and more than enough. The whole case of the lady is this:—The Americans have great virtues and some faults; the former all their own, the latter of English origin. Selfishness, vain boasting, and unamiability came from England, together with purse pride and bad grammar.

As regards bravery, patriotism, a high sense of honour, and a chivalrous feeling, they are of home origin, or to use the proper phrase, they were *raised* in America.

Methinks France would be somewhat astonished to hear that Quebec was the true type, and Paris the false one.

But why dispute the point? The more they write the stronger the argu-

ment is against them; and we, confessing honestly to no great degree of respect or admiration for Yankee land, hail the "Change for the American Notes" as a perfect ratification of Boz, both in his work on the country, and still better, his recent number of Chuzzlewit.

While on the subject of America, we would wish to add a line of a certain Cornelius Mathews, who writes pamphlets and delivers lectures in New York on the subject of an international copyright law.

We must suppose the gentleman's intentions to be honourable and creditable, but such is the complex involution of his style—such the headlong impetuosity with which tropes, figures, and metaphors run down, jostle, and overturn each other, that we have puzzled ourselves in vain to detect his meaning or the gist of his argument. Giants, elephants, "*tiger mothers*," and curricles, angels, frigates, baronial castles and fish-ponds "dance through his writings in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion;" and however desirous we may feel, that a law of copy-

right might protect British authors from American piracy—as one of the craft we boldly say, "*non defensoribus istis! non tali auxilio!*"

Let the question be put forward manfully and intelligibly; let it not be a piece of Indian jugglery performed by Cornelius Mathews, but the plain and simple acknowledgment, that literary property is property, and as such has its rights, sacred and inviolate. That the great argument in favour of an act of mere honesty should be the "convenience" of it, savours too strongly of America for us; and as to the immense results that are to follow from English authors imbibing more exalted notions of liberty, "writing, as they will do, up to the American standard! and then disseminating these notions at home." If we could only once believe that such a catastrophe were in store for us, and that British writers should pander to the coarse tastes of a coarse people for profit or applause, we frankly say, we had rather be robbed any day than see such a disgrace inflicted on our literature.

THE IRISH GRIEVANCE DEBATES.

London, 17th July, 1843.

NOTHING but Ireland! Ireland monopolizes the contemplations of the legislature and the columns of the newspapers. Six nights' talk in the Commons before going into committee on the Irish Arms Bill; a countless number of nights in committee upon the same bill, with a *divertissement* or interlude of five *very* long nights' debating upon Irish grievances, to which were added one very long night's debating upon the same interesting topics in the Lords. In addition to this enormous mass of senatorial speechification, the newspapers contain the speeches of Mr. O'Connell and his friends at the meetings in Ireland, together with the sage or lively comments of "their own correspondents." Surely the British public *ought* to be growing very full of wisdom and knowledge upon Irish affairs. Yet, believe me, it is not so, as far as I can judge, and I think I have as good opportunities of judging as another. These tremendous talkings seem but to increase the perplexity, and to make confusion more confounded. Distinct practical notions of what is really the matter in Ireland, and how a cure is to be effected, are really as far off from us as ever, and the effect upon men of sense and candour of so much discussion, with so little evolvment of certain conclusions, is simply to produce a sort of despair of ever arriving at a solution of the enigma of Ireland's peculiar condition. Great compliments have been paid to Mr. Smith O'Brien by the Radicals, for what they call the "breadth and comprehensiveness" of his statement of grievances; and by members of the ministry, for the "ability" of his speech, and the "temperateness" or "dispassionateness" of its tone. I own, that for my part, I agree with neither the one compliment nor the other. I find nothing genuine nor hearty in his speech. It seems to me to want the accuracy and closeness of argument which an Englishman or a Scotchman would have observed in building up a case, and it is yet more wanting in the pas-

sion, impressiveness, and impulse of humour and feeling, which are the characteristics of a true Irish harangue. There was, however, a certain fluency in speech and a certain quietness of tone, combined with his gross unfairness and exaggeration of statement, which suit the taste of leading people in the House of Commons. That house may now be said to be utterly Whigified from the premier on the speaker's right, down to the ex-secretaries of the ex-ministerial boards, who dwell upon the extremities of the benches on the speaker's left. The consequence is, that genteel unimpassionedness and fluent disingenuousness are in great favour in the house. An open, candid, energetic man, who speaks the truth, or what he considers to be the truth, with earnestness and warmth—like Sir Howard Douglas, for example—finds no seconder. His friends stare, wonder what is the matter with him, and are silent. His enemies see his position, and laugh him to scorn. I mention this, without meaning to say that it was reasonable of Sir Howard Douglas to propose, as he did, an amendment, to the effect that, "no motion for the redress of grievances would be entertained till Irish agitation had ceased," without having given any notice of such amendment, or without having arranged with some friend to second it. But the cold repulsive way in which his warmth and genuineness were met—the marble silence on his own side, and the half-uttered derisive sneers on the other, marked the temper of the house. But because Mr. O'Brien, though he repeated in substance all the monstrous political dogmas of Mr. O'Connell, did so in a mild tone, and without any personal abuse, he was complimented by Lord Eliot upon the ability and temperateness of his speech. This was the very first remark of the Irish minister upon a speech in which Mr. O'Brien avowed, that were he a Roman Catholic, he would be an advocate of repeal of the union! This was his temperateness, and for this

Lord Eliot complimented him ! However, the ministerial notions of ability and temperateness on Irish questions are, it must be owned, not at all easy to be understood ; for the secretary of state for the home department, after several nights' consideration of the subject, told the house, that " he was bound to say, that the speech in which the honourable member for Limerick had introduced his motion, was a speech of great ability, and also very dispassionate in tone ; but, at the same time, he must say, that the honourable member had selected his principal arguments from the armoury of the Repeal Association, and his object seemed to be much more repeal than inquiry."

This was no very indirect compliment to the Repeal Association itself ; and I trust that that worshipful and multitudinous society will be sensible of the honour done it by the secretary of state for the home department, and take it as a compensation for the somewhat different view of its merits taken by the Duke of Wellington and the Lord High Chancellor of England. The Lord Chancellor tells the House of Lords that he regards the Repeal Association as a formidable and a foul conspiracy, and he calls Mr. O'Connell the leader or captain of that conspiracy ; and the Duke of Wellington described it as a conspiracy of the streets, which had indeed no secret, but trusted to the effects of terror and violence. To eyes and ears unacquainted with the curious freemasonry of cabinet discussions and agreements, there might seem some serious difference between the views concerning the Repeal Association which are *indicated* by Sir James Graham, and those which are *expressed* by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst. However, Lord Stanley asserts most emphatically, that the cabinet is perfectly united in regard to Irish matters, and assuredly he must know best.

There is however some reason to suppose, that Sir James Graham, who is not, or has not hitherto shown himself, either by nature or by habit, a particularly bland and complimentary person as a parliamentary disputant, has in this Irish discussion some peculiar reason for his extraordinary and unwonted oiliness. It is whispered here, that having been induced by much re-

flection upon the difficulties of Irish government to conclude that the Irish are mad, he made up his mind to treat them upon the soothing system, and to appear unconscious of any thing wrong or reprehensible in their conduct. Thus, in respect to Mr. O'Connell, who is daily in the habit of complimenting Sir James as "the great liar," "the man of many lies," &c., &c., the right honourable baronet was pleased in his speech on Irish grievances, to class him with Burke, Plunkett, Sheridan, and Canning, and to assert that one and all of them, including, of course, Mr. O'Connell, "would go down to history among the brightest ornaments of the House of Commons."

This was pretty well, if the right honourable gentleman was in earnest ; and certainly, if solemnity, and almost sadness of manner, be any test of earnestness, the right honourable baronet meant distinctly what he said. There was another Irish hero whom he exalted to the skies on the same occasion, namely, Mr. More O'Ferral, member for Kildare. It is remarkable that the Whigs, instead of making this gentleman a prime minister, or at the least a secretary of state, made him only Secretary of the Admiralty. They could not have known what Sir James Graham has told them, that he was a gentleman of calm demeanour, spotless honour, and high learning. They little expected, probably, to hear a Conservative secretary of state for the home department proclaiming to the House of Commons and to the world, that he might, without flattery to the honourable member for Kildare, say that his general demeanour, and the efficient manner in which he discharged his duties while he filled an office under the government, proved the propriety of entrusting Catholic gentlemen with large and ample executive powers ! There was something more of the same kind, but this is enough for a specimen of Sir James Graham's exercises in the "soothing system:" in Ireland I think we would call it the *sluthering* system ; but what's in a name ?

There was this remarkable feature in the Irish grievance debate, that while for the first two nights it was held to be insufferably dull, stupid, irritating, and unprofitable, and Sir Robert Peel was censured right and

left for not rising up in reasonable wrath to put an end to such waste of time and words, it became subsequently interesting, and finally made a great impression, though not at all of the kind which the mover of the question, or any one else, in or out of the house, could have anticipated. What it showed eventually was, that strange opinions were fermenting in the brains of ministerial members, and that the icy links of "duty to your leader," by which the present premier seeks to keep his forces under command, had in a good many cases snapped asunder. It is impossible to give any credit for good sense, or sound English feeling, to some of the gentlemen who broke away from the ministerial moorings on this occasion. But one may give them credit for candour and independence. They talked much nonsense about the benefits to be derived from petting popery, and being munificent to Maynooth, but it must be allowed that they spoke with some warmth of feeling, and genuineness of purpose. It is the premier's fault that he has not these men still on his side. He might direct their ardour if he would sympathise with it, but he will not sympathise with any one's ardour. He will endeavour to accommodate himself to gentlemen opposite, and concede to them if they press him, but he will make no allowance at all for those on his own side. His voice is to be their oracle, though it be any thing but kind. His nod is to be their leading sign, though it be more in anger than in friendship. He will allow nothing for any peculiar feeling which they may have cherished. If they want indulgence from him, they must join "the gentlemen opposite." It is not surprising that under these circumstances, when the house is tossing in a sea of strange opinions, and all the old landmarks of political attachments and antipathies are abandoned by the minister, he should find that some of his followers are leaving him. The debate does not appear to have done a particle of good towards determining a more hopeful course of legislation and government for Ireland; but it has, according to all present appearances, decidedly damaged the ministry. Their majority has been a good deal smaller than usual, and the *prestige* of their strength and union, as a parliamentary party,

has been very considerably shattered. The Whigs begin once more to think of the possibilities of regaining office.

But were the matter not so very serious, it would be very diverting to behold these new-light Tory lovers of Ireland and of Romanism, sporting their feelings and their patriotism in the House of Commons. How utterly ignorant they are of the real state of affairs in Ireland! The fact is, they have become enamoured of the poetry of popery—its works of mercy and kindness, its self-denials, its watchings, and fastings, its elaborate discipline, and its ceremonies. Their fancy colours all these things with the brightest hues; and what their fancy pictures as popery in the abstract, they argue about as the popery of Ireland. They know nothing of all the cunning and the coarseness, the juggling tradesmanship and political bigotry, with which the practical popery of Ireland is mixed up. Were they to read this, they would set the writer down as a Protestant bigot, who hates his Roman Catholic brethren because they are Roman Catholics. There again they know nothing about the practical truth as it is in Ireland. They do not know that we live upon the best of terms with our Roman Catholic friends, though we totally disbelieve that their religion is what it ought to be, or that there are not serious political and social evils connected with it. They do not know that we buy with them, sell with them, eat, drink, and make merry with them, and enjoy the comfort of pious resignation, or the joy of pious gratitude in common with them, though we do not join in their religious ceremonies, nor they in ours. They do not know that it is not only possible, but accords with practical every-day experience, that Protestants and Romanists, even in Ireland, live in kindness together, and would live in more if prosperity gave them the means, though the Romanist (if pushed to it) must admit the theory that his Protestant friend is a heretic, and must roast for a long time in purgatory at all events, if not in a worse place; and the Protestant firmly holds that the religion in which his friend believes is full of superstitions, and its ecclesiastics, for the most part, exceedingly unsound and dangerous in their ideas of political duty. Undoubtedly, the

kingdom of Ireland may get on extremely well, though not one jot more of political concession is made to popery; and a friendly intercourse and a thriving trade might subsist among the Irish, though no more money be given to Maynooth. It is very possible to treat the religion of the mass of the Irish people with decent respect, and yet not to rush into the extravagance of placing their religion in such a position as regards the state, that the political constitution of the British sovereignty would be violated, and the political independence, which belongs essentially to Protestantism, would be weakened or overthrown.

Notwithstanding the immense length of the grievance debate in the Commons, there was really very little said which relates to the practical matters that form part and parcel of the everyday condition of the people. It was not Mr. Smith O'Brien's decorous parade of arguments "selected from the armoury of the Repeal Association," or Mr. Roebuck's fiery tirade about the Irish Church Establishment which really hit the point so well as Mr. Bateson's earnest remonstrance against the evils of absentee landlords, or Mr. Emerson Tennent's remark upon the little which politics really and practically had to do with the matters which ought to be set right in Ireland.

"Of all the ills that human hearts endure
How few that laws or kings can cause
or cure."

This, however, is a truth which the orators and agitators never will allow. The patriotism which manifests itself in speech-making and self-glorification is alone that to which they will give themselves the trouble to attend. I should be sorry to undervalue the benefits of good political government and impartial laws, or to deny to the eloquence and energy of the political patriot their just meed of praise; but the perpetual trader in affairs of state and legislation—the political empiric—the man who is continually carrying away the attention of those who will listen to him from their practical affairs to his grand general schemes of political amelioration—the agitator—the grievance monger—such a man is

a great evil, and no real friend to the people, whatever he may pretend to be. If any good is to arise out of the tedious, spiritless, and unfeeling speeches about grievances which have of late so much occupied the House of Commons, it will be in the *re-action*. There may be some hope that the good sense of the public will be sickened with so much useless palaver, and will recoil into a determination to be no longer pestered with such stuff, but to take into consideration the practical wants of the people. Let the House of Commons appoint a committee and examine not this agitator, and that gentleman who are one and all of them seeking to promote their own power and renown as politicians, but let them send for Paddy this, and Denis that, and Larry the other thing, and ask these men fairly and plainly what it is that makes them thrive, and what it is that hampers and distresses them. The legislature, if it will do its duty, and the government, if it will be what it ought to be—a protection to the weak, and a refuge for the helpless, and an *antagonist* of the strong and sturdy political vagabond—must cast aside the rant and nonsense of agitators, whether in parliament or out of it, and must try to learn from the people themselves what are their real grievances, and what would do them good. No *general* truth is more true than that the Irish common people, with all their eccentricities and faults, are an intelligent and a grateful people. I am much mistaken if they would not uphold even a Protestant government, and a government resolved to maintain unviolated the legislative union, provided they were made practically certain that the queen's ministers earnestly cared for them, and were really anxious that they should live in comfort. What is most wanting in all governments, but especially in Irish government, is affectionateness and parental solicitude for the people. Our mixture of democratic principles in the government is unfavourable to this, and of late the insane deference of statesmen to the heartless dogmas of the Whig political economy school is still more so; but if it were a constant, ever-living principle of the government to show kindness to the people, not by yielding to the suggestions of political bullies, or impostors, or fools, but by doing that

which would make the cabin of the poor man more comfortable, or which should appear to be manifestly intended to have that effect, the government of Ireland might do a prodigious quantity of good, and become strong and unmoveable as the Hill of Howth or the Rock of Cashel.

Throughout the grievance debate in the House of Commons, the Irish Church Establishment was actually treated by Irish mock-patriots and English Whig mock-philosophers as the "monster grievance of Ireland."

What monstrous nonsense! If the Irish Church Establishment be a grievance, it is not so to the mass of the people. It may seem so to the envious political Romanists who daily feed themselves out of any dish that will serve to nourish the rancour in which they live, and move, and have their being. And perhaps there may be a few sensitive and reflecting men who are pained at seeing a religion which they persuade themselves is heretical endowed and established, while the religion which they venerate as true has no endowment or political establishment. But surely it is not for this comparative few that the legislature is to occupy itself night after night, and to entertain propositions which even "Liberals" must admit to strike at the root of the existing political constitution of the empire. What grievance is the Irish Church Establishment to Paddy, and Denis, and Larry?—to the millions? They pay it neither tithes nor dues; it is an affair between the landlords and the state. In plain terms, it is the duty of the state to protect the church with which it is allied, and it may seem to be the pecuniary interest of the landlords to frighten the state into allowing them to rob the church of its share in the lands. But the patriotism of this zeal for robbery is not so very apparent. What advantage could it be to the Irish "seven millions" if four hundred thousand a year now received in Ireland, and *spent in Ireland* by the clergy of the Establishment, were taken away from them? Does Mr. Smith O'Brien, or Mr. Villiers Stuart, or any other dandy Whig philosopher of the House of Commons suppose that Paddy, or Denis, or Larry, would have any more potatoes, or more cheerfulness, or a better roof over

him, or a better bed under him, on account of the overthrow of the Irish Church Establishment? There is no rational ground for any such supposition; and if so mighty a revolution would do no good beyond the satisfying of some rancorous politicians, some mistaken enthusiasts, and some philosophical coxcombs in the House of Commons, it would be downright madness for such a purpose, to revolutionize the constitution by the abandonment of the Protestant establishment.

Apart from religious and political jealousies, what, to the eye of sober reason and benevolence, can appear more beneficial to the mass of the people than a system which secures (as far as any general system can) the residence of an educated gentleman in every parish, however undesirable as a place of habitation, upon merely social or secular grounds, that parish may be—a system which ensures that the revenues of the land, to a certain extent, shall be expended in the neighbourhood where these revenues accrue? An extension of this system, and not its overthrow, appears to be as reasonable a cure for the real evils of Ireland as could well be suggested. Obtain more resident gentlemen in every parish—men who have a direct interest in the peace and welfare of the neighbourhood, and who diffuse around them the wealth which the land has produced. Take the best security you can for these gentlemen being men of good character and virtuous habits. If you can find a better security than that of their being clergymen of the Established Church, adopt that better; if not, be thankful for such security as the station and education of the established clergy affords—

"——Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere
mecum."

I am persuaded that honest men, acquainted with Ireland, and having no interest of party or of personal ambition in promoting political agitation or political animosity, know well, and are convinced, that what the Irish people require is not so much a change of laws or of institutions, as an improvement of the ordinary habits of life. If it were possible to combine

habits of order, and neatness, and decency, with the kindly feelings, and pleasant humour of the Irish, how admirable and delightful would not such an improvement be? If we could add prudence of management to their patient endurance of poverty, how greatly might not their condition be advanced? But how shall we do this by act of parliament? What would the demolition of the Established Church do towards building up an establishment of good social habits?

“—Quid leges sine moribus,
Vani proficiunt?”

Verily, these loud declaimers about political grievances—these speechifiers and trainers of multitudinous assemblages—these heavy talkers in the House of Commons, are very wide of the mark of Ireland's real wants. They are either impostors themselves, or most egregiously deceived.

I never knew any sentiment of the intelligent mass in England more unanimous than that of disappointment, not unmingled with contempt, at the sort of opposition given by the ministers, in the House of Commons, to the Irish-grievance gentlemen. Lord Stanley was the only minister who did not appear to adopt the tone of a man who felt himself somehow in the wrong, and even he exhibited less than his wonted strength of argument and spirit of retort. The tone of Lord Eliot, who answered Mr. O'Brien's speech, and of Sir James Graham, and Sir Robert Peel, in subsequent stages of the debate, has really made almost all classes either ashamed of them, or exceedingly perplexed as to the possible cause of so strange a manner of dealing with existing circumstances in Ireland. Whatever may have been the general impression at the end of five nights' parliamentary talk, in which all sorts of grievances, real or imaginary, were tediously dwelt upon, save the *agitation* grievance, there can be no doubt that when the debate commenced the general impression was, that the agitators in Ireland were wholly inexcusable for such monstrous conduct as they pursued, and that the government had good reason to feel great indignation at such conduct. It was evident that

the ordinary current of affairs was subverted by these political demonstrations, that industry was disturbed, that trade was to a great degree paralyzed, and that in a thousand ways substantial injury to the country was the result of the political agitation. This agitation was felt by the British public to be the monster grievance. But the ministers in the Commons did not venture to mention it. The ministers were really the persons who had the most right to complain; and had they acted naturally and with ordinary spirit, they would, at once, have turned the fire of rebuke upon Mr. O'Connell's political friends. They would have maintained, that the greatest grievance-makers were they who had the effrontery to complain of grievances. If they had done this (as the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst at once did in the Lords), they would have had with them the public sympathy of Great Britain, and, I suppose, that of the Conservative party in Ireland. But instead of taking that tone, Lord Eliot began with mawkish compliments to the Whig-Radical assailants, and with apologies and defences in regard to the alleged grievances, and did not once venture to carry the war into the enemy's camp. This strange, submissive course was followed by Sir James Graham and Sir Robert Peel. They spoke like dejected and beaten men. They seemed to have no spirit to rebuke the wrong doers. It appeared as if their object was to beg for mercy. Sir Robert Peel spoke in this grievance-debate for three hours; and, undoubtedly, he spoke, as he always does, with fluency, impressiveness, and great command of a wide range of subjects. But all along he was on the defensive. He did not venture to speak as a governor. He abstained even from any protracted allusion to the actual state of affairs in Ireland, being unprepared (as it would seem) to speak of them as the head of a powerful government ought to speak. “I am asked,” he said, “what course I intend to pursue. Declare your course, is the demand. I am prepared to pursue that course which I consider I have pursued, namely, to administer the government of Ireland upon the principles of justice and impartiality.” And then he proceeded to discourse, in general

terms, of civil privileges, and franchises, and so forth. Now this, whether intentionally so or not, was an evasion of the question which he professed to answer. The demand was really that he should declare his course with relation to threatening circumstances of a very monstrous character, which seem to require something more than the common principles and methods of government, in order to deal with them as they deserve. The question really was, what would the government do under these *extraordinary* circumstances, and the minister avoids all mention of the extraordinary circumstances, or mentions them in so cursory a way, and with so much reference to what *might be*, rather than what *is* the result of these circumstances, that in point of fact no intelligible information is derived from him on the subject. Above all things he seems to be mightily afraid lest any one should think that he placed any peculiar confidence in Protestants or Protestantism. That would not be *liberal*, and, therefore, upon that point the minister is explicit. "I think," said the minister, "that the agitation which exists in Ireland cannot proceed without ranging *on the side of the government* many who must be alarmed at the consequences which must inevitably flow from that agitation. I speak not of Protestants. I wish to make no discrimination between Protestants and Roman Catholics; but can the Roman Catholic proprietor, or the Protestant proprietor feel safe, if the principles which are contended for in the course of this agitation are to be carried out?" And then he proceeds for some time to show how that cannot happen, which we know by the authentic accounts from Ireland is daily happening. Men are *not* ranging themselves on the side of government, because the government does not seem to them to afford any encouragement for their doing so. Sir Robert Peel must have studied human nature in some strange school, if he thinks that men are apt to range themselves on the side of the *apparently* timid, disheartened, and yielding. Had government assumed a bold and decisive tone against the agitation—had a firm and spirited demonstration of antagonistic feeling been made by the government, no doubt, men of property and of

rational patriotism would have ranged themselves on its side. But men require some kind of stimulus to action. They require, at least, the example of government itself. But government, while discoursing of the danger of the agitation, boasts of the forbearance and moderation with which it has behaved towards the agitators! This may be very amiable, and perhaps the agitators *ought* to regard it as very kind. But they do not so regard it. They think it contemptible and ridiculous, and they openly say so. I should like to know when, or on what occasion in the history of the world, rulers gained friends and adherents, by treating ostentatious displays of hostile force, and violent upbraidings and threatenings, with meek acquiescence, with moderation, and with forbearance? I never read or heard of any such successful method in political history, nor could it happen without some miraculous reversal of the ordinary tendency of human nature.

Again, though it is very praiseworthy of Sir Robert Peel to abstain from any reflection upon the Roman Catholic religion, in his capacity of political minister, it seems to be shutting himself out from political truth if he will refuse to recognise any difference between Roman Catholics and Protestants in reference to the dangers which threaten Ireland. There is a political distinction between the Romanists and Protestants which is a matter of fact, and not a matter of doctrine. Sir R. Peel exhibits the strongest anxiety that it should be supposed that in looking at the state of affairs in Ireland he makes no discrimination between Romanists and Protestants. But what says Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, who is undoubtedly as shrewd an observer as Sir Robert Peel, though not quite so *liberally* fearful of expressing indignation against wrong? Lord Lyndhurst asks the House of Lords "if there ever existed a conspiracy more formidable, more dangerous, more pregnant with fatal consequences to the state, than this foul conspiracy called the Repeal Association in Ireland?" And he states concerning that association, that "he regrets to say it numbers in its ranks the whole of the Roman Catholic priesthood, supported by, and in co-operation with, the greater part

of the Roman Catholic hierarchy." He then adds that "knowing and considering the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy on the minds and over the actions of the Irish people, the force and power of that Repeal Association was almost unlimited—was boundless." This view of the case makes it clear that, in a political sense, there ought to be a discrimination between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Put all considerations founded on mere difference of religion out of the question, still there is the strongest practical reason to believe that the mass of the Roman Catholic people will be subservient to all the schemes of the repeal agitators, because the Roman Catholic priests, who have such unlimited power over the minds and actions of that people, are members of the Repeal Association, and are known to be active promoters of what the Lord Chancellor of England calls that "formidable and foul conspiracy." The common sense deduction from the facts as stated by Lord Lyndhurst is, that under existing circumstances, and without reference to cases of exception, the British government should place confidence only in

the Protestants. The Roman Catholic population are politically alienated from the British government by the political influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. All this should be borne in mind, not because it tells against the Romanists, but because it is practical truth. In a matter of this kind, it is madness to shut one's eyes to the truth, lest we should be obliged to abandon forbearance, and moderation, and acquiescence, and speak out indignantly and with force. There is no reason why one should judge or act harshly, because one sees facts, and speaks truth. The Romanists and Repealers are, no doubt, misled. The priests are misled by ambition, and by gross prejudices, which grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength; the common people are misled by their priests. A strong government might keep both from doing mischief; and a wise and kind government might, in time, remove the prejudices of both, and satisfy the country with material prosperity. But will these things be done? I cannot tell.

T. O'R.

Saint Giles's.

ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. &c.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was, in the mansion of Bishop's Merton, one of those delightful old chambers which, like a warm and benevolent heart, have a nook for every one. It was a large wide room with a recess on one side big enough to have formed another room, and a lesser recess at each corner, on the same side, made by two small square turrets, each lighted by its own windows, and containing tables and chairs of its own, so that the studious or the meditative, but not the unsociable, could sit and read, or muse apart, without being actually cut off from the society assembled. The walls were all covered with tapestry, descended through many generations in the same family, and which had covered the walls of a similar chamber in an old castle, partly destroyed during the civil wars of the roses, and pulled down at the commencement of the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Out from the tapestry, however, after an old fashion, which certainly showed pictures to much greater advantage than when plastered upon the face of the wall, stood a great many portraits of different degrees of art, supported at the lower part by a gilt iron bracket, and upheld in a slightly sloping position by an iron bar at the top. From the cold severe Holbein, to the rich and juicy Rubens, and the poetical Van Dyk, all the famous artists of the last two centuries had exercised their pencils in portraying the features of a race, which had always been fruitful in beauty; and the history of the changeful mind of those two ages was shadowed forth in the varying costume in which the characters appeared. Nor is it, let me say dear reader, in passing, a slight indication of the state of the popular mind that is afforded by the dress of the day. Look at the cavalier in his long floating locks, his silks and velvets, and at the roundhead, in his steeple hat, his straight-cut suit and prim cloak, each with his heavy-hilted sword and

large flapping gloves, and say whether Naseby field and Marston Moor, and all the deeds on either part, do not naturally, and not purely historically, connect themselves with such apparel; and then turn to ourselves, with our straight-cut frock coats, neat close-fitting boots, and other mathematical habiliments, which seem to have been fashioned by the rules and compasses of a Laputan sage, and tell me whether they do not plainly speak of an age of railroads and steamboats.

There, however, stood the pictures of the brave and beautiful of other times, looking down upon their once familiar halls, and the doings of their descendants, as the spirits of the dead may be supposed to do upon the actions of the children they have left behind; and there in the oriel window, just about the time of day at which we commenced this tale, sat a creature, whom those long-gone bold warriors and lovely dames might look upon with pride, and own her of their blood. It was a lady of some twenty years of age, not very tall, but yet, if any thing, above the middle height of women. She was very beautiful, too, in feature, with a skin as white as alabaster, and as smooth, yet with the rose glowing in her cheek, and her arched lips red and full of health. I have long discovered that it is impossible to paint beauty with the pen; and, therefore, I will say no more than may merely give the reader some idea of what kind and sort hers was of, more that the harmony which ought always, and generally does, in some degree, exist between the form and mind may be understood, than to draw a picture of which imagination would still have to fill up half the details. Though her skin, as I have said, was so fair, her hair, her eye-brows and her eyes were dark, not exactly black—for in them all there was a gleam of sunny warmth which brightened, like the dawn, the deep hue of night. The

expression of her countenance was generally gay and cheerful, but varying often, as a heart quickly susceptible of strong feelings, and a mind full of imagination were affected by the events in which she took part, and the circumstances around her. Youth and health, and bountiful nature, had indued her form with manifold graces, and though her limbs were full and rounded in contour, yet they displayed in every movement lines of exquisite symmetry, and like the child of Joab, she was swift of foot as the wild roe. As is often the case with persons of quick fancy, her mind, though naturally of a cheerful and hopeful bent, was, nevertheless, not unfrequently overshadowed by a cloud of passing melancholy; and a look of sadness would come into her fair face, as if the consciousness which is in most hearts that this world of glittering delusions has its darker scenes, even for those of the brightest fate, made itself painfully felt at times when no apparent cause for grief or apprehension was near. But such shadows passed quickly away, and the general tone of her heart and her expression was, as we have said, bright and sunshiny,

Her father had been a man who took his ideas greatly from those amongst whom he lived. In short, he attributed too much importance to the opinions of his fellow-men. We may attribute too little to them, it is true, and even great men are bound to pay some deference to the deliberate judgment of many; but it is usually, nay invariably, a sign of weak understanding, to depend for the tone of our own thoughts upon those around. However, as he was thrown into the society of men who set great value upon accomplishments such as they were in those days, he had made a point of having his daughter instructed in all the lighter arts of the times. To sing, to dance, to play on various instruments, to speak the two languages most in fashion at the court, French and Italian, with the ease and accent of a native, had seemed to him matters of vast importance; and as she showed every facility in acquiring whatever he desired, he had no cause to be discontented with her progress. She might, perhaps, have been taught to consider such things of much importance too; but she had a mother, the safeguard of God to

our early years. That mother was a woman of a high and noble mind, somewhat stern perhaps and rigid, yet not unkind or unfeeling; and between a parent weak, though possessed of talent, and one keen and powerful in intellect, though not quick or brilliant, it may easily be guessed which gave the strongest impress to the mind of the child. Thus Annie Walton learned perhaps somewhat to undervalue the accomplishments which to please her father she acquired, and though she possessed less of the stern, calm, determined character of her mother than her brother Charles, and more of the pliant and easy disposition of her father, yet she inherited a share of high resolution and firm decision, which was requisite, even in a woman, to enable her to encounter the dangers and difficulties of the times in which she lived.

She sat, then, in the oriel window of the hall at Bishop's Merton, reading a page, printed roughly on coarse paper, while now a smile, somewhat saddened, and now a look of anger, somewhat brightened by the half-faded smile, passed over her sweet face, as in one of the broadsheets of the day, which had been left with her a few minutes before by Mr. Dry, of Longsoaken, she saw the doings of a parliament, which began by asserting the rights of the people, and ended by attacking the just prerogatives of the crown—which commenced by opposing tyranny and deceit in the rulers of the land, and ended by far exceeding all the tyranny and deceit it had opposed, and adding the most beastly hypocrisy and violence, fraud, rapine, and cruelty, to the crimes and follies which it had found existing. She read and smiled—she read and sighed—for though her family had taken no part in the deeds of the last twelve months, and though her mother had been through life rather attached to the doctrine of the Presbyterians, than their opponents, yet there was something in the cause of the cavaliers, with all their faults, in their very rashness and want of all pretence—something in the cold-blooded hypocrisy and false pretexts of the parliamentarians which had engaged her sympathies on the losing side, and roused her indignation against the successful.

While she was thus occupied, a horseman passed rapidly before the window towards the principal door of

the house, crossing like a quick bird in its flight, and casting down the paper, she ran out murmuring, "It is Charles!"

There was a large old-fashioned vestibule hung with pikes and arms, corselets and head-pieces, and stags' antlers and hunting horns, and all the implements of real battle, and the mimic warfare of the chase. The door leading to the terrace stood wide open, with an old servant on either side, and as she bounded forward in the expectation of meeting her brother, with her countenance beaming with pleasure, to greet him on his return, a stranger entered and advanced at once towards her.

Annie Walton's face suddenly became graver, and a blush rose into her cheek; but the cavalier advanced with a frank and unembarrassed air, walked straight up to her, and took her hand, as if he had been an old friend.

"You thought it was your brother," he said, with easy grace, saving her all trouble of explanation, "and you are disappointed, Miss Walton. Would that I had a sister to look so joyful, on my return to my old halls—but your disappointment will have no long life. Charles Walton will be here ere the world be an hour older; and in the meantime you must show me and my poor beast fair hospitality till the master of the mansion comes himself to tell you more about his friend Sir Francis Clare."

He bowed as he thus introduced himself, and Annie Walton, with all courtesy, but a grave air, invited him to the hall where she had been sitting, trying to call to mind the name amongst those of all her brother's acquaintances. She could recollect no such person, however, and although there was in the frankness of the stranger's manner something that pleased her, yet she almost thought it too free, in one whom she could not believe to be very intimate with him. Yet there was a grace as well as an ease in his demeanour, a tone not easily described, but which can only be acquired by long intimate habits of familiarity with persons of high mind and education; a self-possession, distinct from impudence, which showed her at once that the visitor was not one of the wild and reckless roysterers of the court and army of King Charles, who pre-

sumed without merit, and endeavoured to cover vulgarity of spirit with self-confidence. She begged the stranger to be seated—he bowed, and let her take her place, while he remained standing before her, calculating rapidly what was passing through her thoughts, and to say truth, somewhat struck with the beauty of this cynosure of neighbouring eyes, who, whatever he might have expected to find, went far in loveliness beyond his imagination.

There was a momentary pause while she thought of what was next to come, but the stranger spoke first. "I must seem very bold, I fear, and somewhat too free, Miss Walton," he said at length, "in thus treating you as an old acquaintance; but the circumstances of these days engender strange habits of rapidity in all our doings. Rough times abridge ceremonies, and besides, when our thoughts are familiar even with those whom we have never met, a sort of one-sided friendship grows up in our breast towards them which makes us forget that it is not reciprocal. I have so often heard your brother talk of you, so often conversed with him of you, that I may think myself lucky that at our first meeting I did not offend you by calling you Annie."

"It would have surprised more than offended," replied his fair companion, with a smile; "but Charles will, I trust, soon make us better acquainted. Have you seen him lately?"

"Not for five years," answered Sir Francis Clare; "and yet, sweet lady, know more of his proceedings than you do who parted with him but a week ago—not that he is deep-dyed in plots and conspiracies kept from his sister's ear; but simply, because he wrote to me yesterday one of his brief but comprehensive notes, telling me what he purposed, and giving me a rendezvous here to-day, which I, with my usual impatience, have run before by near an hour. I heard of him too, as I came along, and though I found that I should be before him, yet I hurried on—not to surprise his sister all alone, and make her wonder what strange rash man had come to visit her, believe me."

"Such an object were little worth the spur, sir," replied the lady, laughing: "but if I understand you right,

your friendship with my brother must have begun when he was in France."

"Long before that," replied the cavalier; "but when last I parted with him he was in Italy, where he left me to return to his own house. We bade each other farewell under the Loggia de Lanzi, in the fair town of Florence."

"Oh, how I long to see that place," cried Annie Walton—"it is one of the dreams of my imagination which, perhaps, may never be realized."

"Few dreams of the imagination ever are," answered her companion. "He who gives himself up to fancy is like a man led by a child, who tells him of all the wonderful things that he will show him in the garden of the world, and when he comes to see the marvels, finds them but May blossoms and briar roses, that fade as soon as gathered, and leave a bunch of thorns in his hand."

Annie Walton raised her eyes to the stranger's brow, and gazed at the rich floating hair that covered it, to see if she could trace any of the marks of that age which has proved the world and discovered its delusions. But all was youthful and open; there was nothing gray or grave, and she replied—

"You speak sadly of this earth and its enjoyments, sir; and yet I would not part with fancy and all her pleasant deceits if I could."

"Never! never!" cried Sir Francis Clare, eagerly. "If I may use a paradox, sweet lady, the deceits of reality are ten times more dangerous than those of imagination. If all things are delusions except the hopes of a higher and a holier world, let us keep the pleasant ones at least, and they are those of fancy—but what have we here?—the last news from London."

"The reply of the parliament to the king's message," answered the lady; "and thirty-one good reasons for rejecting his majesty's offers, with the godly and soul-saving declaration of several pious men concerning popery and prelacy."

The stranger laughed.

"How easy is it," he cried, "to cover gross treason, not alone to king but country, with fair pretexts of freedom, or to hide what they themselves call the most carnal self-seeking, with the garb of religious zeal, and to give the fairest names to the blackest pas-

sions of our nature! 'Tis a trite remark, but one that forces itself upon us every day; and yet this is the trade that succeeds in the world, so that gross deceit raises itself to high places, and sits in purple and fine linen, while honesty is left to beg her bread, and plain truth stands shivering in a ragged blanket."

"But I should think such barefaced hypocrisy as this," answered the lady, "would deceive no one. People may pretend to believe it, but it must be mere affectation, as bad as the hypocrisy itself."

"Your pardon, madam," replied the cavalier, "there never yet was falsehood so open and impudent, which often repeated and told with a smooth face, would not find many to give it ready credence. Not a day passes, but we see some monstrous lie decked out with strong assurances of sincerity and zeal, pass current with the multitude. Oh, lady, there is an appetite for falsehood in this world that makes the many-headed monster gorge the food however dirty, and, like a hungry dog, pluck morsels from the very kennel.—Yet there is some truth, too, in what these people say. I am not one to cover them with bad names; for alas, however wrong they may be now, the king put himself in fault at first. The man who suffers himself to be compelled to do justice to others, will some time or another have to compel others to do justice to him; and he who has abandoned his friends in time of need, will surely have to lament their loss when he has to struggle with enemies."

"And has the king done this?" asked Annie Walton.

"Strafford, Strafford!" said the cavalier, with a melancholy shake of the head—"bold, firm-hearted, gallant Strafford. That fatal error was the downfall of King Charles. Where is the hand that now shall raise him up? Lady, when a general finds himself in a town about to be besieged by an enemy, he strengthens his fortifications and throws down all the scattered houses and indefensible suburbs that might give the foes advantage in their approach; but the king pursued a different course: he threw down his defences and maintained all the suburbs and weak points. But this is sorry conversation for a lady's ear," he continued; "what a fair scene does this

window show. In riding through the low ground I did not mark all the beauty round me."

"It is indeed as fine a view as any in the country round," replied Annie Walton; "and often when I feel sad at heart, I come and gaze out here, and seem to find comfort and confidence from the sight."

"And are you ever sad at heart?" asked Sir Francis Clare with a smile.

"Not very often, it is true," she replied; "but still in the present disturbed state of the country, which is like one of those dark storms through which one can see no glimpse of coming sunshine, I cannot but sometimes feel fears and apprehensions—not for myself, indeed, for no one would hurt a woman, I suppose; but for my brother: and then I need the sight of things which speak with a voice not to be misunderstood, of God's power and his goodness too, to show me that though the tempest may rage for a time, it will give place to brighter hours at last, and perhaps, in itself, work good even while it seems destined to destroy."

"Oh, may you feel ever thus," cried the cavalier, eagerly; "for it was such faith brought back the dove to the ark at length. Yet often when we see a world of roaring waters round us, and destruction on every side, the heart will sink, and trust and confidence give way for a time. And yet," he added, laughing, "I am not one to entertain many sombre thoughts; and if the gay companions of thoughtless hours could know with what sad con-

versation I have entertained a fair lady, they would recommend me a Geneva skull-cap, and a straight black cloak. I can assure you, lady, our talk in the court is much less solemn. Except for an hour in the morning, when we speak soberly of war and policy as men take a walk after breakfast for a good digestion, our days pass much in the consideration of lace collars, the fashion of sword knots, and of how to get them. The world, I believe, and most of the things in it are not worth the waste of five minutes' heavy thought; and weighed in a just balance, perhaps a madrigal and a charge of horse, a sonnet of tiffany poetry, and the plan of a campaign, are matters of much more nearly the same importance than we think. But there comes your brother, or I am mistaken."

"Yes, yes!" cried the lady, gladly gazing out of the open window into the valley, along which a small party of horsemen were riding: "he will be here directly;" and she and her companion, whose conversation had greatly won upon her, continued watching the progress of the young Lord Walton, as he rode rapidly along the valley, till he was hid behind the high-wooded banks, near which, as we have already related, he paused to hold a short conversation with poor Arrah Neil. They wondered what detained him so long under the trees; but after a brief pause, he appeared again, and in a few minutes he sprang from his horse at the hall-door.

CHAPTER IV.

"HA, FRANCIS," exclaimed Lord Walton, grasping the cavalier's hand with warm eagerness, as soon as he had received the embrace of his sister, "are you here before me? You must have used the spur from Worcester if your letter left the good town before you."

"I have used the spur, Charles," replied his friend, "on purpose to outrun you, and introduce myself to this fair lady without your assistance. You know I always was the most impatient of mortals, and strange I fear she thought me; for I could plainly see that she had never heard the name of

Francis Clare before," he added, with a gay laugh, and some emphasis on the words.

"Perhaps not," answered Lord Walton, with a grave smile; "but she must know you now, Francis, as one of her brother's dearest and oldest friends. However, I must send her away from us for a minute, for I have a task for her, sad but pleasing, to perform. I just now found poor Arrah Neil, dear Annie," he continued; "she was sitting by the Bishop's Well, dark and sorrowful, as well she may be. The poor old man, Neil, is dead. They dragged him as far as Devizes,

where the lamp that has burned so faintly for the last two years went out, and the poor girl has found her way back hither. Something must be done for her, Annie, and till we can settle what, she must stay here. I left Langan with her to bring her up ; so see to her comfort, sister, for by her dress I think they must have robbed her by the way."

"Poor child!" cried Annie Walton. "I was sure the old man would die. Can these be really Christians, Charles, for a few rash words, spoken in haste to take a man of seventy from his sick bed——"

"His words meant more than they seemed, Annie," answered her brother ; "at least so I gather from their answer to my application for his release : but see to her comfort, dear girl, and then come back to us, for the poor thing spoke of some evil hanging over me here ; and, though at times so strange, I have often remarked she speaks not lightly."

"No, indeed, Charles," replied his sister, with an anxious look. "Evil hanging over you? What can she mean?"

"I know not, Annie," rejoined Lord Walton. "Nothing has happened to cause you alarm, has there?"

"Nothing!" she answered. "Dry of Longsoaken was here this morning, but he was all smoothness and civility."

"That looks ill," said Sir Francis Clare. "He must be a roundhead by his name ; and whenever they speak smoothly, beware of the serpent in the grass."

"And he is a serpent, if ever the earth produced one," answered Lord Walton, thoughtfully. "Did he speak smoothly and civilly?—so, so. What was the object of his visit, Annie—or had he any apparent object?"

"Purely, it seemed," replied Miss Walton, "to ask after my health, during what he called your long absence. I told him your absence had not been long—only a week ; and that you had already concluded your business with the committee, and would return to-day. So then he left that paper with me, which he said must be marrow and fatness to all well-disposed noblemen like yourself. But, indeed, he seemed well affected towards you, and said, 'I now recollect something

about the people of Bishop's Merton having encroached upon your land at Sarham, which he should be happy to set right for you, which he could do if you pleased, without your name appearing in the matter, so as not to affect your popularity with the God-fearing people of the place.' "

"Where did he learn I ever feared to have my name appear in any act I did?" asked Charles Walton, proudly. "'Tis but such low and creeping things as he is, who do things they dare not own. He had some other object—this is all a pretence! But go, dear Annie, there is Langan with the poor girl ; perhaps she will tell you more than she would say to me—but do not press her, Annie, if she be unwilling.—And now, Francis," he continued, as his sister left the room—"first, welcome, after so long an absence ; next, what is this serious business that you would speak with me upon?"

"Faith, but a little matter as this world goes," replied his friend ; "and yet one which would have been considered mighty some ten years ago. Now men draw two straws for the longest, or toss up a crown piece to know which party they will choose, whether they will fight for their rightful king or his rebel parliament——"

"Not quite so, Francis," replied Charles Walton, seriously : "with me, at least, the question would ever be a serious one—whether I should draw my sword for the representatives of the people of England, when fighting for the just liberties of the land, or for a sovereign who has somewhat infringed them? even if the case stood exactly as the parliament puts it, but——"

"I am glad you have added those words, Charles," interrupted the cavalier : "for on them hangs all the rest. The king is willing to do ample justice to all men. Granted that he has committed faults—and who has greater cause to complain than I have?—granted that he has had bad advisers—granted that he sacrificed Strafford——"

"A terrible fault, indeed," replied Lord Walton.

"Granted that his exactions were unjust—ship-money a breach of the best and soundest laws—the star-chamber an iniquitous tyranny ; still these errors were a part of his inheritance, and perhaps if we looked closely, we should find that our fathers who

suffered, and by suffering encouraged such things, who fawned upon the hand that pressed them to the ground, who bowed readily to tyranny whenever it stretched forth its rod, have as great a share of the responsibility as he has who only used the powers transmitted to him by his father. But I come not to discuss such questions, Charles Walton. The king has committed errors, he grieves for them, he is ready to repair them—he has done all that man can do to remedy evils past, and provide security against their recurrence. He calls upon every loyal subject to aid him, not only in defending the throne itself, but the country, from those who would evidently shake its constitution to the ground, overthrow its best institutions, and establish, if not the reign of anarchy, the rule of a many-headed monster, which will, if tolerated, end in a despotism more terrible than any we have yet seen within the land. And will Charles Walton, gallant and chivalrous as he is known to be—will he refuse to obey that call? Or is he, who was wont to be so clear-sighted and so true, one of those who believe that the pretences of the parliament are true—that they seek but to reduce the power of the crown within due limits, lop the prerogative of those branches that bore oppression, and secure the freedom of the people, yet leave the stability of the throne? Or does he approve of hypocritical pretexts even to gain just ends? No, no! I know him better.”

“Certainly,” replied the young nobleman, “I neither approve the practices, nor believe the pretences of the parliament. But I have hitherto trusted, my dear friend, though they may be now intoxicated with authority, the exercise of which is new to them, and in their pride may encroach upon both the prerogative of the crown and the liberty of the subject—for I can conceive a parliament to become a more terrible tyrant than even a monarch—yet I say I have trusted that the wiser and the better members of that body will recover from the drunkenness that some have felt, and the fears that have affected others; and that at all events, if any dangerous and outrageous exercise of power should take place, those who have never favoured the arbitrary use of the royal prerogative, or the licentious exactions of the commons,

may have sufficient weight to counter-balance that authority which is but delegated by the people, and which the people can again resume.”

“Fatal confidence,” exclaimed the cavalier, with a dark and melancholy look, “which never has been, never will be justified! Yet it is one that in all civil strifes many wise and many good men have entertained, till they found, when too late, how cruelly they had deceived themselves; till hanging between two parties and supporting neither, they saw the one sink lower and lower, and the other, which perhaps they most condemned, rise into power, and go on in evil; and then when they strove to arrest the course of wrong, found themselves either carried away by the current and involved in wickedness they would fain have opposed, or sunk beneath the torrent with those who endeavoured to divert it while yet it was feeble, and whose efforts they might have rendered successful, had they joined therein in time. Let me tell you, Charles, that in the history of all contentions, such as those that now shake the land, there is a time when the balance of sincerity and right is clearly on one side, and that it is then true lovers of their country should step in with their whole strength to turn the balance of power on that side also. There is such a time believe me; and now is the moment!”

“Perhaps it is,” answered Lord Walton, thoughtfully. “I said, my friend, that I had hitherto felt the impressions I described. I did not deny that they are somewhat shaken, perhaps more than I believe.”

“When that time has come,” continued the cavalier, without appearing to mark his reply, “it is the duty of every man to ask himself, on which side is now the right? on which side is now the danger? and, casting away the memory of old faults and old grievances, to choose boldly and conscientiously between the two. If he chooses well, it will be easy for him at any after time to guard against a renewal of errors on the part of those whom he supports; but if from any fear of such a renewal he turns to the side which he knows to be acting amiss, he commits himself for ever to the errors he supports, and can never hope to stop their course, or avert their consequences. What I ask you

then to do is, to choose! I say not, join the king: I say not, oppose the parliament: I merely say, lay your hand upon your heart, forgetting mistakes that are past, ask yourself, which is now right, and which is now wrong? and choose as your conscience shall direct."

Lord Walton paused for a few moments in deep thought; then giving his hand to his friend, he said, "I will! Ask me no more at present, Francis; nor inquire whether, when I say, *I will*, I might not say, *I have*. Resolutions such as these had better be spoken of as little as possible till they can be executed. Stay till to-morrow morning: then back to the king; your further presence here might be dangerous to yourself and hurtful to your cause. And now to other things: how long had you been here before I came?"

"Long enough to find it a dangerous abode, good friend," replied the cavalier. "In truth, Walton, if you have not got an angel here, you have what is more like one than any thing my eyes have yet seen."

"Oh! I know your gallant speeches," answered Charles Walton, with a laugh, his face losing the grave cast which was habitual to it, and brightening with cheerful light; "but Annie is well accustomed to hear sweet things, and I fear not the effect of any high-flown southern compliments on her little heart, which, however gentle, is firm enough to stand a longer siege than any you will have time to give it. But," he added, while his brow grew sad again, "I will own to you, Francis, it is her future fate that in these troublous times half makes a coward of me; and, though knowing what is right, that will I do; yet there is a hesitating fear within me, that in the course I am destined to pursue, I may bring down sorrow and misfortune upon that bright, kind being, who has been ever my sunshine and my hope."

"I can feel that it must be so, Charles," replied his friend, gravely. "Had I a sister such as that, it would be so with me. Therein I can do little to console, and perhaps less to counsel or to help you. But yet, Charles Walton, you know I am something of the ancient knight: my sword and heart for my king and my fair lady; and without any rash pro-

missing of love for one whom I have only known an hour, such as one-half of our gay courtiers would make, I promise you, that whatever befalls you, so long as life and strength last, my next thought, after my duty to God and my sovereign, shall be to care for the protection and safety of my friend's sister."

Lord Walton smiled, with a look in which pleasure and grief were strangely blended, but he replied nothing, merely once more pressing Clare's hand.

"Why do you smile, Charles?" asked the cavalier. "Is it that you think me too young, too light, too gay, to take such a task upon myself. My honour, my regard, you do not doubt, I know, and as for the rest, these are days when the old times of chivalry must revive, or the sun will set in darkness indeed; and in those ancient periods men young as I am have, with a holy devotion, been the safeguards and protectors of dames well nigh as fair and bright as this, if we may believe the tales we read."

"But those tales still ended in a marriage, Francis," said Lord Walton.

"Well there let it!" cried the cavalier, gaily. "Here I dedicate my heart and sword to her. Those bright eyes shall be my loadstars on the road to glory, her smile give double vigour to my arm, and fresh sharpness to my lance. There, Walton, is not that the true Orlando? But seriously, what meant your somewhat rueful smile just now? Was it that you thought the gay youth of former days but little fit to supply a brother's place in time of need; or, perhaps, still less, to take a husband's duties on him, if fate and circumstances should draw your sister's heart towards him? But let me tell you, Charles, these are times that make even the thoughtless think; and when I buckled me to the cause I serve, I cast away and left in foreign lands all but the higher purposes of the heart."

"No, no, Francis," replied Lord Walton, interrupting him; "it was neither doubt, nor fear, nor mockery, that made me smile. You do not suppose that, did I not know and see all that is noble and generous in your nature, and bright and keen in your mind, I would have taken you to my heart as I have done. That there might be some weeds in the garden I will not deny; but they were only such

as an hour's labour would pluck out with ease, or such as would wither away under the first hot sun, and leave the flowers and fruit behind uninjured. I smiled but to think that some five years ago, when we were both in happier days than these, I often thought that I would gladly give my Annie to my early friend, but little dreamed that times might come when he himself would offer, ere he had seen her twice, to be her defender and protector in case of her brother's death: and who shall say, Francis, how soon such loss may call for such support. But here she comes again; let us say no more of this; but, thank you, thank you from my heart for all you promise. I know right well that promise will be kept, if it cost your last drop of blood."

The faces of both gentlemen were grave when Annie Walton joined them, and on hers too there were traces of some tears. "Poor Arrah Neil!" she said; "hers indeed has been a hard fate. She has made me weep with the tale of the old man's sufferings, so mildly and so sweetly did she tell it. But I could obtain no further information in regard to the danger she apprehended might befall you, Charles; and I cannot but think that her words were spoken in one of those strange, dreamy moods, that sometimes fall upon her."

"I think so too," answered Lord Walton; "—at least it may be so. Where have you lodged her, Annie?"

"She is with good Dame Rachael now," answered his sister; "but for to-night, she is to have the little room near the west tower, and tomorrow you must tell me more of your plans for her, Charles."

"I will, I will," replied Lord Walton, "—to-morrow;—Ay to-morrow," and he fell into thought.

The evening passed more cheerfully than the conversation of the morning promised. All seemed anxious to snatch a few hours from the gloomy thoughts that hung over the times, and but few allusions were made to the circumstances of the day; but any other subject, which minds full of rich stores could produce, was chosen, as if to exclude more sombre topics. From time to time, indeed, both Annie Walton and their new companion would for a moment or two look grave and sad,

as some passing cloud of thought swept over them; but the young lord, whose power over himself was great, kept the same even tenor, not gay, for such was not his disposition; not gloomy or meditative, for he did not choose to be so, but calm and easy, conversing without apparent effort on a thousand varied things, and never for an instant showing the least absence or forgetfulness. Yet, perhaps, all felt that there were dangers and disasters abroad on every side, though they sat there as a cheerful party, with the windows of the heart closed against the storm that raged without.

There was but one moment, when a shadow seemed to fall upon all, and that too was after a song. Charles Walton had asked his sister to sing before they parted for the night; and after some thought, seeking in vain for a livelier strain, she chose—perhaps from the irrepressible anxieties of her own heart—a little ballad, which had been a favourite of her mother's.

THE SONG.

"Hope sung a song of future years,
Replete with sunny hours;
When present sorrow's dew-like tears
Should all be hid in flowers.

"But Memory backward turned her eyes,
And taught the heart to fear
More stormy clouds, more angry skies,
With each succeeding year.

"But still Hope sung, as by that voice
Such warnings sad were given,
In louder strains bade youth rejoice,
And age look on to heaven."

Each kept silence for a minute or two after the song was done, and each gave a sigh; but then the cavalier would fain have persuaded Miss Walton to sing again, for her voice was one of those, full of native music, which the ear longs for when once heard, as the weary heart of manhood thirsts to taste again the fearless joys of infancy. But she declined, saying she was somewhat weary, and shortly after the little party separated for the night.

Charles Walton shook his friend's hand warmly as they parted, at a yet early hour, and adding to the good night, "we will speak more before you go to-morrow," he himself retired to

his chamber to pass several hours in meditation ere he lay down to rest.

As soon as he was alone the young lord sent away a servant who was waiting for him, and then leaned his head upon his hand for some ten minutes without moving. At length he raised his eyes to a heavy sword that hung above the old carved mantel-piece, rose, took it down, drew it from the sheath, and gazed upon the blade. There were some dents and notches in the edge ; and saying in a low tune, " it has done good service—it may do more," he thrust it back again, and hung it up as before. " I will go to my cabinet and write two lines to the king," he added, after a short pause ; but then, again he stopped, and meditated, murmuring, " no, it were better not to write ; such documents are dangerous. I will send a message. I see they suspect me already. It were as well to destroy the commission and those other papers—and, if at all, at once.—I will do it now.—What is the matter ?" he continued, as some one knocked at the door.

" Charles, Charles," cried his sister, coming into the room ; and as he sprang to meet her, he saw her face was very pale.

" There is a terrible smoke," she exclaimed, " and a rushing sound like fire."

" Where, where?" asked her brother, eagerly hurrying towards the door.

" In the corridor, beyond my room," answered Annie, " towards the west wing. Oh, bid them ring the alarm-bell."

" On no account ! on no account !" cried her brother, darting out. " Call all the servants, Annie. Run, Alice," he continued to one of his sister's maids, who had followed her pale and trembling, " send Hugh and Roger hither, and then call the rest. Smoke, indeed ! There is fire somewhere ! Quick, girl, quick ! Go back, my Annie, and dress yourself again. I will soon tell you more." And thus saying, he hurried on through the wide gallery, upon which the door of his bed-room opened, and then along the corridor beyond.

The smoke grew thicker at each step he took, the crackling and rushing sound of fire soon became audible, and then a fitful flash broke across the obscurity, like that of a signal gun seen through a heavy mist.

In a minute he was at a large door

which closed the end of the corridor, and through the neighbouring window he could see the projection of one of the flanking towers with a small loop-hole showing a red glare within.

" Here is the fire," he cried—" in my own cabinet ! How can this have happened ?" and he laid his hand upon the latch. The door was locked. He tried to turn the key, but it was embarrassed. " Bring me an axe," he exclaimed, hearing some of the servants following him rapidly. " Bring me an axe directly !—quick, quick !—all the papers will be burned," and again he tried to turn the key.

" The charter chests were removed, my lord, to the next room," said the good servant Langan. " I moved them myself by your own order just before we went, that the floor might be repaired."

The young lord laid his hand upon his brow for an instant, and then said—

" Let the rest perish then !—It is no matter ;" and just as he spoke the alarm-bell rang loud and long.

" What fool has done that?" exclaimed Charles Walton. " Ah ! Francis, is that you?" he continued, speaking to Sir Francis Clare, who was up and following him fully dressed, " —a word in your ear : mount your horse quick and be gone," he whispered. " We shall have all the country on us in half an hour. See, there are some twenty on the terrace already. Langan, here—go the round with this gentleman to the stables by the back-way, then through the wood with him till he is beyond the grounds. Francis, say I am determined !" he added again, lowering his voice. " You shall see me soon. Away, away, good friend ! you know not the people here."

By this time servants were hurrying up with buckets of water and with axes to break down the door ; but before he suffered that to be done, Lord Walton turned to one of those behind saying, " See to poor Arrah Neil ; she is in the chamber just beneath us. Take her to your lady's room. Now, Roger, you and Dick move out the chests from the place where Langan says he put them. Take them down to the terrace ; but set some one to watch them. Hark ! there is something fallen within."

" The great case of books, my lord, by the sound," said one of the men.

"Now give me an axe," cried the young nobleman, and with a few blows he dashed the lock off the door, and pushed it open, bidding the men throw in the water as he did so.

Out burst the flames and smoke, however, with such fury that all were forced to run back ; and as it somewhat cleared away, the frightful scene of destruction that the interior of the tower displayed, too plainly showed there was no possibility left of saving that part of the building. "Now, my good men," cried the young lord, "let as many as can find buckets keep pouring on the water. The rest help me to cut away the woodwork between the tower and the rest. Some run up to the corridor above, break down the panelling, and throw it back away from the flames. Fear not, but at all risks cut off the tower from the rest of the house. Call some of those men up from below. Why do they stand idle there?"

The scene of hurry and confusion that succeeded can be imagined by those who have witnessed the consternation produced by a fire in a rural district, where few of those means and appliances which in great towns exist in plenty, but often are found ineffectual even there, are not to be met with at all. To prevent the flames from extending to the rest of that wing was found impossible, notwithstanding all the efforts of the noble master of the mansion, and the strenuous exertions of his servants, who speedily recovered from the first confusion of surprise, and recollected the old military habits which they had acquired in former days. The tenantry too, who flocked up at the sound of the alarm-bell, gave eager but not very efficient help as well as a number of the townsfolk ; but still the fire gained ground, extended from the tower to the rooms in the wing, ran along the cornices, caught the beams, and threatened the whole building with destruction, when a tall, grave stranger in a black cloak and hat walked calmly up to Lord Walton, who had come down to the terrace to give directions to the people below, and said in a low tone—

"A few pounds of gunpowder, my lord, and a linen bag laid above that doorway, and under the coping-stone, will separate the fire from the building. The stone passage cuts it off

below ; there is but a narrow gallery above, and if you can but break up the corridor —"

"I see ! I see !" cried Lord Walton. "Thanks, sir, thanks. Run, Hugh, to the armoury ; you will find some powder there."

"I beg, sir, that I may be permitted to make the *saucisson*," cried a tall man in flaunting apparel. "At the famous siege of Rochelle I constructed the immense petard wherewith we blew up the——"

"I thank you, sir," replied the master of the mansion, looking at the person who addressed him from head to foot with a quick but marking gaze, "I will make it myself ;" and without farther notice he proceeded to give the necessary orders, and to take precautions both to insure the safety of all persons near, and to guard the building as much as possible from damage by the explosion.

When all was ready he went into the house to bring his sister forth, lest by any chance the rooms in which she had hitherto remained should be shaken more than he expected ; and then, after having placed her at a distance, he himself fired the train, which being unconfined, except at one part, carried the flame in an instant to the bag of powder, causing it to explode with a tremendous roar. A quantity of brickwork was thrown into the air ; the gallery above fell in the moment after ; and then, after a short pause, a tall, neighbouring tower between the place where the powder had taken effect, and that where the fire was raging, bulged out about half way up, and then rushed down, strewing the terrace with a mass of broken ruins.

In the anxiety and excitement of the moment Lord Walton had observed little but what was passing immediately before him ; but as he marked the effect and was turning round to look for his sister, and tell her that the rest of the mansion was saved, the stranger in black who had spoken to him before, once more addressed him in a low voice saying—

"You had better look to those chests, my lord ; Colonel Thistleton is eyeing them somewhat curiously. As for me, I will wish you good night ; I love not the neighbourhood of parliamentary commissioners ; but if you want good help at need, which perhaps may be the case soon, you have only to send

a trusty servant to inquire for Martin Randal at Waterbourne, ten miles hence, and you will have fifty troopers with you in two hours."

"I understand! I understand, major," replied Lord Walton. "God speed you, with my best thanks.—Colonel Thistleton?—What came he here for?"

"No good," replied Randal, walking away and beckoning to his tall companion, who followed him with a pompous stride, while Lord Walton turned towards the spot to which he had directed his attention. He there perceived, for the first time, three men on horseback, and one who had dismounted and was speaking with a servant who had been placed to watch the two large chests of papers which had been removed from the next wing of the building.

As Lord Walton gazed at him, he stooped down once more to look at the chests with a curious and inquiring eye, and striding up to him at once, the young nobleman demanded, in a stern tone—

"Who are you, sir? and what do you want with those cases?"

"My name, my lord, is Thistleton," replied the other—"a poor colonel, by the permission of Providence, in the service of the parliament of England; and when matters are a little more composed I will inform your lordship, as my errand is with you, what excited my curiosity in regard to these cumbersome packages."

"Oh! Colonel Thistleton! that is

a different affair," answered Lord Walton. "As soon as I have ascertained that all farther danger of the fire spreading is past, I will have the honour of entertaining you, as far as my poor house, half destroyed as it is, will admit."

The parliamentary colonel bowed gravely, and the young nobleman then proceeded to give farther directions to his people, mingling with commands respecting the fire and the security of the rest of the mansion, sundry orders spoken in a low tone to those servants in whom he could most rely, and to some of his principal tenants.

When he had assured himself that all was safe, and had set a watch, he returned to his sister's side, and led her back to the house, whispering as he went—

"Keep two of your maids with you in your chamber to-night, Annie. See to poor Arrah Neil; and at dawn to-morrow, dear girl, make preparations for a journey. Ask no questions, sweet sister, but pack up all that you most value—all trinkets, jewels, gold and silver, for we may, perhaps, have to go far." Annie Walton gazed at him with a look of sorrowful, half-bewildered inquiry; but he added—"I cannot explain now, dear one; I will tell you more to-morrow;" and she followed him silently into the house, where he left her, and at once went back to show as much courtesy to Colonel Thistleton and his companions as the feelings of his heart would permit.

CHAPTER V.

"This is a lamentable and very sad visitation, my lord," said Colonel Thistleton, as soon as he was seated with two companions in the large room we have before described.

"It is indeed, colonel," replied Lord Walton, "and will cost me at least ten thousand pounds to repair; so that I hope you have not come for any thing like a benevolence, such as our kings of old used sometimes to levy upon their subjects, for I could ill spare one to the honourable house just now—Langan," he continued to the servant who appeared at the door, "have wine and meat set out in the hall. We shall all want refreshment."

"No, my lord," replied Colonel

Thistleton, with some degree of hesitation; "the houses of parliament resort to no illegal and unjustifiable acts of taxation. Labouring but for the defence of themselves, of the king's person, liberty, laws, and the kingdom, they take care to abide by the true rights and customs of the country; but at the same time, my lord, they think it but proper and necessary, as well for the safety of the state as for the exculpation of persons unjustly accused, to inquire into and examine, either by the judges appointed by law—or by a committee of their own body, where any highly honourable and devout person is subjected to calumny—into all charges of resistance to the

authority of the two houses, or of conspiracy for the purpose of levying war, and farther endangering the condition of the poor distracted realm."

The colour somewhat increased in Lord Walton's cheek, but without pause he replied gravely—

"They are quite right, sir; and if, as I gather from what you say, you are come into this part of the country upon such an errand, you will find me very ready and willing to give you every assistance in my power."

Now the commission which Colonel Thistleton had to perform was of a nature somewhat delicate; for the demeanour of the Walton family, at the first resistance shown to the arbitrary proceedings of the court, had been favourable to the views of general freedom, which were then alone apparent on the side of the parliament; and though it had become evident that the young lord had grown cold as they stretched their pretensions, and had even remonstrated against several of their proceedings, yet his course had not been so decided as to cut off all hope of attaching him to the party favourable to resistance of the royal authority by arms, while the task that the worthy committee man was charged to execute was one likely to alienate him for ever, if the grounds for suspicion were found unreasonable. However, he was a skilful man, ever ready to take advantage of opportunity, and he therefore replied—

"I was quite sure, my lord, that we should find every readiness in your lordship. We have, indeed, the unpleasant duty to perform, (which I trust we shall do discreetly,) of investigating charges against a number of persons in this county; but, as it is advisable that those in whose affection and loyalty we have the utmost confidence should set an example to others, against whom there is just cause of suspicion, it is as well that I should inform your lordship that not long since, at Chippenham, a false and calumnious accusation was made against you to our worthy brother, Dr. Bastwick, here present——"

"Of which I do not credit a word," added the doctor.

"Charging you with countenancing the cruel preparations for war made by the king against his loyal subjects, and with having entered into correspondence with his majesty, and received

a commission under his hand to levy horse against the honourable houses."

He paused as if for a reply, and Lord Walton with a frowning brow and flushed cheek, answered—

"So, sir, I am to suppose, in short, that you have come hither to examine my house, and search for the correspondence you speak of?"

"Exactly, sir," replied a less prudent member of the committee named Batten; but Thistleton cut him short by adding—"We were perfectly sure that your lordship, whose family have always been godly and well disposed, would rejoice at an opportunity of showing the world how readily you would submit to the authority of parliament, and clear yourself of all false and unjust reproaches."

"Should such reproaches against a person of such a character be listened to for a moment?" asked the young nobleman; "and on my word, gentlemen," he added, "you are somewhat bold men to venture on the task."

"Not so bold as you give us credit for, my lord," replied Batten; "there is a troop of horse under your park wall."

"Then it seems," rejoined Lord Walton, "that you did not really calculate upon such unresisting submission as you affected to expect at first. I must, of course, yield to force. However," he continued with a smile, "I am certainly not prepared to resist, even if I were willing."

"That want of preparation shows your lordship to be innocent," answered the cautious Thistleton—"a point upon which I have no doubt. It was judged necessary to institute inquiries into all cases of malignant resistance to the authority of parliament in this county; and it was to meet any opposition in such instances that the troop of horse was sent, not against your lordship, of whose conduct we are quite sure, though we thought it would show unrighteous partiality if we did not in some way notice the charges made against you——"

"Charges made upon oath, be it remarked," said Dr. Bastwick.

"Well, gentlemen," rejoined Lord Walton, "it is useless to discuss this question farther. I will even take it for granted that you have due warrant for your proceeding, and merely ask what you intend to do next?"

"Why the fact is this, my very good lord," replied Thistleton: "I

information stated that we should find the papers in question in the west tower, in a chamber used by your lordship as a cabinet or writing room, on the first floor from the ground. Now, I was informed but now, that two large chests which I saw on the terrace without, contained writings of value, which had just been removed from the fire. It would be satisfactory to us to look into those cases."

"Surely not to-night," said the young nobleman.

"I think it would be expedient," said Thistleton.

"It would prevent evil surmises," added Bastwick.

"No time like the present," cried Batten. "The king's commission might be gone before to-morrow."

"The keys, I fear, have been lost in the fire," answered Lord Walton, giving him a look of contempt.

"They will be easily broken open," replied Batten.

"I may not exactly like to have all my papers left open to the world," said the young nobleman gravely; "but having now clearly ascertained how far the suspicions of the parliament really go, I will make no farther objection. But I give you all notice, that I protest against this act; and that when next I take my place amongst the peers of England, I will move for an inquiry into the whole proceeding—Without there, bring in those cases of papers, and some instrument for forcing open the locks." Thus saying, he rose and, turning to the window, looked out upon the terrace, which was still partially illuminated by the fitful glare of the decaying fire.

In a few minutes four stout servants appeared carrying in the chests, and having received orders to break them open, soon laid the contents bare before the eager eyes of the parliamentary commissioners. Great, however, was their disappointment to perceive nothing on the top but old deeds and parchments with many a waxen seal pendant from its broad ribbon. They were not so easily contented, however, and proceeded to turn out the whole contents, strewing the floor of the saloon with yellow papers, while Lord Walton spoke a few words to Langan, who left the room.

"Well, gentlemen, are you satisfied?" asked the young nobleman at length, when the bottom of each case

was laid bare. "If so, the servants shall replace the papers, and we will to supper."

The committee whispered together for a moment ere they replied, but Lord Walton could catch the words "No, no! not now—To-morrow at daybreak—There has evidently been no preparation—Have up the troop by that time," and other broken sentences, which evidently showed him that farther proceedings were in contemplation.

"We will, my lord, put off any further perquisitions till to-morrow," Colonel Thistleton replied at length, "upon your lordship pledging us your word of honour that you will not leave the house, nor send out of it any paper of any kind or sort whatsoever."

"I shall most assuredly leave the house," replied Lord Walton, "for I am going in five minutes to assure myself that the fire will spread no farther. But if you mean that I am not to absent myself, I have no intention of so doing, and will promise to stay and entertain my unexpected guests as befits their quality and commission, nor will I send hence or make away with any paper, from the warrant of array directed by Henry II. to my ancestor, down to the cellar book of the old butler; so now, sirs, to supper, and let us forget for the time all that is unpleasant in our meeting. The day will come, and that before the world is a week older, when I will deal with this matter in the proper place and in the proper manner."

"Be that as you please, my lord," replied Thistleton; "we doubt not we shall be justified. Myself and Dr. Bastwick will in the meantime gladly accept your hospitality. Captain Batten, however, may be wanted with his troop."

"Nay!" cried the young lord, "it were a pity to deprive yourselves of one of your most able and active members. If Captain Batten have any orders to give, he can send them in writing. There lie paper and pens, and I remarked that he had a trooper without. My wine is good, gentlemen, and venison is yet in season."

"It will do as well to write," said Batten, who, always ready to take his part in all that was unpleasant, was not without inclination to share in things more agreeable; and proceeding to the writing table in the window, he had soon concocted a hasty note which

he carried out himself, while the rest, with the owner of the mansion, proceeded to supper.

When the meal was over—and the commissioners did not spare it—Lord Walton ordered them to be conducted to the rooms prepared for them, and took leave, saying—“To-morrow, gentlemen, at five, if you please, we will proceed to further business. In the meanwhile, good-night.”

The beds were soft and downy, the guests of Lord Walton tired with the fatigues of the preceding day, and it was somewhat later than the hour appointed when the members of the committee rose; and then, on looking forth from his window, Captain Batten was surprised and disappointed not to see his troop of horse drawn up in the park, as he had ordered them to muster there by half-past four. His two companions were down before him, and he found them with the noble owner of the mansion in the hall. Lord Walton immediately signified in a grave tone that it would be better to proceed on their search; and the task was sooner begun than ended, for Bishop's Merton House, even in its dismembered state, was not easily examined from one end to another. Room after room was ransacked, every article of furniture which could be supposed to conceal papers was subjected to the perquisitions of the three commissioners; and it must be recollected that in those days people had not multiplied the luxuries and conveniences of life to such a degree as scarcely to be able to turn amidst the crowd of superfluities. Still nothing was discovered; for Lord Walton, though young, was a man of regular habits, and his papers were not all scattered over his dwelling, but gathered regularly into one repository.

At length Colonel Thistleton, after having twice passed through the corridor and gallery, pointed to a door in the former, saying—“We have omitted that room several times, my lord. It may be necessary that we examine there, merely for the sake of making our task complete. You will understand me clearly, my most honourable friend, that I am perfectly satisfied, and indeed was so from the first; but we must be enabled to say that we have left no part of the mansion unseen.”

The young nobleman heard him to the end, and then replied gravely—

“Those are my sister's apartments, sir.”

“Nevertheless, my lord,” answered Dr. Bastwick—

But Lord Walton cut him short with a frowning brow and a flushed cheek.

“There is no nevertheless, sir,” he said. “Those are my sister's apartments—that is enough: let me see the man that dares wag a foot towards them.”

“Nay, my good lord,” cried Thistleton, in a mild and deprecating tone, “we mean no offence. If the lady sleeps we can wait her waking. We need not go in now.”

“Nor now, nor never, sir,” answered the young nobleman sternly. “There are no papers of mine there, of that I pledge my honour. If that satisfies you, well.”

“But it does not, sir,” cried Batten.

“Then that is well also,” answered Lord Walton, turning away with a look of scorn.

Thistleton spoke a word to his two companions, and then followed the young nobleman, exclaiming—

“My lord, my lord!”

“You speak loud, sir,” rejoined Charles Walton. “I will hear you in the hall. Remember there are people who can sleep despite of parliamentary committees.”

“This is too insolent!” cried Batten. “If you arrest him not, Master Thistleton, I will.”

“Leave him to me,” answered the colonel gravely. “A committee of the house must not be bearded by the best man in the realm. Leave him to me;” and thus saying, he followed the young lord down the stairs.

When they were in the hall, in which were several servants, Lord Walton paused in the midst.

“Now, gentlemen,” he said, “what are your further commands?”

“I have but to ask, my lord,” demanded Thistleton, “whether you are disposed to resist the lawful authority of parliament?”

“The unlawful exercise of authority it does not possess, you mean,” replied the peer. “But not to cavil at words, sir—if I say I am, what then?”

“Why then I should be obliged to do that which would be most unpleasant to me,” replied Colonel Thistleton.

“I rather think, however, that such must be the result, sir,” rejoined Charles Walton, with a cold and indifferent air.

"I mean, sir, that I shall be compelled to put you under some restraint," said Thistleton, with an angry brow, "which must certainly be done if——"

"If I permit you," added Lord Walton, seeing that he paused. "Colonel Thistleton, you are mistaken," he continued, advancing towards him. "I arrest you, sir, for high treason, in the king's name! Give up your sword!" and he laid his hand firmly on his shoulder.

Dr. Bastwick shrunk back and looked towards the door; and while the colour died away in Batten's cheek, Thistleton shook off the young lord's grasp, exclaiming—

"Call up the horse from the window, Batten!" and as he spoke he drew his blade.

"They are not there!" answered Batten, with shaking knees.

"No, sir, they are not there," rejoined the master of the mansion; "those that are left of them are now galloping hard to escape Major Randal's keen riders. You may have heard of his name, sir; and it would be well to put up your weapon and submit to what cannot be avoided. Call in a party, Langan."

"Well, my lord," cried Thistleton, thrusting back his sword into the scabbard, "this is a most shameful breach of——"

"Of what, sir?" demanded Lord Walton. "You came hither upon an unavailing errand. You have attempted to cozen me from the beginning. Without lawful power or authority

you have infringed upon the rights of an Englishman; and I told you that I would stay here to deal with my unexpected guests as befitted their quality and their commission. But mark me, Colonel Thistleton, had you been moderate and wise—had you carried on your search with decency, you should have gone from this house without hindrance or molestation. I would have remembered that I had given the parliament no greater intimation of my intentions than they have given me, and treated you with civility and respect; but you have exceeded all propriety; you have pried where no likelihood existed of finding what you sought; you have even expressed the purpose of intruding on the privacy of my sister's chamber. The measure is full, gentlemen, and it is now too late. You are all three prisoners under arrest, and it will be for his majesty to determine the full extent of your deserts. You see it is in vain to resist," he added, pointing to the door, where stood a party of soldiers fully armed. "Take them back to their chambers, Langan; suffer no communication between them; place a sentry at each door, and then return to me."

The members of the committee looked dolefully in each other's faces, but they well saw that what the young nobleman said was but too true, regarding the uselessness of remonstrance or opposition, and with bent heads and dejected countenances they were led away.

CHAPTER IV.

"Now, Roger Hartup," said the young lord, as soon as the deputies were gone, "tell me more of this news. You were with the party it seems."

"Why, yes, my lord," replied a tall, long-boned, Wiltshire man, dressed in the full colour of the house of Walton, with broad sword by his side and pistols in his belt, "Langan took me with him without saying a word of where he was going. He told me afterwards that he was obliged to come back for fear your lordship should need him, and that I was to stay with the major and his troop, because I knew all the lanes and by-ways, and moreover loved playing with hand and arm."

"It was well bethought," said his master; "they might need a guide."

"I don't know, my lord," replied the servant; "but the major seemed to know all the hedge-rows, as if he had been born among them. But as soon as he had heard Langan's message, he gave the order to muster, and be ready in an hour. That was about half-past one, my lord, for we had scattered the pebbles about as we went, I warrant, and before half-past two, the troop were in their saddles, and moving down at a brisk trot by Lumby-lane, and then at a canter, over the common. That brought us to Hill-down, where all the folks were asleep, and then we had three miles of high road to Rushford. As we were crossing the brook, or rather letting the horses drink, for the major had a care

to the beasts' mouths, it being a hot night, we heard a trumpet sound Bishop's Merton way; so then, he gave the order to trot, and taking the cart road, we came upon the edge of the meadows, where we could see the road up to the house, and yet have shelter of the alders; and there we sat quite still till we saw the Round-head rascals coming up at a walk, with a sort of animal at their head, more like a chandler than a soldier, and beside him, Dry of Longsoaken, on his grey mare. When they got out clear upon the meadow, old Dry pointed along towards the bottom, and said something—we could not hear what he said, but it was like as if he told him—if you keep down that way, you'll get up to the house without being seen from the windows. The major spoke never a word. Indeed he spoke very little all the time, but let them go on till ——

"Was Dry still with them?" asked his master, interrupting his discourse.

"Lord bless your lordship, no;" answered the servant; "he left them as soon as he had pointed out the way, and trotted back. But when they were half across the meadows, about half a gun-shot from the alders, a trumpeter's horse of ours smelt them out, and like an undrilled beast, thinking his master was somewhat long in sounding the charge, he began and neighed as loud as he could. Thereupon, they halted, and began to look about, as if a horse neighing was somewhat wonderful; and then the major gave the word, and we were out from the alders in a minute, and down upon them. Your lordship has seen a plump of teal rise up from a pond, and whirl away all in a sweep. Well, four fifths of them were round in a minute, and longest legs won the day. About twenty old fellows, with copper noses and steel caps, stood their ground, however, and fired their pistols at us, keeping altogether, and showing broad sword. But we took to steel too, and they could not bide it, but broke; and though they fought better than I ever thought to see such crop-eared hounds fight, they were forced to follow their fellows, though not before some seven had tasted green turf, and had as much of it as will serve them till the world's end. Then we wheeled and followed the rest, cutting them off from the town; and

though they rode hard, yet more than nine or ten had cause to wish their spurs were better, till, at length, after having chased them back to Rushford, the major sent our Captain Barecolt, with thirty men, to keep them going, while he halted, and gave me ten to bring here, saying, your lordship might need them."

"Then did Dry of Longsoaken fly with them?" demanded his lord, "or did he run back to the town?"

"I doubt that he knew of the affair at all, my lord," replied the man; "he was far down the lane before we charged. No trumpet was blown for fear of bringing the militia men from Bishop's Merton upon us, and the banks would prevent him from seeing or hearing either."

"Then we will strike a blow at him," said Lord Walton.

The servant rubbed his hands and laughed.—"That will rejoice the cocles of many a poor man's heart in Bishop's Merton," he cried. "The old sanctified sinner is only hated as much as he is feared. Why he was the cause of poor old Sergeant Neil being dragged away, and killed with bad usage; and I do believe the boys would stone him on the green if they knew it, for he—the old man—used to gather the lads about him on the green, and tell them stories of the old wars, when Tyrone was a rebel in Ireland, and he fought under Blount, Earl of Devon, till their little eyes almost came out of their heads."

"Dry was the cause, did you say?" asked the young nobleman. "I thought the only cause was the words he spoke—that the king, if he were well counselled, would raise his standard at once, march to London, proclaim martial law, and hang the two ring-leaders of the parliament before the door of the house."

"Ay, my lord, that was the pretence," replied the servant, "though he never said all that; and they pretended too, that he knew more of what was going on in the north if he chose to speak. But the real reason was, that the old man, one day last year, when he was stronger than he was afterwards, heard the sneaking villain saying things to poor little Arrah that were not comely, and broke his head with his staff. Dry stomached the affront till the time came for his revenge, and then brought the men over

from Devizes to take old Neil away ; so I am right glad your lordship is going to punish him on that account."

" 'Tis not on that account, Roger Hartup," replied his master gravely, "for of that I know nothing ; but first, the man is a rank traitor, as there is proof enough, and secondly, I am convinced that this fire last night was not kindled without help. There were men seen about the place just after dark. Dry was up here upon a false pretence in the morning ; no one was near the west tower with a light. Bring me the paper and ink, and call the lance prisade of the troop who came with the men."

He wrote a few hasty lines while the servant was gone ; and on his return with a stout, broad-set soldier, the young nobleman said—"Now, sir, do you think that Major Langan will object to your executing a warrant, under my hand, for the arrest of a rank traitor in this neighbourhood?"

"I was ordered to receive your commands, my lord, and obey them," replied the soldier. "But the major told me to beg your lordship to let him know early what you intended to do, for that he did not hold it safe to remain here much after noon, for fear of being cut off."

"I will send to him directly," replied Lord Walton ; "but you, in the meantime, take this warrant, and go round by the back of the town to a place called Longsoaken, where you will apprehend one Ezekiel Dry. Bring him hither without giving him time to speak with any one in private."

"But if he resists?" asked the man.

"Use force," answered Lord Walton ; and then added, "but there will be no resistance. Take all your men with you but those who are guarding the committee-men, and five of my people beside. You, Roger, go with him, with Hugh, and three others. Leave Langan, for I shall want him ; and now," he continued, as soon as they had retired, "to examine into the business of this fire."

Thus saying, he rose, took his hat which lay by him, and, passing through the neighbouring hall, went out upon the terrace. Then circling round the ruins of the tower which had fallen, he made his way to the end, where, black and still reeking, stood the part of the building in which the fire had commenced. No one was near, and

Lord Walton stood and gazed at it for several minutes with sad and solemn feelings. It looked to him like the corpse of one untimely slain : all was grey and desolate, where lately had been life and cheerfulness. The room in which he used to sit was gone, and all that marked the spot where he had passed many an hour of calm and pleasant contemplation was the charred ends of the rafters and one stout beam which, not quite destroyed, hung black and crumbling from side to side, bending down half broken in the midst. Part of the wall had fallen in, and part still stood, rugged and ruined ; while in the chamber below some tattered fragments of rich damask furniture and old tapestry hung fluttering in the wind. The smoke still rose up from the pile of rubbish beneath ; but on one of the chimneys a bird had already ventured to perch, as if claiming it thenceforth for the inheritance of the wild things of the earth. After a few minutes' sad contemplation, the young lord turned and looked around over the fair scene he was about to leave, perhaps for ever, as it lay in the sunshine of the early morning, calm and smiling, notwithstanding all the destruction of the preceding night, and the gloomy prospects of the future, with the same peaceful indifference wherewith some have supposed the disembodied spirit to look upon the wild passions and contentions of the world.

As he gazed, however, he saw the figure of a woman seated upon the trunk of a felled beech-tree which lay close beneath the terrace, and instantly perceiving that it was that of Arrah Neil, he beckoned to her to come up to him. The girl did so without hesitation ; and, as she climbed the stone steps which led from the park, he watched her countenance, to see if the moody and abstracted fit to which she was frequently subject was still upon her or had passed away. There was no trace of it left. Her beautiful eyes were clear and bright, and full of intelligence, though her brow was grave and even sad ; and her look was raised towards him with a gentle, imploring, deprecating expression, as if she had in some way offended and sought forgiveness.

"Well, my poor Arrah," said the young nobleman, in a kind tone, "I fear you were much frightened last night."

"I was frightened, my lord," she

answered, "but not much; I knew it was for the best, and hoped that it would be soon extinguished."

"All things are for the best," replied Lord Walton. "God forbid that I should doubt it, Arrah. Yet this has been a severe loss and a great grief to me; for I cannot see the house of my fathers so injured without regret. It is not that many invaluable and rare things have been destroyed, but that mementos of the past are gone with them. Things, the sight of which recalled the days of boyhood, places stored with a thousand memories, ay, and a thousand associations with times before my own. I can no longer sit in that room, Arrah, and think of those who tenanted it in former years, or of all the many scenes that have there taken place."

"I am very sorry for it indeed," replied Arrah Neil; "but yet——" and she paused, leaving her sentence unconcluded.

"Tell me, Arrah," continued Lord Walton, not heeding her broken reply, "when you had retired to rest last night, which they tell me was about nine, did you hear any noise in the tower, or any one going up the stairs which pass close behind the room where you slept?"

She gazed at him for a moment in silence, with her large bright eyes fixed, somewhat sadly, upon his countenance, then shook her head, and answered, "no one."

The young lord remarked the peculiarity of her look, and added—"I am sure you would answer truly, Arrah, for your poor grandfather, who gave you an education so much above that which persons far higher in rank bestow upon their children, taught you, I know, always to adhere to truth. Yet hear me, Arrah, I have always tried to be kind to you and yours; I have been fond of you from your childhood. Now, I suspect that this fire was not the work of accident. I cannot find that the door at the foot of the tower was closed last night. That enemies were abroad I have too good reason to know; and you, too, warned me yourself that danger was at hand——"

"Oh, but it was not that!—it was not that!" cried Arrah Neil: "the danger I feared for you was not of fire, Charles Walton. Ask me not to

tell you, for they made me swear I would not before they would let me go."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young nobleman, gazing at her thoughtfully. "Well, I will not ask you then."

"Do not! do not!" she cried, "for I could not refuse you any thing; and that would be wrong after I have sworn—I would lay down my life for you, indeed I would; but you would not wish me to break my word."

"No—no!" replied Lord Walton; "but to return. I suspect, as I have said, that this destruction has not been committed by accident."

"Not entirely," said Arrah Neil, looking down.

"Not entirely!" exclaimed the peer. "Then you know how it happened—you know who did it—Arrah, speak, who was it? That, at least, I may ask."

The poor girl trembled terribly, but then, in a low sad voice, she answered, "It was I!"

"You?—You?" cried Lord Walton, gazing at her sternly, while his lip quivered in the attempt to suppress the emotions within him. The girl answered nothing, and after a struggle with himself, he waved his hand, saying—"I forgive you, my poor girl—you did it when you were not yourself. Tell no one else, Arrah—the secret is safe with me;" and he turned away, lest one harsh word should mingle with the kinder ones he had spoken. When he had gone some ten or twelve steps, however, Arrah Neil darted after him, caught his hand, and pressed her beautiful lips upon it.

"Do not abandon me, Charles Walton," she said. "Do not cast me off and hate me. Tell me, would you rather see all those ruins, and lose all you have lost, or be to-morrow a prisoner in the dark Tower of London, perhaps, never to ride the green fields again while you live."

Lord Walton paused with a look of bewildered inquiry; but then suddenly a light rose up in his eyes, and laying his hand upon Arrah Neil's shoulder, he said—"Thank you, Arrah! thank you. 'Tis a wild way of deliverance, yet thank you, dear child. You meant it well—and it has succeeded—but here are people coming. Go back to Annie, we must not leave you behind us."

the distribution of various formations is laid down on a geological chart. In the same way the classification of the languages of the nations of New Spain points out the history of migrations with an evidence which cannot be mistaken, and is also in harmony with the traditions of the people and other sources of information. Thus there can be no doubt that the language of the Mexicans is spoken through Guatamala and down to Nicaragua; confirming the truth of the native tradition of the migration of the Toltecs from Mexico to the south. But there a still more important consideration remains which we shall endeavour to render as perspicuous as possible. The Huastecas were a powerful nation living to the north of Mexico, the Mayas inhabited the peninsula of Yucatan, and the Poconchi were far to the south and west in Guatamala. The languages spoken by these three nations have a strong affinity with each other, but none with the Mexican. Hence the very important idea that they are the dismembered portions of one great nation which have been pushed aside by the more recent conquerors. When we remember that these nations, or at least the Mayas of Yucatan, had the same calendar as the Mexicans, and indeed a great similarity of mythological and ritual notions, may we not conjecture that they were the sources of the Mexican civilization? The Toltecs, who used the Mexican language, were in Mexico in the sixth century of our era; and if they invaded a previously civilized race, it is obvious that settled societies must have existed from a very remote period, and many revolutions taken place whose history we shall never learn.

The mythology and traditions of the Indian tribes are perhaps inferior in importance to the philosophic study of their languages, although it has obtained a greater share of attention, especially since the excellent dissertations of Humboldt have cleared up so much of what was previously obscure. The fact that the people of Mexico possessed annals which ascended to the fifth century of our era, and that they unquestionably arrived in the vale of Anahuac from a remote northern region, are circumstances of the highest interest and perfectly authentic. The great analogy which we ob-

serve between many of the mythological fables of the people of Mexico and those of the Old World is well calculated to afford matter for speculation. The four ages of the world, each characterised by the predominance of one of the four elements, is the counterpart of the four mythic ages of the Hindoos and Greeks. The tradition common to the people of Peru, Mexico, and Bogota, that their ancestors had been instructed and civilized by white and bearded men, points also to some extrinsic and foreign source whence they derived their institutions. But the most inexplicable circumstance of all is the complicated calendar of the Mexicans founded upon a very accurate knowledge of the true length of the solar year. Whence this profound science and astronomical knowledge, and these secular cycles, calling to mind these elaborated by the Etrurians at a period anterior to the foundation of Rome? Such facts at all events prove that civilization is not always progressive, and we may well hesitate before we adopt the theory of social progress so poetically expounded by Lucretius, and which has been so generally and unthinkingly received.

On this topic it is melancholy to reflect that vast stores of knowledge, which were accessible at the period of the conquest of Peru and Mexico, have now irretrievably perished, solely from the effects of monkish fanaticism and Spanish bigotry. In this respect the barbarism of the Spanish government is a national disgrace only inferior to that of the fearful atrocities which every where marked the track of the early conquerors. It is well known that one of the most cherished occupations of the first bishop of Mexico (Zummaraga) was the hunting out and destruction of every manuscript or monument, a purpose which he executed on a scale of grandeur unrivalled since the exploits in that way of the caliph Omar. In Yucatan, where abundance of astronomical and chronological books existed at the time of the conquest, very few escaped the fanatic fury of Bishop Landa. Cogolludo informs us that these books contained the reckoning of the years, wars, inundations, hurricanes, famines, and such events. For more than a century past not a fragment of these

interesting relics has been known in Yucatan. It is not, however, monkish fanaticism that has been alone at work in the destruction of valuable sources of information: the despicable jealousy of the Spanish government has also done its best (even down to a very recent period) to obstruct all enlightened investigation. About the beginning of the last century Boturini, a zealous Italian, visited New Spain for the purpose of exploring the antiquities of the country. His fate was what might have been anticipated. After forming the finest collection of Mexican manuscripts, or rather picture writings, which had ever been brought together, he was arrested and deprived of his treasures. On being sent to Spain he was acquitted of all evil designs, but his collections were detained in Mexico, in part dispersed, and the remainder consumed by damp and indifference. In the same spirit, permission to publish works on Spanish America was most ungraciously accorded at Madrid. It was with the utmost difficulty that Remesal obtained permission to publish his inoffensive work, the History of Chiapa; and even as late as 1770, Clavigeros' History of Mexico was not permitted to be published in Spain. The consequence of this has been, that a vast number of histories and dissertations, written by intelligent Indians or by priests soon after the conquest, when traditions and events were still recent in the memory, have been permitted to slumber in manuscript, in archives, and monasteries, and few have seen the light until the colonies threw off the yoke of their unnatural parent. When the Academy of Madrid began to stir themselves, it was in a manner quite characteristic of the country. They published a splendid edition of the works of Sepulveda, a man infamous for having reduced to system the atrocities of the conquerors and defended their crimes, while the manuscripts of Las Casas, which are invaluable historic documents, have been neglected by all the literati of Spain, except Llorente.

Although so great a mass of information has been irretrievably lost, and much remains to be yet disinterred from the archives of Simancas and the convents of Mexico, there is another source of knowledge which yet re-

mains to be noticed. Many of the monuments of ancient American civilization were too massive and enduring to be easily destroyed, and the pyramids and temples still remain, neglected by Spanish indolence, and suffering from no other injury than the slow effects of time and the influence of tropical rains. Some of these works astonish us by the vast amount of labour which must have been bestowed on their construction. The pyramid of Cholula, near Mexico, rivalling in altitude those of Egypt, has a base equal in surface to that of Stephen's-green. The pyramids of the sun and moon in the same country approximate in magnitude to the greatest edifices of the same kind in the Old World. In Peru we find Cyclopean structures like those of Tyrins and Micæne. Central America and Yucatan abound in ruined cities, temples, statues, bas reliefs, and stucco ornaments. In this vast field for future investigations we consider we are but entered upon the threshold. It is only since the travels of Humboldt that the subject has arrested the attention of philosophers, as it was not until the emancipation of the Spanish colonies that the path of inquiry was laid open to scientific enterprise. The country north of Mexico, and up to the Columbia river, is yet unexamined, although this region, to which all Aztec tradition points, must contain much that is interesting. We know that in that direction the yet undescribed ruins called the *casas grandes*, or great houses, exist on the banks of the Rio Gila. It is not so well known that other ruins are found in the same direction. In the mountains, in lat. 27° 28°, there are many great caves cut out of the solid rock, in which are painted men and women in decent dresses, and many kinds of animals. Some caves, discovered by Father Joseph Rotea, are described as being thirty feet in length, fifteen in breadth, and as many in height. Men and women are portrayed in a costume similar to the Mexican, and some with head-dresses. This discovery brings to mind the tradition of the Mexicans, that their ancestors issued from seven caves, from whence they commenced their emigration. It is not, perhaps, generally known, that pyramids and mounds occur throughout the whole

valley of the Mississippi, from the Great Lakes to Florida. These monuments are often of immense size, and their numbers no less astonishing, the least of them requiring for its construction efforts far above the resources of the wandering tribes which Europeans have found in those regions. That these edifices in the valley of the Mississippi are the works of an extinct race is proved from other circumstances, for the modern Indians retain no traditions concerning them, and entertain no feelings of religious veneration towards them as being the monuments of their ancestors. As in such cases physical evidence is always more decisive than historical, or than any antiquarian inferences, however plausible, the following facts, although incapable of affording dates, establish the great antiquity of these aboriginal edifices upon evidence that cannot be controverted:—Most of these monuments are covered with forests; and while many of the trees, from their vast size and the number of their annual layers of wood, are apparently of great age, the vestiges of decayed wood, and absence of that uniformity of character peculiar to a recent second growth, demonstrate that several generations of trees have sprung up and disappeared since these works were deserted. This great antiquity is proved still more convincingly from other evidence. Thus in Florida, lakes which were formerly approached by artificial avenues have since become dry. Rivers, upon whose margins these ruins are perceptible, have deserted their ancient channels. It is well known that the waters of Lakes Erie and Ontario occupy a smaller surface than they formerly did, and ancient beeches still define the former

extent of the waters. No ancient edifices occur between the ancient beeches and the present shores. They are all beyond these limits, and appear, therefore, to have been erected with reference to the former level of the waters.*

Without losing ourselves in a labyrinth of vain conjectures respecting these ancient monuments, the information they afford, if small, is clear and satisfactory. We care nothing about wandering masons,† the Cabiri of Samothrace; nor do we believe that the Americans had teachers in pyramid building from Etruria or Egypt. The only legitimate conclusions in such a case as the present do not require masses of incoherent learning borrowed from Bryan or Bochart. Unequivocal evidence proves that many of these buildings are of a very remote antiquity; and, for aught we know, America received its first settlers as early as Java and Japan, or any remote portion of the Old World. It is also sufficiently apparent that the population of North America must have been prodigiously greater than it was at the period when Europeans first established themselves there. The great numbers and vast magnitude of the monuments must have required for their erection the combined labour of thousands of hands; and it is equally obvious that such a people must have lived by agriculture and not by hunting, and must have had some regular form of government—a combination, in all probability, of civil and priestly despotism, such as existed in Mexico and Bogota. Another perhaps still more valuable lesson is taught to the inductive antiquarian by these remarkable facts. It has long been a favourite notion that the human race,

* *American Antiquities*, by A. Bradford, p. 636. Mr. Bradford's work contains an excellent account of the Indian antiquities found within the limits of the United States.

† The wonderful fiction of wandering masons may be brought down from its high antiquity, and in all probability originated in the middle ages. We believe bodies of artificers were usually attached to Roman legions, who of course were wandering masons. After the downfall of the Roman empire, and when stone churches began to be built, artificers as well as priests came from Rome to instruct the people to raise durable places of worship. In consequence of the Italian expeditions of the German emperors of the middle ages, some knowledge of the arts was imported into the countries beyond the Alps, and hence it grew into a custom for the German craftsmen after finishing their apprenticeship at home to spend a year in Italy to complete their education. Such, we suppose, was the origin of wandering masons.

originally savage and left to itself, has made a gradual progress from the hunting state up to our modern civilization. This doctrine was an indispensable article in the creed of historians and philosophers, especially toward the close of the last century. It is taken for granted by Helvetius and the whole body of French writers, and in our own country apparently by Dr. Robertson and others; and Lord Kaimes was so convinced of its truth that he inferred from it the authenticity of Ossian's poems, because they were composed while society existed in the hunting state. In the vast valley of the Mississippi it is, however, certain that the course of society has been very different—the farther back we go the greater the civilization—and the Indian, instead of emerging from, has sunk down into the hunting state.

We have given a brief outline of the principal sources whence we can derive information respecting the early history of the American race; and after this long introduction we shall endeavour to give an outline of the contents of Mr. Stephens' recent work on Yucatan, with some remarks on the ancient and modern history of that interesting country. Mr. Stephens' present work will be less interesting to the general reader than his previous work on Central America; and for this very sufficient causes may be assigned without passing any censure on the traveller. When his work on Central America appeared, the subject was altogether new, except to the very small number who make Spanish American history an object of minute study, and even to this select few the work was peculiarly welcome, as it afforded details of what they only knew in a vague and general manner. Another circumstance which added to the interest of the former volumes was the nature of the country visited, which presented, in its volcanoes, mountains, and lakes, so many remarkable phenomena; and also its disturbed and uncertain political state, which afforded so many interesting personal adventures, which, however hazardous at the time, added to the excitement of the reader; and last of all, we may add the novelty of the subject. In the present work we have to follow the traveller into a great country, where no other incon-

veniences awaited him than want of accommodation; and, instead of the annoyances of Carrera's officers, we have only complaints of musquitos and garrapatos. We think, however, the work might have been got up in a more artist-like manner. The mixture of travelling adventures, descriptions and measurements of ruins, and digressions on various topics, injures the unity of the work, distracts the attention of the reader, and renders it difficult to collect the whole subject into one view. There is another circumstance to which we must also allude, which is remarkable, especially after his previous journey had directed Mr. Stephens' attention to the subject of American antiquities; his reading on the subject appears to have been far from extensive; and we look in vain for any thing like broad general views. His acquaintance even with the early Spanish writers is obviously limited, and he never avails himself of those analogies which such a knowledge might have afforded him. Another circumstance which we regret is the want of that knowledge of natural history which would have enabled him to have given useful information to his readers; and this is the more to be regretted, as he was accompanied by a naturalist during his tour in Yucatan. None of his readers but a botanist can form any idea of the *sapote* tree, so valuable from the indestructibility of its timber, or the *ramon*, whose leaves afford food for horses, or the gigantic *ceibo*, the ornament of the forest. On the other hand, we have in Mr. Stephens the purely practical, active man, with abundance of shrewd common sense, always interesting and amusing when relating his incidents of travel, and faithfully accurate in his descriptions of antiquities, and possessed of that prudence which, in an antiquary, is more valuable than learning, and prevents him from indulging in idle and baseless conjectures.

Mr. Norman's "Rambles in Yucatan" is an amusing, and also, in some respects, a valuable work; and the only censure we feel inclined to pass upon it is, that it has, at least, the appearance of an attempt to forestall his countryman, Mr. Stephens, whose work it anticipated by several months. Although, and we say it without censure, there is a good deal of what may

be called Americanism in Mr. Stephens's work, this feature is much stronger in the "*Rambler in Yucatan*."

Mr. Norman is a very favourable specimen of what may be called a genuine go-a-head Yankee, energetic and enterprising, with full faith in himself, and no small share of shrewdness in his dealings with others. That Mr. Norman possesses all these qualities in a high degree, our readers will admit, when we inform them, that after four months' absence from home, he has collected materials for a readable octavo of three hundred pages, ornamented by many interesting engravings. In perusing the work, we have observed a peculiarity of the American character, which certainly they did not derive from their English ancestors, we mean a bold recklessness of assertion, often substituted for what should be hypothetically expressed; in short, his confidence in himself, and desire to arrive at a conclusion, hurries on the mind. He quotes "*Solis' History of Mexico*" as a classical work, written at a period when he could have access to all the facts; he also quotes him as an authority for the practice of circumcision in Yucatan. Now, of all the Spanish historians, Solis is the most worthless as an authority. As to the period when he wrote giving him any thing like contemporary authority, Mexico was conquered in 1521, and the first edition of Salis appeared in 1684, or just one hundred and sixty-three years later. We shall dismiss Mr. Norman with the following quotation, in which he appears to be "the great sublime he draws"—

"There is another class (of travellers) who have faith in man wherever he exists, who rely upon the permanence of the laws of nature, who do not imagine a man is necessarily a cannibal, or a troglodyte, because born in a different degree of latitude, nor that water will refuse to run down a hill at a foreigner's request. Through their confidence in the uniformity of nature's laws, they feel it unnecessary to equip themselves for a campaign into chaos when they leave their native land, always presuming every corner of this planet to be possessed of some of the elements of existence, such as air, fire, water, which a traveller may spare himself the trouble of bringing from home in his trunk. This faith in the future, this

trust in the resources which a mind of ordinary intelligence can always command under any sun and any clime, sustained the writer," &c.—p. 1.

In these opinions of Mr. Norman we fully agree, and no man who cannot participate in their spirit is fit to wander from home.

Passing from the travellers in Yucatan to the contents of their works, we shall endeavour to give some account of the present state of its monuments; of the condition of its ancient inhabitants; and that to which their descendants are now reduced. When the Spaniards first visited Yucatan, they were astonished at finding the inhabitants in a much higher state of civilization than the Indians of Cuba and Hispaniola: instead of a feeble and naked race, they found a brave people, clothed in cotton mantles, and the country round teeming with people, and studded with stone edifices, used as temples and habitations for chiefs. The sceptical manner in which Dr. Robertson alludes to these edifices of the Americans, is a proof of the very defective means of knowledge which he possessed, which were greatly narrowed by the characteristic jealousy of the Spanish government. That these buildings should have been neglected and forgotten is not surprising, when we remember the fearful havoc which the early conquerors made in the native population, and that their fields and towns, long since desolated, are now overgrown with forests, effectually concealing the ancient monuments even from the eye of the curious; still, after a lapse of three centuries, the number, magnitude, as well as elaborate workmanship displayed in Yucatan, is truly remarkable. Monuments and temples abound everywhere; and from the top of almost any of the pyramids the traveller detects others buried amidst a dense tropical vegetation. It is impossible to enter into a minute account of these edifices, as no description, unaccompanied by engravings, could give an accurate idea of these monuments, and for this we must refer our readers to Mr. Stephens's work. The remains are of various kinds, but all possessing a strong, and we would say, a national affinity with those found in other parts of America. Some are the counterparts of.

those of Palenque, others, of Copan, while some are identical with those of Mexico. Some of the monuments consist of pyramids, faced with hewn stones, with stairs leading to the summit, where there was, probably, an altar, on which the priests offered their human victims. It is a curious circumstance, that several, if not all these pyramids, are hollow, being traversed by arched galleries, forming a subterranean labyrinth. The mode in which Mr. Stephens made this discovery is as creditable to his active curiosity, as illustrative of the sloth and ignorance of the people. He was told of a marvellous cave, called *La Cueva de Mexicana*. On entering the cavity, instead of a natural grotto, he found an arched gallery leading into the hill, and branching off in different directions. After exploring these galleries, a strange incident led to a discovery of their true nature. On a second visit he found in the walls of one of the passages a hole, which admitted the light, and on looking through it he saw some plump and dusky legs, which clearly did not belong to *los Antiguos*, which he easily recognised as those of this worthy attendants. It was now found that the imagined hill-side was but an artificial mound, possessing the same pyramidal character as the other artificial hills of the country. We have already hinted that Mr. Stephens's reading upon American antiquities is not very extensive, and here we have an evidence of the fact, as he is not aware of the general importance of his own discovery. Humboldt has already shown that galleries are found in the pyramid of Cholula, the greatest of known pyramids; and we have already stated, on the authority of Clavigero and Hervas, that similar galleries, ornamented with carved work, have been found to the north of Mexico, in latitude 27 deg.

Besides these pyramids, sometimes merely immense mounds, faced with stone, at other times, constructed entirely of hewn stone, the country abounds in palaces and buildings of various kinds. Some of these edifices are circular, calling to mind the Picts' houses of Glenelg, in the north of Scotland. What is also very remarkable, we find in most of these edifices that the Indian architects had made a very near approach to the discovery of

the arch, although in no instance, as far as we remember, is there any thing like a key-stone. The plan which the Indians followed was sufficiently simple: the stones on both sides of a doorway, for example, were made to overlap each other like an inverted staircase till they met at the top, thus forming a sort of angular roof. This very simple invention does not prove any high degree of advancement in the arts any more than the dome-shaped roofs constructed upon the same principle. On the contrary, the same simple device is well known even to the Esquimaux, whose winter houses are constructed of blocks of ice, forming a circular wall, and when the building has acquired sufficient elevation, the blocks are made to overlap until they meet in the centre of the roof. Such a species of architecture is more illustrative of a certain kind of civilization, than an evidence of the intercourse and filiation of remote tribes; and in this respect, a curious, but unprofitable analogy may be pointed out between the ancient stone-roofed churches of Ireland, and the similar temples of Yucatan, while the subterranean vaults and domes of that country may be compared to the similar underground gallery near Drogheda.

There are other monuments, which, if less calculated to arrest attention, are probably more interesting to the philosophic observer. The pyramids, sculptured walls, and stucco ornaments, prove the existence of a dense population, which had made some progress in the useful arts, and whose energies were guided by an influential priesthood; but there are other remains which prove an attention and foresight directed to useful purposes. The remains of ancient roads, which traversed the country, and the construction of reservoirs for water, prove the existence of a well-regulated police and society, possessed of a stable organization. The aguadas, or reservoirs, form a very peculiar feature in the monuments of the Maya race, (Indians of Yucatan,) as they do not occur in any other part of America, and originated from what may be called a geological necessity, depending on the physical structure of the country. The peninsula of Yucatan is, upon the whole, a level country, with

few mountains, and consequently, few rivers or lakes. The prevailing rock appears to be limestone, broken up into fissures, and abounding in caverns, where the rain, as it falls, is drained off in subterranean channels, as is the case in Greece, and in the limestone districts of the west of Ireland.* The once teeming population of Yucatan depended for a supply of water partly on natural, and partly on artificial means: the former derived from the accumulation of water in the natural grottoes; and the latter, by collecting the rain in their artificial pools, or *aguadas*. That natural wells and *aguadas* formed an important consideration with the ancient Mayas is obvious, even from the names of their ruined towns; the termination *chen*, which so often occurs, signifying a well, or reservoir; and thus we have Becanchen, the running well, Bolonchen, the nine wells; Chichen, the well's mouth, &c. The following quotation from Mr. Stephens will give an idea of the nature of these *aguadas*, as well as of the Turkish indolence and barbarism of the Spaniards, who have long neglected this valuable resource in so dry a country. In 1835, Senhor Trego, an intelligent man, formed the opinion that he could obtain a supply of water by clearing out one of these neglected *aguadas*.

"He believed it had been used by the ancients as a reservoir, and took advantage of the dry season to make an examination, which satisfied him that his supposition was correct. For many years it had been abandoned, and it was then covered three or four feet deep with mud. At first he was afraid to undertake with much vigour the work of clearing it out, for the prejudices of the people were against it, and they feared, that by disturbing the *aguada*, the scanty supply then furnished might be cut off. In 1836 he procured a permission from the government, by great exertions secured the co-operation of all the Ranchos and Haciendas for leagues around, and at length, the enlisting them all fairly in the task at one time, he had at work fifteen hundred Indians, and eighty superintendents. On clearing out the mud, he found an artificial bot-

tom of large flat stones. These were laid upon each other, and the interstices were filled in with clay of a red and brown colour, of a different character from any in the neighbourhood. The stones were many layers deep, and he did not go down to the bottom, lest by some accident the foundation should be injured.

"Near the centre he discovered four ancient wells. These were five feet in diameter, faced with smooth stone, not covered with cement, eight yards deep, and at the time of the discovery, were also filled with mud. Besides these, he found along the margin four hundred *casimbas*, or pits, being holes into which the water filtered, and which, with the wells, were intended to furnish a supply when the *aguada* was dry.

"The whole bottom of the *aguada*, the wells and pits were cleaned out. Senhor Trego portioned off the pits among the families, to be preserved and kept in order by them, and the dry basin was then given up to the floods of the rainy season. It so happened that the next year was one of unusual scarcity, and the whole country around was perfectly destitute of water. That year Senhor Trego said more than a thousand horses and mules came to this *aguada*, some even from the rancho of Santa Rosa, eighteen miles distant, with barrels on their backs, and carried away water. Families established themselves along the banks; small shops for the sale of necessaries were opened; and the butcher had his shambles with meat. The *aguada* supplied them all, and when this failed, the wells and pits held out abundantly till the rainy season came on, and enabled them to return to their several homes."—Vol. ii. p. 211-13.

Another kind of remains are the traces of ancient roads, which, however, are rarely seen, on account of the forests with which the country is now overgrown.

"A short distance beyond," says Mr. Stephens, "is one of the most interesting monuments of antiquity in Yucatan. It is a broken platform, or roadway of stone, about eight feet wide, and eight or ten inches high, crossing the road, and running off into the wood on both sides. I have before referred to it, as called by Indians *Sackbey*, which means, in the Maya language, a

Every one in Ireland knows the *turloughs* or basins in the limestone, which are pools in the winter, while the water is drained off through the fissures in the dry season.

paved way of pure white stone. The Indians say it traversed the country from Kabah to Uxmal, and that on it couriers travelled, bearing letters to and from the lords of those cities, written on leaves, or on the bark of trees. It is the only instance in which we have found among the Indians any thing like a tradition, and the universality of this legend was illustrated by the circumstances attending our arrival. While we were standing upon the road, an old Indian came up from the other direction, bending under a load, who, on crossing it, stopped, and, striking his stick against the stones, uttered the words Sackbey Kabah Uxmal."—Vol. ii. p. 122.

In confirmation of this tradition, Torquemada, one of the older American historians, informs us that the island of Cozumel was the chief seat of idolatry to the people of Yucatan, and visited by pilgrims from all quarters. This island, so interesting even in the history of the Spanish conquests, was the Rome or Benares of the country. The same authority informs us, that to facilitate these pilgrimages the whole peninsula was intersected by paved roads leading towards the island of Cozumel. It is a remarkable fact that before the use of posts, or the existence of convenient roads, the people of America, in Peru, Mexico, and Yucatan, had establishments of that kind equal to what we find in the Roman empire in the days of the Antonines, or to what Spain possesses at the present day. In all these relicts of Indian civilization, and in all these social institutions, we are struck with a remarkable feature which prevails throughout America. We perceive every where a system and arrangement even in the minutest things—in the police of their cities; the different trades and occupations were classified with the most rigorous accuracy: even the food of the children was proportioned to their age, with no regard to constitution or health; the offences of the children were estimated by the physical act, and a defined amount of chastisement administered with indiscriminating uniformity. It was the same in their public works; they were the aggregate result of the combined action of so many separate portions, so to speak, of physical force; the community was every thing, its individual

parts nothing. This system was carried to its maximum by the Incas, and subsequently adopted by the Jesuits. It was more mitigated in Mexico, still more, perhaps, in Yucatan, and scarcely existed among the bold Aranicans of Chili. In the wild hunting tribes the system is inverted, and the individual is every thing, and the community of little power or influence.

There are two curious circumstances first brought to notice by Mr. Stephens—one of them we confess sufficiently mysterious, we mean the impression of *mano colorado*, or red hand, which is found on many of the buildings of Yucatan. That this hand was impressed by the builders of these edifices admits of no doubt, as Mr. Stephens observed them on the mortar after a portion of the wall had been broken open.

"Over the cavity left in the mortar by the removal of the stone, were two conspicuous marks which afterwards stared us in the face in all the ruined buildings of the country. They have the prints of a red hand with the thumb and fingers extended, not drawn or painted, but stamped by the living hand, the pressure of the palm upon the stone. He who made it stood before it alive as we did, and pressed his hand, moistened with red paint, hard against the stone. The seams and creases of the palm were clear and distinct in the impression. There was something life-like about it that waked exciting thoughts, and almost presented the image of the departed inhabitant hovering about the building. There was one striking feature about these hands—they were exceedingly small. Either of our own spread over and completely hid them; and this was interesting from the fact that we had ourselves remarked and heard remarked by others, the smallness of the hands and feet as a striking feature in the physical conformation of the Indians of the present day."—Vol. i. p. 177.

In some cases, however, the impressions are larger than the usual size of the Indian hand, for when speaking of another ruin Mr. Stephens informs us that

"The prints were larger than any he had seen. In several places I measured them with my own, opening the fingers to correspond with those on the wall. The Indians said it was the hand of the master of the building."—Vol. ii. p. 46.

It is impossible to speculate on so obscure a topic, except in so far as to state that as the hand marks, with one exception, are small like those of the Indians, it amounts to a physical demonstration that neither the Jews, Phœnicians, nor the followers of Prince Madoc, were the builders of these palaces or temples, as the hands of the people of Europe and Western Asia are larger than those of the Indians. If Mr. Stephens be correctly informed, the print of the red hand is still known among the wild Indians of North America. Mr. Catalan possesses a Mandan tent on which are two prints of the red hand. He was also informed that it is constantly to be seen on the skins of the wild animals purchased by the traders on the Rocky Mountains.

There is another analogy, however, which has escaped Mr. Stephens, and which has a more important bearing on the red hand. Quetzalcoatl, the priest and lawgiver of the Toltecs, whose name signifies feathered serpent, after leaving his people, travelled, as the tradition goes, to the east, to his native land, and toward Yucatan. On his journey he imprinted the marks of his hands upon a rock, and the impression was venerated at the time of the conquest; may not this be the origin of the "mano colerado?" The emblem of this personage, a snake covered with feathers, is not uncommon on the monuments of Yucatan, and may be seen on several of Mr. Stephens' drawings. These circumstances, in as far as they are of any value, tend to the conclusion that the inhabitants of Yucatan and the Mexican valley were as civilized as the more modern Toltecs. The native country of the Mexicans and Toltecs was beyond doubt to the north-west. Their legislator in returning to his native abode travelled in the opposite direction, to-

wards Onohualco or Yucatan, to the south-east.

A curious circumstance mentioned by Mr. Stephens deserves notice. In some vases found in ancient tombs, arrow heads of obsidian were discovered. As there are no volcanoes in Yucatan to produce obsidian, this circumstance, as Mr. Stephens remarks, obviously proves the existence of an intercourse with Mexico, where the above-named material is found in abundance. If we mistake not this opinion may be proved in another way. Columbus in his last and unhappy voyage had all but discovered the peninsula of Yucatan, when by a strange fatality he fell in with a very large trading canoe, which must have sailed from Yucatan on a commercial enterprise. Among the trading goods there were stone razors, (*navajos de pedernal*,) and also wooden swords, which for a cutting edge were armed with the same razors. These stone razors were doubtless made of obsidian, and procured from Mexico by way of Tobasco, then carried along the coast by the traders of Yucatan.*

We would willingly, if our space permitted, follow Mr. Stephens in his explorations and adventures, especially to the island of Cozumel, interesting in a double point of view as the metropolis of the ancient Maya superstition, and also as the place of rendezvous of the early Spanish adventurers, Grijalva and others, and the starting place of Cortez on his way to Mexico. We must, however, pass on to make a few observations on the antiquity and uses of these edifices, which are found in such vast numbers every where throughout Yucatan. We fully agree with Mr. Stephens that they were built by the ancestors of the present Indians, and also that they were used as dwellings or places of worship up to the period of the Spanish conquest. When the

* The Mayas of Yucatan appear to have been an active and commercial people. The canoe seen by Columbus was as long as a galley and eight feet in breadth. In the middle there was a sort of tent covered with palm leaves, and under it were their families and merchandise. The goods consisted of cotton stuffs variously coloured, shirts without sleeves, swords with edges of stones fastened by means of pitch; hatchets, plates, and rattles of copper; crucibles for melting copper, and cacao. Their provisions were bread of Indian corn, roots, and a kind of beer made from maize.

Spaniards discovered this country it was densely peopled and clear of forests, which now conceal these buildings and often render their discovery very much a matter of chance; it is therefore not surprising that the early adventurers were struck with the beauty and multiplicity of the buildings which every where met their eye. That they were used as places of worship is equally certain, the graphic old writer Bernal Diaz, who had a share in most of the early conquests and voyages, and who may be called the Froissart of America, describes the idols which he saw upon them, and the marks of recent blood of the cruel sacrifices. What is still more to the point, while proceeding with Cortez to the conquest of Mexico, he saw the Indians worshipping on the Cuez or temples of Cozumel, and he assisted in rolling the idols down the steps of the pyramid, and in placing a cross and the picture of the virgin and child in their stead. The carved wood which Mr. Stephens observed in many of these temples and also the paintings still fresh on their walls afford evidence in favour of the same conclusion. In many parts of the country, several years after the conquest, the Indians continued to worship by stealth in the old temples. Father Cogolludo, who wrote more than a century after the conquest, tells us that he found traces of recent idolatry at Uxmal. He found in one of the temples offerings of cacao and copal, used by the Indians as incense, burned there but a short time before; an evidence of some superstition or idolatry recently committed by the Indians of that place. He adds, "God help those poor Indians for the devil deceives them very easily." The same circumstance is brought out by Mr. Stephens, who found in a law paper relating to Uxmal, and bearing the date of 1673—

"The property is granted to a Spaniard that idolatry may be discouraged by his residence upon it. It is stated that in those places the Indians were worshipping the devil in the ancient buildings, which they do every day notoriously and publicly—Vol. i. p. 323."

The only evidence against this conclusion is that of Father Bienvenida, who lived in the country immediately

after its conquest. He tells us the town of Merida received its name on account of its magnificent buildings, the finest in the whole extent of the Indies. We know not who built them, but it appears they are as old as the Christian era, for says he, "there are trees growing upon them as great in size as those at their base." This objection, however, has been forestalled by Mr. Stephens, who has proved that the ceibo tree, the commonest in the country, attains to a very great size within twenty years. At the same time that we fully agree with Mr. Stephens, as to the fact of the buildings of Yucatan having been erected by the ancestors of the present Indians and occupied by them even to a later period than the time of Columbus, it does not follow that the period of their construction is very recent; on the contrary, we think that they are of a remote antiquity, very probably anterior to the entrance of the Toltec and Mexican tribes into Mexico.

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with the history of Yucatan, which proves that a portion of its people retained their ancient rites, and remained secluded from the notice of the Spaniards for one hundred and sixty years after the invasion of Montezuma, until, in the year 1695, they were discovered and subdued. The history of this concealed people may be traced in a tolerably satisfactory manner, and their ancestors identified with one of the most improved and influential tribes which inhabited Yucatan from a period commencing long before the discovery of America. The ruins of Chichen, or Chichen Itza, so called from the name of the people who built them, are among the most splendid described by Mr. Stephens, whether from their extent, or from the variety of their ornaments. According to traditions which have been preserved, and which appear to be genuine as any of the indigenous accounts of early American history, the whole peninsula of Yucatan was formerly ruled by a single sovereign. About one hundred and fifty years before the conquest, a revolution took place, and the dynasty of Tutul Xiu lost their supremacy, and Mayapan, the capital of their empire, was destroyed by the rebels. In consequence of events springing from this insurrection, the Itzas of Chichen emi-

grated from their lands, and retired into the interior, to the lake of Peten, and on one of its islands they established the capital of their new state. Such is the native tradition, and here it is certain they lived in their secluded territory, in a region between Yucatan and Guatamala, unknown and neglected by the Spaniards, and following the superstitions of their fathers, after the faith of Rome had been established throughout the rest of Yucatan for one hundred and fifty years. In the year 1608 two Franciscan monks made their way to the lake of Peten, and were civilly received by the Itzas, until, by a strange inversion of common sense, they first set about destroying the idols, before they had persuaded the Indians to abandon them; and, as a natural consequence, they were driven from the country. The Indians remained unmolested until 1695, when it was resolved to construct a road between Guatamala and Yucatan, a project which involved the conquest of the Itzas, near whose country the road had to pass. Into the details of the conquest we need not enter, it is more interesting to notice this, so to speak, living relic of an extinct form of society. The temples and buildings of the natives appear to have been similar to those whose ruins remain throughout Yucatan. On the island the Spaniards found twenty-one adoratorios, or temples. The principal one was of a square form, with a handsome breastwork, and nine steps, all of wrought stone; each front was about sixty feet, and very high. The number of idols also appears to have been very great, as is proved by the following notice. The general himself set out, accompanied by the vicar and assistant; and we may form an idea of the multitude of idols and figures thrown down by the Spaniards, from the fact that the taking of the island having been at half-past eight in the morning, they were occupied, with but little intermission, in throwing down, breaking, and burning idols and statues, from that hour until half-past five in the evening, when the drum called them to eat, which, says the historian, was very necessary after so great a labour. This account, which we have greatly abridged, is very interesting, both on account of the singular fate of the Itzas, as well as from

its corroborating Mr. Stephens's views respecting the monuments of Yucatan.

Before entering into any speculations respecting the antiquity of these monuments, we shall make a few observations on the purposes to which they were applied; and here we have no hesitation in adopting the statements of Cogoleudo. The pyramidal buildings are, as we have seen, unquestionably a sort of altar, on which human sacrifices were offered, so that these cues of Yucatan were identical with the teocallies of Mexico. The chambers and apartments of the other buildings were, at least in part, used as nunneries, or convents, as Cogoleudo assures us. He says, that near the temples were buildings for young women, who were nuns, and under the superintendence of an abbess; their duty was, to keep the sacred fire perpetually burning, and they suffered the loss of life if they allowed it to be extinguished. All this is in harmony with what we know to have been the case in other parts of America: in Peru there were vestals consecrated to the sun, and in Mexico also a kind of monasticism existed. It is also pretty certain that the superstition of the Mayas of Yucatan was nearly the same as that of the Mexicans, and people of Central America and Chiapa. We find among them all, not only the same style or architecture, but the same astronomical system: their year divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, and the remaining five reckoned by themselves as void or unlucky, and instead of adding a day to every fourth year, the intercalation of thirteen days at the end of a cycle of fifty-two years. The tradition of four ages of the world, like the four calpas of the Hindoos, prevailed among all those nations. The tenure of land seems also to have been the same.

When we reflect on these and many other circumstances which might be quoted, it is obvious that all these nations drew their civilization from a common source, although from whence is at present beyond the reach of conjecture. From philological considerations already stated, we are inclined to suppose, that the Mayas, the Poconchi of Central America, the Huastecans, and people of Chiapa, are much more ancient than the Toltéc-

Mexican tribes ; and it is a matter of inquiry, whether these nations, pushed aside by the Toltecs, were not already in possession of all their knowledge of astronomy and the arts. Even amidst the great mass of Mexican population, we find fragments of former nations, such as Olmecas and Otomics, few in number but retaining their national language with Indian tenacity, and remaining the memorials of ancient empires, and as distinct from their conquerors as the pebble from the block of ice within which it is frozen. Such traces of obsolete languages indicate that the formation of societies in the New World is not greatly more recent than in the old.

Connected with this subject there is one extraordinary line of speculation, a favourite one with the old Spanish ecclesiastics, and in defence of which a strange book has recently been published in England. We mean the notion that St. Thomas had preached the Gospel in America. On this subject we may remark, that none of the usages or rites of the Indians lend the smallest countenance to the notion that a knowledge of Christianity existed in any part of the New World ; that analogies existed between the Romistic and Indian superstitions is very possible, in the same manner as many things in the popish faith have been derived from Roman paganism, and even from Buddhism. As the whole of this interminable discussion is merely a chapter in the history of human folly, and may well seem strange to Protestant ears, we shall give some account of it. In the first place, we believe the fable of St. Thomas's preaching to the Indians is easily explained. It is merely Fluellan's syllogism, that there is a river both in Macedon and Monmouth. An ancient tradition says St. Thomas preached in India ; that is, in the East Indies the natives of America are called Indians, *ergo* the argument is completed. The grounds on which the Spanish priests believed that St. Thomas preached in Mexico, are certainly very curious. According to them the Indians practised auricular confession, adored the cross, had fasts of forty

days, and monastic orders ; nay, Ramesal, in his history of Chiapa, goes so far as to assert, that the Indians knew the seven sacraments. It is obvious, that if all this be true, it could not have been taught by the early Christians, who were ignorant of such uses ; and if they were really known to the Americans, they were as good papists as the Council of Trent. The force of folly could go farther than even this ; and we are informed that the Indians possessed picture-books, recording the chief events of Scripture history. Soloranzo, a learned Spanish jurist, in his work "*De Jure Indiarum*," or the title of the kings of Spain to the Indies, rests it on the papal bull, and also on the teaching the Christian religion to the natives. When he treats of the preaching of St. Thomas, he gets into a difficult position, between risk of offending the church or the king, and compromises the matter in the following characteristic manner. He does not call in question the early apostolic preaching, but the devil had so corrupted every thing, that the rights of his most catholic majesty were left untouched. This ridiculous question has occupied a good deal of attention in Spain, and none anywhere else, and we fully agree with the decision of the learned Doctor Traggia, that if we had a tenth of the evidence that St. Thomas was in America, to prove that St. James was in Spain, we might sing pæans.*

Where there is so much smoke, however, it is but fair to infer that there must be some sparks, and it is worth while to find where they may be concealed. That the Indians practised fasts, and had monastic institutions, is most true, but in as far as such things are to be considered, the Lama of Thibet might put in as good a claim as his western brother. Something analogous to auricular confession was also very general throughout America. It existed in Peru and Yucatan, as well as in Mexico. In the latter country, however, it was made to the chief, and not to the priest, and only once in a life. This confession appears to have been merely a sort of privilege, which for once

* We have extracted the greater part of this paragraph from a long note by Bustamente, in his edition of Sahagun's History of New Spain.

saved the Indian from the legal punishment which the offence merited. We believe we have read in Sahagun, who lived at the time of the conquest, that the poor Indians very naturally confounded the Romish confession with their own ancient usage; and after committing a crime, the Indian would confess to the priest, then present his certificate of confession in court, under the idea that it would procure for him an acquittal. The use of the symbol of the cross is another of the notions of the Spanish ecclesiastics, who seem to have found the characteristic marks of their superstition everywhere and in every thing. Of these crosses, none was more famous than that said to be found at Cozumel, and now preserved in a church in Merida. Mr. Stephens, however, found no crosses in that interesting island. Among other and older ruins, however, he found those of a Spanish church, and he concludes that the cross now in Merida was taken from that edifice. As the Merida cross is of stone, it could not be the one erected by Cortez, which was of wood, as we are assured by Bernal Diaz, who saw the carpenters at work upon it, and then worshipped it. Although this case is a doubtful one, several others are mentioned by Clavigero as occurring in other provinces. The most conclusive evidence of the existence of crosses in America, is afforded by Mr. Stephens himself, who has, in his former work, figured the beautiful cross of Palenque. The evidence of the Inca Garcilasso is also very clear on this point; he tells us the Incas, his ancestors, had a beautiful cross of crystal, which they kept in a sacred place; and that it was afterwards placed in the sacristy of the great church of Cuzco. Notwithstanding all this, it does not follow that it was an object of general adoration, any more than its occurrence on ancient medals of Sidon do with respect to the ancient world. The more probable opinion is, that as the Mexican year was represented by a circle, and of course, two lines cutting its centre at a right angle would divide it into four equal parts, the cross with them was, in some degree, accidentally venerated, being an astronomical emblem. At all events, these topics must be cleared up, and better illus-

trated, before they become matters of rational inquiry.

After having said so much on Mr. Stephens' antiquarian researches, we shall make a few remarks on the past and present state of the people of Yucatan, which will illustrate the slow but sure workings of political and priestly despotism in involving both conquerors and Indians in one common degradation. The Mayas of Yucatan were, at the period of the discovery of America, with the exception of the Araucans of Chili, the bravest people of the New World. The conquest of this peninsula was undertaken by Montejo, one of the companions of Cortez; but he met with a more energetic resistance than was experienced in Mexico. Scarcely any of the natives joined the invaders, and sixteen years were required for the subjugation of the people. Cogolludo and the other Spanish writers say little of the cruelties which were inflicted on the vanquished. The following quotation from *Bienvenida* will give a graphic view of the conduct of the early Spanish settlers in the New World. The author was a priest, and the memorial, written in 1548, is addressed to Philip the Second, and is characterised by that frank boldness which distinguished the Castilians of those days:—

"The Spaniards," he says, "are the greatest obstacles we have to the propagation of the faith. Many of them send the Indians into the woods before the priests arrive. As for me, I hold those who give such orders as worse than the Indians themselves. I will make known to your highness, that three and a half years ago the adelantado bestowed the gift of a captaincy on Gaspar Pachero, on condition that he should conquer the provinces on the Golfodolce. By misconduct this captain stopped in a friendly province called Cochua, one of the greatest in the country, and even the finest within thirty leagues. It had a numerous population, divided among the settlers in the town. He consumed the provisions of the natives, plundered them, and forced them to carry his baggage. The Indians fled, and he made the women carry the burdens. The greater part died of hunger, and the captain could not advance as he had no carriers. He returned, and the captaincy was given to his nephew. Alonso Pacheco

Nero was not more cruel than he was. He advanced into a peaceful province called Chetamal, and although the natives were peaceable he plundered them and eat up their provisions. The Indians fled to the forests, and when one was captured he was given to be worried by the dogs. The Indians abandoned their fields and died of hunger. I say all, for there were villages of five hundred and a thousand houses where at present there is not more than a hundred. The captain exercised his cruelties in person; he killed many with a little club; and when he killed them his expression was, 'I have given it well.' He cut off the breasts of the women, and the hands, noses, and ears of the men. He had calabashes to the feet of the women, and threw them into the water, drowning them as a pastime. He committed other horrible cruelties, which I will not relate, lest I be tedious; in short, he ruined all the province. As a reward for these cruelties he was sent into the province he had devastated, and the best Indians that remained were given to him. He did not even receive a reprimand. Such is the way justice is rendered in this country."

This is but a sample of the numberless instances of the most wanton and heartless cruelty that might be quoted, and unfortunately they were not exceptional cases. The influence of the priests was less mischievous than that of the conquerors; they only waged war upon the national traditions, and were satisfied with the destruction of every thing which recalled the memory of the past. It must also be admitted that while many of them were very objectionable characters, their reputation was deservedly far superior to that of their successors of the present day, and not a few, of whom Las Casas is a noble specimen, were men of sincere and availing humanity. These men became the natural protectors of the Indians, and stood to them in the relation of their ancient chiefs, and became the protectors of the conquered race; and as their consequence and emoluments depended on the number of their parishioners, they exerted a salutary influence in controlling the rapacity of the conquerors. This good, however, was accomplished at a high price: to the national and political prostration, induced by the conquerors, the clergy superadded intellectual degradation, or at all events infused no activity and gave no motives for exertion.

At the present day the Indians of Yucatan, although sufficiently degraded, are upon the whole in a better condition than their brethren in most parts of America; the country is peaceful, and although in a condition similar to that of the serfs of Russia, they are mildly treated; and by a strange inconsistency they are free electors of the republic of Yucatan. In Yucatan, however, the democratic principle is in safe keeping, and universal suffrage has been divested of all its turbulence; the electors on a hacienda or estate are merely so many votes of the proprietor. The working of the democratic principle in this real native American party, as Mr. Stephens calls it, is very simple:—

"All they have to do is, to put into a box a bit of paper, given to them by the master or major domo, for which they are to have a holiday. The only danger is, that in the confusion of greeting acquaintances, they may get their papers changed. When this happens, they are almost invariably found soon after committing some offence against hacienda discipline, for which these independent electors are pretty sure to get flogged by the major domo."

Although possessing abundance of theoretical freedom, the condition of the Indians is sufficiently degraded, both by slavery and superstition. The free electors are attached to the soil, and can be flogged with as little ceremony as negroes on a plantation in Carolina; but happily this discipline is used with mildness in Yucatan. This, however, results from the utter and complete degradation of this now timid people, as the following anecdote given by Mr. Stephens will prove—

"The cura related to us a fact that indicates to us an abasement of character perhaps never found in any other people. In a village not far distant, they have a scenic representation called Shtol. The scene is laid at the time of the conquest. The Indians of the village gather within a large place enclosed by poles, and are supposed to be brought there by the invasion of the Spaniards. An old man rises and exhorts them to defend their country, if need be to die for it. The Indians are roused, but in the midst of his exhortations, a stranger enters in the dress of a Spaniard, and armed with a musket. The sight of the stranger throws them all into conster

nation ; he fires his musket and they fall to the ground. He binds the chief, carries him off captive, and the play is ended."—Vol. i. p. 146.

Occasionally indications of better things may be detected, which are pleasing as evidences that the condition of this unfortunate race is not hopeless, but that under good institutions they might yet be elevated to the rank of an industrious and improving people. The following example shows that the Indians can value independence ; and is also curious, as the mode in which land is held in the present instance is the same as that which prevailed throughout America before the conquest, and it is not improbable that the little community inherit the lands which their fathers cultivated generations before the days of Cortez or Montejo :—

"It seemed strange that any community should be willing to live where this article of primary necessity (water) was so difficult to be obtained ; and we asked them why did they not break up their settlement and go elsewhere ? But this idea seemed never to have occurred to them ; they said their fathers had lived there before them, and the land was good for milpas (corn fields). They consider themselves better off than in the villages, where the people are subject to certain municipal regulations and duties, or those on the haciendas, where they would be under the control of masters.

"Their community consists of a hundred labradones or working men ; their lands are held and wrought in common, and the products are shared by all. Their food is prepared at one hut, and every family sends for its portion, which explained a singular spectacle we had seen on our arrival. A procession of women and children, each carrying an earthen bowl containing a quantity of smoking hot broth, all coming down the same road, and dispersing among the different huts. Every member of the community down to the smallest papoose contributed in turn a hog. From our ignorance of the language, and the number of other more pressing matters claiming our attention, we could not learn all the details of their internal economy ; but it seems to approximate to that improved state of association which is sometimes heard of among us ; and as theirs has existed for an unknown length of time, and can no longer be considered thereby experimental, Owen

and Fourier might perhaps take lessons from them with advantage."—Vol. ii. p. 14.

This little society is as much a relic of antiquity as the edifices around it, and exhibits a specimen of the Indian villages as they existed from the most remote period. Zurita, one of the best Spanish authorities, and who wrote soon after the conquest, describes the little communities or calpullis of the Mexicans. The lands of the calpulli belonged to the community, and not to the individual who had only a life interest in his portion. No stranger was admitted into a calpulli, lest the land should pass from one community to another. The existing usage described by Mr. Stephens, identical with the ancient one described by Zurita, is valuable as confirming the truth of the statements of older writers.

Passing from the relic of an ancient Indian community, we shall quote from our author an account of one who is probably the descendant of some Maya chief—

"This proprietor was a full-blooded Indian, the first of this ancient but degraded race whom we had seen in the position of land-owner and master. He was about forty-five years old, and highly respectable in his appearance and manners. He had inherited the land from his fathers, did not know how long it had been transmitted, but believed it had always been in his family. The Indians on the rancho (farm) were his servants, and we had not seen in any village or on any hacienda men of better appearance or under better discipline. This produced on my mind a strong impression that indolent, ignorant, and debased as the race is under the dominion of strangers, the Indian even now is not incapable of fulfilling the obligations of a higher station than that in which his destiny has placed him. It is not true that he is only fit to labour with his hands ; he has within him that which is capable of directing the labour of others. And as this Indian master sat on the terrace with his dependants crouching around him, I could imagine him the descendant of a long line of caciques, who once reigned in the city, the ruins of which were his inheritance. Involuntarily we treated him with a respect which we had never shown to an Indian before ; but perhaps we were not far from the influence of feelings

which govern in civilized life; and our respect may have proceeded from the discovery that our new acquaintance was a man of property, possessed not merely of acres and Indians and productive real estate, but also of that great desideratum in those trying times, ready money; for we had given Alluno a dollar to purchase eggs with, who objected to it as being too large a coin to be available on the rancho, but on his return informed us with an expression of surprise that his master had changed it the moment it was offered to him."—Vol. ii. p. 69.

Unfortunately the clergy of Yucatan are but ill adapted to raise the characters of their people, and the superstitions into which the Indians are plunged are sufficiently dark. Their whole religion consists in ritual observances, dances and fireworks, and contributions to their priests. Speaking of the great fair of Jalacho, Mr. Stephens remarks:—

"It may be supposed that the church was not uninterested in this great gathering. In fact, it was the fete of Santiago, and among the Indians this fiesta was identified with the fair. The doors of the church were constantly thrown open, the interior was thronged with Indians, and a crowd continually pressing to the altars. In the doorway was a large table covered with candles and small figures of arms and legs in wax, which the Indians purchased as they entered at a medio a piece for offering to the saint. Near the altar, on the left, sat an unshaved ministro with a table before him, on which was a silver waiter, covered with medios, reales, and two shilling pieces, showing to the backward what others had done, and inviting them to do the same. The candles purchased at the door had been duly blessed; and as the Indians went up with them, a strapping negro, with linen particularly dirty, received and lighted them at one burning on the altar, whence, with his black hands, he pushed them on to a rusty white assistant, who arranged them upon a table, and even before the backs of the offerers were turned, puffed out the light, and took the candles to be smoothed over and re-sold at the door for another medio each.

"High above the heads of the crowd, catching the eye on first entering the church, was the figure of St. Jago or St. James on horseback, holy in the eyes of all who saw it, famed for its power of working miracles, healing the

sick, curing fever and ague, insuring the prospective parents of a boy or girl as desired, bringing back a lost cow or goat, healing the cut of a machete, or relieving from any other calamity incident to an Indian's lot. The fore feet of the horse were raised in the air; and the saint wore a black cocked hat with a broad gold band, a short mantle of scarlet velvet having broad gold lacing round the cape and skirts, green velvet trowsers with a wide gold stripe down the sides, with boots and spurs. All the time I stood there, and every time I went to the church, men, women, and children were pressing forward, struggling with each other to kiss the foot of the saint. The simple Indian, as the first act of devotion, led up his whole family to this act of obeisance. The mother lifted up her suckling child, and pressed its lips warm from her breast against the foot of the bedizened statute."—Vol. i. p. 191.

Such heathenism is not unknown in even modern Europe: not to come too near home we may state, that a few years ago, it may be the case still for aught we know, St. Antonio held the rank of a lieutenant-general in the Portuguese army, and the clergy received his salary every quarter-day when the ordinary officers were paid.

"Next day was Sunday, and there was a grand mass in procession of the saint to the bull-ring, dancing and much intoxication. It is a shocking reflection in this matter that the brutal amusement of the bull-ring was sanctioned by a religious procession, much in the manner that the Circensian games of old Rome were opened by sacrifices, and partook, if one may be permitted such a phrase, of a religious nature. The church was thronged for grand mass; candles were burned, and offerings made to the amount of many medios, and at nine o'clock the bells tolled for the procession, the crowning scene of the fiesta. The church was emptied of its votaries, and the plaza was alive with people hurrying to take a place in the procession, or to see it pass. I clambered up into the Olara de Toros, and had a whole box to myself.

"The space along the side of the bull-ring was thronged; and first came a long procession of Indians with lighted candles; then the ministro with the large silver salver and money upon it, presenting it on either side to receive additional offerings. As it passed, a woman walked up and put upon it two reales, probably all she had. Then came,

borne on a barrow above the heads of the crowd, the figure which had attracted so much veneration in the church, St. Jago on horseback with his scarlet and embroidered mantle and green velvet pantaloons bordered with gold. This was followed by the cura, a fat, yellow-looking, half-breed, with his two dirty-faced assistants. Directly under me the procession stopped, and the priests, turning toward the figure of the saint, set up a chant. This over, the figure moved on, and stopping from time to time, continued to work its way round the church, until finally it was restored to its place on the altar. So ended the fair of Jalacho and the fete of St. Jago, the second which I had seen since my arrival in this country, and both exhibiting the powerful influence of the ceremonials of the church over the minds of the Indians. Throughout the state this class of the inhabitants pays annually a tax of twelve reales a head for the support of the cura; and it was said on the ground that the Indians at this fiesta had paid eight hundred dollars for salves, five hundred for aves, and six hundred for masses, which if true was an enormous sum out of their small earnings."—Vol. i. p. 209.

Such is the mingled paganism and extortion common over Spanish America and Brazil for the benefit of a set of priests, perhaps the most depraved on the face of the earth. As far as our knowledge extends, we confess we met with nothing so bad in Ava, Thibet, Siam, or other Buddhist countries. It is unfortunately too true that the intellectual culture of a nation often advances faster than moral and social improvement. And thus we have the Jesuits, aided by a powerful government, employed in forcing similar superstitions on the people of Polynesia. To conclude with

expressing our opinion of Mr. Stephens' work, we think it is of superior archæological value to his previous work on Central America. He was obviously better prepared for a subject, which in his previous journey came upon him by surprise. His speculations and opinions on American antiquities are moderate and judicious; but his reading, however, on Spanish American history is obviously far from being extensive; but it saves us from all display of idle erudition, while on the other hand it deprives us of many illustrations which could throw light upon his inquiries. If the author has had abundant facilities from the quiet state of the country, one the most peaceful of the Spanish American states, this circumstance has deprived his narrative of the exciting personal adventures with which his first work abounds. The hospitality of the better classes in Yucatan, and the timid and subdued characters of the Indian peasantry, rendered travelling safe. It is pleasant to look on one corner in tropical America, where murders are unknown and property safe, and its quiet Indian labourers so different from the gentlemanly-looking cut-throat peasantry of Buenos Ayres, or the vulgar banditti of Central America. In the latter country—a war of races seems to have commenced—the Indians and clergy on one side, and the educated of Spanish descent on the other: in Yucatan this process has not begun. In this point of view we find much valuable information scattered through Mr. Stephens' work, and we hope its reception will be such as to encourage him and his friend, Mr. Catherwood, to undertake a third tour in quest of ruined cities.

NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. IX.

"The world's my filbert, which with my crackers I will open."
Shakspeare.

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
And the lawyer beknaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."
Beggar's Opera.

"Hard texts are nuts (I will not call them cheaters,) Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters;
Open the shells, and you shall have the meat;
They here are brought for you to crack and eat."
John Bunyan.

A NUT FOR THE "BELGES."

EVERY one knows that men in masses, whether the same be called boards, committees, aggregate, or repeal meetings, will be capable of atrocities and iniquities, to which, as individuals, their natures would be fairly repugnant. The irresponsibility of a number is felt by every member, and Curran was not far wrong when he said, a "corporation was a thing that had neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned."

It is, indeed, a melancholy fact, that nations partake much more frequently of the bad than the good features of the individuals composing them, and it requires no small amount of virtue to flavour the great cauldron of a people, and make its incense rise gratefully to heaven. For this reason, we are ever ready to accept with enthusiasm, any thing like a national tribute to high principle and honour. Such glorious bursts are a source of pride to human nature itself, and we hail with acclamation these evidences of exalted feeling, which make men "come nearer to the gods." The greater the sacrifice to selfish interests and prejudices, the more do we prize the effort. Think for a moment what a sensation of surprise and admiration, wonderment, awe, and approbation it would excite throughout Europe, if by the next arrival from Boston, came the news that "the Americans had determined to pay their debts!" That at some great congress of the States, resolutions were carried to the effect, "that roguery

and cheating will occasionally lower a people in the estimation of others, and that the indulgences of such national practices may be, in the end, prejudicial to national honour;" "that honesty, if not the best, may be good policy, even in a go-a-head state of society;" "that smart men, however a source of well-founded pride to a people, are now and then inconvenient from the very excess of their smartness;" "that seeing these things, and feeling all the unhappy results which mistrust and suspicion by foreign countries must bring upon their commerce, they have determined to pay something in the pound, and go a-head once more." I am sure that such an announcement would be hailed with illuminations from Hamburg to Leghorn. American citizens would be cheered wherever they were found; pumpkin pie would figure at royal tables, and twist and cocktail be handed round with the coffee; our exquisites would take to chewing and its consequences; and our belles, banishing Rossini and Donizetti, would make the air vocal with the sweet sounds of Yankee Doodle. One cannot at a moment contemplate what excesses our enthusiasm might not carry us to; and I should not wonder in the least if some great publisher of respectable standing, like Messrs. Longman, might not start a pirated reprint of the *New York Herald*.

Let me now go back and explain, if my excitement will permit me, how I have been led into such extravagant imaginings. I have already remarked

that nations seldom gave evidence of noble bursts of feeling; still more rarely, I regret to say, do they evince any sorrow for past misconduct—any penitence for by-gone evil.

This would be indeed the severest ordeal of a people's greatness; this, the brightest evidence of national purity. Happy am I to say such an instance is before us; proud am I to be the man to direct public attention to the fact. The following paragraph I copy verbatim from "The Times" of the 4th inst. :—

"On the 18th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, a black flag was hoisted by the Belgians at the top of the monument erected on the field where the battle was fought."

A black flag, the emblem of mourning, the device of sorrow and regret, waves over the field of Waterloo! Not placed there by vanquished France, whose legions fought with all their chivalry; not hoisted by the proud Gaul, on the plain where in defeat he bit the dust; but in penitence of heart, in deep sorrow and contrition, by the Belgians who ran—by the people who fled—by the soldiers who broke their ranks and escaped in terror.

What a noble self-abasement is this; how beautifully touching such an instance of a people's sorrow, and how affecting to think, that while in the halls of Apsley-house, the heroes were met together to commemorate the glorious day, when they so nobly sustained their country's honour, another nation should be in sackcloth and ashes, in all the trappings of woe, mourning over the era of their shame, and sorrowing over their degradation. Oh, if a great people in all the majesty of their power, in all their might of intellect, strength, and riches, be an object of solemn awe and wonder, what shall we say of one whose virtues partake of the humble features of everyday life, whose sacrifice is the tearful offering of their own regrets?

Mr. O'Connell may declaim, and pronounce his eight millions the finest peasantry in the world—he may extol their virtues from Cork to Carrickfergus—he may ring the changes over their loyalty, their bravery, and their patriotism; but when eulogizing the men who assure him "they are ready

to die for their country," let him blush to think of the people who can "cry" for theirs.

A NUT FOR WORKHOUSE CHAPLAINS.

THE bane and antidote of England is her immense manufacturing power—the faculty that enables her to inundate the whole habitable globe with the products of her industry, is at once the source of her prosperity and poverty—her millionaire mill-owners and her impoverished thousands. Never was the skill of machinery pushed to the same wonderful extent—never the results of mechanical invention so astoundingly developed. These are but the presiding genii over the wonder-working slaves of their creative powers, and the child is the volition that gives impulse to the giant force of a mighty engine. Subdivision of labour, carried to an extent almost incredible, has facilitated despatch, and induced a higher degree of excellence in every branch of mechanism—human ingenuity is racked, chemical analysis investigated, mathematical research explored—and all, that Mr. Binns, of Birmingham, may make thirteen minnikin pins—while Mr. Sims, of Stockport, has been making but twelve. Let him but succeed in this, and straightway his income is quadrupled—his eldest son is member for a manufacturing borough, his second is a cornet in the Life Guards—his daughter, with a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, is married to the heir of a marquise—and his wife, soaring above the murky atmosphere of the factory, breathes the purer air of western London, and advertises her *soirees* in the *Morning Post*. The pursuit of wealth is now the grand characteristic of our age and country; and the headlong race of money-getting, seems the great feature of the day. To this end the thundering steamer ploughs the white-crested wave of the broad Atlantic—to this end the clattering locomotive darts through the air at sixty miles the hour—for this, the thousand hammers of the foundry, the ten thousand wheels of the factory are at work—and man, toiling like a galley slave, scarce takes time to breathe in his mad career, as with straining eyeballs and outstretched hands, he follows in the pursuit of lucre.

Now, men are imitative creatures, and strange enough too, they are oftentimes disposed from the indulgence of the faculty to copy things and adapt them to purposes very foreign to their original destination. This manufacturing speed, this steeple-chase of printed calico and Paisley wear, is all very well while it is limited to the districts where it began. That two hundred and seventy thousand white cotton nightcaps, with a blue tassel on every one of them, can be made in twenty-four hours, at Messrs. Twist and Tredlem's factory, is a very gratifying fact, particularly to all who indulge in ornamental head-gear—but we see no reason for carrying this dispatch into the Court of Chancery, and insisting that every nod of the woolsack is to decide a suit at law. Yet have the lawyer and the physician both adopted the impetuous practices of the manufacturing world, and haste, red haste! is now the cry.

Lord Brougham's Chancery practice was only to be equalled by one of Lord Waterford's steeple-chases. He took all before him in a fly—he rode straight, plenty of neck, baulked nothing—up leap or down leap, sunk fence or double ditch, post and rail, or quickset, stone wall, or clay bank, all one to him—go it he would. Others might deny his judgment; he wanted to get over the ground, and *that* he did do.

The west-end physician, in the same way, visits his fifty patients daily, walks his hospital, delivers a lecture to old ladies about some "curious provision" of nature in the palm of the human hand (for fee-taking); and devoting something like three minutes and twelve seconds to each sick man's case, pockets some twenty thousand per annum by his dispatch.

Speed is now the *eldoradon*. Jelly is advertised to be made in a minute, butter in five, soup seasoned and salted in three seconds of time. Even the Quakers, bless their quiet hearts, couldn't escape the contagion, and actually began to walk and talk with some faint resemblance to ordinary mortals. The church alone maintained the even tenor of its way, and moved not in the wild career of the whirlwind world about it. Such was my gratulation, when my eye fell upon the following passage of the *Times*.

Need I say with what a heavy heart I read it. It is Mr. Rushton, who speaks:—

"In the month of December, 1841, he heard that a man had been found dead in the streets of Liverpool; that all the property he possessed had been taken from his person, and that an attempt to trace his identity had been made in vain. He was taken to the usual repository for the dead, where an inquest had been held upon him, and from the 'dead house,' as it was called, he was removed to the workhouse burial-ground. The man who drove the hearse on the occasion was very old, and not very capable of giving evidence. His attendant was an idiot. It had been represented to Mr. Hodgson and himself that the dead man had been taken in the clothes in which he died and put into a coffin which was too small for him; that a shroud was put over him; that the lid of the coffin would not go down; and that he was taken from the deadhouse and buried in the parochial ground, no funeral rites having been performed on the occasion. It had also been communicated to Mr. Hodgson and himself that after two days the clergyman who was instructed to perform those rites over the paupers, came and performed one service for the dead over all the paupers who had been buried in the intermediate time."

Now, without stopping to criticise the workhouse equipage, which appears to be driven by a man too old to speak, with an idiot for his companion; nor even to advert to the scant ceremony of burying a man in his daily dress, and in a coffin that would not close on him. What shall we say of the "patent parson power" that buries paupers in detachments, and reads the service over platoons of dead? The reverend chaplain feeling the uncertainty of human life, and knowing how frail is our tie to existence, waits in the perfect conviction of a large party, before he condescends to appear. Knowing that dead men tell no tales, he surmises also, that they don't run away, and so he says to himself—these people are not pressed for time, they'll be here when I come again—it is a sickly season and we'll have a field-day on Saturday. Cheap soup for the poor, says Mrs. Fry. Cheap justice, says O'Connell. Cheap clothing, says a tailor, who makes new clothes from old, with a machine called a devil—

but cheap burial is the boast of the Liverpool chaplain, and he is the most original among them.

A NUT FOR THE "HOUSE."

I HAVE long been of opinion, that a man may attain to a very respectable knowledge of Chinese ceremonies and etiquette before he can learn one half the usages of the honourable house. Seldom does a debate go forward without some absurd interruption taking place in a mere matter of form. Now it is a cry of "order, order," to some gentleman who is subsequently discovered not to have been in the least disorderly, but whom the attack has so completely dumfounded, that he loses his speech and his self-possession, and sits down in confusion, to be sneered at in the morning papers, and hooted by his constituents when he goes home.

Now some gifted scion of aristocracy makes an essay in braying and cock-crowing, both permitted by privilege, and overwhelms the speaker with the uproar. Now it is that intolerable nuisance, old Hume, shouting out, "divide," or "adjourn," or it is Colonel Sibthorpe who counts the house. These ridiculous privileges of members to interfere with the current of public business, because they may be sleepy or stupid themselves, are really intolerable, besides being so numerous that the first dozen years of a parliamentary life will scarcely teach a man a tithe of them. But of all these "rules of the house," the most unjust and tyrannical is that which compels a man to put up with any impertinence because he has already spoken. It would seem as if each honourable member "went down" with a single ball cartridge in his pouch, which, when fired, the best thing he could do was to go home and wait for another distribution of ammunition, for by remaining he only ran the risk of being riddled without any power to return the fire.

A case of this kind happened a few evenings since:—A Mr. Blewitt—I suppose the composer—made a very absurd motion, the object of which was to inquire "what office the Duke of Wellington held in the present government, and whether he was, or was not, a member of the cabinet." With-

out referring the learned gentleman to a certain erudite volume, called the Yearly Almanack and Directory, Sir Robert Peel proceeded to explain the duke's position. He eulogised, as who would not, his grace's sagacity and his wisdom; the importance of his public services, and the great value the ministers, his *confreres*, set upon a judgment which, in a long life, had so seldom been found mistaken; and then he concluded by quoting from one of the duke's recent replies to some secretary or other, who addressed him on a matter foreign to his department; "that he was one of the few men in the present day who did not meddle in affairs over which they have no control"—"a piece of counsel," quoth Sir Robert, "I would strenuously advise the honourable member to apply to his own case."

Now we have already said that we think Blewitt—though an admirable musician—seems to be a very silly man. Still if he really did not know what the duke represented in her majesty's government—if he really were ignorant of what functions he exercised, the information might have been afforded him without a retort like this. In the first place, his query, if a foolish, was at least a civil one; and in the second, it was his duty to understand a matter of this nature: it therefore came under his control, and Sir Robert's application of the quotation was perfectly uncalled-for. Well, what followed? Mr. Blewitt rose in wrath to reply, when the house called out, "spoke, spoke," and Blewitt was muzzled, the moral of which is simply this:—you ask a question in the house, and the individual addressed has a right to insult you, you having no power of rejoinder, under the etiquette of "spoke." Any flippancy may overturn a man at this rate; and the words "loud laughter," printed in italics in "The Chronicle," is sure to renew the emotion at every breakfast table the morning after.

Now I am sorry for Blewitt, and think he was badly treated.

A NUT FOR "LAW REFORM."

Of all the institutions of England there is scarcely one more lauded, and more misunderstood, than trial by jury. At first blush, nothing can seem fairer and

less objectionable than the unbiassed decision of twelve honest men, sworn to do justice. They hear patiently the evidence on both sides, and in addition to the light derivable from their own intelligence, they have the directing charge of the judge, who tells them wherein the question for their decision lies, what are the circumstances of which they are to take cognizance, and by what features of the case their verdict is to be guided. Yet look at the working of this much-boasted privilege. One jury brings in a verdict so contrary to all reason and justice, that they are sent back to re-consider it by the judge; another, more refractory still, won't come to any decision at all, and get carted to the verge of the county for their pains; and a third, improving on all former modes of proceeding, has adopted a newer, and certainly most impartial manner of deciding a legal question. "Court of Common Pleas, London, July 6.—The Chief Justice (Tindal) asked the ground of objection, and ten of the jurymen answered, that in the last case, one of their colleagues had suggested that the verdict should be decided by tossing up!" Here is certainly a very important suggestion, and one which, recognising justice as a blind goddess, is strictly in conformity with the impersonation. Nothing could possibly be farther removed from the dangers of undue influence than decisions obtained in this manner. Not only are all the prejudices and party bearings of individual jurors avoided, but an honest and manly oblivion of all the evidence which might bias men if left to the guidance of their poor and erring faculties is thus secured. It is human to err, says the poet moralist; and so the jurymen in question discovered, and would therefore

rather refer a knotty question to another deity than justice, and whom men call fortune. How much would it simplify our complex and gnarled code, the introduction of this system! In the next place, juries need not be any longer empanelled, the judge could "sky the copper" himself. The only question would be, to have a fair halfpenny. See with what rapidity the much cavilled court would dispatch public business. I think I see our handsome Chief of the Common Pleas at home here, with his knowing eye watching the vibrations of the coin, and calling out in his sonorous tone, "Head, the plaintiff has it. Call another case." I peep into the Court of Chancery, and behold Sir Edward twirling the penny with more cautious fingers, and then with his sharp look, and sharper voice, say, "Tail! Take a rule for the defendant."

No longer shall we hear objections as to the sufficiency of legal knowledge possessed by those in the judgment seat. There will be no petty likings for this, and dislikings for that court; no changes of venue; no challenges of the jury; even Lord Brougham himself, of whom Sir Edward remarked, "What a pity it was he did not know a little law, for then he would have known a little of every thing," even he might be a chancellor once more. What a power of patronage it would give each succeeding ministry to know that capacity was of no consequence; and that the barrister of six years' standing could turn his penny as well as the leader in Chancery. Public business need never be delayed a moment, and if the Chief Baron were occupied in chamber, the crier of the court could perform his functions till he came back again.

O.

THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Dove,
 Thou mayest no further go,
 There's an angry sky above,
 And a raging deep below;
 Though wildly toss the weary ark—
 Though drear and dull its chambers be—
 Return, return, 'tis a sheltering bark,
 And a resting-place for thee!

'Twas vain to send thee forth,
 To tire thy downy wing;
 From the drowned and sunken earth,
 What tidings can'st thou bring?
 Oh, thus the human heart sends out
 Its pilgrims on a lonely track,
 And after years of pain and doubt,
 Receives them wearied back!

No rest for thy foot, oh, Hope,
 Sent forth on pinion fleet,
 Though vale and sunny slope
 Lie spread beneath thy feet,
 There are tempests still of fear and scorn,
 To rend the plumage of thy breast—
 Clouds following on, and a piercing thorn,
 Where'er thy foot would rest.

No rest for thy foot, oh, Peace,
 If sent to find some leaf—
 Sign that earth's tempests cease,
 And are dried her springs of grief;
 No rest for thee!—return, return!—
 The soul that sent thee vainly forth,
 To keep thee safe, must cease to yearn
 For the flowers and toys of earth!

Least rest for thy foot, oh, Love,
 With thy pinion pure and strong,
 All earth's wild waters move
 To do thee deadly wrong.
 Back to the deep, fond heart, whose sighs
 Have all too much of "passion's leaven,"
 And if thou *must* go forth, arise
 On an angel's wing to heaven!

Cork, 1843.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA.*

IN general, the point of divergence of two languages originally one, is concealed in the obscurity of unapproachable antiquity. That ramifications have taken place naturally, since the miracle of Babel, we have every reason to believe—but we only discover the streams where they are far apart, and it is a work of difficulty and uncertainty to trace them up to their original diffuence. There are many curious circumstances which must strike even the most superficial philologist in returning up these streams. The few parent-fountains forming the miraculous origin of each great family of tongues, preserve their distinctive characteristics through endless combinations, and tend to imprint on their derivatives corresponding varieties of character and expression, according to their combination and arrangement. For it is of such materials that a spoken language is composed, and from such materials alone it can be modified and inflected. No power of taste, custom, or circumstances can do more than qualify one language by the admixture or extraction of other known ones; nor can the utmost ingenuity of man create new elements out of which to supply, enrich, or strengthen the current media of expression. But, subordinate to these great distinctions, there are wide differences where we can trace an original unity at a period more recent than the confusion of tongues, and in which the divarication has been caused by natural circumstances, such as the migration of tribes, colonization, conquest, geographical position, or the long-continued friendship or hostility of neighbouring nations. To apply ourselves to the examination of such matters can never be unprofitable, even in the uncertainty in which they are wrapped—we say uncertainty, for we have only the internal evidence of a language *as it is*, for our guide; as in geology we are unable to discover any au-

thentic history to assist our researches. Man in his earlier state was as utterly unconscious of the philosophy of his language as of that of his mind; and hence we must be content to meet with those difficulties by which observation upon the casual relics of unobserved changes will ever be accompanied.

But in the case of England and America, and in that case alone, we can approach the point of divergence, and watch the process of separation from its commencement. Mankind will eventually have an opportunity of examining by proof all those nice and refined questions which only an argument of remotion was before able to solve for us; it has the process going on under its eyes, and it may test by actual experiment all that was hitherto but theory and deduction.

For all the efforts of America to preserve an identity of language with us (the only thing she seems to wish to follow us in) will not avail to resist the immutable law which ordains that nations removed shall not be identical in any one particular; and even from her literature she will not long be able to exclude the elements of change, which in the volume before us begin to make a show, and give an exotic tint to the blossoms—and there are many bright ones—with which it is overspread. The *vulgar* tongue it is, however, which will no doubt be the first to alter, as may be expected, it being there that the process is left to itself, and in it we could, if we were so disposed, and that our space and subject admitted of it, even now exhibit very remarkable variations, not only in words, but in idioms and forms of expression. American literature has hence a double interest with Englishmen. For a philological inquiry mixes itself with it, and urges attention as a matter of duty, where inclination would have already recommended it. It is not

* The Poets and Poetry of America. With an Historical Introduction. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart. 1842.

our part, however, to point out examples of what we have been noticing, either directly or by the selection of our quotations. It is enough to denote the commencing existence of such changes, and recommend it as a subject worthy of national observation.

The endeavour to hold strictly to English in literature has had its cramping effect on the powers of American poets. In prose the restraint is not equally felt, or at least does not so severely cramp the author; and accordingly their prose compositions are many of them bold, natural, and rich. But in verse it is essential that there should be an entire freedom from restraint—an independence of expression as well as of thought; nor has any poet ever been able to show a bold and vigorous originality who has been obliged to watch his expressions as they arose in his mind, and square his words when written according to an unfamiliar vocabulary. Hence there is timidity and restraint in all their poetical efforts—they are laboriously correct, but undaring and tame; and a general absence of forcible metaphor, novel and striking metre, startling eccentricity, and successful innovation, marks the uneasy anxiety after *English* which guided their compositions. Of course, in so voluminous a miscellany as that before us, this assertion will be qualified with exceptions—one must be obvious, that of *Maria Brooks'* poetry, (*Maria Del' Occidente*), of which wild and reckless vigour is one of the high characteristics. It must be remembered, however, that she, like Irving, was a long resident in England, and benefitted moreover by the critical care, advice, and assistance of Southey, in whose house she was for a considerable time domesticated.

In these higher qualifications, then, we are bound to record American deficiency. Genius, the transfiguration of the beautiful into the sublime, the wings upon the head and feet, the magic wand of inspiration, are not there. Like elegant translations, or accurate copies, these writings please and satisfy, but do not move us—we admire and approve, but must refuse homage; and delightedly admit them to the shelves of our library, while we must exclude them from the sanctuary of our hearts. In such a position,

however, they stand becomingly—they have many claims on our regard, and in one or two points, we are bound to confess, put to shame our own modern school. A healthy and wholesome spirit of thought and morality uniformly pervades their pages—a simple and safe tone of feeling is caught, we trust, from the tastes of their readers, and conventionally purifies their lays; there is little that is false or affected in sentiment, much less of what is pernicious or demoralizing, in the large collection they have sent over to us in this volume; or if the former admission is too strong, we may safely allow it as far as morbid and unhealthy sentiment is concerned. There is also an absence of personal and political acrimony, singular enough in a people, who in plain prose must be admitted to possess a national talent for invective, whetted by constant practice, and which either argues the cautious and rigid selection of the editor, or else how completely the bards of America keep in their minds the identity of *poetry* and *fiction*; and we have a right to thank them that on such ground at least they can lay aside inveterate habits, and allow their imagination to give practical efficacy to the precept—"Peace, good will towards men."

But after all it will be better to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself. And we purpose, in doing so, to use all possible impartiality in the selection, which must after all be but a scanty gleanings from such a field. It was about the close of the seventeenth century that the shell was first sounded beyond the Atlantic by bards of English descent. For, quaint and grotesque as were the productions of those worthies, Folger, Mathew, and Wigglesworth, the circumstance of their being *published* in America does not in itself constitute them American poetry—the authors were English born, and would probably have put forward their absurdities at home, if they could have found a printer—with this difference, that their names and books would have been already in the tomb of "all the Capulets." The true commencement of American song is with Benjamin Thompson, "y^e renowned poet of New England." He was born at Quincy, in 1640, and wrote an astounding epic, entitled "New Eng-

land's Crisis," about the year 1676. Besides this "great epic," "he wrote," says the editor of the collection before us, "three shorter poems, *neither* of which have much merit."

It is attempted to be proved in this volume, that very little poetry worthy of preservation was produced in America before the period of the revolution; in fact, till the spirit of freedom began to influence the national character. "The POETRY OF THE COLONIES," says the editor, "was without originality, energy, feeling, or correctness of diction." Nothing is more easy to make than such an assertion—nothing more easy to prove. A little judicious selection in both periods will make it all plain; but, even giving him credit for making a fair selection from the *colonial* bards, will the specimens he produces support the implied assumption that the "spirit of liberty" has begotten "originality, energy, and freedom" in the later bards of his country? We hesitate in replying to the question. At least we are unable to observe the strong demarcation between the two periods which he would have us recognise.

Philip Freneau was the most distinguished poet of the revolutionary time. Out of his voluminous compositions, the editor has been able to extract a few detached scraps, fit to be ranked in a "select" collection. The equivocal merit of his verse makes us the more regret not being indulged with a little of his prose, which, as Mr. Thomas modestly remarks, "combined the beauty and smoothness of Addison with the simplicity of Cobbett!" Here are some stanzas:—

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered
o'er—

Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If, in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim the tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say,
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear, &c.

But we would willingly, out of the selected specimens, ourselves select the best, although it would be perhaps

only fair, since the country has itself passed favourable judgment on what is here given us, to scan them strictly, or at least take them indiscriminately. Dana is one of the few names which has reached this country, and it deservedly holds a high place on the roll of American genius. Dana is, we are informed, of a fair English descent; William Dana, Esq., having been sheriff of Middlesex, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the republican editor adds, "Thus it will be seen our author has good blood in his veins—an honour which no one pretends to despise, who is confident that his grandfather was not a felon or a boor." He, like all the other literary men of America, was a magazine writer and editor, though he has escaped, more completely than most of them, the faults of style, diction, and sentiment, which such an occupation must have a tendency to create. There is a sustained feeling through his compositions, which do not seem to be thrown at the public in fragments, in order that they may stick the more readily and immediately. But there is wanting, too, the bold and fierce energy, the hardihood of thought and language, which constitute at once the faults and the interest of a vigorous mind. Take, for instance, the following good lines from "Factitious Life," which are only a weakened reflection of the more burning thoughts of another poet:—

THE OCEAN.

Ho! how the giant heaves himself,
and strains
And flings to break his strong and view-
less chains;
Foams in his wrath; and at his prison
doors,
Hark! hear him! how he beats and tugs
and roars,
As if he would break forth 'again and
sweep
Each living thing within his lowest
deep.

Type of the infinite! I look away
Over thy billows, and I cannot stay
My thought upon a resting-place, or
make
A shore beyond my vision, where they
break;
But on my spirit stretches, till it's
pain
To think; then rests, and then puts
forth again.

Thou hold'st me by a spell ; and on thy
 beach
 I feel all soul : and thoughts unmeasured
 reach
 Far back beyond all date. And, O !
 how old
 Thou art to me. For countless years
 thou hast rolled.
 Before an ear did hear thee, thou didst
 mourn,
 Prophet of sorrows, o'er a race unborn ;
 Waiting, thou mighty minister of death,
 Lonely thy work, ere man had drawn
 his breath.
 At last thou didst it well ! The dread
 command
 Came, and thou swept'st to death the
 breathing land ;
 And then once more, 'unto the silent
 heaven
 Thy lone and melancholy voice was
 given.
 And though the land is thronged again,
 O Sea !
 Strange sadness touches all that goes
 with thee.
 The small bird's plaining note, the wild,
 sharp call,
 Share thy own spirit : it is sadness all !
 How dark and stern upon thy waves
 looks down
 Yonder tall cliff—he with the iron crown.
 And see ! those sable pines along the
 steep,
 Are come to join thy requiem, gloomy
 deep !
 Like stoled monks they stand and chant
 the dirge
 Over the dead, with thy low beating
 surge.

“The Buccaneer,” a clever imitation of Coleridge's style, is his principal poem, and it gains, perhaps, as much as his other poems lose, by being less wild and extravagant than what it is modelled upon ; but in such a piece as the following, we look in vain for the true picturesque—it is near being pretty, almost good—no more. The little German ballad, “Wohin, woher,” comes nearest to it :—

THE LITTLE BEACH BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
 Why takest thou its melancholy voice ?
 And with that boding cry
 Along the waves dost thou fly ?
 O ! rather, bird, with me
 Through the fair land rejoice !
 Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and
 pale,
 As driven by a beating storm at sea ;

Thy cry is weak and scared,
 As if thy mates had shared
 The doom of us ; Thy wail—
 What doth it bring to me ?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st
 the surge,
 Restless and sad : as if in strange
 accord
 With the motion and the roar
 Of waves that drive to shore,
 One spirit did ye urge—
 The Mystery—the Word.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy
 flight
 Where the complaining sea shall sadness
 bring
 Thy spirit never more.
 Come, quit with me the shore,
 For gladness and the light
 Where birds of summer sing.

William Cullen Bryant, the most popular of American poets, somewhere about the year 1821 presented his principal poem, “Thanatopsis,” for insertion in “The North American Review,” while Dana was one of its managers. It was agreed by the whole directory that the unknown author “could not be an American,” *the poem was so good*. He was, however ; and to show that now at least the nation appreciates the powers of its author, we need only extract from the notice prefixed to the extracts the following passage—

“This (The Ages, a poem) is the only poem he has written in the stanza of Spenser. In its versification it is not inferior to the best passages of the ‘Fairie Queene’ or ‘Childe Harold,’ and its splendid imagery and pure philosophy are as remarkable as the power it displays over language :”—that is, in versification it is equal to the best parts of the best poems of this class that have ever been written, and in every thing else vastly superior. But it really is good, in spite of this fulsome stuff ; and indeed “Thanatopsis” may vie with poems of a very high class in English literature. The tone is solemn, sustained, and dignified—not so much thought as Young, but less of epigrammatic quaintness. The following is a fine admonition :—

So live, that when thy summons comes
 to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each
 shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at
 night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained
 and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy
 grave,
 Like one that draws the drapery of his
 couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant
 dreams.

Yet even in this fine poem, and in
 the other compositions of Bryant, are
 to be detected constant imitations of
 what has gone before—a want of
 originality and independence. We
 only admit such resemblances where
 the ancient classics are drawn upon.
 In America we can plainly see that
 English poetry of every age is admit-
 tedly set up for modelling from, and
 that it pleases instead of offends a
 trans-Atlantic ear to perceive that the
 (in another sense) *fontes remotos* mix
 with the julep of their verse.

Take as an instance part of a de-
 scription of the prairies—

Still this great solitude is quick with
 life.
 Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
 They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
 And birds, that scarce have learned the
 fear of man,
 Are here, and sliding reptiles of the
 ground,
 Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
 Bounds to the wood at my approach. The
 bee,
 A more adventurous colonist than man,
 With whom he came across the eastern
 deep,
 Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
 And hides his sweets, as in the golden
 age,
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multitude
 Which soon shall fill these deserts. From
 the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children, the soft
 voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn
 hymn
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of
 herds
 Blends with the rustling of the heavy
 grain
 Over the dark-brown furrows. All at
 once
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my
 dream,
 And I am in the wilderness alone.

Here we are perpetually getting sight
 of Lord Byron. There is ever and anon
 an approximation, and then off again
 at a tangent; and then close again,
 like the buzzing of a bee about our
 ears: and we have no doubt that all
 this is a merit in America, though
 she cannot of course expect that we
 should feel any very lively emotions of
 interest when we find that what its
 shores are ringing with is only the
 echo of what shook our ears at home
 long ago. Observe in the passage we
 have extracted the expressions—

Still this great solitude is quick with life—
 “A populous solitude of bees and birds,”
 Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers,
 “And fairy-formed and many-coloured
 things.

Then again (of the bee)—

I listen long
 To his domestic hum. From the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children, the soft
 voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn
 hymn, &c. &c.

“The hum
 Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of
 birds,
 The lisp of children, and their earliest
 words.”

Here are the *disjecta verba poetæ*;
 and, be it remembered, the passage
 is not selected, but simply adduced.
 There are plenty of other similarities,
 bearing the same shadowy resemblance
 to archetypes in English poetry; and
 we should find it difficult to show a
 passage quite original in any one of
 this author's poems. We wish to offer
 the best specimens of this the best of
 American poets—so we give the fol-
 lowing pretty piece entire:—

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come,
 The saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
 And meadows brown and sear.
 Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
 The wither'd leaves lie dead;
 They rustle to the eddying gust,
 And to the rabbit's tread.
 The robin and the wren are flown,
 And from the shrubs the jay,
 And from the wood-top calls the crow,
 Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer air,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold
heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

The following are perhaps the best
lines in the collection. They occur in
an address to the evening wind:—

Languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond
the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go
forth,—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting
earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars,
and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable
boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt
his breast.

It will not be expected by the reader that we should pretend even to enumerate the names of the first-class American poets. If we adduce a few, it is without prejudice to those we omit to mention, and almost without assigning any superiority in those we notice over the rest. The volume before us embraces extracts from at least one hundred writers, and some of the poems given run to a considerable length. Certain names, however, are better known here than others, and have attained higher celebrity; and such is the case, too, with our own writers in America. For instance, Kirke White, instead of being classed with those geniuses who are more eminent for their promise than their performance, is perhaps more quoted and imitated in America than any modern English poet. We could easily multiply examples; and hence we may not, perhaps, fall in with American feeling or public judgment in the remarks we make, or the authors we quote. Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, accordingly, we dismiss without notice. They were written into popularity by a popular author, and never would have attracted interest by their writings, or, indeed, by their history, which, as we have remarked in a former number of this Magazine, is, in its manufacture, but an affected imitation of a literary history published in the parent country years ago.

The most remarkable poem that has ever appeared from an American pen, is undoubtedly "Zophiel," by Mrs. Brooks, a lady who, in publishing, assumed the name of Maria Del' Occidente. This poem was published in London in 1833, at a time when Mrs. Brooks was the guest of Southey, and that eminent man honoured it by correcting the proof sheets as they passed through the press. He has himself borne testimony to the genius of the author in that strange book of his, "The Doctor," in which he styles her "the most impassioned and the most imaginative of all poetesses;" and the *Quarterly*

Review, in denying her the full benefit of the laureate's praise, admits the poem to be "altogether an extraordinary performance." The germ of the story is to be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the apocryphal book of Tobit, and the mysterious obscurity of the text admits of the full play of her imagination, or *fancy*, as the reviewer would have it called, which involves and evolves itself in the most extraordinary, and at times magnificent flights. The observations of the editor of the collection upon the merits and defects of this performance are impartial and sound, and unbiassed by the leaning which in some instances misleads him into undue panegyric. He says, "in some of her descriptions she is perhaps too minute; and, at times, by her efforts to condense, (or rather, we should say, by the over-rapidity of her thoughts,) she becomes obscure. The stanza of 'Zophiel' will probably never be very popular, and though the poem may, to use the language of Mr. Southey, have a permanent place in the literature of our language, it will never be generally admired."

It is impossible for us to give more than a single passage out of the third canto of the poem, the whole of which is quoted in the collection :

PALACE OF GNOMES.

'Tis now the hour of mirth, the hour of love,
 The hour of melancholy; night, as vain
 Of her full beauty, seems to pause above,
 That all may look upon her ere it wane.
 The heavenly angel watch'd his subject star,
 O'er all that's good and fair benignly smiling;
 The sighs of wounded love he hears, from far,
 Weeps that he cannot heal, and wafts a hope beguiling.
 The nether earth looks beauteous as a gem;
 High o'er her groves in floods of moonlight laving,
 The towering palm displays his silver stem,
 The while his plummy leaves scarce in the breeze are waving.
 The nightingale among his roses sleeps;
 The soft-eyed doe in thicket deep is sleeping;

The dark-green myrrh her tears of fragrance weeps,
 And every odorous spike in limpid dew is steeping.
 Proud, prickly cerea, now thy blossom 'scapes
 Its cell; brief cup of light: and seems to say,
 "I am not for gross mortals; blood of grapes—
 And sleep for them. Come, spirits, while ye may!"

A silent stream winds darkly through the shade,
 And slowly gains the Tigris, where 'tis lost;
 By a forgotten prince, of old, 'twas made,
 And in its course full many a fragment cross'd
 Of marble, fairly carved; and by its side
 Her golden dust the flaunting lotos threw
 O'er her white sisters, throned upon the tide,
 And queen of every flower that loves perpetual dew.
 Gold-sprinkling lotos, theme of many a song,
 By slender Indian warbled to his fair!
 Still tastes the stream thy rosy kiss, though long
 Has been but dust the hand that placed thee there.
 The little temple where its relics rest
 Long since has fallen; its broken columns lie
 Beneath the lucid wave, and give its breast
 A whiten'd glimmer as 'tis stealing by.
 Here, cerea, too, thy clasping mazes twine
 The only pillar time has left erect;
 Thy serpent arms embrace it, as 'twere thine,
 And roughly mock the beam it should reflect.

We add a few lines, quoted by "The Doctor," from a smaller poem, which to us appear eminently beautiful—

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,
 From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
 Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
 Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;
 So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
 Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,

Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips
the nearest draught.

N. P. Willis, so well known to us as a flippant and amusing prose writer, is also a poet, and we had occasion lately to extract some pretty passages from his drama of "Bianca Visconti." He is also the author of another drama, "Tortesa the Usurer," both of which, our editor tells us, have been the most successful works of their kind produced in America.

His "Lines on leaving Europe" begin well :

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue ;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew !
Strain home ! O lithe and quivering
spars !
Point home, my country's flag of stars !

The wind blows fair, the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas !
O, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea !

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld !
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line come hurrying back ;
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy ;
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire !
O, what has changed that traveller-
boy !
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart
speeds home !

In the following he is a little less affected than usual, and we wish him to have the benefit of so rare a perfection :—

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

On the cross-beam under the Old South
bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air ;
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye and active feet ;
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings,

Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gain'd at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding
note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled
throat ;
There's a human look in its swelling
breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—
The dove in the belfry must hear it
well.

When the tongue swings out to the mid-
night moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morn-
ing light,
When the child is waked with "nine at
night,"

When the chime plays soft in the Sab-
bath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee.

We pass by the application, which is rather clumsily and lengthily tacked on to the close.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney is a lady whose poetry is much lauded in America. Our editor says, that while in England in 1840, she visited Avon, Dryburgh Abbey, Grasmere, and Rydal Mount, and other Meccas of the literary pilgrim. At one of these shrines—Grasmere, we are not certain whether at that time the tomb of the prophet hung between heaven and earth—but the acquaintance with Southey's family, there, we presume, commenced, and enabled her to prove her utter unfitness at least for confidential friendship, for some strictly private communications subsequently received from Mrs. Southey (Miss Caroline Bowles), in answer to inquiries respecting the state of her former host, were not only circulated without reserve, in the most public manner, both in America and here, but also deformed by the interpolation of disgusting and unbecoming sentimentalities, for the purpose, it must be supposed, of pandering to the diseased appetite of Americans and the vulgarst of our home *quidnuncs* on the

topic of the private affairs of public characters. The distressed lady whose taste, feelings, and sense were thus outraged, was driven to the painful necessity of disowning the epistles in question, and we have never heard that the American poetess relieved herself from the charge which such a disavowal implied. Let her make her peace with her readers in the following really delicate and elegant lines to the memory of the lamented Felicia Hemans:—

FELICIA HEMANS.

Nature doth mourn for thee. There
is no need
For man to strike his plaintive lyre and
fail,
As fail he must, if he attempt thy praise.
The little plant that never sang before,
Save one sad requiem, when its blossoms fell,
Sighs deeply through its drooping leaves
for thee,
As for a florist fallen. The ivy, wreath'd
Round the gay turrets of a buried
race.
And the tall palm that like a prince doth
rear
Its diadem 'neath Asia's burning sky,
With their dim legends blend thy hal-
low'd name.
Thy music, like baptismal dew, did
make
Whate'er it touched most holy. The
pure shell,
Laying its pearly lip on ocean's floor,
The cloister'd chambers where the sea-
gods sleep,
And the unfathom'd melancholy main,
Lament for thee through all the sound-
ing deeps.
Hark! from snow-breasted Himmaleh
to where
Snowdon doth weave his coronet of
cloud,
From the scathed pine tree near the red
man's hut,
To where the everlasting banian builds
Its vast columnar temple, comes a moan
For thee, whose ritual made each rocky
height
An altar, and each cottage-home the
haunt
Of Poesy. Yea, thou didst find the link
That joins mute nature to ethereal
mind,
And make that link a melody. The
couch
Of thy last sleep was in the native clime
Of song, and eloquence, and ardent
soul,
Spot fitly chosen for thee. Perchance
that isle

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So loved of favouring skies, yet bann'd
by fate,
Might shadow forth thine own unspoken
lot.
For at thy heart the ever-pointed thorn
Did gird itself, until the life-stream
oozed
In gushes of such deep and thrilling
song,
That angels poising on some silver
cloud
Might linger 'mid the errands of the
skies,
And listen, all unblamed. How ten-
derly
Doth Nature draw her curtain round
thy rest!
And like a nurse, with finger on her
lip,
Watch, lest some step disturb thee,
striving still
From other touch thy sacred harp to
guard.
Waits she thy waking, as the mother
waits
For some pale babe, whose spirit sleep
hath stolen,
And laid it dreaming on the lap of
Heaven?
We say not thou art dead. We dare
not. No.
For every mountain, stream, and sha-
dow'd dell
Where thy rich harpings linger, would
hurl back
The falsehood on our souls. Thou
spak'st alike
The simple language of the freckled
flower,
And of the glorious stars. God taught
it thee.
And from thy living intercourse with
man
Thou shalt not pass away, until this
earth
Drops her last gem into the doom's-day
flame.
Thou hast but taken thy seat with that
bless'd choir,
Whose hymns thy tuneful spirit learn'd
so well
From this sublunar terrace, and so long
Interpreted. Therefore we will not say
Farewell to thee; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household cha-
rities,
The sage shall greet thee with his
benison,
And woman shrine thee as a vestal
flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by
the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

We confess we neither see the

R

meaning nor melody of the following,
entitled

• A BUTTERFLY.

A butterfly bask'd on an infant's grave,
Where a lily chanced to grow;
Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye?
Where she of the bright and the sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low.

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny
air,
And spoke from its shining track:
I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a
seraph sings—
Would thou call the blest one back!

Let us leave a favourable impression
by the following few lines, which have
merit, in spite of the "dashed it out"
of the second line, which would almost
ask a change in the first line from
"on" to "neath" to make the image
presented perfect:—

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that
polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of
rose
On cheek and lip. He touch'd the veins
with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those
blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which inno-
cence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste
he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining
lids
For ever. There had been a murmuring
sound
With which the babe would claim its
mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears. The spoiler
set
The seal of silence. But there beam'd
a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gazed, and left it there. He dared
not steal
The signet-ring of heaven.

The sentiment reminds us faintly of
that beautiful idea of Martial's—

Mors vocis iter properavit cludere blandæ,
Ne posset duros flectere lingua deos.

Theodore S. Fay is known in these
countries as the author of "Norman

Leslie," "The Countess Ida," &c., and
is now secretary of legation at Berlin.
He is a native of New York. The fol-
lowing is the spirited commencement
of a poem, which, as it proceeds, be-
comes heavy with scenery descriptions,
the ballast which sinks most of the
American versifiers:—

MY NATIVE LAND.

Columbia, was thy continent stretch'd
wild,
In later ages, the huge seas above?
And art thou Nature's youngest, fairest
child,
Most favour'd by thy gentle mother's
love?
Where now we stand did ocean monsters
rove,
Tumbling uncouth, in those dim, vanish'd
years,
When through the Red Sea Pharaoh's
thousands drove,
When struggling Joseph dropp'd frater-
nal tears,
When God came down from heaven, and
mortal men were seers?

Or have thy forests waved, thy rivers run,
Elysian solitudes, untrod by man,
Silent and lonely, since around the sun
Her ever-wheeling circle earth began?
Thy unseen flowers did here the breezes
fan,
With wasted perfume ever on them flung?
And o'er thy showers neglected rainbows
span,
When Alexander fought, when Homer
sung,
And the old populous world with thun-
dering battle rung?

Lindley Murray, known as the
author of the "English Gram-
mar," had a wife; and addresses her
in the following stanzas, which are
given, we know not whether to prove
that he was a grammarian or a mar-
ried man: it is impossible they could
be meant to establish his claim to be
a poet:—

TO MY WIFE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptured still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss;
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Even years have not destroyed;

Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloyed.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee.
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise—and cares will come—
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I'll lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I'll bid her sigh out every care,
And lose it in my breast.

Have I a wish?—'tis all her own;
All her's and mine are roll'd in one—
Our hearts are so entwined,
That, like the ivy round the tree,
Bound up in closest amity,
'T is death to be disjoin'd.

Charles Fenno Hoffman is known at this side of the Atlantic as the author of "Greyslaer," "Winter in the West," and "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,"—but is one of the most popular of song writers in America. He is a true disciple of Christopher North in his sporting propensities, and one of his wild feats cost him a leg, and nearly his life. We are half inclined to like the fellow better than the whole Yankee crew of them. There shows through his dashing numbers an *aristocracy* of soul and sentiment, pleasing from its rareness. A wave of the cavalier's feather shows so gaily among the round-head multitude, that we hail the wearer as nearer our old world sympathies by a "gentlemanlike distance:"—

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.
'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
One night, 'mid their revels, by BACCHUS were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

GRAVE CERES herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

POMONA, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard.
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while VENUS looked on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

Here is something in Beranger's style:—

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL
One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
The entwining of myrtle and steel!
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
With its highest-toned feeling is warm.

Like the music that's said from the
ocean
To rise ere the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover,
Whose name, though our lips ne'er
reveal,
We may breathe mid the foam of a
bumper,
As we drink to the myrtle and steel!
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a
fair maid,
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
To marshal the host for the fray,
Where proudly our banner is flinging
Its folds o'er the battle-array;
Ye gallants—one moment—remember,
When your sabres the death-blow
would deal,
That *Mercy* wears *her* shape who's
cherished
By lads of the myrtle and steel.

Then hey for the myrtle and steel,
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a
fair maid
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

But we shall forget that there are limits to our paper, or rather, to our reader's patience. Let us give every due praise, therefore, before we have done, to the editor of the volume we have quoted from, for the justice he has rendered to his native authors. He has made ample selections—said all he could for the writers in the compendious biographical and literary notices prefixed to the extracts, and brought out the whole in a convenient and creditable form. The volume comprises much matter, elegantly printed, at a cheap rate, and will, we have no doubt, do much, at home at least, for the “Poets and Poetry of America.”

REPEAL AGITATION—THE “DO-NOTHING” SYSTEM.

ANOTHER month has passed, and meetings of hundreds of thousands to hear seditious speeches, and to make threatening demonstrations of ill-will to British connection, are dealt with by the government as if they were legal. Repealers, accordingly, have become more contemptuous in their bearing towards the constituted authorities—more undisguised in their declarations of an all but treasonable purpose—more confident in their assertion of power. And, on the other hand, Protestants, as it was reasonable to anticipate, have had their fears and suspicions excited to a degree at which they have seldom, in the worst times of our history, been for such a length of time sustained, no

longer blind to the daring intents of their adversaries, and utterly incapable of explaining favourably the conduct of that party in the state from whom they had been accustomed to expect protection.

Within the past month, Irish agitation has been invigorated and envenomed by an infusion gushing fresh from the seditious sympathy of American malcontents. Dollars, promises, and fine writing—recommendations to Irishmen that they should agitate with hope*—warnings to England to beware of the awful resentment of an Irish party in Canada and the United States; and catalogues, executed after the manner of George Robins, although

* “A single word, which contains more of assurance of sympathy, and prognostic of success than any other which we have at hand,” &c. “Hope, which has sustained the patriot when his lodgings were formed in the caves of the earth,” &c. (Or, “Hope, that strengthens the swimmer's arm, and buoys up the fallen spirits of the mariner, *who, wrecked on barbarous shores doth much deplore his sad fate.*”—Addresses from *Wilmington. Times, July 8.*

somewhat rudely, of those crimes and caprices by which England has provoked the virtuous indignation of the immaculate and impartial republic, where liberty and slavery both run riot, and the States preserve their consistency “by giving a triumph to neither party;” all this would be all merely absurd, were America a country in which turbulent and desperate men could be held in order by government or law, but, in the actual state of things, the exertions of the “far west-

ern sympathisers” are not to be despised or disregarded.

They are evidently not underrated by Mr. O’Connell,* and as they are employed by him, it is difficult to overrate their mischievous efficacy. The passions of Irish repealers are marvelously quickened by the sympathies of America and France. Their sense of wrong and distress become sharper as they learn the indignant commiseration with which foreigners regard their sufferings; and while, abroad as well

* A book has been opened at the Repeal Association for American communications alone. Mr. O’Connell thus comments on one of them. We quote from the *Dublin Statesman* of July 7, a portion of the address as well as the commentary:—

“Behold, sir, while the great mass of public opinion speaks trumpet-tongued in your favour—while the spirits of the *patriots* of ’98 are looking down with anxiety upon your actions—while *the tomb of Emmet*, bedewed with the tears of millions, remains uninscribed—while the spirit of Grattan remains weeping over the grave of his country’s liberty—while these remain spectators of a scene so momentous, and the prayers of millions, not only of your countrymen, but those of other nations, wherever the history of your country’s wrongs have been understood, are pouring forth in your behalf, we implore you to proceed *to the tomb of your country’s liberty*, and with a voice of thunder sever the *chains that bind her to her oppressor*, calling her forth to breathe *the pure air of democracy*, which, phoenix-like, will place her as she was in the days of yore—a nation among the nations of the earth.

“For our part, we will use our utmost endeavours to unite our friends in favour of your glorious struggle for liberty, *and we hope successful independence*. We are fully convinced that Providence, in his inscrutable wisdom, has so ordained you a fit instrument, and endowed with faculties *capable of contending with the purse and talent of England*. We hope that there will be a speedy repeal of that unhallowed union, and that without any appeal to the God of battles. England must certainly know her interest; and she cannot but be wonderfully mistaken in her policy *when she drives her most loyal subjects to such extremities*. *Let England beware before it is too late*. We trust the day is not far distant when your most sanguine hopes will be realised, and once more the lovely Green Isle of the Ocean behold her shamrock bloom, and peace and happiness prevail.

“The sum we remit is small; but, like the numerous rivulets that form the ocean, it may contribute to a greater.

“We conclude by subscribing our names, and wishing you success, peace, and happiness.

“JAMES MONTGOMERY, President.

“BERNARD P. BRADY, Secretary.

“To Daniel O’Connell, Esq. M.P.”

“Mr. O’Connell begged to move a similar motion for the insertion on the American books of those documents, and that their thanks should be sent to the subscribers for the offers of sympathy and support it expressed. He referred, in speaking of what were called the patriots of ’98, when he addressed the association last, to the fatal consequences of the people being hurried on to rebellion, because the union was the consequence of that defeated rebellion. There never would be a possibility of carrying it if the people had not been weakened by an unhappy, and, he would call it, a preposterous attempt—unprepared as they were, and divided amongst themselves—to shake off altogether the British yoke. To be sure, *the effect of that example had lost a good deal of its power* when they saw what the English were now doing, and what that maniac, Lord Stanley, was doing with respect to Canada. *The Canadians revolted*. *They lost their constitution, but they received a reward for rebellion*—they got a better constitution than they had before; in fact, Canada appears to be *the best patronised portion* of the British dominions. But they would avoid the example of ’98 and Canada; they would have nothing to do with rebellion. The letter was full of hostility to England and her government, and it speaks of the injuries inflicted upon the American people; but from those opinions they separated themselves, and they disclaimed any participation in the

as at home, they hear the British government accused of cruelty and injustice in its relations towards them, they find it a matter of easy inference to charge all their distresses upon the results for which the legislative union should be held answerable.

The temper and spirit of the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy must exercise, over the minds of the repealers, an influence still more exciting than that of their friends on the continent of Europe and America. Bishop Higgins, on the part of his brother prelates, gave in their adherence to the principle of repeal. The Rev. Mr. Sheehy, has since made a no less important announcement on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy. They, too, are "all right." Three thousand priests are determined that their country *shall be free*. Romanism is now,

as of yore, the nurse and patroness of liberty:—

"The Liberator," said Mr. Sheehy, "had, beside the prelates, three thousand of the second order of clergymen (hear). We shall give you (said the reverend speaker, addressing the Liberator), at least twelve hundred pounds (immense cheers), and we have taken care that there shall be a heart and a hand behind every shilling we shall present to you.

"Mr. O'Connell—Two hands (laughter and cheers).

"The Rev. Mr. Sheehy—And let me describe these three millions of repealers to you. They are sober and peaceable—they are determined—they are not drunkards—and they have resolved to burst their country's chains or die (vehement applause). They are not afraid of Peel or Wellington (cheers). *Priest though I be, I think I echo their senti-*

hostile spirit they showed towards Great Britain. They were ready to forgive Great Britain every thing she had done against Ireland, and they would not interfere with her and the Americans. They would take no part in any unjust war against them, but they would not make themselves a portion of the quarrel between England and America. *But still they could not help cautioning the English ministers against slumbering on their posts, when they heard the sentiments contained in that letter.* Knowing that the Irish people would not violate the law—knowing that it was not their intention to attack any person—knowing that they would respect the government of the country as long as a shred of the law was left them—knowing that it was their intention not to attack, but of course to resist any unjust attack that was made upon them, *they never could forget* that the British ministers, the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons—at least according to the newspaper reports—*had the unconstitutional audacity to threaten Ireland with a civil war, merely because they were looking for the repeal of an act of parliament.* Keeping that in view, and believing them capable of it if they were strong enough to make the attack upon Ireland, he bid them look beyond the Atlantic, and see that they would not be left quite alone to fight that battle if they were to attack them. They were British subjects firm and strong in their allegiance—that allegiance was sanctified by the personal respect and veneration in which they held the present monarch, but they were men knowing they had rights, and knowing that they were entitled, in spite of all the despots of Europe and Asia combined, to canvass the merits of an act of parliament and look for its repeal, for that was all they were doing. They had hurled defiance already at Peel and Wellington, when it was supposed they stood alone against the ministers that dare attempt to attack them. That defiance was not a bit more confident than it now was, when they had some consolation in reflecting that they would not have in such a case to stand alone, and that as they had men enough, all they would want in such a case, arms and ammunition, would be most certainly supplied to them. *Not complaining of the anti-British sentiments contained in that letter, but by no means joining in them,* on the contrary, being firm in their allegiance to the throne, and ready to join England in every just war that she may be engaged in, while they had that sentiment strong in their minds, they were not ungrateful to those who looked to the possible contingency of the iron hoof of tyranny attempting to crush the people of Ireland, and told them in that emergency where they might look for friends, and where they were sure of finding them. If one way or another the people of Ireland took their tone from him, he knew not why—he would repeat emphatically that they would begin no quarrel—that they would commence no fight—that they would wait to be attacked—that they would retreat to the last shred or foot-track of the constitution—that they would raise the shield of constitutional law against their opponents, and *woe to those who attacked them*, and victory was certain.

ments. And there is not in that three millions of repealers, one man who is afraid to shed his blood for his country.

“Mr. O’Connell—(Rising from his seat, the entire company doing likewise)—I said before I am not that one. (deafening applause).”*

It is not necessary that our selections from the reports of repeal proceedings should be numerous, or that we should be over curious in making them. The fact, which it is important to bear in mind, needs no further evidence, and it may be very briefly stated; it is this—THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND, LAY AND CLERICAL, ARE CARRYING OUT A REVOLUTION WHICH, IF IT BE SUCCESSFUL, WILL ACCOMPLISH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE; AND, BECAUSE THEY GIVE THEIR ENTERPRISE THE NAME, NOT OF REBELLION, BUT REPEAL, THEY ARE ALLOWED TO PROSECUTE IT WITH IMPUNITY.

None can wonder, that, in a state of things like this, Protestants, both in Ireland and England, or, to speak more correctly, well-informed friends to the connection between the two countries, utter more passionate complaints against the inactivity of the Queen’s ministers, than against the energetic demonstrations of the repealers; that some are more in dread of Sir Robert Peel than of Mr. O’Connell, and seem to think that something would be gained were the premier dislodged from the post which they accuse him of holding only for the enemy’s advantage. We do not share in this opinion. Indeed, for the expression of a contrary opinion, we have incurred some sharp animadversions; and, although we are little in the habit of noticing strictures upon ourselves, yet the respect we entertain for a journal of high reputation, as well as the great importance of the subject, induces us in one instance to depart from our usual abstemiousness.

The *Morning Post* of July contains the following paragraph:—

“There is no end to the variety of methods by which ingenious writers may support a favourite minister. It may be shown that a minister has done so much good for his party, and so effectually promoted their principles, that

he thought, by all means, to be kept in. Failing this, it may be shown that he has so effectually damaged his party, that they would no longer have their former strength if he were out. This latter method is ably followed by a writer in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE on Irish agitation. He says:—

“Let no man lay to his heart the flattering unction that the Conservative party, if now driven from power, will be such as it was. Let no man for a moment suppose that Sir Robert Peel can become again, in opposition, the leader and combiner of a powerful party. In power, he may perhaps satisfy, or at least justify the expectations entertained of him, when the ascendancy of public principle, the triumph of public virtue, put out his rivals, because they seemed his country’s enemies, and gave him place and honour. When his plans have been matured, and his policy fully developed, it is probable that the expectations then entertained of him may be realised: at this moment it seems generally felt that they have been disappointed. If he goes out of office with the shadow of this disappointment upon him, it is possible he may withdraw from public life altogether; and it is most probable, should he continue to take a part in politics, that it can never again be such a part as he sustained in those years of difficulty and honour, when he withstood the progress of revolution. To be what he was in opposition, Sir Robert Peel must become what he was expected to be in office, or he must convince the sanguine friends who had so high hopes of him that their expectations were unreasonable, and that he is not responsible for their disappointments. The good understanding between Sir Robert Peel and the Conservative party may be effectually restored while he is in place. Out of office, the evil will become irremediable. The state of opposition will be like that of the grave, wherein

* Friends, kinsmen, and brothers are laid side by side,
And none have saluted, and none have replied.*

“Let no man wish Sir Robert Peel’s retirement from office in a hope, a most vain and treacherous hope, that he can be as powerful as he was during the period of the reform and the revolutionary cabinets.”

“We do not dispute that all this is very true. It is right that the minister should have the benefit of such considerations. No doubt it would be, upon the

whole, much more agreeable if we could feel that the powerful opposition of 1841 had lost nothing by the circumstance of having borne its leaders into office upon the tide of victory. It would be more satisfactory if one could feel that were the Conservatives once more in opposition, they would still, in a very great degree, control the legislative government of the country as they did before. But if the fact be not so, let us bear in mind the facts as they really are, and act accordingly. No doubt, some feelings of disappointment will involuntarily arise that success should have produced a result that was so little to have been expected; but where's the use of repining, when a man can support the government, and perhaps get something by it in the end?"

Notwithstanding our natural disinclination to be suspected of motives so unworthy as seem half imputed to us in the concluding words of this passage, we repeat our former opinion: we believe it for the interest of the country, that Sir Robert Peel should continue in power; we hold that Sir Robert Peel would be guilty of an unpardonable crime against his country, if, for any reason less grave than inability to carry the measures he thinks necessary, or from conscious incapacity to devise good measures, he were to abandon to the late occupants of place, the post, in which, through God's blessing on their exertions, the public virtue of the Conservative party has placed him; and we make this assertion, with a grounded confidence that all who know the writer will believe it to be purely disinterested. If Sir Robert Peel be clandestinely obstructed in the discharge of his most arduous duties—if there be any secret influence which thwarts and crosses him in his exertions for the public service—he should at once withdraw from a post, which in such a supposition, he occupies, not for the sovereign or the country, but for the enemy of both, and should declare boldly his reasons for retiring; if, on the other hand, he retain the facilities and powers to which a British minister is entitled, he ought to retain office: there are resources yet undeveloped, which, under or during a Conservative administration, may be exerted and governed for the salvation of the empire.

While we thus deprecate the remo-

val or withdrawal of the present ministry, we are by no means panegyrists of their policy. We have reflected much on the arguments by which the inaction of the minister has been defended, and they have not satisfied us. It is contended that the repeal party, held in check by a strong military force, will either moulder away under the disadvantages of a system which cannot exist without agitation, and which dares not tempt the perils of open insurrection, or else that, making the attempt, it must perish in the collision with the queen's forces. Thus, it is argued, the state will have the rare advantage of making its lenity conspicuous, while defeating the projects of the disaffected. Their treason must either die out of itself, through timidity and inaction, or, in its rashness, must make manifest to all the world, that the government which crushed it was guilty of no unnecessary severity. An argument of this nature, if the policy which it defends obtain success, may be intelligible and acceptable *to the survivors*. While the policy is yet upon its trial, and its results altogether prospective, those who, with good reason, fear it—who see that hitherto its issues have been very disastrous—can derive little comfort from a promise, that the long series of mishaps which alarm them will be all counterbalanced by some rare felicity which is to come. The disaffected are now, no doubt, organising their masses, combining their plans, encouraging the timid who have joined them, winning over each day new recruits, exulting in the assurances of foreign support, intimidating by menaces, to which the ostents of physical force give importance, the friends of British connection, and feeding fat the rancorous hate they bear the Saxon by retrospects of all (and much more than all) the wrongs and grievances with which England is made chargeable. Meantime, loyal men are exhorted to believe, that these preparations for convulsion will come to nought—that the spirit of insurrection will exhaust itself in them—and that, when the storm has spent its violence in impotent although very angry demonstrations of rage, the political atmosphere will acquire a character of peace, and will hold forth a promise of security, such as never

in the time of living men gave confidence to the true friends of Ireland. But—

“ — Who can hold a fire in the hand’
By thinking of the frosty Caucasus;
Or wallow naked in December’s snow,
By bare remembrance of the summer’s
heat.”

It is pleasant to remember difficulties and dangers when they are overpast; but no wise man would willingly linger among them, or desire their continuance; no wise man would think it safe to endure them if they could be safely removed, or, if such an alternative were impracticable, could contemplate them without uneasiness and alarm.

We feel this part of our subject to be of the more moment, in that it is, we apprehend, very imperfectly understood. There is no danger, it is said, in the repeal demonstrations, because the aspect of an armed soldiery will be sufficient to deter disaffected multitudes from breaking out into rebellion. Is this the danger which ought to be most seriously dreaded? No. Wise men would look upon open insurrection as far less formidable than those tranquil demonstrations of purpose and of power, which calmly defy authority to interfere with them, and in which multitudes abstain from violence, simply because they will not lose, in any struggle, the vantage ground in which the laws, or those who administer the laws, are pleased to leave them. Insurrection, now, might be an abortive effort, inadequately sustained, speedily, and with little suffering at any side, counteracted and suppressed. Insurrection commenced when all has been duly prepared for its furtherance, *may be a war*, in which, wherever victory lights, all parties will have to mourn over the calamitous issues of the conflict.

But this mode of considering the danger to which we are exposed does not make the evil manifest in all its magnitude. In addition to the repealers and the executives of the country (comprehending, under that name, military, constabulary, and constituted authorities in general), there is a third party, which consists of at least a million and a half of subjects, whose principles, interests, and prejudices, are

generally (we might perhaps say universally) favourable to British connection. How is this party likely to be affected by the demonstrations and the exertions of the repealers—how is it likely to be influenced by the policy of the government? It may be truth, that all possessed of property know that their interests pledge them to the maintenance of British connection. It is truth, that the great mass of the Protestant population are attached to England by influences more disinterested. But it is also truth that this great body is open to influences of a different nature. They may be divided among themselves. They may all be cooled in their zeal for England. They may all be induced to believe that the forbearance of the British government is ruin, if not treachery, to them. Nay, we speak more directly, and confidently affirm, of our own knowledge, that every great repeal demonstration alienates some hearts from the cause of British connection, abates the love of it in others. Already some notices of this danger have offered their admonitions to the forgetful and unheeding. Here and there some few Protestants individually, or in little knots, have given in their adhesion to repeal. As yet, perhaps, the great body is sound; but if it be longer neglected, or rather, if it be much longer left exposed to the influences of repeal agitation, and the seductions of a system of proselytism artfully contrived and zealously administered, the consequences will be fatal. The Protestants of Ireland live among remembrances which may be turned to pernicious use against them. They have a most desponding remembrance of the concession of 1829, and of all its aggravating circumstances. They have a keen sense of wrong inflicted upon themselves in the dishonour done to their great political festivals; and, when their thoughts “that way turn,” burn with indignation to see repeal flags spread abroad over the fields from which a partial enactment has chased away the standard of William the Deliverer. The orange flag condemned by a severe law, laid up as a relic from good days past, or made part of the antique furniture of a lodge-room, has a bad effect on the tempers and spirits of men, who know that the green banner of separation is flying in the open air,

waving a proud defiance to England, and surrounded by threatening multitudes before whom the might of Britain seems humbled as well as inactive. It is a formidable trial, to be exposed, under feelings awakened by such agencies, to the blandishments of a powerful and crafty body of men, who think their ends may be accomplished by menace and seduction, and who are left undisturbed by the state in their employment of those means, which they, with good reason, believe most likely to be effectual. Were adequate security given that the Protestants should be kept together as a loyal party, we should willingly allow the policy of forbearance to have a longer trial: if the loyal are neglected while the disloyal are indulged, the result must be evil. Already, as we have said, menacing symptoms have become visible; if government is warned by them, and alarmed into exertion, the faithless few who have forsaken their loyalty, before the circumstances were such as to palliate a delinquency like theirs, will have fallen from the body as light showers which the atmosphere discharges only that it may become purer and more serene; if the warnings are disregarded, the proselytes to repeal will have descended, few and scattered, as the heavy and separated rain drops, which part from a sky where there is yet brightness, and give notice of the coming storm which shall deluge the fields of earth, and spread thick darkness over all the face of heaven.

It may be said that strictures and wishes such as those to which we have here given utterance are too vague to be intelligible for any good purpose. We may be taken to task for not declaring more distinctly what we mean; and may be asked, is it our

wish that if repealers are indulged in the privilege of holding anti-Anglican processions, Orangemen should be restored to their constitutional right of celebrating again those great victories which insured the integrity of the British empire. We would answer to such an appeal, that we do not desire the revival of Orange processions. We think it was unjust as well as severe to prohibit them, and to leave demonstrations of an opposite character free. The state of Ireland demanded, it was said, a suspension, as it were, of the privileges extended to British subjects by their free constitution. One class of the Irish people conceived it an affront to them, that the battles of Aughrim and the Boyne should be commemorated. We do not wish to be critical in our judgments on this misplaced sensitiveness; a sensitiveness which would seem to denote the existence of strong prejudices adverse to the principle of civil and religious liberty. We wish to confine ourselves to the simple fact, that Protestants were prohibited from commemorating great anniversaries, because Roman Catholics were said to have taken offence at the commemorations. Such prohibition was an infringement upon constitutional rights—an infringement justified by necessity, but not justified, we contend, unless Protestants who suffered the annoyance, had the benefit also of the act thus specially made and provided. If they must silence their music, and hide their flags, and discontinue their processions, because Roman Catholics disapproved of them, they should have protection in their turn against similar demonstrations on the part of their adversaries.* We do think that in a country circumstanced like Ire-

* This plea has been advanced by Protestants of Ulster in various forms. We subjoin some resolutions in which it is temperately stated:—

“At a meeting of Protestants of the Parish of Killyman and the neighbourhood, held in the house of Mr. Kennedy Cross, on Saturday, July the first, 1843—Joseph Greer, of Desertcreight, Esq. in the chair—the following resolutions were unanimously and with acclamation adopted:

“1.—That it had been the custom, for more than a century, of loyal Protestants in Ireland, as it was clearly their constitutional privilege, to celebrate peaceably, by public demonstrations, the anniversaries of those great victories which established the House of Brunswick on the British Throne, and delivered this country from the evils of arbitrary power.

“2.—That, of late years, because these demonstrations were said to have become offensive to Roman Catholics, a law was enacted to prohibit them; and that, although we felt the prohibition to be severe, partial, and uncalled-for, and

land, it would have been no more than just to have prohibited all public processions for any political purpose, or rather, to have lodged, with the executive in that country, with the Lord Lieutenant in council, the power of prohibiting them, should it appear to him that they tended to evil.

But, we have spoken of our willingness to endure patiently the issue of the experiment which is to find out how seditious meetings are to be rendered innocuous by indulgence, provided the Protestant party be so cared for as to be protected against traitorous seductions. What is our meaning here?—how should the Protestants be kept together? What is our proposal? Do we wish that the Orange lodges should be restored to all their ancient power, and become recognised and accredited instruments of government? No; we hold the principles and the characters of Orangemen in high and deserved esteem, but we do not wish to see any such connection formed between them and the executive as to imply a mutual interdependency alien from the principles of our constitution. What, then, do we propose? Should the yeomanry be re-embodied, and a

high, spirited, loyal, and valiant race be thus secured in their allegiance—preserved from the contamination of bad example and bad precepts—converted from a multitude into an army, and delivered from the fear of being forsaken? We would not hastily answer; but we have no hesitation to say that the objections ordinarily urged against employing the yeomanry force have little weight with us. It is said that it would be unwise, that it would resemble a declaration of war against a majority of the Irish people. We think the allegation unwise and untrue. The actual state of Ireland is this:—A very powerful party avows its intention to accomplish a measure which is acknowledged, universally, among all parties in the legislature, to be equivalent to revolution and ruin. This measure, it is very unequivocally declared, will be extorted from the fears or the feebleness of its opponents. The masses who contend for it will not proceed to actual violence unless violence be necessary; but it is very plainly avowed, that without or *with* violence, the measure must be carried. Shall it be permitted to men who have thus declared their purposes, to gather

were convinced that (unless it were designed to form part of a well-ordered scheme of policy, such as peculiarities in the condition of Ireland require) it was eminently unwise; yet, as became Protestants and loyal subjects, we yielded to it, because it was law, a frank and dutiful submission.

“3.—That, meetings to celebrate the triumph of civil and religious liberty having been thus prohibited and discontinued, meetings having for their avowed object to effect a repeal of the Legislative Union are permitted, although they are obviously and infinitely more objectionable than those which have been declared illegal—that wherever these meetings are held, they are productive of evil, causing deep and well-grounded alarm to the friends of British connection where they are few, and where they are numerous, provoking in them a strong feeling of indignation—and that whatever may be the pretexts under which their purposes are disguised, their real and well-known object is, to accomplish by violence and intimidation a dismemberment of the empire.

“4.—That, while the cheerful submission of Protestants to a law, of which they only felt the severity, might justify a complaint that they have not had that measure of protection to which unfeigned allegiance gives an indisputable title, we will not, nevertheless, be betrayed, by a feeling of disappointment or jealousy, into conduct unworthy of us, or inconsistent with our character or professions; we will commit no act of disobedience—will neither assist in, nor assent to, any illegal demonstration; but, true to our principles, confident in our well-proved integrity, will patiently leave it to the government, legislature, and people of Great Britain, to determine how much longer it will be wise or safe to discountenance and dispirit friends whom no unkindness can alienate, for the sake of giving a triumph to parties who will be conciliated by no concession; and how much longer it may be just or expedient to leave the laws in a state in which they thwart and punish the loyalty that would commemorate, in meetings of thousands, a great national deliverance; and leave unrestrained and indulged the disaffection which would congregate hundreds of thousands to effect the national ruin.

“Signed,

“JOSEPH GREER, Chairman,
“Grand Master of L. O. L., County Tyrone.”

together in hundreds of thousands, to march in sections, to obey leaders who give, with military precision, their words of command, to parade with flags and music, to combine the excitement of stimulating eloquence with that imparted by spectacles of immense physical force—shall all this be permitted as the legal right of disaffection?—and if the state, among its precautionary measures, shall think to combine and array those classes of its subjects whose loyalty may yet be relied upon, whose loyalty may be ensured by showing confidence in them, and concern for them—shall this be denounced as if it contained a menace of violence against the masses who threaten to shake and dismember the empire? Is repeal free to collect its armies?—are its soldiers to be esteemed as loyal subjects until they have actually commenced the war?—are they to remain unmolested, enlarging their forces, extending their organization, improving their discipline, while waiting for the favourable moment or occasion in which the struggle is to commence?—and if the state adopt the resolution of securing the services of more than two hundred thousand brave men, of tried loyalty, whose interests, inclinations, prejudices even, are all favourable to British connection, but who, if forsaken, may be warped from their allegiance, is a cry to be raised which will scare a just government from its purpose? **IS THE STATE TO BE DENIED THE POWER OF PROTECTING ITSELF AND SUBJECTS? ARE NO RIGHTS TO BE HELD SACRED SAVE THOSE OF INSURRECTION?**

But supposing the state to observe still the policy against which so loud protests have been raised, to indulge the repealers in their licentious abuse of constitutional privileges, to leave the friends of British connection smarting under a sense of wrong, exposed to seductions which cannot be thought of without alarm, can any thing be done to avert the national ruin? Can individual exertion be so directed as to compensate the neglect with which the legislature and government have been charged? Yes: it is possible yet to do much. It is possible, even yet, to combine the Protestants of Ireland into an efficient confederation—to diffuse union throughout the physical force of the body, and to provide an organ through which the reasonable-

ness and justice of the Protestant cause may be rendered manifest to all who will return true verdict according to the evidence. We warn all who have influence or authority, all who can give counsel or assistance, to be on the alert.

Be wise in time, 'tis madness to defer. A great society should immediately be formed, into which not merely all Protestants, but all who can subscribe to the principle of the articles of union, should be admissible. It should combine the physical force of loyal men throughout the country, and it should have in the metropolis an arrangement for conveying assistance and instruction to its members, and for making known to the empire the whole strength, moral, intellectual, and physical, of the cause of those who uphold the legislative union in Ireland. There are materials for such a society; men upright, and wise, and revered, to direct its proceedings—multitudes honest and brave to constitute its strength. We commend the thought of it to all who have their country's interest at heart, and who can influence public opinion. It is possible to form a confederation of Protestants in Ireland, such as shall enable Great Britain, without shedding of blood, to maintain the legislative union—or, should England, which is scarcely to be believed, forsake them, to maintain themselves in separation.

That some efficient confederation be entered into for the maintenance of British connection, is rendered more evidently necessary by the fact that the difficulties of the subject are not known to the legislature. It will be in future times regarded as a memorable fact, that no man in the imperial parliament seemed to have an adequate sense of the danger to which the country is exposed by the exertions of the repeal party—no man seems to have an adequate idea of the repealers' designs. To think that the accumulated masses will be turned aside or turned back, that their leaders will be reduced to inactivity by such concessions as imperial statesmen are disposed to grant, is not to exercise that degree of ordinary good sense for which wise men get credit in the affairs of every-day life. Abolish the church, cries out one adventurous statesman—that is to say, impoverish the persons most cha-

ritable in proportion to their means, most judicious in the distribution of their charities—impoverish the true friends of the poor, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, in order to recommend the union to the great masses of the Irish people. Can these philanthropists be aware that the Protestant clergy are now connected with the Roman Catholic poor only in relations of kindness. They are felt to be benefactors—they are no longer known in the relation of creditors or claimants. But they are an annoyance to Roman Catholic gentry?—to men of such “stainless honour” as Mr. Moore O’Farrell!—to Roman Catholics who have purchased estates, and who think it a grievance to be required to pay that portion of the purchase money which is due to clergymen of the Church of England? These gentlemen, it is said, are aggrieved that they cannot keep to themselves, or bestow on their confessors, the properties of the Protestant clergy; and because they are thus covetous of what is not their own, and shameless enough to avow the cupidity, they find associates or confederates ready to join in their cry, and to say, that in order to gratify the dishonest rapacity of its debtors, the Catholic Church, established in Ireland, should be robbed of its rights. It is, indeed, a proposition rather difficult of proof, that moderate and charitable men ought to be stripped of the power (because they are Protestants) to serve the country and the poor; and that rapacious and dishonest claimants of what is manifestly not theirs, are to be the persons for whose sake the church establishment is ruined. We say you will be much more likely to tranquillize the country by doing that old-fashioned justice, which *gives to every man his due*, than by robbing friends of the poor for the sake of gratifying the rancour of the bigoted, and rewarding the dishonesty of the rapacious.

Others again say, let the relations between landlord and tenant be scrutinised,—let the government patronage be more irrespectively distributed,—let loans to Ireland be granted more liberally,—let the Roman Catholic clergy be paid. In short, since it was the fashion to lay down the sick in the market-places of Babylon, and to compel each passer-by to pronounce an opinion on

the disease, and the mode of cure, never were there prescriptions more adventurous or less qualified to produce a favourable effect than those which are hazarded in the British senate on the deep-seated diseases of Ireland.

All the remedies proposed in parliament were futile, all were inapplicable, none were adapted to the peculiarity of the disease. The mass of the Roman Catholics of Ireland *desire nothing less than they demand*, generally aim at more, and will not be conciliated by any of the poor offerings with which short-sighted or faint-hearted politicians pretend to appease them. They demand a repeal of the legislative union, and no concession of inferior moment will satisfy their expectations. Whatever the advocates of concession are willing to grant, is less than what would follow among the consequences of repeal—whatever the advocates of concession are ready to grant, would assist repealers in their accomplishment of the greater object. How can it, then, be hoped that the concessions which will serve to facilitate the onward progress of the repealers, shall have the contrary efficacy of arresting them in their career, or in turning them aside from it?

We do not know whether it should be ascribed to want of knowledge, or to that species of suicidal timidity in which men sometimes disguise from their medical and legal advisers the extent of their apprehensions; but however explained, the fact is, that no member of the imperial parliament declared unreservedly the real object which stimulates the great mass of the repealers. The revolution at which they aim is to them the same, with a sweeping confiscation of property; the same, with recovery of the forfeited estates, or a re-distribution of them among the victorious armies of repeal. There is scarcely a reflecting man in Ireland who is not aware of this truth; and although there are many reflecting men in the houses of Lords and Commons, there were none who had the boldness, we would say the wisdom, to declare it. Yes, there was one—the upright and fearless member for Armagh, Colonel Verner, gave expression to his natural and reasonable apprehensions, and read for the instruction of the house, a portion of a letter, which furnished a very re-

markable commentary on his speech. It was a letter from an Irishman residing in Liverpool, addressed to his son, an emigrant in Canada, detailing the circumstances under which the property of their ancestors had been lost, enumerating proofs by which their right to it could be established, and concluding the statement of their case with this instructive sentence:—

"You may say what good is it to tell me all this, only vexing me more in my hardships and poverty; I tell you it is good for you to know it, and great good, when the repeal comes."

This is really the object for which the legions of the movement in Ireland are ready to contend. It is now but little disguised. In rural districts, the peasantry have no reserve in expressing hopes for themselves, or in pointing out among their neighbours the rightful expectant to such doomed property. They are encouraging, too, to the poorer Protestants with whom they communicate, assuring them that their condition shall not be disimproved. To them they say, it matters little to whom the rents are paid, but it is of much consequence that the title of their tenancy shall be secured and the terms ameliorated; and both these advantages they very liberally promise. We boldly affirm, that every Irish gentleman, residing on his property, whose ears are open to current rumours, is aware of these insidious attempts upon the humbler Protestants in districts where they are numerous. We affirm further, that every gentleman of ordinary information and capacity, knows that these promises, silly and hollow as they should be accounted, are not altogether without their influence; *we wish much the advocates of forbearance and conciliation would teach the country gentlemen and clergy how the power of such seductions may be counteracted by arguments and representations which might not seem somewhat disrespectful towards the Church of Rome or its supporters.*

We observe that, in his speech on Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion, Sir Robert Peel took credit to himself for discountenancing, to the utmost

of his power, every act or expression which might have the effect of keeping religious antagonism alive, or might at all minister to controversy between the Catholic and the Roman churches. He is entitled to the praise he claimed. He did every thing in his power to produce the result he contemplated. His power, however, was very limited, and appears to have extended only to those limits within which they could do mischief. He could influence some of those who were of his own side. The unworthy, who hoped personal favours from him—the upright, who thought he would be an instrument of good to his country, may have been, in some instances, reduced to inactivity or silence, in order that Sir Robert Peel might have no obstruction in his great enterprise to advance the interests of the empire. But his adversaries—the country's enemies—those who hated and who feared the Catholic Church of England—what effect had his wishes and remonstrations *on them*? Has *their* religious system become more charitable? Have *their* politics become more conservative? The answer has anticipated the question—all the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland—the three thousand Roman Catholic priests of Ireland are repealers—the downfall of the Catholic church established in Ireland is threatened by the men who procured the power to do it harm by pledging their solemn oaths that they would defend it. And an engagement to join Mr. O'Connell in his efforts to effect a repeal of the union, is declared* the "holiest pledge" by which mortal ever bound himself. Such has been the result of one-sided conciliation. It has possibly silenced some Protestant advocates—it has disabled others—it has prevented the transmission of useful intelligence between some wise and well-informed men and the government—it has recognised in the revolutionary party a species of right to prescribe the limits within which the crown must restrict itself in its selection of those to whom posts of honourable duty are to be confided—it has, to some extent, inverted the policy of the wisest, perhaps, of heathen legislators, *declaring neutrality*

* See the speech of the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins in our last number.

not a crime, but a qualification, an indispensable qualification for official advancement—it has been aptly subsidiary to the craft of the Melbourne ministry—the latter giving power and confidence to the enemies of British connection—the former discouraging and disabling its warmest and best-deserving friends—and while thus enfeebling and dispiriting the constitutional party, it has not only not succeeded in converting their opponents to a better disposition, but, by giving them hope of success, it has stimulated them to the avowal of purposes and the adoption of means which, in former times, would have incurred the penalties of treason. Let it not be imagined from any thing we have said here, that we would desire the advancement of an unworthy partizan, because of his political principles or services—or that we condemn an experiment like that of Sir Robert Peel, to conciliate adversaries by wise discrimination in his use of patronage. We would simply have the best men placed in the posts where they could render best service—and would require only that an honest government should not deny to the country the services of the wise and good, because their promotion would be unacceptable to the party who desire the dismemberment of the empire. To give repealers a veto in the appointment of those who are to be entrusted with the maintenance of British connection, is to become an instrument in the hands of the disloyal, and to betray the sovereign and the country.

But the question perpetually recurs—What is to be done? Is the British government to conciliate the repealers? to put them down? or to yield to their demands? Would a surrender of the temporalities of the Irish church conciliate them? They say peremptorily—no. There are, certainly, members of the British House of Commons, very expert in speech, very daring in assertion, very ignorant of the subject, who say—yes; but they are even of an inferior class to those who, by similar audacity of promise and prediction, deceived and betrayed the country. We select an Irish and an English testimony to the spirit of determination with which repealers pursue their purpose, and the little likelihood there is that such bribes as

conciliators can offer will turn them from their courses. One is from a speech of Mr. O'Connell; one from a Roman Catholic organ, “*The Tablet*.” We copy both from the *Statesman* of July 7.

Thus speaks Mr. O'Connell:—

“No defection can now injure the triumphant progress of the good cause, if we be true to ourselves. I have had the opportunity of consulting men the most respectable, the highest in respectability and station, who are supposed adverse to us. I won't mention names; but what did they advise? No compromise! ‘You'll be offered (they said) *the destruction of the church temporalities*, or their appropriation to state purposes. *Take all you get*, but give up nothing. You have repeal well organised now—no need of a drag—no fear of being hurried down the hill of wild revolution—go on as you are doing, giving no offence to any one, injuring no one—the people conducting themselves better than the nobility at Almacks—giving the strongest proof of their subordination—of the highest order of civilization—that civilization which proceeds *from religious principle and the purest morality*.’ Ay, the people of Ireland are showing to the nations of the earth a miracle of good conduct never yet equalled; that it never even entered into the heads of statesmen to conceive, till his knowledge of the virtues of his countrymen inspired the glorious idea. The demonstration in Dundalk was the last until I came to Dublin, and it would be only repeating what was said in every family in the city last night, to say one word of the majestic and awful spectacle of yesterday.”

Thus far the agitator. The organ of his party in England speaks thus:

“We of course agree with the *Chronicle*, ‘that the Irish Church is a grievance as real in its nature as it is enormous in magnitude;’ and when the *Chronicle* asks, ‘Why not come forward with a proposition to redress this grievance?’ we answer, because this redress, mighty as it would be in any other country than Ireland, is *hardly worth naming in the present aspect of affairs*. The abolition of the Irish Church, as a single measure, would not, we are firmly persuaded, *buy off ten voices* from repeal. And why not? First, because it comes rather too late; repeal seems now almost within the grasp, and *contains within it this church question, and many more questions beside*. In the second place, we

say the condition of Ireland is such, that the church question is in itself a matter of truly secondary importance. In any other country it would be a question of immense value. But in Ireland it has hardly any value as a means; and as an end it is not to be named with one or two other questions. Miserable, indeed, must be the condition of a country which can afford two grievances greater and weightier than this monster church. *That* miserable country is Ireland. Two, *at least*—the landlord and tenant question, and the poor law—overtop even the gigantic stature of the monster church.”—*The Tablet*.

Who are to be believed—the uncredited undertakers in parliament, or the recognised organs of the Roman Catholic and repeal parties?

Can the British minister yield? If he do, he will yield up the honour and power of his country. Necessity, perhaps, may justify him. It would, so it was said in a recent debate, justify a breach of the articles of union; only let it be sufficiently manifest and constraining, and the union itself must yield. We warn England and the British legislature to beware in time that that necessity do not arrive. Let Mr. O’Connell be free to keep his agitation alive—an agitation which, in various forms of advantage, direct and indirect, may more than compensate his party for the trouble and cost at which it is maintained, and the day may come when the cry for deliverance from the burden of the legislative union may be more passionate and more general in Great Britain than now it is in Ireland. We speak advisedly.

But is it possible to suppress the agitation by which Ireland is disordered, and the whole empire seriously alarmed? If it be not—bad as the alternative is—preparation should be made to meet the horrors of repeal. We, for our parts, see no formidable difficulty in the way of suppressing the bad spirit, as well as putting an end to the threatening demonstrations now, but we fear much that forbearance and delay will increase the difficulty, and, if of much longer continuance, will nurture disaffection into such magnitude and strength that civil war may fail to effect what could have been accomplished by the timely intervention of a magistrate, and a division of

police. We do not, however, think it enough to prevent the manifestation of a bad spirit,—until the spirit itself is converted, there is no security for the national welfare and repose.

Can this bad spirit be appeased—can it be allayed? When British statesmen become wise enough to know what it is—the country may entertain a hope. So long as the nature of the evil remains a mystery, there is obviously little reason to expect that legislation can correct it. We repeat (and we have furnished many proofs in former numbers of our magazine, that we are correct in the assertion) that the spirit which torments Ireland is the offspring of Romanism and anti-Anglican nationality. The people desire in repeal a resumption of lands, which whatever they were when forfeited, are now objects of desire. The Roman Catholic hierocracy and priesthood desire in repeal, empire—empire more undivided and absolute than they enjoy in Belgium. This is the real character of the repeal movement. It aims at ascendancy of the Romish religion and of priestly power—recovery of the whole territory of Ireland.

We will not repeat again here what ought to be done to suppress or divert an agitation raised for such objects as these, but we confidently affirm that it will not be allayed by any concession which government has as yet been advised to grant. A powerful body, who are taught to regard concession as acknowledgment of their power, will not for inferior considerations be turned aside from the prosecution of an enterprise which they hope to have so richly rewarded as by the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Will the government adopt a policy more effectual than that of concession? We know not, but we earnestly advise all who are interested in the stability of British connection to take care that the Protestant strength of Ireland be not overlooked or undervalued in a crisis which seems to direct all attention upon the more numerous hosts of repeal. The moral and physical strength of more than fifteen hundred thousand individuals ought to be carefully husbanded, and, when the character of the Protestant population is considered, can scarcely be too highly esteemed.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXIX. SEPTEMBER, 1843. Vol. XXII.

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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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THE LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT X.—A FRAGMENT OF FOREST LIFE.

I AM half sorry already that I have told that little story of myself. Somehow the recollection is painful; and now I would rather hasten away from Brussels, and wander on to other scenes; and yet there are many things I fain would speak of, and some people too, worth a mention in passing. I should like to have taken you a moonlight walk through the "Grand Place," and, after tracing against the clear sky the delicate outline of the beautiful spire, whose gilded point seemed stretching away towards the bright star above it, to have shown you the interior of a Flemish club in the old "Salle de Loyauté." Primitive quaint fellows they are, these Flemings—consequential, sedate, self-satisfied, simple creatures—credulous to any extent of their own importance, but kindly withal; not hospitable themselves, but admirers of the virtue in others; easily pleased, when the amusement costs little; and, in a word, a people admirably adapted by nature to become a kind of territorial coinage, alternately paid over by one great state to another, as the balance of Europe inclines to this side or that; with industry enough always to be worth robbing, and with a territory perfectly suited to pitched battles; two admirable reasons exist for Belgium being a species of Hounslow Heath or Wormwood scrubs, as the nations of the Continent feel disposed for theft, or fighting. It was a cruel joke, however, to make them into a nation. One gets tired of laughing at them at last; and even Sancho's island of Barataria had become a nuisance, were it long lived.

Well, I must hasten away now. I can't go back to "The France" yet awhile, so I'll even take to the road—but what road? That's the question. What a luxury it would be, to be sure to have some person of exquisite taste who could order dinner every day in the year—arranging the *carte* by a physiognomical study of your countenance—and plan out your route by some innate sense of your desires. Arthur O'Leary has none such, however; his whole philosophy in life being to throw the reins on the hack Fortune's neck, and let the jade take her own way. Not that he has had any reason to regret his mode of travel. No; his nag has carried him pleasantly on through life—now cantering softly over the even turf, now picking her way more cautiously among bad ground and broken pebbles—and if here and there an occasional side leap or a start has put him out of saddle, it has scarcely put him out of temper; for one

great secret has he at least learned—and after all, it's one worth remembering: very few of the happiest events and pleasantest circumstances in our lives have not their origin in some incident, which, had we been able, we had prevented happening—and then, while taking your mare “chance” over a stiff country, be advised by me, give her plenty of head, sit close, and when you come to a rasper, let her take her own way over it. So convinced am I of the truth of this axiom, that I should not die easy if I had not told it; and now, if any thing should prevent these fragments being printed, I leave a clause in my will to provide for three O'Leary treatises, to establish this fact, being written, for which my executors are empowered to pay five pounds sterling for each. Why, were it not for this, I had been married say at the least some fourteen times in various quarters of the globe, and might have had a family of children, black and white, sufficient to make a set of chess men among them. There's no saying what might not have happened to me. It would seem like boasting if I said that the Emperor of Austria had some notions of getting rid of Metternich to give me the “Foreign Affairs;” and that I narrowly escaped once commanding the Russian fleet in the Baltic. But of these, at another time.—I only wish to keep the principle at present in view—that Fortune will always do better for us than we could do for ourselves; but to this end there must be no tampering or meddling on our part. The goddess is not a West-end physician, who, provided you are ever prepared with your fee, blandly permits you all the little excesses you are bent on. No: she is of the Abernethy school, somewhat rough occasionally, but always honest—never suffering any interference from the patient, but exacting implicit faith and perfect obedience. As for me, I follow the regimen prescribed for me without a thought of opposition; and wherever I find myself in this world, be it China or the Caucasus, Ghuznee, Genoa, or Glasnevin, I feel for the time, that's my fitting place, and endeavour to make the best of it.

The pedestrian alone of all travellers is thus taken by the hand by Fortune. Your extra-post, with a courier on the box, interferes sadly with the current of all those little incidents of the road which are ever happening to him who takes to the “by-ways” of the world. The odds are about one hundred to one against you, that when seated in your carriage, the postillion in his saddle, and the fat courier outside, the words “*en route*” being given, you arrive at your destination that evening without any accident or adventure whatever of more consequence than a lost shoe from the near leader, a snapped spring, or a heartburn from the glass of bad brandy you took at the third stage. A blue post, with white stripes on it, tells you that you are in Prussia; or a yellow and brown pole, that the Grand Duke of Nassau is giving you the hospitality of his territory—save which you have no other evidence of change. The village inn, and its little circle of celebrities, opens not to *you* those peeps at humble life so indicative of national character: *you* stop not at the way-side chapel in the sultry heat of noon to charm away your peaceful hour of reflection—now turning from the lovely madonna above the altar to the peasant girl who kneels in supplication beneath—now contrasting the stern features of some painted martyr with the wrinkled front and weather-beaten traits of some white-haired beggar—now musing over the quiet existence of the humble figure whose heavy sabots wake the echoes of the vaulted aisle—or watching, perhaps, that venerable priest who glides about before the altar in his white robes, and disappears by some unseen door, seeming like a phantom of the place. The little relics of village devotion, so touching in their poverty, awake no thought within *you* of the pious souls

in yonder hamlet. The old cure himself, as he jogs along on his ambling pony, suggests nothing save the figure of age and decrepitude. You have not seen the sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks of his humble flock who salute him as he passes, nor gazed upon that broad high forehead where benevolence and charity have fixed their dwelling. The foot-sore veteran or the young conscript have not been your fellow-travellers—mayhap you would despise them. Their joys and sorrows, their hopes, their fears, their wishes—all move in an humble sphere, and little suit the ears of those whose fortune is a higher one.

Not that the staff and the knapsack are the passports to only such as these. My experience would tell very differently. With some of the most remarkable men I ever met my acquaintance grew on the road—some of the very pleasantest moments of my life had their origin in the chances of the way-side—the little glimpses I have ever enjoyed of national character have been owing to these same accidents; and I have often hailed some casual interruption to my route, some passing obstacle to my journey, as the source of an adventure which might afford me the greatest pleasure. I date this feeling to a good number of years back—and in great measure to an incident that occurred to me when first wandering in this country. It is scarcely a story, but as illustrating my position, I will tell it.

Soon after the *denouement* of my Polish adventure—I scarcely like to be more particular in my designation of it—I received a small remittance from England, and started for Namur. My uncle Toby's recollections had been an inducement for the journey, had I not the more pleasant one in my wish to see the Meuse, of whose scenery I had already heard so much.

The season was a delightful one—the beginning of autumn; and truly the country far surpassed all my anticipations. The road to Dinant led along by the river—the clear stream rippling at one side; at the other, the massive granite rocks, rising to several hundred feet, frowned above you; some gnarled oak or hardy ash clinging to the steep cliffs, and hanging their drooping leaves above your head; on the opposite bank, meadows of emerald green, intersected with ash rows and tall poplars, stretched away to the back ground of dense forest that bounded the view to the very horizon.

Here and there a little farm-house framed in wood, and painted in many a gaudy colour, would peep from the little enclosure of vines and plum-trees; more rarely still, the pointed roof and turreted gable of a venerable chateau would rise above the trees. How often did I stop to gaze on these quaint old edifices, with their ballustrades and terraces—on which a solitary peacock walked proudly to and fro: the only sound that stirred, the hissing plash of the *jet d'eau*, whose sparkling drops came pattering on the broad water-lilies; and as I looked, I wondered within myself what kind of life they led who dwelt there. The windows were open to the ground, bouquets of rich flowers stood on the little tables. These were all signs of habitation, yet no one moved about—no stir nor bustle denoted that there were dwellers there. How different from the country life of our great houses in England, with trains of servants and equipages hurrying hither and thither. All the wealth and magnificence of the great capital transported to some far-off county—that *ennui* and fastidiousness, fatigue and lassitude, should lose none of their habitual aids. Well, for *my* part, the life among green trees and flowers, where the thrush sings, and the bee goes humming by, can scarcely be too homely for *my* taste: it is in the peaceful aspect of all Nature, the sense of calm that breathes

from every leafy grove and rippling stream, that I feel the soothing influence of the country. I could sit beside the trickling stream of water, clear but brown, that comes drop by drop from some fissure in the rocky cliff, and falls into the little well below, and dream away for hours. These slight and simple sounds, that break the silence of the calm air, are all fraught with pleasant thoughts. The unbroken stillness of a prairie is the most awful thing in all nature.

Unoppressed in heart I took my way along the river's bank, my mind revolving the quiet pleasant thoughts silence and lovely scenery are so sure to suggest. Towards noon I sat myself down on a large flat rock beside the stream, and proceeded to make my humble breakfast—some bread and a few cresses, washed down with a little water, scarce flavoured with brandy, followed by my pipe; and I lay watching the white bubbles that flowed by me, until I began to fancy I could read a moral lesson in their course. Here was a great swollen fellow, rotund and full, elbowing out of his way all his lesser brethren, jostling and pushing aside each he met with; but at last bursting from very plethora, and disappearing as though he had never been: there were a myriad of little bead-like specks floating past noiselessly, and yet having their own goal and destination: some uniting with others, grew stronger and hardier, and braved the current with bolder fortune; while others vanished ere you could see them well. A low murmuring splash against the reeds beneath the rock drew my attention to the place, and I perceived that a little boat, like a canoe, was fastened by a hay-rope to the bank, and surged with each motion of the stream against the weeds. I looked about to see the owner, but no one could I detect—not a living thing seemed near, nor even a habitation of any kind. The sun at that moment shone strongly out, lighting up all the rich landscape on the opposite side of the river, and throwing long gleams into a dense beech wood, where a dark, grass-grown alley entered. Suddenly the desire seized me to enter the forest by that shady path. I strapped on my knapsack at once, and stepped into the little boat. There was neither oar nor paddle, but as the river was shallow, my long staff served as a pole to drive her across, and I reached the shore safely. Fastening the craft securely to a branch, I set forward towards the wood. As I approached, a little board, nailed to a tree, drew my eye towards it, and I read the nearly-effaced inscription, "*Route des Ardennes*." What a thrill did not the words send through my heart: and was this, indeed, the forest of which Shakspeare told us—was I really "under the greenwood tree," where fair Rosalind had rested, and where melancholy Jacques had mused and mourned; and as I walked along, how instinct with his spirit did each spot appear. There was the oak,

"whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along the wood."

A little farther on I came upon

"The bank of osiers by the murmuring stream."

What a bright prerogative has genius, that thus can people space with images that time and years erase not; making to the solitary traveller a world of bright thoughts even in the darkness of a lonely wood! And so to me appeared, as though before me, the scenes he pictured. Each rustling breeze that shook the leafy shade, seemed like the impetuous passion of the devoted lover—the chirping notes of the wood-pigeon, like the flippant raillery of beauteous Rosalind—and in the low ripple of the brook I heard the complaining sounds of Jacques himself.

Sunk in such pleasant fancies I lay beneath a spreading sycamore; and with half-closed lids invoked the shades of that delightful vision before me, when the tramp of feet, moving across the low brushwood, suddenly aroused me. I started up on one knee, and listened. They were the sounds of men talking in a low, subdued tone, which, from the stillness, was perfectly audible. The next moment three men emerged from the wood into the path: the two foremost, dressed in blouses, were armed with carbines and a sabre; the last carried a huge sack on his shoulders, and seemed to move with considerable difficulty.

"*Ventre du diable*," cried he, passionately, as he placed his burden on the ground; "don't hasten on this way—they'll never follow us so far, and I am half dead with fatigue."

"Come, come, Gros Jean," said one of the others, in a voice of command; "we must not halt before we reach the three elms."

"Why not bury it here?" replied the first, speaker, "or else take your share of the labour?"

"So I would," retorted the other, violently, "if *you* could take *my* place when we are attacked; but, *parbleu*, you are more given to running away than fighting."

During this brief colloquy my heart rose to my mouth. The ruffianly looks of the party, their arms, their savage demeanour, and their secret purpose, whatever it was, to which I was now to a certain extent privy, filled me with terror; and I made a half effort to draw myself back on my hands into the brushwood beneath the tree. The motion unfortunately discovered me; and with a spring, the two armed fellows bounded towards me, and levelled their pistols at my head.

"Who are you? What brings you here?" shouted they both in a breath.

"For heaven's sake, messieurs," said I, "down with your pistols. I am only a traveller—a poor, inoffensive wanderer—an Englishman, an Irishman, rather—a good Catholic"—heaven forgive me if I meant an equivocation here—"lower the pistols, I beseech you."

"Shoot him through the skull; he's a spy," roared the fellow with the sack.

"Not a bit of it," said I; "I'm a mere traveller, admiring the country, and an——"

"And why have you tracked us out here?" said one of the first speakers.

"I did not; I was here before you came. Do put down the pistols, for the love of Mary; there's no guarding against accidents, even with the most cautious."

"Blow his brains out," reiterated he of the bag, louder than before.

"Don't, messieurs—don't mind *him*; he's a coward—you are brave men, and have nothing to fear from a poor devil like me."

The two armed fellows laughed heartily at this speech, while the other, throwing the sack from him, rushed at me with clenched hands.

"Hold off, Gros Jean," said one of his companions; "if he never tells a heavier lie than that, he may make an easy confession on Sunday;" and with that he pushed him rudely back, and stood between us. "Come, then," cried he, "take up that sack and follow us."

My blood curdled at the order; there was something fearful in the very look of the long bag as it lay on the ground. I thought I could actually trace the outline of a human figure. Heaven preserve me, I believed I saw it move.

"Take it up," cried he, sternly; "there's no fear of it biting you."

"Ah," said I to myself, "the poor fellow is dead, then."

Without more ado they placed the bag on my shoulders, and ordered me to moved forward.

I grew pale and sick, and tottered at each step.

"Is it the smell affects you?" said one with a demoniac sneer.

"Pardon, messieurs," said I, endeavouring to pluck up courage, and seem at ease; "I never carried a—— a thing like this before."

"Step out, briskly," cried he, "you've a long way before you;" and with that he moved to the front, while the others brought up the rear.

As we proceeded on our way, they informed me that if by any accident they should be overtaken by any of my friends or associates, meaning thereby any of the human race that should chance to walk that way, the first thing they should do would be, to shoot me dead—a circumstance that considerably damped all my ardour for a rescue, and made me tremble, lest, at any turn of the way, some faggot-gatherer might appear in sight. Meanwhile never did a man labour more strenuously to win the favour of his company.

I began by protesting my extreme innocence—vowed that a man of more estimable and amiable qualities than myself never did, nor never would exist. To this declaration they listened with manifest impatience, if not with actual displeasure. I then tried another tack. I abused the rich and commended the poor—I harangued, in round terms, on the grabbing monopoly of the great, who enjoyed all the good things of this life, and would share none with their neighbours. I even hinted a sly encomium on those public-spirited individuals, whose gallantry and sense of justice led them to risk their lives in endeavours to equalize somewhat more fairly this world's wealth; and who were so ungenerously styled robbers and highwaymen, though they were in reality benefactors and heroes. But they only laughed at this; nor did they show any real sympathy with my opinions, till, in my general attack on all constituted authorities, kings, priests, statesmen, judges, and gendarmes, by chance I included revenue officers. The phrase seemed like a spark on gunpowder.

"Curses be on the wretches—they are the plague-spots of the world," cried I, seeing how they caught at the bait; "and thrice honoured the brave fellows who would relieve suffering humanity from the burden of such odious oppression."

A low whispering now took place among my escort, and at length he who seemed the leader, stopped me short, and placing his hand on my shoulder, cried out—

"Are you sincere in all this? Are these your notions?"

"Can you doubt me?" said I. "What reason have I for speaking them? How do I know but you are revenue officers that listen to me?"

"Enough. You shall join us. We are going to pass this sack of cigars."

"Ho! these are cigars, then," said I, brightening up. "It is not a—— a——eh?"

"They are Dutch cigars, and the best that can be made," said he, not minding my interruption. "We shall pass them over the frontier by Sedan to-morrow night, and then we come back to Dinant, where you shall come with us."

"Agreed," said I, while a faint chill ran through my limbs, and I could scarcely stand—images of galley life, irons with cannon shot, and a yellow uniform, all flitting before me. From this moment they became extremely communicative, detailing for my amusement many pleasing incidents of their blameless life—how they burned a custom-house here, and shot an inspector there; and, in fact, displaying the advantages of my

new profession with all its attractions before me. How I grinned with mock delight at atrocities that made my blood curdle, and chuckled over the roasting of a revenue officer as though he had been a chesnut. I affected to see drollery in cruelties that deserved the gallows, and laughed till the tears came, at horrors that nearly made me faint. My concurrence and sympathy absolutely delighted the devils, and we shook hands a dozen times over.

It was evening, when tired and weary I was ready to drop with fatigue, my companions called a halt.

"Come, my friend," said the chief, "we'll relieve you now of your burden. You would be of little service to us at the frontier, and must wait for us here till our return."

It was impossible to make any proposal more agreeable to my feelings. The very thought of being quit of my friends was ecstasy. I did not dare, however, to vent my raptures openly, but satisfied myself with a simple acquiescence.

"And when," said I, "am I to have the pleasure of seeing you again, gentlemen?"

"By to-morrow forenoon, at farthest."

By that time, thought I, I shall have made good use of my legs, please heaven.

"Meanwhile," said Gros Jean, with a grin that showed he had neither forgotten nor forgiven my insults to his courage—"meanwhile we'll just beg leave to fasten you to this tree;" and with the words he pulled from a great canvas pocket he wore at his belt a hank of strong cord, and proceeded to make a slip noose on it.

"It's not your intention surely to tie me here for the whole night," said I, in horror.

"And why not?" interposed the chief. "Do you think there are bears or wolves in the Ardennes forest in September?"

"But I shall die of cold or hunger. I never endured such usage before."

"You'll have plenty worse when you've joined us, I promise you," was the short reply, as, without further loss of time, they passed the cord round my waist, and began, with a dexterity that bespoke long practice, to fasten me to the tree. I protested in all form against the entire proceeding—I declaimed loudly about the liberty of the subject—vowed that England would take a frightful measure of retribution on the whole country, if a hair of my head were injured—and even went so far in the fervour of my indignation, as to threaten the party with future consequences from the police.

The word was enough. The leader drew his pistol from his belt, and slapping down the pan, shook the priming with his hand.

"So," cried he, in a harsh and savage voice, unlike his former tone, "you'd play the informer, would you? Well, it's honest at least to say as much. Now then, my man, a quick shrift and a short prayer, for I'll send you where you'll meet neither gendarmes nor revenue officers, or if you do, they'll have enough of business on their hands not to care for yours."

"Spare my life, most amiable monsieur," said I, with uplifted hands. "Never shall I mutter one word about you, come what will. I'll keep all I've seen a secret. Don't kill the father of eight children. Let me live this time, and I'll never wander off a turnpike road three yards as long as I breathe."

They actually screamed with laughter at the terror of my looks; and

the chief, seemingly satisfied with my protestations, replaced his pistol in his belt, and kneeling down on the ground, began leisurely to examine my knapsack, which he coolly unstrapped and emptied on the grass.

"What are these papers?" said he, as he drew forth a most voluminous roll of manuscript from a pocket.

"They are notes of my travels," said I, obsequiously—"little pen sketches of men and manners in the countries I've travelled in. I call them 'The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary.' That's my name, gentlemen—at your service."

"Ah! indeed. Well, then, we've given you a very pretty little incident for your journal this evening," said he, laughing, "in return for which I'll ask leave to borrow these memoranda for wadding for my gun. Believe me, Monsieur O'Leary, they'll make a greater noise in the world under *my* auspices than under yours;" and with that he opened a rude clasp knife and proceeded to cut my valued manuscript into pieces about an inch square. This done, he presented two of my shirts to each of his followers, reserving three for himself; and having made a most impartial division of my other effects, he pocketed the purse I carried, with its few gold pieces, and then, rising to his feet, said—

"Antoine, let us be stirring now—the moon will be up soon. Gros Jean, throw that sack on your shoulder and move forward: and now, monsieur, I must wish you a good night; and as in this changeful life we never can answer for the future, let me commend myself to your recollection hereafter, if, as may be, we should not meet again. Adieu, adieu!" said he, waving his hand.

"Adieu," said I, with a great effort to seem at ease—"a pleasant journey, and every success to your honest endeavours."

"You are a fine fellow," said he, stopping and turning about suddenly; "a superb fellow; and I can't part from you without a '*gage d'amitié*' between us;" and with the word he took my handsome travelling cap from my head and placed it on his own, while he crowned me with a villainous straw thing that nothing save my bondage prevented me from hurling at his feet.

He now hurried forward after the others, and in a few minutes I was in perfect solitude. Well, thought I—it was my first thought—it might all have been worse; the wretches might have murdered me—and such reckless devils as practise their trade, care little for human life. Murder, too, would only meet the same punishment as smuggling, or nearly so—a year more, or a year less at the galleys: and, after all, the night is fine, and if I mistake not, he said something about the moon. I wondered where was the pretty countess—travelling away, probably, as hard as extra post could bring her. Ah! she little thought of my miserable plight now! Then came a little interval of softness—and then a little turn of indignation at my treatment—that I, an Englishman, should be so barbarously molested—a native of the land where freedom was the great birthright of every one. I called to mind all the fine things Burke used to say about liberty—and if I had not began to feel so cold, I'd have tried to sing "Rule Britannia," just to keep up my spirits; and then I fell asleep—if sleep it could be called—that frightful nightmare of famished wolves howling about me, tearing and mangling revenue officers; and grizzly bears running backward and forward with smuggled tobacco on their backs. The forest seemed peopled by every species of horrible shapes—half men, half beast—but all with straw hats on their heads and leather gaiters on their legs. However, the night passed over, and the day began to break—the purple tint, pale and streaky, that announces the rising

sun, was replacing the cold grey of the darker hours. What a different thing it is, to be sure, to get out of your bed deliberately, and, rubbing your eyes for two or three minutes with your fingers, as you stand at the half-closed curtain, and then, through the mist of your sleep, look out upon the east, and think you see the sun rising, and totter back to the comfortable nest again—the whole incident not breaking your sleep, but merely being interwoven with your dreams—a thing to dwell on among other pleasant fancies, and to be boasted of the whole day afterwards—what a different thing it is, I say, from the sensations of him who has been up all night in the mail—shaken, bruised, and cramped—sat on by the fat man, and kicked by the lean one; still, worse of him who spends his night *dos-a-dos* to an oak in a forest, cold, chill, and comfortless—no property in his limbs beneath the knees, where all sensation terminates—and his hands as benumbed as the heart of a poor-law guardian.

If I have never in all my after life seen the sun rise from the Rigi, from Snowdon, or the Pic du Midi, or any other place which seems especially made for this sole purpose, I owe it to the experience of this night, and am grateful therefor. Not that I have the most remote notion of throwing disrespect on the glorious luminary—far from it. I cut one of my oldest friends for speaking lightly of the equator; but I hold it that the sun looks best—as every one else does—when he's up and dressed for the day. It's a piece of prying, impertinent curiosity to peep at him when he's rising and at his toilet—he has not rubbed the clouds out of his eyes, or you dared not look at him, and you feel it too: the very way you steal out to catch a glimpse, shows the sneaking, contemptible sense you have of your own act. Peeping Tom was a gentleman compared to your early riser.

The whole of which digression simply means to say—I by no means enjoyed the rosy-fingered morning's blushes, the more for having spent the preceding night in the open air. I need not worry myself, still less my reader, by recapitulating the various frames of mind which succeeded each other every hour of my captivity. At one time my escape with life served to console me for all I endured; at another my bondage excited my whole wrath—I vowed vengeance on my persecutors too, and meditated various schemes for their punishment—my anger rising as their absence was prolonged, till I thought I could calculate my indignation by an algebraical formula, and make it exactly equal to the squares of the distance of my persecutors: then I thought of the delight I should experience in regaining my freedom, and actually made a bold effort to see something ludicrous in the entire adventure—but no; it would not do; I could not summon up a laugh, do all in my power. At last—it might have been towards noon—I heard a merry voice chanting a song, and a quick step coming up the *allée* of the wood. Never did my heart beat with such delight: the very mode of progression had something joyous in it—it seemed a hop, and a step, and a spring, suiting each motion to the tune of the air—when suddenly the singer, with a long bound, stood before me. It would, indeed, have been a puzzling question which of us more surprised the other: however, as I can render no accurate account of *his* sensations on seeing me, I must content myself with recording mine on beholding him, and the best way to do so is, to describe him:—He was a man, or a boy—heaven knows which—of something under the middle size, dressed in rags of every colour and shape—his old white hat was crushed and bent into some faint resemblance of a chapeau, and decorated with a cockade of dirty ribbons and a cock's feather—a little white jacket, such as men cooks wear in the kitchen, and a pair of flaming crimson plush

shorts, cut above the knee, and displaying his naked legs, with sabots, formed his costume: a wooden sword was attached to an old belt round his waist, an ornament of which he seemed vastly proud, and which from time to time he regarded with no small satisfaction.

"Holloa!" cried he, starting back, as he stood some six paces off, and gazed at me with most unequivocal astonishment; then recovering his self-possession long before I could summon mine, he said—"Bon jour, bon jour, camarade—a fine day for the vintage."

"No better," said I; "but come a little nearer, and do me the favour to untie these cords."

"Ah! are you long fastened up there?"

"The whole night," said I, in a lamentable accent, hoping to move his compassion the more speedily.

"What fun," said he, chuckling. "Were there many squirrels about?"

"Thousands of them. But come—be quick and undo this, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Gently, gently," said he, approaching with great caution about six inches nearer me. "When did the rabbits come out?—was it before day?"

"Yes, yes, an hour before. But I'll tell you every thing when I'm loose. Be alive now, do."

"Why did you tie yourself so fast?" said he, eagerly, but not venturing to come closer.

"Confound the fellow," said I, passionately. "I didn't tie myself; it was the—the——"

"Ah! I know—it was the *Maire*, old Pierre Bougout. Well, well, he knows best when you ought to be set free. *Bon jour*," and with that he began once more his infernal tune, and set out on his way as if nothing had happened; and though I called, prayed, swore, promised, and threatened with all my might, he never turned his head, but went on capering as before, and soon disappeared in the dark wood. For a full hour passion so completely mastered me, that I could do nothing but revile fools and idiots of every shade and degree—inveighing against mental imbecility as the height of human wickedness, and wondering why no one had ever suggested the propriety of having "naturals" publicly whipped. I am shocked at myself, now, as I call to mind the extravagance of my anger; and I grieve to say, that had I been, for that short interval the proprietor of a private mad-house, I fear I should have been betrayed into the most unwarrantable cruelties towards the patients; indeed, what is technically called "moral government," would have formed no part of my system.

Meanwhile time was moving on, if not pleasantly, at least steadily; and already the sun began to decline somewhat; and his rays, that before came vertical, were now slanting as they fell upon the wood. For a while my attention was drawn off from my miseries by watching the weazles as they played and sported about me, in the confident belief that I was at best only a kind of fungus—an excrescence on an oak tree. One of them used to come actually to my feet, and even ran across my instep in his play. Suddenly the thought ran through me—and with what terror—how soon may it be thus, and that I shall only be a miserable skeleton, pecked at by crows, and nibbled by squirrels. The idea was too dreadful; and, as if the hour had actually come, I screamed out to frighten off the little creatures, and sent them back scampering into their dens.

"Holloa there! what's the matter?" shouted a deep mellow voice from

the middle of the wood ; and before I could reply, a fat, rosy-cheeked man, of about fifty, with a pleasant countenance terminating in a row of double chins, approached me, but still with evident caution, and halting when about five paces distant, stood still.

“ Who are you ? ” said I, hastily, resolving this time at least to adopt a different method of effecting my liberation.

“ What’s all this ? ” quoth the fat man, shading his eyes with his palm, and addressing some one behind him, whom I now recognised as my friend the fool who visited me in the morning.

“ I say, sir,” repeated I, in a tone of command somewhat absurd from a man in my situation—“ who are you, may I ask ? ”

“ The *Maire* of Givét,” said he, pompously, as he drew himself up, and took a large pinch of snuff with an imposing gravity, while his companion took off his hat in the most reverent fashion, and bowed down to the ground.

“ Well, Monsieur le Maire, the better fortune mine to fall into such hands. I have been robbed and fastened here, as you see, by a gang of scoundrels”—I took good care to say nothing of smugglers—“ who have carried away every thing I possessed. Have the kindness to loosen these confounded cords, and set me at liberty.”

“ Were there many of them ? ” quoth the *Maire*, without budging a step forward.

“ Yes, a dozen at least. But untie me at once—I’m heartily sick of being chained up here.”

“ A dozen at least ! ” repeated he, in an accent of wonderment. “ *Ma foi*, a very formidable gang. Do you remember any of their names ? ”

“ Devil take their names, how should I know them ? Come, cut these cords, will you ? We can talk just as well when I’m free.”

“ Not so fast, not so fast,” said he, admonishing me with a bland motion of his hand. “ Every thing must be done in order. Now, since you don’t know their names, we must put them down as ‘ parties unknown.’ ”

“ Put them down whatever you like ; but let me loose.”

“ All in good time. Let us proceed regularly. Who are your witnesses ? ”

“ Witnesses ! ” screamed I, overcome with passion.—“ You’ll drive me distracted. I tell you I was waylaid in the wood by a party of scoundrels, and you ask me for their names, and then for my witnesses ! Cut these cords, and don’t be so infernally stupid. Come, old fellow, be alive, will you ? ”

“ Softly, softly ; don’t interrupt public justice,” said he, with a most provoking composure. “ We must draw up the *procès verbal*.”

“ To be sure,” said I, endeavouring to see what might be done by concurrence with him—“ nothing more natural. But let me loose first ; then we’ll arrange the *procès*.”

“ Not at all ; you’re all wrong,” interposed he. “ I must have two witnesses first to establish the fact of your present position—ay, and they must be of sound mind, and able to sign their names.”

“ May heaven grant me patience, or I’ll burst,” said I to myself, while he continued in a regular sing-song tone—

“ Then we’ll take your deposition in form. Where do you come from ? ”

“ Ireland,” said I, with a deep sigh, wishing I were up to the neck in a bog-hole there, in preference to my actual misfortune.

“ What language do you usually speak ? ”

“ English.”

"There now," said he, brightening up—"there's an important fact already in the class No. 1, identity, which speaks of "all traits, marks, and characteristic signs by which the plaintiff may be known." Now, we'll set you forth as 'an Irishman that speaks English.'"

"If you go on this way a little longer, you may put me down as insane, for I vow to heaven I'm becoming so."

"Come, Bobeche," said he, turning towards the natural, who stood in mute admiration at his side—"go over to Claude Gueirans' at the mill, and see if the *notaire* be up there: there was a marriage of his niece this morning, and I think you'll find him;—then cross the bridge, and make for Papalot's, and ask him to come up here and bring some stamped paper to take informations with him. You may tell the cure as you go by, that there's been a dreadful crime committed in the forest, and that '*la justice s'informe*'"—these last words were pronounced with an accent of the most magniloquent solemnity.

Scarcely had the fool set out on his errand when my temper, so long restrained, burst all bounds, and I abused the *Maire* in the most outrageous manner. There was no insult I could think of I did not heap on his absurdity, his ignorance, his folly, and stupidity; and never ceased till actually want of breath completely exhausted me. To all this the worthy man made no reply, nor paid even the least attention. Seated on the stump of a beech tree, he looked steadily at vacancy, till at length I began to doubt whether the whole scene were real, and that he was not a mere creature of my imagination. I verily believe I'd have given five *louis d'ors* to have been free one moment, if only to pelt a stone at him. Meanwhile, the shadow of coming night was falling on the forest—the crows came cawing home to their dwelling in the tree tops—the sounds of insect life were stilled in the grass—and the odours of the forest, stronger as night closed in, filled the air. Gradually the darkness grew thicker and thicker, and at last all I could distinguish was the stems of the trees near me, and a massive black object I judged to be the *Maire*.

I called out to him in accents intended to be most apologetic—I begged forgiveness for my warmth of temper—protested my regrets, and only asked for the pleasure of his entertaining society till the hour of my liberation should arrive. But no answer came—not a word, not a syllable in reply; I could not even hear him breathing. Provoked at this uncomplying obstinacy I renewed my attacks on all constituted authorities—expressed the most lively hopes that the gang of robbers would some day or other burn down Givét and all it contained, not forgetting the *Maire* and the notary; and finally, to fill up the measure of insult, tried to sing the "*ca ira*," which, in good monarchical Holland, was, I knew, a dire offence; but I broke down in the melody, and had to come back to prose. However, it came just to the same—all was silent. When I ceased speaking, not even an echo returned me a reply. At last I grew wearied—the thought that all my anathemas had only an audience of weazles and wood-peckers, damped the ardour of my eloquence, and I fell into a musing fit on Dutch justice, which seemed admirably adapted to those good old times when people lived to the age of eight or nine hundred years, and when a few months were as the twinkling of an eye. Then I began a little plan of a tour from the time of my liberation, cautiously resolving never to move out of the most beaten tracks, and to avoid all districts where the *Maire* was a Dutchman. Hunger, and thirst, and cold by this time began to tell upon my spirits too, and I grew sleepy from sheer exhaustion.

Scarcely had I nodded my head twice in slumber, when a loud shout

awoke me. I opened my eyes, and saw a vast mob of men, women, and children, carrying torches, and coming through the wood at full speed—the procession being led by a venerable-looking old man on a white pony, whom I at once guessed to be the cure, while the fool, with a very imposing branch of burning pine, walked beside him.

“Good evening to you, monsieur,” said the old man as he took off his hat with an air of great courtesy.

“You must excuse the miserable plight I’m in, Monsieur le Curé,” said I, “if I can’t return your politeness—but I’m tied.”

“Cut the cords at once,” said the good man to the crowd that now pressed forward.

“Your pardon, Father Jacques,” said the “Maire,” as he sat up in the grass and rubbed his eyes, which sleep seemed to have almost obliterated; “but the *procès verbal* is——”

“Quite unnecessary here,” replied the old man. “Cut the rope, my friends.”

“Not so fast,” said the *Maire*, pushing towards me. “I’ll untie it. That’s a good cord, and worth eight sous.”

And so, notwithstanding all my assurances that I’d give him a crown-piece to use more despatch, he proceeded leisurely to unfasten every knot, and took at least ten minutes before he set me at liberty.

“Hurrah,” said I, as the last coil was withdrawn, and I attempted to spring into the air, but my cramped and chilled limbs were unequal to the effort, and I rolled headlong on the grass.

The worthy cure, however, was at once beside me, and after a few directions to the party to make a litter for me, he knelt down to offer up a short prayer for my deliverance—the rest followed the act with implicit devotion, while I took off my hat in respect, and sat still where I was.

“I see,” whispered he, when the *ave* was over—“I see you are a Protestant. This is a fast day with us, but we’ll get you a poulet at my cottage, and a glass of wine will soon refresh you.”

With many a thankful speech I soon suffered myself to be lifted into a large sheet, such as they use in the vineyards, and with a strong *cor-tège* of the villagers, carrying their torches, we took our way back to Givét.

* * * * *

The circumstances of my adventure, considerably exaggerated of course, were bruited over the country; and before I was out of bed next morning a *chasseur*, in a very showy livery, arrived with a letter from the lord of the manor, entreating me to take my abode for some days at the Château de Rochepied, where I should be received with a perfect welcome, and every endeavour made to recover my lost effects. Having consulted with the worthy cure, who counselled me by all means to accept this flattering invitation—a course I was myself much disposed to—I wrote a few lines of answer, and despatched a messenger by post to Dinant to bring up my heavy baggage which I had left there.

Towards noon the count’s carriage drove up to convey me to the chateau. And having taken an affectionate farewell of my kind host, I set out for Rochepied. The wicker conveniency in which I travelled, all alone, was, albeit not the thing for Hyde Park, easy and pleasant in its motion; the fat Flemish mares, with their long tails tastefully festooned over a huge cushion of plaited straw on their backs, went at a fair steady pace; the road led through a part of the forest abounding in pretty vistas of woodland scenery; and every thing conspired to make me feel that even an affair

with a gang of smugglers might not be the worst thing in life, if it were to lead to such pleasant results afterwards.

As we jogged along I learned from the fat Walloon coachman that the chateau was full of company; the count had invited numerous guests for the opening of the "Chasse," and that there were French, and Germans, and English, and, for aught he knew, Chinese expected to "assist" at the ceremony. I confess the information considerably damped the pleasure I at first had experienced. I was in hopes to see real country life, the regular course of chateau existence, in a family quietly domesticated on their own property. I looked forward to a peep at that "vie intime" of Flemish household, of which all I knew was gathered from a Wenix picture—I wanted to see the thing in its reality. The good *Vraie*, with her high cap and her long waist, her pale features lit up with eyes of such brown, as only Vandyke ever caught the colour of; and the daughters, prim and stately, with their stiff quaint courtesy, moving about the terraced walks, like figures stepping from an ancient canvas, with bouquets in their white and dimpled fingers, or mayhap a jesse hawk perched upon their wrist; and then the Mynheer baron—I pictured him as a large and portly Fleming, with a slouched beaver and a short trim moustache, deep of voice and heavy of step, seated on a grey Cyp-like horse, with a flowing mane and a huge tassel of a tail, flapping lazily his brawny flanks, or slapping with heavy stroke the massive jack boots of his rider.

Such were my notions of a Dutch household. The unchanged looks of the dwellings, which for centuries were the same, in part suggested these thoughts. The quaint old turrets, the stiff and stately terraces, the fosse, stagnant and sluggish, the carved tracery of the massive doorway, were all as we see them in the oldest pictures of the land; and when the mind looks so like, it is hard to imagine the fruit with a different flavour.

It was then with considerable regret I learned that I should see the family *en gala*, that I had fallen upon a time of feasting and entertainment, and had it not been too late, I should have beaten my retreat, and taken up my abode for another day with the Curé of Givet; as it was, I resolved to make my visit as brief as possible, and take to the road with all convenient despatch.

As we neared the chateau the Walloon remembered a number of apologies with which the count charged him to account for his not having gone himself to fetch me, alleging the claims of his other guests, and the unavoidable details which the forthcoming "*ouverture de chasse*" demanded at his hands. I paid little attention to the mumbled and broken narrative, interrupted by imprecations on the road and exhortations to the horses, for already we had entered the precincts of the demesne, and I was busy in noting down the appearance of the place. There was however little to remark; the transition from the wide forest to the park was only marked by a little improvement in the road; there was neither lodge nor gate—no wall, no fence, no enclosure of any kind. The trim culture which in our country is so observable around the approach to a house of some consequence, was here totally wanting: the avenue was partly of gravel, partly of smooth turf; the brushwood of prickly holly was let grow wild, and straggled in many places across the road; the occasional views that opened seemed to have been made by accident, not design: and all was rank vegetation and rich verdure, uncared for—uncultivated; but, like the children of the poor, seeming only the healthier and more robust because left to their own unchecked, untutored impulses. The rabbits played about within a few paces of the carriage track; the birds sat

motionless on the trees as we passed, while here and there through the foliage I could detect the gorgeous colouring of some bright peacock's tail as he rested on a bough and held converse with his wilder brethren of the air, just as if the remoteness of the spot and its seclusions led to intimacies, which in the ordinary routine of life had been impossible. At length the trees receded farther and farther from the road, and a beautiful expanse of waving lawn, dotted with sheep, stretched before the eye; in the distance too I could perceive the chateau itself—a massive pile in the shape of a letter L, bristling with chimneys, and pierced with windows of every size and shape; clumps of flowering shrubs and fruit trees were planted about, and little beds of flowers spangled the even turf like stars in the expanse of heaven. The Meuse wound round the chateau on three sides, and perhaps thus saved it from being inflicted by a ditch—for without water a Dutchman can no more exist than a mackerel.

“Fine! isn't it?” said the Walloon, as he pointed with his finger to the scene before me, and seemed to revel with delight in my look of astonishment, while he plied his whip with renewed vigour, and soon drew up at a wide flight of stone steps, where a row of orange trees mounted guard on either side, and filled the place with their fragrance.

A servant in a strange *melange* of a livery, where the colours seemed chosen from a bed of ranunculuses just near, came out to let down the steps, and usher me into the house. He informed me that the count had given orders for my reception, but that he and all his friends were out on horseback, and would not be back before dinner time. Not sorry to have a little time to myself, I retired to my room, and threw myself down on a most comfortable sofa, excessively well satisfied with the locality, and well disposed to take advantage of my good fortune. The little bed, with its snow-white curtains and gilded canopy; the brass dogs upon the hearth, that shone like gold; the cherry-wood table, that might have served as a mirror; the modest book-shelf, with its pleasant row of volumes; but better than all, the open window, from which I could see for miles over the tops of a dark forest, and watch the Meuse as it came and went, now shining, now lost in the recesses of the wood—all charmed me, and I fully confessed, what I have had very frequently to repeat in life, that Arthur O'Leary was born under a lucky planet.

SONNETS.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

THE sunset wanes, and o'er the horizon gray
 The golden radiance of the West is blent
 With those dun clouds' felicitous array,
 Forming a bright sea in the firmament,
 And towering coasts, with bays, and isles, and capes :
 And thus my brain bath respite for a while,
 As, lost in reverie, gorgeous Fancy shapes
 Yon beautiful illusion, to beguile
 A still-recurring pain : methinks that here
 Some dreamed-of Grecian scene before me smiles,
 Where, sacred to her Epopee, or dear
 To all her thousand white mythologies,
 In Evening's rosy light her shores and isles
 Sit glorious midst her old historic seas.

Such scene as this, with semblance rare and bright
 Of seas, and coasts, and islets in the sky,
 In the calm evening haply meets the eye
 Of homeward fisherman, who from the height
 Of some gray crag above the Giant steep
 Of the columnar Causeway, marks afar,
 On the horizon of the lonely deep,
 That fairy vision by the vesper-star ;
 And ponders a hoar legend, evermore
 Heard solemn in the fisher's smoky cot,
 Of misty land in ocean wastes remote,
 Where never venturous sea-boat touched the shore
 That, seldom seen, at times will charm the gaze
 Through the clear sunny eves of summer days.

Cork, 1841.

Dear dewy planet of the waning West !
 From this huge City's din and heavy air,
 With its loud, heartless solitude oppressed,
 Oh ! gladly and with tears I hail thee there ;
 Sweetest remembrancer of hours gone by,
 'That now rise up as they were wont to be :'
 Yes, from thy azure Watch-tower that bright eye
 Looks kindly on my own fresh-flowing Lee—
 Its soft green banks—its steep old Fortalice*—
 Those wooded heights—and, churchless on the hill,
 The lone, gray Grave-yard ; while all round there is
 A watery murmur from the weirs ; and still
 The cow-boy's stall-song urges home the herd,
 And twitters his sweet tune the evening bird.

London.

* Carrigrohan.

OXFORD AND BERLIN THEOLOGY.*

No one doubts that the present is a very remarkable theological epoch in the British Church. The common delusion which leads every age to magnify itself as one of unequalled importance, is vainly alleged here. It is, beyond all reasonable question, our fate to be thrown upon one of the most singular periods in the entire history of religious opinion; and more especially in the history of the noblest spiritual corporation the world has known for many centuries—of one whose fortunes must influence the fortunes of religion over the whole earth—the venerable Church of England. Such a time will plead our apology, if even our secular pen venture a remark or two upon what deeply concerns us all.

We are not going to write a polemical essay. We are wearied of polemical essays; meaning by the term, those ingenious compositions in which the adversary is never for a moment right, and the assailant never for an instant wrong. So much one-sidedness, so much narrowness; such cavilling about incidental phrases; such clever evasion of the point at issue; such matchless skill in confounding the distinct, only to be rivalled by equal skill in distinguishing the identical: we are sick of it all, and have too much compassion for our gentle readers to subject them to more than is absolutely necessary of this kind of infliction.

But there is, nevertheless, a great deal in the present condition of things, in which the aforesaid readers are very deeply concerned. The question does not—what religious question *can*?—alone concern the men of gown and surplice, whether they be those who soar to the altitudes of “St. Mary the Virgin’s,” or sink beneath the ecclesiastical horizon in the low grounds of “St. John’s, Bedford-row.” In-

deed, to do the clergy but justice, they reiterate on both sides pretty constantly, that this is no mere clerical question. In good sooth it is not. The mass of mankind—the body of “the faithful,” who must, from the nature of the case, be largely dependant on the movements of the professional teachers of religion, are not by any scriptural or primitive law irrevocably bound to them; that fiction of Papistry is, we trust in God, forever banished from the Church of Christ in these lands. The laity are, on every ground, interested in knowing to what quarter they are steered; they have an unquestionable right to come upon deck now and then, and look at the stars and the compass. They have a right to ask—Is it indeed true that we are rapidly nearing those *infames scopulos*, from which we got clear with such a terrible strain upon our old timbers some three centuries ago? Or is the averment of the other party true, that we had been for the last age unconsciously drifting off into a wild, uncertain course, forsaking the old approved chart, and devising new and unauthenticated rules of navigation?

No man living, who will allow himself to sit down and recover breath from the tumult of the theological struggle, but will at once pronounce it quite impossible that either of these two parties within the Church can be so desperately wrong as to have no grounds of complaint at all. Defend Oxfordism as you please, there must be *some* imprudence or error, to have generated dissatisfaction among so large a body of worthy men as are found to oppose it as nothing short of a Satanic delusion. Contend for Evangelicism as you like, the outburst at Oxford, already counting its clerical adherents by thousands, must have had

* Neander’s “History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church,” &c. (Biblical Cabinet, Vols. XXXV. XXXVI. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark.)

Charges of the Bishops of London, St. David’s, &c.

The Kingdom of Christ delineated, &c. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: Fellowes.

some germ of reason. [These names we employ merely as intelligible symbols, without waiting to argue for their accuracy. Who, indeed, could fix a definite nomenclature upon parties shifting and fluctuating as men ever do in the ardour of argument, and the unconscious modification of their own opinions by those of their adversaries?] In short, it may be fairly anticipated that there will be *some* rational considerations adducible on both sides. What controversy, short of those on fundamental beliefs, has ever subsisted for any time in which there has not? For example, it has never been otherwise in the innumerable internal contests of the Roman Church. For we need not insist on it, our present differences are feeble compared with those which have again and again shaken and imperilled the boasted unity of Rome. *She* need not exult. It is not for her to sneer at our divisions. Her own Jesuits and Jansenists—at this moment her own Cisalpines and Transalpines—have fought, and fight, on questions more vital, *according to her own theory*, than any that sunder us. Indeed to an infallible church every thing is vital. In such a body an undecided dispute is a confession of imbecility or of worse. If she could pronounce, and will not, she is inhuman; if she would pronounce, but cannot, she is impotent.

We acknowledge it is stupid and uninteresting enough to take this Anglican controversy thus moderately. But really, as we can afford to keep a conscience, we must be excused surrendering our “private judgment” into the keeping of any party in our excellent Church. We must be somewhat better satisfied of the judgment of both of them before we do so. And we honestly confess we have not yet detected any certain indications of infallibility in the champions of either.

Writing for laymen altogether—for plain persons who are sincerely anxious to know what are the real questions at issue—we shall endeavour, as a public service to the honest of all parties, to offer some slight sketch of the nature of this very interesting dispute. To principles and generalities we must, indeed, confine ourselves; the details are subjects for folios.

The most general and widest ground of difference, with which all others

connect themselves, may be stated somewhat thus:—

Christianity consists of two elements: an internal element, and an external one—a soul and a body, holding (as all appear equally to concede) the same real proportion of importance to each other as these portions of the complex human nature. In the *individual* man, from whom we have taken the obvious parallel, there is no physical conflict between these two departments of his being; for the good reason that the wisdom of his Maker has taken it out of his power to meddle with the machinery that connects them. In the religion of Christ this was impossible to be done; for the very essence and business of that religion is, to operate upon and by the free voluntary agent. A final controlling power being always, of course, reserved for the Divine Superintendent, the religion is delivered over to us (like the other blessings of life) to corrupt or to preserve the blessed bequest as we will. Now, from the day of Pentecost to the present, the main point in Church History has been the constant effort to retain, to adjust, or to alter, the due proportionate relation of these two elements of which we have spoken. There could not *but* have been some such conflict of energies within the Church, for human nature has deep within *itself* the root of that one ever-varying controversy which in all its thousand forms has occupied the rival leaders of theological opinion in all ages. Sometimes, accordingly, the men who struggled for the *body* of truth, sometimes they who laboured to preserve its *soul*, have had the ascendancy; sometimes—a rare and happy interval—the right relation of the two seems to have been almost exactly caught and fixed. The leaders, of course, wrote, and preached, and suffered, in their turns; and the charges and defences have ever been in substance remarkably similar. The vindicators of the Body of religion have cried out that they loved the spirit as well as their adversaries, but that they considered the preservation of the body the only sure guarantee for its presence and power; and have usually wound up with some sharp insinuations of the alarming increase and the heavy evil of unregulated fanaticism in their unhappy times. The others

have retorted, that they likewise fully admitted the uses of the bodily organization of religion, but would die sooner than let it stifle the spirit which it was only meant to subserve; nor were they slow to match the nicknames of their antagonists with some round abuse of formalists and pharisees, wherever the same might lurk. The question was thus, as it is at this day, a question of *degree*; and, like every such question, scarcely admitting of any termination but the weariness of the combatants or of the public.

That each view of religion was liable to grievous perversion is only to say that each was in the hands of men. There certainly must be somewhere a due proportion of the *ecclesiastical* and *spiritual* elements to each other; and no doubt the principle of Christian love did actually bind men to that proportion as long as the "first love" lasted. As it failed, the failure brought its own punishment in disorder and confusion. Each might then gain an accidental superiority; but the process was obvious and irresistible by which the men of rule and discipline, possessing the places of *power*, gradually overcame opposition, and being left unbalanced by the requisite spiritual antagonism, inevitably gravitated earthward. The *caloric* of spiritual ardour either evaporating altogether, or being confined to particular regions (the monastery or the desert), the mass closed, condensed, crystallized, and the frozen product was—Popery.

At length a counter effort was made. That prodigious man, Luther, was the chief instrument of awakening the western world to attempt it. A sudden access of spiritual heat entered the torpid frame of the Church. In some places the old organization could not stand the expansive power, and burst in shivers around it; in others it was considerably softened and enlivened by it, and might have been far more so but for the unfortunate bond of pretended infallibility which made the Roman teachers too proud to be taught. In others, again, the spiritual impulse, unguided, ran loose of all restraint, proclaimed it an insult to enforce any, and presented in Quakerism and similar formations the proper *pole* of ultra-Catholicism—each mistaken, because each extreme.

It is not wonderful that after the Reformation, under the free development of opinion that has since then existed in all Protestant countries, the fundamental opposition of which we have spoken should have become more and more prominently exhibited. Between the two extremes, Spirit without Form and Form without Spirit, the various religious communities have veered; each happily persuaded of its own absolute perfection while it lasted, and all (as in controversy bound) vigorously charging their rivals with the most remote and repulsive forms of the views the said rivals appeared to advocate. In general these charges were pretty equally true on all sides. The present age is no exception.

Still

Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,

and the old necessities of controversy bring with them the same old shifts and devices. Plain people will know how to hold the balance. The Oxonian divine is at heart a papist, upon the same principles that the evangelical clergyman is secretly an independent. Jewel was "an irreverent dissenter" with exactly the same amount of certainty that Laud was intriguing to be a cardinal. He who with one piercing eye has caught Dr. Wiseman in a certain apartment of Oriel College, planning the best method of swamping the existing Church Establishment, has doubtless with the other observed Mr. Baptist Noel in secret conclave with Mr. John Burnet for the same purpose. When will men rise above these childish tricks? When will they learn to write under the eye of God and their own conscience, and cease to think that those falsehoods may be safely vented in religious disputes which on any other subject would meet with the disgust and contempt of the world?

But we must not lose our temper (like so many other mediators) while exhorting our neighbours to keep theirs. Our readers will now have perceived the general purport of the dispute. The rival parties, to judge from their own way of speaking, which is the only fair way of judging, appear both equally to admit that the inward spiritual state is the chief point alike

in Church and Individual: they differ as to the means which they conceive that God has provided to preserve it. And upon this latter point, too, the difference is to a considerable extent one only of degree. For *both* profess to think that the arrangements of the Church are of great utility and importance to religion; but the one, the party stigmatized by their adversaries as popish, declare their conviction that the episcopal succession of the ministry and due reception of the sacraments are *ordinarily* indispensable for the purposes of God—matters to which men are perpetually bound, irrespectively of any perception of mere temporary utility; the others, whom their adversaries compliment with the title of ultra-Protestant, maintain that such external ordinances, whether of men or things, have little or no claim beyond that palpable production of direct spiritual improvement which originally gave them birth. The one, accordingly, regard the whole scheme of the Church of Christ as something very solemn and mysterious, its structure in its chief characteristics unalterable, and its sacramental rites, when received by faith, as possessing a mode of efficacy which in the present state of being we cannot expect fully to understand, but which we have reason to believe to be of the deepest moment. The others reject all such suppositions as the inventions of a mystical temper, and while preserving, in obedience to our Lord's commands, the rites of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, consider the *whole* purpose of these to be intelligible on very ordinary grounds, and all other Church regulations to be left entirely free to all men to arrange as shall to them seem most expedient. In support of their respective views the one appeals to the spirit of Christian *antiquity* as evolving the meaning of the briefer hints of Scripture; the other considers such an authority precarious, or even worse than precarious, and professes to discover an almost immediate corruption of Christianity through the whole world after the death of the apostles, if not before it. Into connected questions we cannot now enter. The principal is that of the relation of Faith and practical Holiness to Justification; on which the Oxonians hold that the pure Lutheran theory (which makes mere con-

fidence in Christ the condition at all times of life) is neither that of the Church of England, nor can by any artifice be kept practically clear of antinomianism; while their adversaries proclaim that every addition to that condition, or modification of it, under any circumstances of guilt whatsoever, amounts to recognising the proper merit of human works, and subverts the freedom of the Gospel. We know well how bitterly controversialists resent any attempt to rob them of a good thriving question of dispute; on that alone they are beautifully unanimous; and therefore we anticipate an universal murmur of dissatisfaction when we venture to state our long established conviction, that this last question is in a greater degree a question of words than any other in the whole compass of divinity;—that is, that both parties, when teaching practical religion, mean almost literally the same thing, differing just in the *order* in which they prefer to name the two elements whose relative importance is disputed; the watchword of the one being "Belief on which Holiness follows," of the other, "Holiness which is founded in Belief." Try it by one simple unanswerable test. Place an Arminian and a Calvinistic minister of equal qualifications and experience (after they have sufficiently fought the whole quinquarticular controversy through, and been much disposed to wish the existence of a little private inquisition for each other's heresy) by the bed-side of a sick man; ask the poor penitent, after they have left him, to tell you the tenor of their exhortations; and we agree to forfeit all claims to theological sagacity if there be found one hair's breadth difference in the *substance* of the instructions of the two. After all, can any thing parry *that*? The immense importance of the question in Luther's day, whose position was in many respects exceedingly like that of St. Paul himself, arose out of the peculiar circumstances of the time, and the nature of the battle he had to wage against the enormous practical abuses of the Church. The axe could be laid to the *root* of those fearful abuses, that sagacious and powerful spirit saw, only by incessantly preaching down the popular delusion of an earthly purchase-money of any kind

for heaven; and *that* preaching could rest only on the deep foundation of the doctrine of a gratuitous pardon through merits wholly external to our own; and *the first conscious act* whereby the adult man can approach the protecting shadow of these merits must needs be (from the very nature of the case in rational voluntary agents) the knowledge and the due relying estimate of the same;—but we have not yet had the misfortune to meet with any divine of any school in our Church, who in substance denies any one of these propositions.

We may now approach a little nearer to the parties, if we can at all continue to do so without burning our fingers. We acknowledge it is a somewhat unmanageable *team* we have to keep together, and quite enough to try the skill even of old charioteers like ourselves.

It is plain, then, that from the "Anglo-Catholic's" peculiar impression of the importance of the Church as an express creation of God, and the appointed home of believers in Him, he will insist constantly upon the unqualified duty of being found in its communion. That communion, as we understand him, he considers to embrace all bodies, however defective in other respects, which have maintained the old continuous succession of the ministry, and not lost the fundamentals of the faith, as exhibited in

the three common creeds. Thus he denies on the one hand the validity of any ministerial commission not transmitted by the alleged representatives of the apostles; and on the other explodes the unwarrantable, because altogether modern, pretences of the Archbishop of Rome (any more than the Archbishop of Canterbury) to despotic supremacy over his brethren. As to the bodies that lie beyond the episcopal polity, he gives them pretty plainly to understand that he thinks them liable to all the consequences that may result from contradicting (under of course the palliation of *ignorance* in its various degrees,) the express will of God.* As he considers a life within the Church (thus understood) to be of such moment, the rites that commence and continue it will assume proportional importance in his eyes; and he speaks with mysterious reverence of the initiatory ceremony of Baptism, the continuative sustenance of the Eucharist, and the solemn act, long discontinued among us, which excludes offenders from this mystical society. The superintendents of the Church he holds to be, by a divine authority, the bishops in descent from the apostles; reserving of course the perpetual right to abandon even an episcopal teacher of heresy. In short, he believes the Church to have been *fixed* once for all in that form which we find in the successive times of the

* In the spirit of all this—*mutatis mutandis*—the genuine Presbyterian theory coincides. The Presbyterian clergy have ever claimed for their mode of government and discipline the authority of a permanent unchangeable law founded on Scripture, and there fixed once for all. In the *particular question* as to what that original apostolic government was, the Presbyterian differs from the Church of England, in the *principle* (the point now alone interesting the public) that whatever was then fixed by the apostles is thenceforth and for ever unalterable; he has ever taken his resolute stand with the Oxford divines. How earnestly the perpetual obligation of one original scriptural system, complete to the minutest particular, and to the exclusion (and indeed the abhorrence) of all others, was maintained by the founders of British Presbyterianism, the readers of Hooker need not be informed. In the practical application of Church *authority*, however, there seems to be as yet a good deal of difference between the decisions of the divines of Oxford and Edinburgh; the former admitting limitations, the latter apparently none; the most popular and powerful Presbyterian party indeed stating the claims of the Church in a much more decisive and unqualified manner than any other school of theology now existing outside the Church of Rome. See the late address of the "Free Church of Scotland," in which the interference of the civil authority, on any pretext whatever, with Church nominations or Church punishments, is urged with great force and eloquence to be tantamount to a "denial of Christ." Some of the most energetic of the leaders of this interesting movement have considered it to be their duty, as Presbyterians, to resolve in the affirmative an important practical question—whether *Christian communion* ought to be refused to any who question *this decision*?

Apocalypse, of Ignatius, of Irenæus, of Cyprian; that God, as the Author not of confusion but of order, framed it to be a perpetually expanding republic of co-equal episcopates under Christ; and that any thing which tends to infringe this constitution, whether in the direction of *monarchical* despotism (as Popery) or of *democratic* despotism (as Independency), is equally a desertion of the command and design of God. And in support of this he confidently appeals to the first ages of the Church, of which records so abundantly survive; and defies alike the papist and the independent to find a shadow of their speculations there.

Such are the general views (as far as we can collect them from the enormous multitude of *brochures* that surround us) which, in purposed opposition to the Romanist's exclusive claims to Catholicism, and of the modern Dissenter's contemptuous rejection of that attribute, have assumed the title of Anglo-Catholic theology. The practical writings of this school of teachers are of course deeply imbued with the spirit of their theoretical views. Their chief object is to impress humility and reverence; for these, they tell us, are what the age chiefly needs. A life of solicitous self-government, daily and even studied self-denial, the cross not outward alone but inward too, and a constant realizing of the presence of God in his ordinances—such are the topics on which they principally insist. And that in their *style* there is a very unusual beauty, refinement, and tenderness, few, we suppose, on any side will be disposed to question.

Against these opinions, we need scarcely tell our readers, an opposition of no ordinary force has subsisted from nearly the period of their first publication. That this controversy, like every other protracted polemical encounter in our Church history, should abound in exaggerated criminations of all kinds, no one who had given up the expectation of modern miracles could fail to anticipate. That it should have become a serious question on one side whether certain opposing views were not considerably "worse than atheism," on the other whether "Antichrist" in person had not become incarnate, no one even moderately versed in Strype and Collier, in Fuller and Burnet, will very deeply

marvel. But without entering minutely into the analysis of specific questions (which, as we have already stated, is not within our present scope), we must be allowed to say, that in the writings of the professed revivers of the ancient theology there has been a good deal to excite opposition, and to justify it too. We do not allude so much to the theological doctrines themselves when we say this; for, whatever may be our opinion of the real amount of proof that can be brought either to sustain them as true, or to prove them the doctrines of our chief divines, we are really forced to express our conviction that the public was for the most part very imperfectly informed what the doctrines truly were, about whose tendencies they heard such vague and alarming rumours. To this day the controversy has not produced one book which can be called a fair and complete exposition of the state of the whole question. Is apostolic succession really essential to a rightly constituted church? Is Baptism more than an outward introduction to an outward church, or the Eucharist more than a memorial rite? These are important questions indeed; but these were not the points that agitated the mass of the public. Alas! we feel such matters far too feebly for them *alone* ever to affect us thus. But there is in the public mind a hatred of priestly domination, and of popery as its most fearful embodiment, which is a just hatred, a rightful, and well-grounded, and conscientious hatred; a hatred built upon centuries of gloomy experience, and which no man should dare trifle with: and this most legitimate feeling these accomplished writers from the recesses of their colleges unduly overlooked, or even at times were so very misguided as to treat with a kind of subdued and compassionate sarcasm. Those who propose views which they must be conscious have, whether right or wrong, been suffered to fall into abeyance, are bound in common Christian charity to be excessively careful how they alarm the conscientious fears of good men. It is indeed most idle to say that the views which we have sketched are popery; they cannot well be *that*, unless the views of the second and third centuries of Christianity were popish; but it is perfectly true that

there is much in them which may be represented so as to look very *like* it, exactly as there is abundance in the forms and expressions of the early ages which it has always been the easy artifice of Romish advocates to confound under similarity of names with the unhappy inventions of later times. And if to this be added an unseasonable gentleness studiously adopted in speaking of that grievously corrupted Church, and an impatient querulousness as to the failures or difficulties of our own, no one need wonder at unfriendly suspicions arising as to the object of the entire movement. If men do hold the very innocent doctrine that the Church of Christ has ever remained in visible perpetuity on earth; that a succession derived through corrupt Rome is yet valid and real, even as a man though morally and physically diseased can possess and transmit property; if men will not borrow her own doctrine of exclusive salvation, and prefer with Hooker not to deny to her members that possibility of heaven which they deny to us; still it is needful *so* to do this that our unabated abhorrence of her corruptions shall be distinctly known; it is *not* needful that we should gaze with languid and desiring eyes upon visions of that unity which we profess to believe impossible while she remains the thing she is; as if it were not an old moral axiom that men ought to beware how they habituate themselves to desire even under conditions, that which they know they cannot without those conditions rightfully possess. The very production of such a treatise as the famous Ninetieth Tract shows how unguarded must have been the language that could make it necessary or expedient to administer that most discreditable corrective. It is now generally understood that this treatise was written to show that our Church in her Articles left her members free as to their beliefs of certain primitive tenets, and that she did not necessarily oppose any thing that could be fairly deemed catholic in Romanism, even while denouncing the real errors of that system,—thus to prevent thoughtless enthusiasts from seeking Catholicism *there*; but in the first place, how mismanaged must have been the enthusiasm for primitive be-

liefs and practices, how imprudent the forms of expression, which could occasion the *danger* this composition was intended to remedy; and in the second place, how still more strangely unacquainted with the state of public feeling must have been the author, to couch his treatise in such a form that at the time of its publication only the most indulgent critic could be expected to discover *this* to have been its object!

In the exceeding veneration of the Anglo-Catholics for all that bears the stamp of antiquity, there is also a danger which needs to be carefully guarded against. However the Spirit of God may have been present with the early church, there is most sure and sufficing proof that it was under no constant inspiration. This once admitted, *criticism* is legitimate. The Fathers are of higher value than an age like ours is willing to admit, as theologians of a very lofty and unworldly cast of thought; and they are still more valuable as witnesses to the hereditary beliefs of the Church; but there is still no trace about them of any thing which should emancipate them from the authority of a fair and liberal criticism. As it is quite certain that some erroneous practices stole in on the unsuspecting simplicity of the third and fourth centuries, this is enough to warrant a sympathizing indeed, but an independent examination of their views in even the second. There is surely a medium between the unwarrantable vituperation of theorists like Mr. Isaac Taylor and the ascription of infallibility. They are invaluable evidences, but the witness must not shirk cross-examination. We freely confess with Jewel and others of the most Protestant of our old divines, we do think that nothing importantly erroneous in religion has ever yet been shown to be really catholic through the whole course of these earlier ages; but this admission will still leave open to examination a great variety of minor questions that must stand or fall by their own merits. In those of our own great divines whose dearest studies, next to the Scriptures of truth, lay among these venerable authors, we find the true medium for the English churchman; in Hooker, and Bramhall, and Hammond, and

Andrewes; the reverential attention, the strong predisposition to accept whatever came undeniably thus authenticated, and yet, with all, the unshackled judgment that befits the worthy student of Christian antiquity.

Nor do we think these over estimating views fair to the claims of the Church of Christ itself. We do not want indeed with Homer's heroes to cry—

καὶ ΠΑΤΕΡΩΝ μὴ ἀμύμονος ἐνχρησθ' ἡμᾶς.

God knows we feel how infinitely below the practical level of such a period we are, with our self-seeking calculations, our unloving tempers, our unbelieving spirit, our worldly, money-making lives. It is not for us to talk slightly of the Polycarps and the Cyprians. Still, the Lord of the Church is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." He can suit his superintending influence as perfectly as ever He has done to the wants of the time; and has shown in even the latest age how little exhausted is that spiritual soil of which His Father is the husbandman. Now we certainly do think that this constant and *exclusive* exaltation of antiquity has a tendency to weaken our feelings of this perpetuity of protecting superintendence; to encourage a servile humility untrue to our real gifts;—while again, it puts out of view the necessary advantages which, if we are not wilfully blind, we *must* know ourselves to possess above our spiritual ancestry, in the vast accumulation of *experience* we inherit from all the long line of forefathers that connects us with them. The true question, we must remind our patristic votaries, is often, not what *has* Augustine said, or Chrysostom? but what *would* Augustine or Chrysostom say, if with his traditional beliefs he could understand our position and history? Who can believe that Chrysostom, doubtless orthodox in his real views, would yet have *spoken* as he has done of the eucharist, if he could have foreseen that critics would yet arise to torture his gorgeous oriental rhetoric into proofs of a logical conundrum about substance and accident he never dreamt of? And so of a hundred similar points in these great writers, which con-

stantly require this understood qualification.

While, then, there is a proper appreciation of the utility of the primitive writers as witnesses to the scheme of faith once for all delivered to the churches (which to deny is about as sensible as to affirm that the possession of the thirty-nine articles supersedes all the value of the writings of Hooker, or the administration of Whitgift, as *evidences* and *illustrations* of reformation principles in England), there must still be no servile subjection to their *incidental opinions* or decisions. Let us explain ourselves a little more fully on this; for simple as is the real condition of the question, it has been so obscured by the perverse exaggerations of controversy as to need explicit statement.

The one question for a Christian man is, *what has Christ said, and what have the apostles said or held, under the influence of his Spirit*; and every thing, whether it be called "Scripture" or "tradition," whether inspired or uninspired, whether written, spoken, or done, will be valuable exactly in proportion as it seems likely to express *that*. This rule (simple, but evermore wilfully misunderstood) is the true ground of the paramount value of Scripture itself, and at the same time furnishes the proper measure, whereby we are to range in their due order all the subordinate and accessory helps that may be attainable for discovering the genuine will of God. Where all the writers of the apostolic age and the age immediately following are *unanimous*, we can scarcely place the convincing efficacy of such an evidence as to what was the doctrine really delivered by the apostles much below the evidence of their own writings and all rational divines of all times have accordingly insisted upon such a corroboration of the fundamental tenets of our received Christianity as of great supplementary importance. Scripture is in itself as far above any human writings as an Angel is above a Man; but for all that, if a traveller received a sudden communication from an angel, he would not be sorry to have a friend at his side to whom he might turn to verify his own impressions of the purport of the message. In such a case it would be prodigiously absurd to

accuse the traveller of slighting the dignity of the angel, if, in his very solicitude *to understand him perfectly*, he asked an opinion from the *man*. How much more rational would be such an application if the friend happened to stand nearer the divine visitant, and thus to be in *one* important respect likely to have more thoroughly caught the force of his expressions! Give us, in short, but *good reason* to believe that Paul and John taught any particular doctrine, and we care not through what channel you derive your conviction. We venerate Scripture, not because it is a certain magical cluster of letters and words, (which would be a sort of Christian cabala, a sort of Scriptural *popery*,) but because we believe it *the most perfect existing transcript* of the beliefs of inspired men. Find some more of these beliefs any where else *if you can*; prove them to be genuine; and we shall be just as willing to receive and adopt them. Hence it is that our great English divines have ever rejected Romanism, not merely because she admits her dependance on hearsay evidence for her additions to the faith—for strong and universal hearsay evidence may sometimes be respectable proof enough—but because she can really produce *no* evidence of the kind that can stand a moment's candid examination. Her entire artifice consists in preserving certain ancient *terms*, whose original meaning she has completely altered in her own practice, and then quoting the ancient passages in which the *terms* occur as proofs of the antiquity of the spurious modern *doctrine*. For example, some of the old writers vented half a dozen different conjectures about the state of our imperfect nature *after death*; and, as men will do, they sometimes expressed them as conjectures, and sometimes, in the warmth of argument or exposition, as views of which they were individually convinced. The variety, and even mutual *opposition* of these views plainly enough show that these Fathers had no apostolic instruction whatever on the subject. But Rome, some thousand years or so later, thought it expedient to stamp with her authority a certain very ungrounded but very lucrative theory of a purgative fire; and accordingly she now cites with marvellous impudence *every single one* of these passages,

smoothing as she best may their palpable hostility to each other, as proofs that her modern invention was the unquestioned doctrine of St. Paul. Origen and Ambrose, Hilary and Lactantius, thought it hinted in Scripture that there was to be some mysterious fire to try *all* men, saints and sinners, *at the last day*. What matters it? They expressed something about "fire," and must therefore have meant a fire *not* to try all, but only *some*—not to try saints, but *sinners* only—not at the last day, but *directly after death*—that is, they must have meant the precise opposite of what they say. But Austin (the main dependance, observe, for the whole argument) delivers no less than three different suppositions about the state of sinners after death, and invariably expresses his utter uncertainty about the whole question. What matter, again? he, too, writes something about *purification* and *fire*; and, by omitting all his expressions of uncertainty, we may convert him into a very satisfactory proof—that the particular Roman doctrine of Purgatory, with all its special clauses, was held from the beginning, as a point which no man could venture to doubt under pain of damnation! In like manner, the ancients held a very high view of the blessedness of a right participation of the Eucharist. They even declare that the very elements are in a manner sanctified into something nobler than common nature for the purpose of this mystical communion. The Church of Rome, in the darkest of her centuries, was betrayed into pronouncing against all antiquity that the elements no longer retained their *physical* nature. Accordingly, every phrase of the old authors that declares they are a *better* bread and wine than the support of physical life, is adduced to prove that they are not bread and wine *at all*. "But what shall we say to Theodoret, and your own pope Gelasius, and the Antiochian patriarch Ephrem, *cum multis aliis*, who expressly tell us that '*the substance*' of the bread and wine remain, *as really as Christ retains His human nature in heaven*, and who constantly illustrate the one reality by the other?" "Pooh! they meant—they must have meant—for since the year 1215 it has become inconvenient to us that they should mean any thing else than—the substance of

*the accidents!!!** But we cannot afford space for further illustration. These must stand as sufficient exemplifications of the vile trickery of Romanist appeals to antiquity. It may indeed be said, that it is dangerous to have *any thing* to do with authorities that can be thus perverted. But unhappily this objection would tell with equal force against the employment of Scripture itself in our warfare with popery. For the veriest tyro in controversy can match even these perversions of the old Catholic testimony by the anti-Catholic Church of Rome, with distortions quite as unwarrantable of the language of the Bible. No, it would be sheer folly and cowardice to surrender such a satisfactory *verification* as the testimony of antiquity affords, of the all-important truth that ours is indeed the system of the Scriptures, merely because one party "wrest it as they do also the Scriptures themselves unto their own destruction," and another party find it convenient to give a bad name to a mass of theology which, from all they *hear* of it, they suspect does not exactly countenance their own.

Upon the *fundamental principles* of the faith, then, we ought to value the ancient writers as extremely valuable testimonies; undisturbed by the idle clamour of those who desire an apology for their own indolence or ignorance. We need not fear to be found wandering in the same *pratum spirituale* with the great edifiers of our reformed church; who felt these writings to be,

next to the immaculate Word of God itself, the clearest justification of their efforts to restore the primitive doctrine and discipline in England. Let those who doubt whether this is safe ground listen to the most Protestant of Reformers; let us sound in their ears the glorious old language in which JEWELL pronounced that memorable challenge at Paul's Cross, which never since has been fully and fairly met:—

"If any learned man of all our adversaries, or if all the learned men that be alive, be able to bring **ANY ONE** sufficient sentence out of any old Catholic doctor, or father, or out of any old General Council, or out of the Holy Scriptures of God, or any one example of the primitive church, whereby it may be clearly and plainly proved, that there was any private mass in the whole world at that time, for the space of six hundred years after Christ; or that there was then any communion ministered unto the people under one kind; or that the people had their common prayers then in a strange tongue, that they understood not; or that the Bishop of Rome was then called an universal bishop or the head of the universal church; or that the people were then taught to believe that Christ's body is really, substantially, corporally, carnally, or naturally in the sacrament, &c. [he adds sundry other articles.] If any one of all our adversaries be able to avouch any one of all these articles by any such sufficient authority of Scriptures, doctors, or councils, as I have required; as I said before, so say I now again, I am content to yield unto him and to subscribe."†

* This is literally the answer given by the Coryphæus of Roman controversy—by Cardinal Bellarmine! "*Loquitur de essentiâ et naturâ accidentium.*"—*De Euchar.* II. xxvii. We have rendered this, "the *substance* of the accidents," because the words of these fathers, which Bellarmine found too awkwardly absurd under his perversion, are *substantia* and *ivoria*. Of course it will follow, according to the tenor of the illustration, that these great authorities must also have held that Christ's present humanity is but shadowy and "accidental," the very heresy which they were at the time opposing as fatal to all Christianity!

† Elsewhere he says, [Answer to the papist Harding,] "We are not the masters, but the scholars. Touching the substance of religion, we believe *that* the ancient Catholic learned fathers believed; we do that they did; we say that they said, &c. It is one great comfort that we see their faith and our faith to agree in one. And we pity and lament your (the Romanists') miserable case that having of yourselves erected a doctrine contrary to all the ancient fathers, yet would thus essay to colour the same, and to deceive the people only with the *names and titles* of ancient fathers." With this, coming from perhaps the most Protestant of all our great divines, might be compared the similar challenge of one who was considered a leader in a different school. "If any papist, or all the papists living, can prove . . . that all or any of those points which the Church of Rome maintains against the Church of England, are the perpetual doctrine of the Catholic Church, or the con-

So much for the popery of the Fathers. And, as far as our own slender researches extend, we can most unequivocally set our seal to the declaration of Jewell. The rumours and alarms on this subject are unworthy of divines of the genuine English Church. There is a paltry impatience of the apparent superiority of those who are conversant with these studies, that we fear is at the bottom of half the tumult; and perhaps an equally unfair suspicion as to the solidity of those who are *not*, that may be too much cherished among our old-fashioned students. But if some of our brethren are "mighty in the Scriptures," and others of more leisure and research are profound in this other accessory lore, in God's name, let each exert his own gift, without jealousy, and for the common profit of the Church of God. If to one man be given "the word of wisdom" or "knowledge," to another "divers kinds of tongues" and "the interpretation of tongues," be it remembered that "all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

And now for a qualification or two. We have said that these old writers are important as evidences to the substance of the truth; proofs that it was *taught in the beginning as it is now*. But we bar all blind surrender of judgment, all idle enthusiasm for every incidental of the ancient teaching. We will have no patrolatry, no adoration

of the literary "relics" of the saints instead of their bones, no *dulia* of gifted Augustin or lion-hearted Ambrose; as if instead of being noble prelates, worthy of every Christian's praise and sympathy, they were something altogether supernatural and divine; as if "the old Catholic Bishops" our church speaks of, were *literally* the "angels" which Scripture by an impressive metaphor designates them. These and their fellows were great men, but the Christian Church has seen successors scarcely inferior, to the guidance of the faithful, and with the blessing of Him whose arm is not shortened, it will see as great to come. The one chief requisite in such studies is the sober judgment which can separate the temporary and occasional from the fundamental and permanent. Who (that is not wilfully blind) doubts that in some minor points the men of those days were misled through inevitable inexperience of the working and results of their well-meant regulations? Who that knows any thing of the vitality of the Church of God would bind it to all the minutest observances of *any* stage of its changeful existence? The business and office of the Church is to transform the world; and as the subject of the transformation varies under the revolutions of its history, surely the *result* must vary too. The faithful steward of God's household will bring out of his treasures things "new" as well as "old." And assuredly the last men who would ever have dreamed of

cluded doctrine of the Representative Church in any General, or National council approved by a General, or the dogmatical resolution of any one father for five centuries after Christ—I will subscribe." Thus wrote Montague, [Gagg for the new Gospel,] who (because objecting to the Dort decrees) was unhappily impeached by the House of Commons, and persecuted by the Puritan party in the reign of Charles I. *as a scarcely concealed PAPIST*. "The course of my studies," cries Montague to his enemies, "was never addressed to modern epitomizers. I betook myself to Scripture, the *RULE* of faith—and to antiquity, its best *EXPOSITOR*. . . . I am not, nor would be accounted willingly, Arminian, Calvinist, or Lutheran, but a Christian. . . . Popery is for tyranny; Puritanism for anarchy. Popery is original of superstition; Puritanism, the highway unto profaneness; both alike enemies unto piety."—*Appello Cæsarem*, pp. 11, 321.

We would direct particular attention to the exactness of Montague's language in the challenge quoted above. In order to establish the claim of any tenet to Catholicity, he requires, as the lowest condition, that the contested doctrine should be proved to be either the *perpetual* doctrine of the church at large; or the *express decision* of a general council or some national council approved by a general; or else, at the very least, (and of course this would require much corroboration,) the *dogmatical resolution* of some father; thus at once excluding from the evidence all those casual sayings, flights of oratorical enthusiasm, or mere private suggestions, which no sober-minded theologian should ever admit among the testimonies on either side of the controversy.

regarding their *obiter dicta* as thus divine and mysterious, were the Fathers themselves. How earnestly they disclaim all such superhuman prerogatives; how perpetually they refer to God's own word as the fountain of all illumination, and to themselves merely as the sworn conservators of its truth; with what reverent assiduity they labour in that mine of the Scriptures—an assiduity and reverence which have even gained the supercilious pity of those very moderns who boast to find the source of their theology nowhere else; all this those only who consult themselves can fully appreciate. Much every way we can learn from them;—much in purity and devotedness of life, much in nearness to God, much in the bright and joyous spirit of their religious convictions; but to the last we are pupils, not slaves.

In this respect we have somewhat to allege, not so much perhaps against the leaders of the Oxford theology, as against certain fanatical hangers-on, whom they tolerate in their train, and by whom, we sincerely believe, their character has been more truly damaged in this country than by any thing they have ever written themselves. These writers—whom we imagine to be very young men—appear to take the silly pleasure of boys in creating distress and agitation in the public mind; and, as one means of attaining that exalted purpose, invariably employ as far as possible Romanist *phraseology* to designate Catholic truths; a sort of theological slight-of-hand which, for reasons already alluded to, it is usually easy enough to accomplish. For instance,—if they have to speak of that secondary sacrificial character which the ancients attributed to the eucharistic service, and which has been over and over again shown to be not only unlike, but absolutely incompatible with, the Romish view, they carefully search for a verbal coincidence to offend the public ear with, they labour to discover a phrase that shall appear to assimilate or identify the two; and because the word *missa* was applied to our service in the days of St. Ambrose, they are sure to style it “the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass.” Again,—on those minor mistakes into which, with the best intention, subsequent experience has plainly shown that the fathers *did* sometimes fall, they love

to enlarge, as if Catholicity was utterly impracticable without accepting these superfluities—as if the venerable old oak could not vegetate without this misletoe on the trunk. Such were the once natural and innocent but easily *perverted* reverence for the remains of martyrs; the ungrounded speculations (for they were no more) as to the possible intercessions of saints; and similar weaknesses. To this may be added a kind of theory that has got currency, or rather a vain and fantastic hypothesis,—that “the faith once for all delivered to the saints” was meant to unroll itself in perpetual *development*; a notion which of course may be applied to justify at pleasure the most flagrant, and unscriptural, and un-Catholic corruptions; which impiously dares to stamp the guilty devices of men with the signet of the Holy Ghost; and which is in truth practically undistinguishable from the simpler and honester doctrine of popish infallibility. Nor has indeed this precious doctrine been confined to speculation. Persons calling themselves English divines, and possessing some knowledge of ecclesiastical history, have actually had the effrontery to revive under this pretext the old Romish parallel of Transubstantiation and the Holy Trinity—*British Critic*, No. LXV. 218. [See also the entire of the article on the lately published *Treatises of St. Athanasius*, in No. LXIV. of that journal]—and gravely to speak of the *whole* mass of the intolerable corruptions of the middle ages—image worship, purgatory, and all—as possible *developments* of the doctrine of the early church. Ay, as the bloated and diseased carcase of the profligate is the “development” of the pure and healthy constitution of his childhood. Let them carefully ponder the analogy! These writers ought to know well that though there be a promise of ultimate sanctification, there is no promise to the Church at large any more than to the Individual, of security from the consequences of wilful sin during its earthly history. Disseminating such inventions as these, and invariably speaking with insolent depreciation of the position and character of the Church of England, it is little wonder that these anonymous speculators have already done mischief. Some four or five of the most weak-minded of

their followers are said to have been frightened into trying Romanism itself; a fact on which indeed we do not dwell as of any very decisive importance, (no more than we should on the hundred fold as many converts in the *opposite* direction of Irvingism and Darbyism, and the other late varieties of the contrasted religious fantasy,) but which nevertheless clearly enough shows the propriety of at once and utterly discouraging these fanatical experimentalists, the growth (it would seem) of the last three or four years. It is not to be endured that temperate men cannot be permitted to indulge a right reverence for primitive doctrine and practice without having this odious and deformed caricature of Catholicity forced upon their acceptance. Some have talked of these foolish writers as being concealed Romanists; to judge of the effect of their performances on ourselves, we would pronounce it a more plausible conjecture that (if there be any concealment at all) they are concealed enemies to the remarkable movement of previous years, on which certainly they are most skilfully contriving to heap suspicion and disgrace. Most assuredly the divines, who are understood to possess the principal influence in directing the Anglo-Catholic party, ought without delay to mark their disapprobation of such wanton figments as those to which we have alluded, if they desire to preserve the respect of the public. We are willing still to believe that they do not sympathize with these mischievous follies; but it will require more charity than we can promise, to continue to believe it, if they do not by simple and distinct disclaimers separate themselves from the responsibility of such disgraceful disciples.

We have a deal more to say on these points, but we feel ourselves getting a little warm; and, as we are resolved to make our way through this weighty article in perfect temper to all

parties, it may be safest to waive the temptation of the topic.

The Charges of our Bishops, during this ferment of divinity, have, on the whole, been highly creditable to the Episcopal Bench. It is true they may not have satisfied those who, secure in their own utter unimportance, cannot understand the weight of responsibility that attaches to the deliberate judgments of men in high ecclesiastical station; and who accordingly conceive that every trumpet (to adopt their favourite text) "gives an uncertain sound," if it do not roar in clamorous echo to the bray of the theological mob. The majority of our bishops, like all sensible men, know well that in the mingled course of human affairs it is usually both dangerous and unjust to approve or to condemn by wholesale; and in most instances they have honestly refused to do so.* Where they have seen error they have denounced it, where they have seen indiscretion they have rebuked it; but like just and conscientious men, they have felt bound to measure their verdicts not by the suspicions and alarms of the ignorant, but by the simple facts of the case. Of all these documents, and many of them are very eloquent and energetic statements, we think that that of the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Connop Thirlwall) is on the whole the most to our taste. The prelate of a Whig government, his evidence upon a matter on which liberalist prejudices have been so powerfully excited, was awaited with considerable curiosity. It was the general expectation, at least of those who had not the advantage of a personal knowledge of Dr. Thirlwall, that his opinions would be found utterly and irreconcilably hostile to the party of precedent and antiquity; in short, that they would be found not a little to resemble those of our own ingenious and original-minded Archbishop. His strain of thought is however of a very differ-

* In a late article in the *Quarterly Review*, which has amused the subscribers to that noble Journal on more grounds than one, and on none more than the droll mistakes which the writer has contrived to commit on the most threadbare subjects of discussion, this fact (the general current of Episcopal opinion) is strangely overstated. Avoiding as we have intentionally done through all this article any detailed advocacy of peculiar theological views on any side, we think it only common justice to say *this*. Whatever becomes of reasoning, let *facts* be rigorously adhered to.

ent cast. To us whose only desire is to see the prosperity of the Church of Christ, irrespectively of all parties, it is truly consoling to observe how cheerfully this profound historian and divine contemplates the general tendency of the whole movement. Of its literary results he speaks with the keen relish of a scholar :—

“ I cannot on this account concur with those who would regard the controversy as a subject of unmixed regret, or who think that any evil has hitherto arisen from it, which has not been much more than counterbalanced by its beneficial effects. I just now alluded to the bulk of its literary productions : of those which may be considered as immediately and visibly representing it. But the mass of publications which though not—professedly at least—of a controversial nature, are intimately connected with it, and have not only taken their tone and colour from it, but could not have existed without it, is far greater ; and I cannot but regard the whole, though including much that has no more than a fugitive or historical value, as a precious addition to our theological literature, such as might perhaps suffer little by comparison with all that it had received in the course of a century before. And yet it is chiefly valuable and interesting *as an expression or indication of the new life* which has been recently awakened in the Church. Others may regret that public attention should have been so much turned this way, and diverted from the subjects which appear to them of supreme importance—from politics, or science, or political economy, or classical literature : but, speaking to you on this occasion, I can only treat it as a matter for mutual congratulation, that, through whatever cause, a spirit should have been roused, which has engaged so many active and powerful minds in the cultivation of theological learning. As churchmen, we must rejoice, that the study of Divinity should have begun to embrace a wider range than, for a long period before, had satisfied the greater part of those who dedicated themselves to the ministry ; that it should have become more generally conversant with Christian antiquity, with Ecclesiastical History, and with the original sources from which the knowledge of these subjects is derived ; so that even ordinary students much less frequently confine their reading to a narrow circle of modern compilations, systems, outlines, and commentaries, and not only are used to carry their

inquiries farther, but are more desirous of seeing and judging for themselves. All this indeed would be of little value, if the spirit which has been awakened had been one of merely literary curiosity, or intellectual energy. But every one who has observed its workings, must be aware that the case is very far otherwise : that it is bent, with a deep consciousness, and warm earnestness, upon high practical ends. It may even be doubted, whether there is not some danger, lest this practical tendency should be carried to excess, and lead to the neglect and discouragement of all critical inquiries into theological subjects, not obviously or immediately pointing to practical results. But it is more important, as well as more pleasing, to observe, that the interest thus excited appears to have given a new impulse to the zeal of the friends of the Church, which has urged them to extraordinary exertions in her behalf. It will hardly be considered by any one as a mere casual coincidence, *that the last ten years should have been so signally marked by so many important undertakings in aid of her cause, begun in a confidence which not long ago would have been deemed romantic, and accomplished by sacrifices which would then have appeared almost inconceivable.*”—*Charge*, pp. 36—38.

Surely it is pleasing to hear this from a judge so competent to influence our opinions on such a subject, and so wholly above suspicion of fear or favour. And after stating some of the “ reasons that induce him to contemplate the present state of the controversy with much more of hope than of alarm ”—such as the substantial sameness of the present dispute with that which has existed in all ages of our Church, and which must naturally exist in any church of moderate views ; and the reality (as he thinks) of some of the evils which the new teachers undertook to oppose, he proceeds :—

“ And this suggests another remark, which may possibly be of some use toward soothing the apprehensions of persons who view the course which the controversy has taken with alarm. When we hear of a school or party, which is charged with an attempt to introduce dangerous innovations into the Church, and are informed, that it comprises a large proportion of the clergy, and a great number of the laity, it is very necessary that we should

accustom ourselves to distinguish between the teachers and the disciples, the guides and the followers: that we should remember that there may be a general sympathy and approbation, which does not exclude many differences of opinion, even on important points; that general principles may be adopted, but not in the sense or the spirit in which they were propounded, and without any of the inferences which are drawn from them, either by their advocates, or their impugnors. Indeed examples of such partial disagreement have already appeared: nor perhaps would it be difficult to point out indications of considerable divergency in the writers who are considered as the leaders and organs of the party. But at least there seems to be no reason to suspect that the mass of those with whom their principles have found favour, are not heartily attached to the Church in her present form, or that they are dissatisfied with the language of her formularies, or desirous of any change in her public worship, not perfectly consistent with her existing canons and rubric."

The Bishop goes on to consider the disputed points in detail, and to show how much more nearly adversaries agree than they themselves imagine. Of one which has been a subject of much bitterness he speaks thus:—

"It is not, I believe, disputed by any one, that which is called the high doctrine of the apostolical succession (including, *i. e.*, not only the historical fact, that the ministry of our church is derived by uninterrupted descent from the Apostles, but likewise that it was established by them as a *permanent* and *unalterable* institution, to be continued according to certain invariable regulations)—I say that it is hardly disputed that this doctrine has been held by so large a part of our best divines, and has received so much apparent countenance from the anxiety shown to preserve the succession when it was in danger of interruption, that it would be unreasonable to complain of it as a *novelty*, or even to represent it as being now exclusively held by a particular school. Again, whatever ground there may be for the charge brought against one party in the controversy, that it has exaggerated the importance and the efficacy of the sacraments, it does not appear to involve any question of principle. Indeed, since the church herself teaches, that the Sacraments are *generally necessary to salvation*, it seems difficult for any one to exaggerate their importance, unless he were to hold, what

I believe no one maintains, that the necessity is not merely general, but universal and absolute.

"So, language may have been used, which afforded just reason for jealousy and fear, lest their dignity should be so magnified as to exclude the use of other means of grace, or as to substitute means for ends, or as to encourage the belief that their efficacy is wholly independent of internal qualifications. But since these consequences are disavowed by those who have been charged with them, it does not seem possible to draw a line between the general principles of the opposite parties on this head."

Would that the army of pamphleteers and newspaper scribes, who seem on both sides to live on rumours and second-hand intelligence, and who unconsciously manifest so interesting an innocence of the very elements of the question at issue, could be induced to copy the moderation of this very honest and large-minded prelate. We might then have an opportunity of *hearing*—which is almost impossible in the din that surrounds us—the few who are really competent to instruct the public on the subject.

On our own side of the water the controversy has not yet produced any very extensive literary progeny. The Archbishop of Dublin has written two Essays, now on our table, in one of which he denies the right of the civil power to concern itself with the establishment or fortunes of religion, in language perhaps too unqualified to instruct us much as to the real difficulties of that profound question; in the other, discusses at considerable length the social constitution of a Church, which he makes altogether dependent on circumstances, and obligatory only as that of any other society; and refutes the notion of a Christian priesthood with great ability, as against the expiatory sacrifices of the Roman theory. We say "as against the Roman theory," because, as we find the expressions and ideas of some sort of ministerial "priesthood" adopted all over antiquity, and recognised by many of our ablest anti-papal divines, we rather imagine the Archbishop somewhat overstates the notions to which he so strenuously objects. We have always understood Mede, and Patrick, and the rest of our sturdiest adversaries

of Romanism, as well as the old Fathers, to have spoken of a "priesthood" which is as wholly subordinate to, and consistent with, that of our Lord, as the function of *preaching* in the congregation is consistent with His exclusive claims to be the Prophet, and of ecclesiastical *superintendence* with His sole right to be the King of His church. The doctrine, we apprehend, of the great denouncer of the Papal Antichrist and of his brethren, was this—that the sacrament of the Eucharist, besides being a *communion*, was in early times held to be a solemn *rite of acknowledgment* of God as Creator, and still more as Redeemer of the world; and that the ministers of the Church were the appointed officers to make this act of devotion in presence of, and in union with, the people; using for this purpose the symbols of bread and wine. This, whether apostolic or not, whether of much real importance or not, certainly appears abundantly innocent, and not more liable to abuse or exaggeration than any other element of public religious service. Ordained officiators in this simple rite *may* be superstitiously regarded, and *may* abuse their position; but surely so *may* the enthusiasm of their followers unduly exalt, trust, and rest on the ordained preacher and spiritual adviser. People may give this eucharistic solemnity disproportionate value; but have we never heard of any who made an "idol" of the sermon? All the ingenuity of our accomplished prelate will scarcely succeed to eradicate the notion of "human mediation" of *some* sort out of Christianity; in writing his own book he is himself a "human mediator" of instruction. Subordinate mediation is the very law of the religion of the Great Mediator. The whole chances of a heathen's salvation are, under Christ, rested upon the mediation of a Gospel missionary as truly—though not in the same sense—as ever papist rested on the mediation of his "priest;" the question, therefore, can never be *mediation in the abstract*, but the particular authority alleged for the particular kind and degree of mediation supposed. The ancient Christians thought that the minister was ordained to be an instrument of *further* blessings than the moderns, who *admit* him to be an instrument of many,

commonly conceive; that is the whole difference. If, however, any thing beyond this old liturgical notion of the *sacerdotium* should be by any party intended, (which we need not say is intended in Popery, which supposes Christ himself to be offered now as really as on Calvary,) the Archbishop's reasoning will form an useful antidote to such extravagancies. For the rest we need not add that his Grace's volume contains many marks of his well-known shrewdness of observation and logical sagacity.

These, and the like, are interesting questions for detailed discussion. But the main subject upon which every man whose professional interests or accidental prejudices are not so strong as to overpower his reason, really desires enlightenment, is this: whether there is that utter impracticability of all conciliatory adjustment of men's views with regard to the general question of the Church, which the party writers so studiously maintain. Reflect for a moment. The first fundamental question of the controversy is plainly this: is the original scheme of the Church unalterable?—was it, or was it not, designed by its Founder to subsist in unbroken perpetuity until His second coming? Penetrating through the mass of superincumbent rubbish, of worthless personalities and unchristian abuse, *there* is the point. Of course (as we have already said) on the further question as to the *particular form* (if any) appointed for permanence, there must needs be a further discussion. But that is another and distinct subject of consideration; not more disputed now than it has been at any other time since the Reformation. The point now at issue, on which all other details of the controversy depend, is, whether *any form at all* is of perpetual obligation, so that deserting it *without cause* becomes sinful; whether God has not only given a Gospel to His Church but a Church also to His Gospel, and intimated His will for the preservation of both; or whether He has on the contrary commanded the Apostles to preach and write, and left all else to human arrangements of expediency. Is *any* existing visible church polity an authorized ordinance as distinguished from the rest? The Oxford divines, the primitive Presbyterians

and Independents, most of the Roman Church, and most of our theologians of the seventeenth century pronounce for the affirmative. The opposite school, (with, as regards the primitive system, *some* of the Romanists who admit the full papacy a later form,) most of the modern German theologians, and apparently the majority of our divines of the Reformation era, before the full development of Puritanism had alarmed us, hold the negative. The defenders of the affirmative, of course, deduce from their doctrine the *practical* obligation of upholding the peculiar scheme of the Church (whatever they respectively believe it to *be*) as a distinct duty *additional* to the maintenance of sound doctrine, and characterize separation from it as a *distinct* evil additional to the maintenance of heresy. The defenders of the negative, on the other hand, deduce with equal legitimacy from *their* premises, that the social maintenance of sound doctrine is the only duty *divinely* obligatory; and consequently that each individual is justified before God in leaving any particular church for any other where he thinks he will be equally benefitted,—and not only justified but *bound* to leave it, if he think he will be in any the slightest degree *more* so. Now we are not going to undertake any discussion of this great question. We have confined ourselves to simply stating it, and its immediate results on either side. We have stated it with solicitous fairness. No man with the ordinary amount of intelligence can deny the validity of the *alternative*: *either* there is some form of the church permanently obligatory, *or* no one can be justly blamed for leaving any one church for any other (professing the same general doctrines) at his pleasure. Just as in the obvious parallel—*either* the British citizen is morally bound to live at home, *or* he violates no moral law in spending his life travelling. While again, since, if there be no obligatory form, it is the individual layman's *duty* to leave any church which he thinks inferior to another; it becomes, of course, his minister's corresponding duty to *enforce* on him constantly, earnestly, indefatigably, the propriety of instantly joining any other congregation the moment he prefers it; otherwise there would be an obligation to *do* what there is no

obligation to *preach*. Now, thus to preach universal freedom of church travelling has usually been found rather inconvenient, as it directly tends to dissolve *the very congregation addressed*; indeed, if fairly prosecuted, almost *necessarily* so, for no man can say another church or preacher may not be better than his own, if he will only try the experiment; and it would seem, therefore, a logical deduction, that it becomes the minister's duty to implore every individual of his congregation to try the degrees of spiritual benefit derivable from every other religious community within his reach, *before* he finally settle in his own. These become practical difficulties of some moment in carrying out the principle. And yet, murmur these divines, though it would be grotesque thus to *apply* the principle, how can the principle *itself* be surrendered without surrendering the world to popery and priestcraft? To put *all* churches on a level, warrants men in adhering definitely to none; to call *anyone* the true and authorized form of society, is very hard upon the rest! "If my religious community," sighs the Rev. Mr. Poundtext, "be but a voluntary congress, I have no right to blame any man who pleases to leave it and set up another next door; if it be more, upon what ground is it more, which will not let in Bellarmine or John Knox with their claims of divine right?" And what shall we say of the numbers of excellent men that have lived under different systems, which surely cannot *all* be permanently obligatory?

Now it seems to us that a conciliation may be proposed which *includes* this last fact with every other truth held by either party. As nothing is more odious than the conciliation which *sacrifices* truths, so few things are more valuable than the conciliation that *combines* them. To us it seems quite conformable to the analogy of the divine procedures, that a particular form (we do not now say *which*, our reasoning holds on any hypothesis—Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Papal) should be delivered as the perpetual and obligatory form of constituting and continuing the Church; and yet, that neither, on the one hand, should any man be bound to adhere to erroneous teachers; nor, on the other,

should it be at all improbable that instances of great piety and excellence should subsist beyond it. If this could be fairly established, every required condition would be provided for. Strong as ever would remain the *duty to abide* by the appointed form ; strong as ever the duty to abhor and reject any *erroneous teaching* sheltered under that form ; strong as ever the duty to admit and rejoice in the reality of true piety, under *whatever* form ; strong as ever the duty to *withstand* and censure those very men who contribute the influence of their piety to discountenance the appointed form ;—all, duties consistent with each other, and with the ordinary course of divine Providence.*

And with this Irenicum, to which, however, we can now only allude, we close our comments upon existing British theology ; in which we claim only one characteristic of decided originality, the novel attempt to be tolerably just to all parties.

Our earnest desire is, to see the right-minded and sincere searcher for truth withdrawing himself, as far as possible, from Persons and individual statements to Doctrines and the real problems of the controversy. Never was there a time in which it was more needful to warn the student that he must be *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri* ; that he must rigorously scrutinize reasoning with utter indifference to the reasoner. Unfortunately he will too often find the task a sinecure. In lieu of the steady syllogizers of old times, we seem to have become a generation of declaimers. In the adversaries of the Church theory there is a world of clever and forcible denunciation, shrewd detection of inconsistencies, effective exposure of exaggerations ; but the smallest possible portion of *distinct and definite counter statement*. In the Oxford writers, though abounding with brilliant and acute disquisition, the case is, if possible, more unsatisfactory.

There never lived a body of men—if we must take them as *a body*, and make all liable for each—with whom any sober-minded Churchman should, in our humble judgment, more carefully avoid *identifying* himself. In extracting some of the main points of the old theory from their statements, we have given the reader little idea of the unpardonable blemishes which are mingled with *their* representation of it. Precipitate, intemperate, imaginative, they attack the indifference to disunion which, it will be confessed, does abundantly characterize our popular Protestantism, with a sort of petulant sensitiveness that, in its eloquent impatience, reminds us of no style so much as that of the wild and dreamy Rousseau ; and which is quite as remote from the simplicity of steady ratiocination. Like him they put forth alternately, truths that would honour a sage, and extravagancies that would disgrace a child ; and even the many curious and striking views that are to be found in their writings (as that remarkable investigation of our Lord's practice of suiting His discoveries of Himself to the dispositions of His hearers—perhaps the most beautiful theological speculation of the day) they too often spoil by exaggerated *deductions and applications*. With such a temptress as Romanism in their neighbourhood, with a *Schehallion* of such powerful attraction beside them, they trifle with the danger in a tone of (to say the best of it) very absurd affectation. They seem to think it the function of *faith* to be resolutely blind to all possible practical consequences ; and though we would not encourage the fears that some entertain of mischiefs to come, we would earnestly admonish our young students to beware how they pin their faith to dealers rather in the poetry than the prose of theology. Abjured be all sentimentalisms about “our erring Roman sister ;” all chimerical visions of her reforma-

* It would take us into too wide a compass of discussion to enter fully upon this topic, which we had at first some intention of doing. Some outline of the reasonings which are principally in our thoughts will be found in a sermon published at the close of last year, under the title of “Primitive Church Principles not Inconsistent with Universal Christian Sympathy,” by the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University.

tion or our concession! Let men be well convinced that *there is no possible improvement of the Church of England that could compensate for the admission of the minutest error of Rome*; possible improvements are for the future and precarious, the avoidance of *error* is an obvious, urgent, and immediate duty; a stationary church may be without glory, a retrograde church is with disgrace. In this spirit, and with this cautionary provision, let them proceed—undeterred by party virulence, and gladly accepting light

from whatever quarter it springs—to consider as it deserves the momentous question of the real Nature and Constitution of THE CHURCH of Jesus Christ.

We had intended, as the title of our article proclaims, to contrast these tendencies of religion in England with its condition in Prussia, and the adjacent regions of Northern Germany. This curious instance of opposite contemporary development we must however, we now find from the length of our present sketch, defer to another number.

ROSALIE. TWO SONNETS.

I.

She comes,—like some young Sibyl, when the beams
Of inspiration kindle on her sight;
Her dark eye flashing rapture till it seems
The mind embodied in material light!
Now—now—a gush of silent ecstasy
Swells through her soul,—and in these softer hours
She broods o'er quiet thoughts, as bees on flowers
Linger and chaunt their slumberous melody.
But lo!—as 'twere a trumpet-tone from far
Pierced to her inmost soul, she rises now;
Again the glory vests the Enthusiast's brow,
And eyes as twilight soft, burn like its star.
Wild, wondrous Rosalie! what mystic birth
Gave our cold world to see Thee *glorified* on earth?

June, 1827.

II.

The Pilgrim of the Heart, with visage pale,
Wildered and weakly stumbles on and weeps;
He eyes through tears each churchyard marble's tale,
To gain the turf where lost Affection sleeps;
Poor mourner among graves! Oh, Rosalie,
'Tis thus, perplexed and sad, I gaze on thee!
My young-eyed Sappho wore a joyous brow,
And Thou—wan, tottering relic—who art Thou?
—Once lovely—ever loved! Thou canst not alter
To aught I cannot love. Thy spirit still
Is wreathed in mine, and though thine accents falter
They are but sweeter for it; though the chill
Of Death be gathering on thy wasted frame,
Memory shall sighing smile, and whisper thee the same!

June, 1835.

B.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XXXIII.

THE LATE PERCIVAL BARTON LORD, ESQ. M.D.

PERCIVAL BARTON LORD was born at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork, December, 1807. His father, the Rev. John Lord, was chaplain to an institution established in that town by the Kingston family, for the support of decayed gentry; he was a sound classical scholar, and therefore educated his sons at home until they were prepared for entering the Dublin university. Percival Lord obtained several classical honours in his college course, but his constitution could not support the fatigues of severe study; symptoms of something like incipient consumption began to appear, and he was obliged to suspend his course for a year in order to enjoy the benefit of country air. On his return to Dublin he chose the medical profession, and, without abandoning the literary and scientific courses of university education, devoted the greater part of his time to the study of anatomy and physiology. A few students at this period had associated themselves together for the purpose of cultivating general literature, without however formally organizing themselves into a society. Lord was the youngest member of the circle, but not the least esteemed of his associates; he was particularly remarkable for the cultivated delicacy of his taste, and for insisting on a purity of diction which amounted almost to fastidiousness. The writings of Sir William Jones were his favourite model, and the preference originally formed for the manner in the course of time extended to the matter.

While Lord was yet a student his father died, after having lost the greater part of what he had saved from a limited income by the failure of a bank. Thus thrown in a great degree on his own resources, Lord went to complete his medical education in Edinburgh, where the polish of his manners, the easy flow of his conversation, and his ardent desire to acquire information soon procured him a valuable circle of acquaintance. When the cholera broke out he volunteered his services to take charge of an hospital; they were immediately accepted. While that plague raged he attended to the onerous duties which he had thus gratuitously undertaken with a zeal and assiduity which excited universal admiration. Some years afterwards, when walking with the writer of this memoir in London, he was addressed by a poor Scotchman in terms that obviously came from the heart, who declared that he owed his life to the care and attention bestowed upon him by Lord in the cholera hospital. From Edinburgh Lord came to London, where he soon became connected with the literary press. His articles on professional subjects in "the Athenæum" and Foreign Quarterly Reviews excited considerable attention in the medical world; especially two papers on consumption in "the Athenæum," which were re-published by the principal medical journals on the Continent and in America. At this time he published his *Elements of Physiology*, which, though a popular treatise, has continued to hold its place as a text-book in the library of medical students.

He was always desirous of visiting the east; and having reason to believe that there was a chance of his wishes being gratified, he resolved to prepare himself for the change by a course of oriental studies, and particularly to attend to the circumstances most likely to elucidate the Mussulman character. The conquest of Algiers by the French, and the vast mass of publications which issued from the Parisian press while the colony had the freshness and interest of novelty, directed his attention to the physical and social condition of North-western Africa. The results of his studies were given to the world in two volumes published by Whittaker and Co., which still continue to be the most complete and authentic account of Algiers that exists in our language.

In the latter part of the year 1834, Dr. Lord was appointed an assistant surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, and in the interval between

J. B. Lord

Author of "The History of the United States" and "The History of the World"

Published by J. B. Lord, New York, N. Y.

his appointment and his departure for India, he commenced the study of the Persian language, which he subsequently pursued with equal assiduity and success during his voyage. As an honourable proof of the estimation in which he was held, it deserves to be mentioned that Mr. Duncan, the eminent publisher, to whom Lord was only known by his literary reputation, sent him Lee's edition of Sir W. Jones's Persian grammar, so soon as he heard of his intention to study the language, and added to this unsolicited gift a proffer of any other work in his catalogue which Dr. Lord might deem useful to his studies. This act of kindness was never forgotten; in one of his last letters, Dr. Lord refers to it as a decisive refutation of the charges of selfishness that are sometimes brought against publishers. It must also be recorded that Messrs. Whittaker and Co. readily advanced the price fixed for the copyright of the work on Algiers, although the work was not sent to press until after the author left the country.

During his residence in London, Dr. Lord had lived with the writer of this memoir: we had been companions in college, we were fellow-labourers in the field of literature, and during an intimacy and friendship of more than ten years, not a cloud had ever risen to shade the sunshine of our intercourse. Under such circumstances the scene of our parting was necessarily painful, but it was brightened by cheering anticipations of a re-union, alas! doomed not to be realized in this world. He wished much to visit Ireland and bid farewell to his mother, whom he loved, as she well deserved, with an intensity of fondness that was almost a principle of his existence. He was with difficulty dissuaded from this step by his friends, who thought that such a meeting to part would inflict unnecessary torture on both. The letter he addressed to his "double parent," as he used to call his widowed mother, on the eve of his embarkation, is so honourable to the living and the dead, that it is given entire.

"MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER—We sail to-morrow; but I cannot send you my picture and a lock of my hair without adding a few lines. 'To ask for your remembrance and prayers is needless; I know I have both already, and you know I love you with the sincerest and truest affection a child can love a parent. Our confidence then is mutual and requires no protestations. One request I will make, which is, that you bear our separation as a Christian suffering under trials—as becomes the long and fondly loved partner of the toils and labours of my dear father, whose patient endurance of adversity should now be a light to our feet to show us the path in which we should walk. Dear John (his brother, who is a clergyman of the Established Church) will enforce these things better than I can, and will bring to your aid the consolations of reason and religion with which our beloved father so often dried the tears of the afflicted and eased the over-burthened heart: but let me entreat you by the love you bear us, to moderate your feelings under this, which I hope will be but a temporary absence. Remember that you are now our only joy and comfort, and that every toil we bear and labour we undergo will be brightened and sanctified to us all, if we can thereby add one comfort to your declining years, or pay the smallest portion of the debt of love, and gratitude, and affection which we all owe you for the unceasing cares which you have bestowed on us when children, and the undivided affection with which you now bestow on us your whole heart, with all its thoughts, and desires, and wishes.

"Dearest Mother, I kiss you a thousand times. All your children love and honour you; but none shall exceed in either

"Your fondly attached son,

"P. B. LORD.

"Brixton Hill, Nov. 21, 1834."

From a letter written in a more lively strain while the vessel in which he was a passenger lay in Portsmouth roads, a few extracts are made, partly to show his buoyancy of spirit, and partly because they afford a graphic picture of the petty annoyances which a landsman must expect in life at sea.

"You may think that going to India is all fair sailing, and as easy a task as taking a seat in the coach; it may be so for men who can afford to pay handsomely for having every thing done for them, and have then only to step into their furnished cabin and set sail; but for poor fellows like me, who must look after every thing themselves, it is quite another affair. I came aboard the vessel, which was

lying about a mile off shore, in an open boat, on a miserably wet day, sitting on my carpet-bag to keep it dry, and whistling to drown thought whenever I was not employed in blowing my fingers to keep them warm. I got to the vessel cold, wet and hungry, expecting that some charitable Christian would say—'be thou warmed and fed.' Fed, indeed I was, for I luckily got in just as dinner was going away from the table, so that I got a piece of roast beef which was neither hot nor cold, with as much stiff tallow around it as served to show that the dish had once contained gravy. But as to 'warmed'—bless your soul, this is an Indiaman, and being destined to spend three-fourths of the year in warm climates, makes no provision for the other fourth, which this unluckily happens to be; so that there is neither stove nor fire from stem to stern save that which belongs to the cook. After I had made a shift to eat as much of the lukewarm beef as served to stay my stomach, I got down below to visit my cabin, which I found in most admired disorder. But I must tell you what a cabin is. A cabin is a little, dark, doghole of a place, about nine feet long, eight feet broad, and six feet high, with a scuttle to give light, through which, if open, you could barely thrust your head; but which, when the ship is over on her side, must be kept closed to prevent the water getting in, and for this purpose it is glazed with glass so thick that the meridian sun may be seen through it with the utmost safety—its brilliancy scarcely appearing to rival that of a farthing candle. Now conceive me standing in the midst of this cabin, with one large trunk, one small trunk, two bullock trunks, one tin case, one hat-box, one chair, one washing stand, and one hammock, with bedding, cordage, and screws as per invoice; and suppose that just as I had got in and shut the door, to think what was to be done next, the vessel began to pitch rather uneasily, and that at each pitch the large trunk, the small trunk, the tin case, boxes, stand, chair, and hammock, rolled, higgledy-piggledy, now to this side, now, like the Scotchman, 'back again to the other, and conceive me, your eldest son and the hope of your family, jumping for the bare life to save my brains from being knocked out, and displaying an agility which would have done honour to a rope-dancer, and you will then have a notion of my initiation into the comforts of an Indian voyage.

"However, 'all that is bright must fade,' and exercise, though agreeable and salutary, may be too violent to be long persevered in. Accordingly, finding that the wind without was likely to outlast my wind within, I seized a favourable opportunity to bolt out of the door, bolting the aforesaid trunks, boxes, cases, &c., in, and hurried up on deck to try if I could get any assistance in quelling the insurrection below. This hope, however, was utterly futile. All hands were employed in working the ship; and even a little boy whom I had engaged to attend me during the voyage out, I discovered, by the aid of a telescope and at the expense of a crick in my neck, standing half-way up to the clouds, pulling at a long rope, which they called the main top-gallant sheet. However, before long I got him down, and finding him intelligent and docile, easily made him understand that he must set about to steal me some nails, cleets, and a hammer, which he shortly accomplished to my satisfaction; and then a few hard blows set all to rights."

From Madeira, Dr. Lord transmitted to his friend, the editor of the "*Athenæum*," a very graphic and lively account of that island. It was published in the 385th number of "*the Athenæum*," and extracted into several other journals. On the 10th of June, 1835, he reached Bombay, where he continued without any employment during the rainy season. He mentions with warm gratitude the kindness he received from the governor, the late Sir Robert Grant, from Sir Herbert Compton, Major Macdonald, but more especially from Mr. Larkins, of the civil service, who (shortly after this letter was written) was married to a niece of his old friend, General Hardwicke. "They insisted," he says, "that I should remain with them until the rains were over, so here I have been ever since. Mrs. Larkins is a charming young woman, and she has her sister, a most agreeable girl, staying with her. They were both educated on the Continent and are highly accomplished, and above all, musical, so that I am as idle and as happy as the days are long; I am now, however, about to be busy again."

Dr. Lord was appointed to the native cavalry in Guzerat; he speedily acquired the esteem and friendship of his commanding officers, so that when the plague broke out a little beyond the northern frontiers of the British province, he was chosen by the surgeon superintending his division to visit the district and report on the disease. He was actually on his road when he was recalled by the intelligence of his having been appointed surgeon to the embassy then

about to proceed to Cabul, under Captain, now Sir Alexander Burnes. "It was," he says, "really a piece of good fortune almost unexampled in one who has not yet been two years in the service, and it has been done in the handsomest manner, without any application on my part—the governor assuring me when I called to thank him, that I owed it altogether to my high character in the service, and his belief that I was in every way the person best suited to the station."

In April, 1837, Doctor Lord sailed for the Indus, in company with Captain Burnes, Lieutenant Wood, whose survey of the Indus has been recently published, and Mr. Leech, of the engineers. A portion of a letter written during his voyage up the Indus is of peculiar interest at a time when public attention is so strongly directed to that river.

"We are making a most delightful voyage up the Indus, travelling routes that Europeans never travelled before, visiting all the native courts in our way, where we were received as little demigods, collecting information of all sorts, as to the geography, commerce, revenues, power, and (which is my branch,) natural history of the countries through which we pass. Sometimes we sail along the river in large commodious boats, upon which we have built ourselves small houses of bamboos and reeds; sometimes we mount on horses and gallop off to any town, or mountain, or mosque, or place of note that we wish to examine, followed by strings of camels laden with our tents, our beds, and refreshments of all kinds. Every where the people come in crowds to see us, and nothing can exceed their astonishment at every thing connected with us. My boat is one of the wonders of the Indus. On the top is a huge crocodile which we shot as it lay basking on the left side of the river, and I have skinned and stuffed it, to send to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. It is fifteen feet long. I have prepared it with its mouth open, and the natives fancy it is employed in guarding my boat. Please to walk in, ladies and gentlemen: the first thing you see is a gigantic crane, five feet high, with a shoal of stuffed fish under his feet; one step forward and you are on the back of a huge river tortoise, which lies sprawling at the foot of my bed; right about face, and you come *vis à vis* with a long line of ducks, teals, pelicans, spoonbills, and all sorts of waterfowl, while parrots, minces, fly-catchers, and all manner of little birds hang dangling in long strings from the ceiling. The table is covered with retorts and other chemical apparatus, which make the natives look upon me as a sort of conjuror.

"We are at present halting here (at Dera Ghazee Khan) for the purpose of making commercial inquiries, and have pitched our tents in a date grove on the banks of the river, one of the most beautiful spots you can imagine. The day after to-morrow we start again."

The party arrived safely at Cabul. Dr. Lord applied himself diligently to the study of the natural history of the surrounding country, and at the same time by his conciliating manners won the friendship of Dost Mohammed Khan and several of the Affghan chiefs. Some cures which he effected spread his fame through the country, and at length it reached Morad Beg, the formidable emir of Kunduz, who sent to request the assistance of the Hakim Feringi (Frank physician) for his brother, who was threatened with blindness. Such an opportunity of conciliating this potent chieftain, and at the same time gaining information respecting the political condition of the Uzbeg was not to be lost, and towards the end of November, 1837, Dr. Lord penetrated into Tartary through the mountains of the Hindoo Koosh. "In so doing," he says, "I had a narrow escape, a whole *Cafila* having been buried in the snow the very same day, in attempting a pass not twenty miles distant, and generally considered much better than that through which I penetrated." The following is his account of the Uzbeg chief:—"My host is Morad Beg, the emir or chief of Kunduz, and if you can lay hold of Burnes' Travels, you will find a full length-description of the gentleman, though of course not in the most favourable light, inasmuch as Burnes narrowly missed having his head chopped off by him. For my own part, however, I have managed to keep on excellent terms with him, though not always an easy task."

The doctor found that his patient's case was hopeless; he told the brothers that a cure was contrary to the decrees of destiny, and they received the intelligence with Mohammedan resignation. While preparing for his return to Cabul,

Lord received a letter from Captain Burnes, informing him that the negotiations at Cabul were broken off, and that he should manage his retreat as quickly and safely as he could. The passage of the Hindoo Koosh on his return was a work of great danger and toil. "Suffice it to say," he writes to his brother, "that sixteen out of eighteen horses which I had with me, were buried in the snow of the Hindoo Koosh. We dug them out, and actually brought them down on men's shoulders. I myself had to walk eighteen miles over the surface of the frozen snow, covering a hill 13,200 feet high; but, thank God, though some of the horses died, I did not lose a single man of my party."

On his return to the British dominions, Dr. Lord drew up an account of his mission and his observations on the Uzbeg Tartars and their territory, which was submitted to the government by Sir Alexander Burnes. It attracted immediate attention; the Governor's Secretary declared that he had never in his official career got so much information in so perspicuous a form; and the Commander-in-chief expressed his surprise that so much information could have been amassed by a medical man. In consequence, Dr. Lord was appointed political assistant to the envoy sent to the King of Cabul, and was entrusted with the duty of raising all the well-affected subjects of Shah Soojah in the vicinity of Peshawer. He entered zealously on this new duty. "I am this moment," he says in a letter to his mother, "casting cannon, forging muskets, raising troops, horse and foot, talking, persuading, threatening, bullying, and bribing; in short, I am as great an agitator here as Dan O'Connell in *ould* Ireland."

When Colonel Wade assumed the command at Peshawer, Lord employed his leisure in a way which will be best described by himself. "To the astonishment of every officer in the force, who seemed to think the doctors could do nothing but make pills, I cast a six-pounder piece of field artillery, supplied it with carriage, horses, men, round and canister shot complete; forged three hundred rifle guns; made tentage for five thousand men; made uniforms for about three thousand; furnished a quantity of sword-belts and other accoutrements; and in addition to all, raised and organized a corps of irregular cavalry from amongst the natives of the country, of a part of which I retained the command until we entered Cabul in triumph." He acted as Colonel Wade's aide-de-camp, in the three days' fighting at the Khyber-pass, and received the public thanks of the Governor General for "the zeal, promptitude, and energy manifested on the occasion." From Cabul Dr. Lord was sent to Bameean, to superintend the negotiations with the states of Turkestan. He thus describes his position:—"I have a regiment of infantry, six pieces of cannon, and a number of irregular cavalry at my orders. . . . At my first arrival here, our Tartar neighbours were inclined to be troublesome, and about a thousand of them had come down to attack a small fort, about thirty-five miles in front of our post. I sent them orders to retire, or take the consequence. As they chose the latter alternative, I marched from this at sunset with three hundred chosen horse, pursued my way all night over hills covered with frost and snow; it was the coldest night I ever felt, but early in the morning we found ourselves close to their camp, which we immediately charged with such success, that they never waited even to fire a shot, but every man jumped on the horse next him, and galloped away as hard as he could; nor did they stop running for twenty miles, though the jaded state of our horses prevented our pursuing them more than three or four. Of course we got their camp, with horses, arms, and various other plunder, which I gave up to the soldiers; and the renown of this has prevented any more of them coming so near us since."

Dr. Lord's success in his mission at Bameean was, as he himself says, "unbounded;" he "got in the entire family of the ex-chief of Cabul, and conciliated all the Uzbeg states as far as the Oxus." These merits did not save him from calumny; he was attacked by an anonymous correspondent of "The Agra Ukhbar," whose views were adopted by the editor of that paper. He was persuaded by some injudicious friends to notice these slanders, contrary to his own better judgment, for it was a common proverb of his that "entering into controversy with an editor is like going to law with a certain black gentleman, and having the court held in a remarkably hot place." It is pleasing to add, that notwithstanding this dispute, the editor of "The Agra Ukhbar" has since done full justice to his memory.

When the military division was sent to meet and intercept Dost Mohammed Khan, Dr. Lord was directed to accompany it, as his personal acquaintance with that chief was likely to facilitate a surrender. For the same reason he joined himself to the advanced guard when the armies came in sight of each other at Purwan Durrah, and it was his personal observation and judgment which marked the opportunity and suggested the movement by which Dost Mohammed's flank was turned, and his retreat cut off. The disgraceful panic which seized the cavalry at the moment that success was ensured, proved fatal to most of the officers. Dr. Lord was on the extreme left; he made the most vigorous exertions to stop the flight of the men, and when his exhortations were unheeded he spurred across the field to join another party, which seemed to evince a better spirit. In his haste, he incautiously approached a fortified house, which had been occupied by a small party of the enemy; a volley was fired, and he fell pierced by more than a dozen balls. His death, of course, must have been instantaneous. To him might have been applied his own favourite quotation from Beaumont:—

“ O fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show!—How sweetly
Even Death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls go with thee!”

It is not necessary to subjoin a formal character of Dr. Lord to this brief sketch. The annexed letter of Sir Alexander Burnes will show the estimation in which he was held by his associates and brother officers; and what higher tribute can be paid to his merits, than to prove that those who had an opportunity of scrutinizing them most closely, and who were the best able to appreciate their worth, were the persons who valued them most?

As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white thorn blows,
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

“ Cabul, 25th November, 1840.

“ MY DEAR SIR—It has devolved to me to convey to you the afflicting intelligence of the death of P. B. Lord, Esq., who was killed in action with Dost Mohammed Khan, on the 2nd, forty-five miles north of Cabul. The accompanying papers will explain to you why I address myself to you; they are transcripts of my poor departed friend's wills, and one of them conveys from an eye witness, Dr. Grant, a detailed account of the manner in which Mr. Lord was killed.

“ The loss of one so able and so promising is to the government of India great—as to my own individual feelings, I dare not trust myself upon them, since I feel myself deprived of one of my dearest and best friends. But how shall I speak of them or the sorrows of a government, when I call to mind an afflicted mother, whom he affectionately and fondly loved, and to whom must devolve on you the sad and mournful task of communicating this heart-rending intelligence. By his own particular request I forbear to address her.

“ This calamity, bearing so heavily as a private and public affliction, is rendered more painful by the circumstances under which it occurred—the misbehaviour of our own cavalry, who shamefully deserted their officers, and left them to be sacrificed. The advanced guard, the post of honour for a soldier, was the one which Mr. Lord held on that day. My own position with the main column, about a mile in rear, enabled me to see all; but I will not dwell on harassing details farther than to corroborate what Dr. Grant has so ably and painfully recorded. It is a small satisfaction to think that the cavalry will be disgraced, and smaller still to think that Dost Mohammed surrendered the day after. We performed the last sad duties to Mr. Lord's remains at nine at night, in his own tent and in the field where he fell; for though our cavalry fled, our other troops gained the day, and the battlefield appeared to me the appropriate resting-place for so much human excellence and glory. A tomb will be raised over it by his intimate friends, and we also mean to commemorate his virtues by a marble slab in the Cathedral Church of Bombay, for which I have requested Dr. Kennedy, a particular friend, to write an inscription; from myself I have suggested the very apt line—

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.”

It has been a melancholy task to record the fate of one "whose sun went down while it was yet day;" the task is still more painful when it devolves on a person connected with the deceased by the ties of close and early friendship, who loved him well because he knew him long, and because to him were opened those secret springs of character usually concealed in the deepest recesses of the heart. Even strangers have been intensely affected by reading the account of the early death of a young man in the vigour of manhood, at the very moment when the rich blossom of his hopes was setting into fruit, and the good seed his labours had sown was ripening into harvest. If they can say on the one hand, "he fell when his work was done," they feel on the other that he was removed when our work was about to begin—when the world was ready to mete out the reward of praise to the efficient public servant; to bestow that which it is scarcely less blessed to give than to receive, the meed of merited approbation.

Though not a member of the Asiatic Society,* Dr. Lord felt a deep interest in its welfare, regarding it as the great intellectual bond of union between the mind of Britain and the mind of India; he employed some of the brief intervals of leisure which his professional avocations afforded, to communicate to the society, through Sir Alexander Johnstone, some detached observations which have been printed in the journal, and he collected a mass of notes during his several journeys in Central Asia, which he designed to send over to the society so soon as the restoration of tranquillity in Affghanistan would afford him time for putting them into proper form and order. For these reasons it has been thought that a slight memoir of his brief but brilliant career would be interesting to the members of the society; and imperfect as the execution of the task may be, its deficiencies are likely to be pardoned when it is remembered that every personal trait recorded inflicted a fresh pang on the memory of friendship.

* The substance of this memoir was read before the Asiatic Society by William Cooke Taylor, LL.D.

ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE seasons of the year seemed to take their tone from the spirit of the times and the discord that was raging throughout the land. The summer was gloomy and full of storms: instead of bright sunshine and smiling skies, heavy clouds had been gathering over the heavens from the beginning of the year, and although every now and then a warm and splendid day, such as that which we have described in the beginning of this tale, broke in upon the heavy aspect of the summer, as if to remind man of finer and happier times, yet week after week passed in tempests, rain, and gloom; and signs and portents, such as might have alarmed nations in more superstitious days, were seen in the sky, and filled the hearts of the more timid with apprehension.

It was upon the morning of one of these sad and frowning days that a troop of horse, consisting of about a hundred and fifty men, well armed and mounted, took its way across a wide and somewhat barren plain about forty miles to the north-east of Bishop's Merton, encumbered with a good deal of baggage, and escorting two or three of the heavy carriages of the times, in which were some six or seven women. The prospect was wide and dreary, extending in a number of grey lines which afforded the eye no pleasing object to rest upon, except here and there a little mound or tumulus bearing on its top a clump of black looking trees; in the distance was a range of low wood, apparently stunted and withered by the chilling blasts which swept over the plain; and a piece of water of some extent was seen glistening on the right with the sandy road along which the cavalcade took its way, winding between the mere and the wood. No hedge-rows broke the wide extent, and the ground appeared to be somewhat marshy, for numerous ditches intersected it in every direction, and a large

trench ran along on either side of the path, with here and there a small wooden bridge to cross from the highway to the green turf of the plain.

The progress of the party was not very quick, for, as we have said, the carriages were heavy, and their wheels as well as those of two or three carts and waggons sunk deep and loose in the shifting soil of the road. By the side of the foremost of the carriages generally rode a cavalier, with whom the reader is already acquainted under the name of Lord Walton, and ever and anon he laid his hand upon the heavy door, and spoke in at the window to his sister or to Arrah Neil, the latter seldom replying except by a monosyllable or a look. Annie Walton, however, conversed with him gaily and lightly; not that her heart was by any means at ease, or her bosom without its apprehensions, but she was well aware that her brother was grieved for all the inconvenience that she suffered, and for the danger to which she was exposed, and with kindly and generous feeling towards him she made as little as possible of every annoyance on the march—concealed all the fears that she might experience, and seemed unconscious of the perils of the way. She might not, it is true, deceive her brother as to her own sensations, for he knew her well and understood her kindness and devotion; but still it made the burden lighter to him to hear no murmur and to witness no terror.

From time to time during the march of the two preceding days some of the rumours which, true and false alike, always run through a country in a state of agitation, had reached Lord Walton's party, speaking of troops marching hither and thither in the neighbourhood. Now it was a detachment from Lord Essex's army; now it was a body of men crossing the country to reinforce Waller; now it was a body of

militia called out by parliamentary commissioners from the district or the county through which they were passing. But Lord Walton paid but little attention to these reports, having taken every necessary precaution by throwing out several small parties in front, at the distance of about two or three miles, to guard against surprise, and secure his onward course towards Coventry. When any rumour reached him, indeed, which bore more strongly the semblance of truth than the rest, and was corroborated by his own knowledge of the position and designs of the various persons to whom it referred, he would ride forward to the head of the line, and converse for a few minutes with a thin bony grave-looking personage in black, who bore few signs of being a military man, except his large boots of untanned leather, his heavy steel-mounted sword, and the pistols at his saddlebow. Thus when they had got about half way across the plain a horseman galloped up from the right, leaping one or two narrow ditches by which it was intersected, and then, not able to cross the wider trench which separated the road from the turf, riding along by the side of the troop and making signs to Charles Walton that he had something to communicate; the young nobleman accordingly reined in his horse, and suffering his party to pass on, lingered behind till they were out of ear-shot.

"Well, Master Hurst," he then asked, "what is your news? I was sorry you would not join us, but I am glad to see you here."

"I told Langan I would follow you, my lord," replied the new-comer; "but I had to put my house in order and sell some hay, for it does not do to go soldiering in these times without money in one's pocket, and I had but short notice. However, my lord, you had better be on your guard, for as I came over the moor, I found a boy keeping sheep out there between the wood and the water, and wishing to know whereabouts you were, for I could not see you at that time ——"

"You did not mention my name I hope," said Lord Walton.

"Oh no, my lord," answered the horseman; "I took care not to do that; I only asked if he had seen a body of soldiers, without saying horse or foot. So the boy said! 'oh yes, that there

were five hundred and fifty lying behind the wood—for he had counted them, seemingly—like a flock of sheep.' Then I asked him how many horse there were; to which he replied by saying 'two, and that all the rest had guns and bandoliers and steel caps, except a few, who had long pikes in their hands.'"

"This looks serious," replied Lord Walton; "we must look to this intelligence."

"There is more serious work behind, my lord," replied Hurst; "for this news gave me the key of what I saw myself in the morning. These musketeers are not alone. They have got cavalry for their support, my lord, or I am much mistaken: not two hours ago I saw the tail of a troop going into the little village, the spire of which you can just see rising up there. I should have taken them for your men, but that they were coming the contrary road; so I avoided the village, for fear of worse."

"Well, Hurst, ride on to the next bridge," said Lord Walton, "and then join me on the road with Major Randal, whom I must consult on our proceedings." Thus saying, he spurred on his horse, and galloped forward to the head of the line, where pulling up by the side of our spare friend in black he communicated to him all that he had just heard.

"Ah!" said Randal, in his usual dry and deliberate tone—"Ah! Five hundred and fifty musketeers, rather better than three to one. That would not matter if the ground were fair; but these ditches, these ditches, they are awkward things in the way of cavalry; if our horses could leap them as easily as their shot, the matter would be soon settled. Does any one know what like the ground is there! They will gall us sadly if we have to expose our flank to the wood."

"I fear so indeed," replied Lord Walton; "but perhaps if I were to pass the next bridge, take a circuit round and dislodge them, while you pursue your way along the road, we might contrive to get into better fighting ground."

"Let us see what it is like first," said Randal; "here comes your news-monger, my lord, we shall learn more from him. Now, master yeoman, how does the land lie about the wood; is there good room for a charge, or is it cut up like this?"

"Between the wood and the road," answered Hurst, "it is just like a gridiron, with ditches enough to drain the sea!"

"And behind the wood do you know any thing of that?" continued Randal.

"It is good enough there," said the horseman, divining the object of his question, "but you cannot get at it for the river."

"They have got some good soldiers amongst them," said Randal. "Such ground was not chosen by one of the old bottle-nosed serving men of London."

"They must have good intelligence too," said Lord Walton, "to fix so exactly on a point where they can best attack us. If it were not for my sister and the women, we might take their fire in passing, and get into the good ground beyond. But the carriages and baggage would prove a sad incumbrance."

"Ah, women, women!" cried Randal, "they are the causes of all the mischief in the world. However we must dispose of them, and must take our resolution quickly; there is no going back now, my lord, and we must make our way forward at whatever risk—luckily you have brought all the spare horses and the women's saddles, they must quit the carriages and mount; the baggage must take its chance and belong to the winners."

"But I cannot expose my sister," exclaimed Lord Walton, "to such an affair as this—she can go back to the village."

"No, no," said Randal quickly, "there is no need of that; this good yeoman can guide her round with the rest of the women, while we make our way forward, and do the best that we can with these gentry in front. They will not chase her if we keep on our way; but if we quit the road, they will of course draw to their left and cut us off between the causeway and the water. Now, my lord, be quick; get them out and away, I will send a dozen of my men to escort them, with Barecolt at their head. 'Tis the best task for him; for with women he will have room to talk, and that is his occupation. He may lie too, there, as much as he likes, and nobody will find him out. Now, master yeoman, you be guide—lead these ladies over the moor, round by the back of that great pond, and into the open ground above it. When you get to that mound with the

trees on it you may halt a bit, and watch what we are about on the road. If you see that we get the worst, put to the spur and gallop on till you rejoin the Coventry road, then on as fast as may be to the king, who will be in Coventry by noon to-morrow. If you see we make good our ground, come back and join us."

"But there are horse in that village, sir," answered Hurst.

"That can't be helped," replied Randal, "we have no other chance; besides they may be our people as well the enemy's—Stay, it may be as well to see, I will send on Barecolt, while you halt on the hill. He can play either part—swear and swagger like the most licentious cavalier, or cant and pule like the most starched puritan."

While this conversation had been taking place, the party had not ceased to advance slowly along the road, but the order to halt was now given, and preparations were made for carrying into execution the plan decided upon. The carriages were stopped, Miss Walton and her attendants placed hastily upon the spare horses which had been brought from Bishop's Merton, and the small body under Captain Barecolt were drawn out and commanded to fall into the rear. Annie Walton did all that she was told to do without a word, but she looked in her brother's face as he placed her on horseback, and bending down her beautiful head kissed his cheek, while a silent irrepressible tear rose in her eyes.

"Do not fear, Annie, do not fear," said Charles Walton—"we will soon put these fellows to the rout."

But it is in vain in moments of danger and difficulty to commend courage to those who by fate or situation are doomed to inactivity, for they must still feel for those that they love if not for themselves; and though Miss Walton considered for not one moment the personal peril which she encountered, her heart beat with apprehensions for her brother, which no words could quiet or remove. Lord Walton then turned to Arrah Neil, who was already mounted, and leaning his hand on the horse's neck he asked—"Can you manage the horse, my poor Arrah; had you not better ride behind a trooper?"

"Oh no," she said, "no, I can ride

quite well—I remember now;” and indeed the manner in which she held her rein, the ease and grace with which she sat the horse, and the command which she had over it, though a powerful and spirited animal, clearly showed that at some time she must have been well accustomed to such exercise. Lord Walton looked down with a thoughtful expression of countenance as if there was something that puzzled him. But just at that moment Major Randal rode up, exclaiming—“We must lose no more time, my lord; if we halt any longer here, they may see what we are about, and act accordingly. I shall order the troop to advance, for women are always slow, and they must come after us as they can, till they reach the little bridge up yonder. Let the carts and carriages come first, and they can bring up the rear. Now mark ye, Barecolt, follow this good yeoman with the ladies under your charge, till you reach that little mound with the trees. You can deliver your stomach by the way of any of the wild imaginations that may fret you; but when you get to the mound you must give up talking, and, riding on to the village alone, make use of your wits, if you have any left, to ascertain whether there be a troop of horse in it, and of what side.”

“Alone!” said Barecolt.

“To be sure,” answered Randal with a laugh; “the man who preached in the morning at Rochelle, and defeated the papists in the evening, who defended the pass in the Cevennes single-handed against a whole army, may well go on alone to reconnoitre a handful of cavalry. Besides, it will make you careful, Master Barecolt, when you know that your own life depends upon your own tongue.”

“It has often done that,” answered Barecolt. “I remember when I was in Spain being attacked by some twenty banditti, and putting my back against a rock ——.”

“March!” cried Randal interrupting him, “tell that to the girls: ’twill do to pass the time, as well as any other lie;” and riding on he led the way, while Lord Walton continued by his sister’s side, till reaching the little bridge, the good farmer Hurst turned off from the road into the meadows, followed by the young lady, her servants, and the escort.

With anxious eyes Annie Walton and Arrah Neil watched the advance of the larger party of horse towards the wood before them, although neither of them had heard the exact cause of alarm, or were aware of where the danger was to be apprehended, or what was its nature. All they knew was, that peril lay upon the onward road; and notwithstanding all the assiduties of Captain Barecolt, who riding by their side, wherever the space admitted it, endeavoured to entertain them with some of the monstrous fictions in which his imagination was accustomed to indulge, they listened not to his tales, they scarcely even heard his words, but with their eyes turned constantly to the road they had just quitted, pursued a path, forming with it an acute angle which led round by the back of a large piece of water, which lay gleaming before them. Once or twice they had to dismount, and lead their horses over the little wooden bridges which crossed the ditches intersecting the plain; and more than once, where these were so insecure as to give way under the horses’ feet, they were forced to quit their direct line, and take a circuit round. Nevertheless, as they cantered quickly over the turf between, they had reached the little tree-covered knoll which had been pointed out as their halting-place, before the troop which was pursuing the high road had arrived at the spot, where the low wood we have mentioned skirted the way. That wood did not indeed approach close to the road, but lay at the distance of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards, extending parallel with it for nearly a quarter of a mile, having a green meadow and the continuation of the broad trench we have mentioned between. A river of some width and depth flowing from the right crossed the highway under a bridge of two arches, at a short distance from the wood, and at the moment that Miss Walton and her companions reached the mound, the head of her brother’s troop was at the distance of some three hundred yards from this bridge.

Knowing well that Major Randal was not a man to be trifled with, Captain Barecolt, as soon as they had arrived at the appointed place, took a flowery and ceremonious leave of Miss Walton, and rode on towards the vil-

lage of which they had now a better view than before. The young lady's eyes, however, were still fixed upon her brother's troop, as she sat with her horse turned towards the wood and with her maids behind, with Arrah Neil upon her left hand, and the small party of troopers a little in advance. They had remained thus for some four or five minutes in breathless expectation of what was to come next, when they perceived the troop brought to a sudden halt, and an apparent consultation take place at the head of the little column. At that moment Annie Walton heard one of the troopers just before her say aloud—"They have barricaded the bridge, that's clear enough."

"Good God," she exclaimed, "what will they do!"

But the man, although he heard her words, only turned his head over his shoulder to give her a look, without making any reply.

"There is a little path, lady," said one of the maids, who, placed higher up the hill, saw more distinctly the ground beneath—"there is a little path down from the side of the bridge into the meadows below, if they were to take that, they could get out of the way of the wood, and I should think could cross the river, for it spreads out there so wide it must be shallow."

"They do not see it," said Annie Walton—"they do not see it for the bank."

Almost as she spoke, a considerable body of foot drew out from the wood; and a party of about a hundred men running forward, drew up in line close to the bridge, and opened a fire of musketry upon the small troop of cavalry which occupied the road. Several horses at the head of the line were seen to plunge violently, and one fell with its rider; the next instant the whole were in motion, and a charge was made upon the bridge; and for a few moments all was confusion and disarray, in which they could only see that the cavaliers had recourse to their pistols, and were endeavouring apparently to force the barricade.

"Oh the path, the path!" cried Annie Walton. "If any man will ride and tell them of the path, and that they can ford the river below, I will give him a hundred crowns."

One of the troopers was instantly

dashing forward, but the man who had been left in command called him back, saying that they had been ordered to remain there, and must obey. By this time the charge had been repulsed, and the cavaliers were retreating under a heavy fire in some disarray. They formed again, however, behind the waggons and carriages.

Miss Walton remonstrated against the recall of her messenger, but without waiting to hear the reply Arrah Neil exclaimed—"I will go, dear lady, I will go;" and shaking her rein, she put the horse to its speed, and darted forward before any one could stop her.

"I will go too," cried Annie Walton. "Why should she risk her life, and a sister fear." And thus saying, she struck her horse with the whip and followed. In a moment, without uttering a word, the stout yeoman Hurst was by her side, but Arrah Neil outsped them both, and rode direct for the path she had observed. Without fear, without pause, the devoted girl rode on, although as soon as ever she was perceived from the bridge the shots began to drop around her, for her object was instantly divined, and no consideration for her sex restrained the soldiery.

"This way, lady, this way," cried Hurst, turning to the left—"we can speak to them over the dyke, and we shall be further from the fire." They were now within a few hundred yards of Lord Walton's party, and he was seen at the head of the troop gesticulating vehemently to his sister to keep back.

"Ride away, my dear, ride away," cried Hurst, "I will go on;" but at that moment a shot struck his charger, and horse and rider went down together. Miss Walton however rode forward, seeing the good yeoman struggling up; and Arrah Neil too pursued her way, reached the bridge, dashed up the path, entered the road, and, in the midst of all the fire, galloped on till, when within ten yards of the carriages, a ball struck the animal in the haunches, and he reared violently with the pain. She still kept her seat, however, till Lord Walton, spurring forward, seized the bridle and caught her in his arms, just as the horse fell, and, struggling in the agonies of death, rolled over into the dyke.

"Good God, what is it!" exclaimed

Charles Walton, bearing her back behind the waggon. "Annie, Annie, ride away," he shouted to his sister—"if you love me, ride away."

"There is a path down by the bridge—the river is fordable below," exclaimed Arrah Neil; "there are no dykes beyond the stream. All is clear on that side."

"Look, look, Charles," cried Miss Walton, pointing with her hand, "there is a body of cavalry drawing out from the village, and some one riding at full speed towards our people on the hill."

"Friends, on my life!" cried Major Randal. "Now, fair aid-de-camp, gallop round there to the right and keep out of fire. Tell your people to charge the Roundheads in the front, while those from the village take them on the flank, and we do the best we can on the right. What was that you said, pretty maid?" he continued, addressing Arrah Neil—"a path down by the bridge? the stream fordable?"

"Ride away, Annie, ride away," cried Lord Walton—"more to the right, more to the right."

"We must push forward the carriages and carts," said Major Randal; "they will give us some shelter. Where this girl came up, there can we go down."

"I saw the path quite clear," said one of the men.

But without more words the new plan proposed was immediately followed; the carts, drawn up two abreast, were pushed forward towards the bridge by the main strength of the dismounted troopers, for the horses had become unmanageable, and the traces had been cut; and under shelter of these and of the carriages, which formed a line on the left, the troop advanced in good order to the bridge, notwithstanding all the efforts of the musketeers.

In the meanwhile Annie Walton took her way back towards the hill, beckoning to the yeoman, Hurst, who had by this time freed himself from his horse; but he, with that sort of passive bravery which is so characteristic of the English peasant, continued deliberately to unbuckle the girths of his saddle, (about which it appeared afterwards all his stock was stowed away in various bags and contrivances,) and made not the slightest effort to

get out of musket shot till he had got the whole upon his back, after which he trudged away towards the hill, only injured by one ball which grazed his arm.

Losing no time by the way, Miss Walton soon rejoined the party of troopers at the knoll, and was giving them the order of Major Randal, when Barecolt himself came up at full speed, exclaiming—

"Great news, great news! There is the Earl of Beverley with two hundred horse, ready to charge the Roundheads in the flank."

"We have Major Randal's orders to charge them in front," said the sergeant.

"Stay, stay," cried Barecolt—"wait a minute, wait a minute, and then the man who does not kill his five of the enemy, should never sit down with a gentleman to dinner again. Steady, my men, steady; look to your pistols, have ready your spurs. As soon as the earl has crossed the road I give the word."

"See, see," cried Annie Walton, "they have got down into the meadow—they are fording the stream—see what a fire the enemy are keeping up upon them. Oh, charge, charge, for God's sake, and help them!"

"Madame, I always obey a lady," said Barecolt, with a low bow, at the same time raising the blade of his sword to his lips and kissing it. "She is the best commanding officer in the world. Now! Upon them—charge and at them!" and with these words he led his little troop forward with an air of gallantry and determination which went far to justify the gasconades in which he indulged.

The ford though somewhat deep was smooth and easy, but still it exposed the troop of cavaliers to a terrible fire of musketry from the bridge; and Annie Walton, left alone with her women on the hill, saw with a sinking heart flash after flash run along the road, whilst the thick white smoke was wafted by the wind over her brother's party, rendering the figures indistinct, and concealing their movements in some degree from her eyes. A moment after, however, she saw two or three horsemen break out of the cloud and gallop on for several hundred yards into the meadow; then followed a greater number, and she

could hear shouts and calls, in the midst of which she thought she distinguished her brother's voice; and then she saw the troopers halt, and form again in line, while Barecolt with his little party bore steadily on at a quick pace somewhat to the right; and a much larger body of cavalry, which seemed to have taken a circuit from the village behind some hedgerows that skirted the edge of the plain, appeared advancing rapidly on the left of the musketeers, and occupying the whole space between the wood and the high road.

There was now a momentary pause, the firing ceased, the troop of Lord Walton and Major Randal remained still, the smoke cleared in some degree away, and Annie asked herself, "what next!"

The moment, however, that Barecolt came upon a line with the rest, the shrill blast of a trumpet was heard from the two larger bodies of horse; all were again in movement; and, galloping forward towards the point occupied by the musketeers, the three parties of royalists charged headlong down upon them, while once more the bright flash of the firearms ran along the line of the road, and the cloud of smoke again rolled over the combatants.

It was no longer to be repulsed that the cavaliers now charged. For full ten minutes the eyes of the watchers on the hill could perceive nothing but one struggling and confused mass in the midst of the dim white cloud with the frequent flashes of the guns, and every now and then a party of two or three becoming more apparent, and then plunging again into the midst of the melee. At the same time the frequent reports of the musketry and the long-continued blasts of the trumpet, mingled with shouts and cries, were borne by the wind to the ear, showing that the fight was continued with desperate determination on each side; and Annie Walton could restrain her anxiety no longer, but moved slowly forward towards the scene of combat.

Before she had advanced many yards, a horse without a rider rushed across the road, and galloped over the meadows towards her—paused, turned round, and, with elevated head and expanded nostrils, gazed towards the place from which he came—then with

a wild neigh broke away again, and rushed across the plain. In another instant three or four men on foot, with muskets in their hands, were seen running at full speed, and Miss Walton checked her horse, fearing that they might come near her; but they made direct for one of the ditches we have mentioned, and jumping in, seemed to crouch down for concealment.

"They have won the day," cried Annie Walton, and turning to her women, who had followed somewhat slowly, she repeated—"The cavaliers have won the day—God grant it may be without great loss;" and at the thought of what might be her brother's fate in that fierce fight, her heart sunk with that dread which we all feel when the veil which always hangs more or less over the future is brought nearer to our eyes, so as to render our contemplation even of the present dim and indistinct.

A larger party of foot, consisting of perhaps twenty or thirty men, was then seen hurrying along the road; but close upon them came a body of cavalry, and in a moment they were dispersed and flying over the plain. Almost at the same time the heavy mass of horse and infantry which had so long remained mingled together near the bridge, seemed to explode like a shell, parties of foot and horsemen scattering here and there in every direction; and the terrible scene of a rout and pursuit now took place—the musketeers in general casting down their arms and flying, while the cavaliers followed them here and there over the plain, and put them to the sword on the least show of resistance. In the midst of all this disarray and confusion a group of some twenty or thirty horsemen were seen gathered round a small flag upon the highest part of the road near the bridge; and after a brief pause, during which they remained perfectly still and motionless, the loud and peculiar trumpet call—known in those days as the recall to the standard—came shrill but musical upon the air; and the next instant four or five horsemen separated themselves from the party, and rode up at an easy canter towards the wooded knoll.

Annie Walton gazed eagerly, and, recognising her brother's form after one moment of brief anxiety, rode on

to meet him with her heart at ease. Lord Walton pushed forward his horse before the rest, and wheeling it by her side, pressed her hand in his, murmuring, "My dearest Annie, my sweet sister, you have been sadly terrified, I fear, but yet you have showed yourself a soldier's child."

"Oh, Charles, Charles, you are wounded," cried Annie, looking in his face, which was bleeding, and at a gory scarf which was round his left arm.

"Nothing, nothing," replied her brother. "Men will have scratches when they fight with wild beasts, Annie; and these Roundheads have showed themselves as fierce and intractable. They fought gallantly, however, it must be owned, and have made us pay dearly for our success."

"I fear so, indeed, Charles," cried Miss Walton. "I am sure it must be so. But poor Arrah Neil—is she safe?"

"Oh yes, thank God," replied Lord Walton. "I sent just now to the coach in which I had placed her, to make sure she was uninjured. I must not blame her rashness, my Annie, nor yours either, for it has been the means of saving us; but it was a terrible risk, my dear girl, and your escape is a miracle."

"And good Major Randal?" asked Annie, willing to change the subject.

"He is safe too," replied Lord Walton, "and without a scratch, though never man exposed himself more. But here comes another friend whom you will be glad to see, and to whom we owe all our success."

"Oh, Sir Francis Clare," exclaimed Miss Walton, with a glow of pleasure rising in her cheek, "I am most happy to see you."

"Nay, not Sir Francis Clare either," cried her brother, "but my oldest and truest friend, the Earl of Beverley."

"Nay," said Annie, with a smile, "this is not fair of you, my lord, to give me a false name the other day. I half intend to punish you by treating you as a stranger still. Had you told me it was Lord Beverley, I should not have said that I never heard my brother mention you, for I can assure you, in former days his letters were full of no one else. However, there is my hand—I forgive you, trusting with all a woman's foolish confidence

that you had some good reason for cheating me."

"I will never cheat you more, dear lady," replied Lord Beverley, taking her hand and raising it to his lips; "but in such times as these, it is sometimes needful to seem not what we are, and these *noms de guerre* when once assumed should be kept up to every one. I had to ride near two hundred miles across a disturbed country where the name of Francis Clare might pass unquestioned, when that of Beverley might have soon found me a lodging in the tower. Walton said it was a rash act of mine to risk such an expedition at all, but I have just heard from him that I am not the only rash person where there is a good cause and a great object to be gained."

"Nay, will you scold me too?" rejoined Miss Walton, laughing; "if so I will hold no further conversation with you. Yet, my good lord, to say truth, I take less blame to myself for what I did, than for not doing it at once. To see the poor girl, Arrah Neil, willing to risk her life to serve my brother shamed me, to think that she should encounter danger alone."

"But you might have sent one of the men, dear Annie," said Lord Walton: "it was a soldier's, not a lady's, task to carry such intelligence."

"But they would not go," replied Annie Walton; and as they rode back towards the high road, she explained to her brother and his friend the circumstances under which she had acted.

For a minute or two the conversation was as gay and cheerful as a great success just obtained, a great deliverance just achieved, could render it. Lord Beverley explained to his fair companion, that having learned that morning on entering the neighbouring village with a body of two hundred horse, which he had raised for the service of the king, that a regiment of parliamentary musketeers were lying concealed at the back of the wood, and supposing that their ambush was directed against himself, he had determined to remain in the place, and defend it, should need be, against them; but that when he found the passage of Lord Walton's troop was opposed, and his friend in danger, he had instantly called his men to the saddle, and advanced to support him. Lord Walton, too, related many of

those actions which in such scenes of strife are always crowded into the space of a few minutes; and much praise did he bestow upon the gallant determination of Major Randal and his troop, and also upon the steadiness and courage displayed by his own tenantry and adherents. Captain Barecolt himself had his full share of commendation.

"I had thought," said Charles Walton, "from his ridiculous bravadoes during the last two days, that the man must be at least a coward, although Randal is not one to suffer such an animal near him: but it proved quite the contrary; and I saw his long body constantly in the thick of the melee, and his heavy sword cutting right and left at the steel caps of the musketeers over the very muzzles of their guns."

As they approached nearer to the scene of conflict, however, the sights which Miss Walton witnessed—the dead, the dying, the wounded, the road stained with deep pools of blood, and the sounds that met her ear—the groan of anguish, the sad complaint, the cry for water and for help—blotted out all memory of their success; and with a shuddering frame and a sad heart she followed her brother to the spot where Major Randal was sitting by his cornet, on the parapet of the bridge, receiving accounts from the different troopers as they came in of the prisoners taken from the enemy, and the killed and wounded on their own part, while ever and anon a mounted trumpeter by his side blew a loud, long blast to call the parties from the pursuit.

"Ah, Miss Walton," cried the old officer, starting up and addressing her in his usual bluff tone, "I am glad to see you safe and well. I will never say that women are of no use any more; for by my faith, you and that other girl got us out of a pretty predicament. I was blind enough or stupid enough, and so were all the rest, not to mark the little path, for we passed it in charging up to the bridge, and if we had we should not have known that the stream was ford-

able below. However, get you into the carriage again, and shut your eyes or draw the curtains, for I see you look white and sickish, and these sights are not fit for women. The men will have soon pulled down that barricade, and then you can go on, while we get up the wounded and follow. We must do ten miles more to-night."

"I should prefer to ride," replied Miss Walton; "you had better put the wounded people in the carriages."

"True, true—well bethought," answered the old soldier. "You are a good girl after all."

Lord Walton smiled at the somewhat ambiguous compliment to his sister; but as no time was to be lost, he left her under the care of Lord Beverley, and proceeded to give orders, and make those arrangements which the circumstances required. The barricade, which had been constructed hastily of felled trees, stone, and turf, was speedily removed, and the foremost of the carriages was being brought forward to receive some of the severely wounded, who were lying about within the very narrow circle to which the strife had been confined, when Lord Walton's servant, Langan, rode up, exclaiming—"My lord, my lord, the prisoners have made their escape."

"What prisoners?" demanded Lord Walton, forgetting those he had brought from Bishop's Merton.

"Why that Roundhead rascal and canting hypocrite, Dry of Longsoaken, with Thistleton, and the rest."

"No," rejoined Roger Hartup, who was standing near, with a severe wound in his shoulder, "I shot Thistleton through the head after the first charge. He had picked up a sword, I don't know how, and got out of the carriage, and was just making a plunge at Jackson, the forester, when I blew his brains out with my pistol; you will find him lying behind the waggon. Of the rest I know nothing."

"They are all gone," answered Langan.

"And Arrah Neil?" exclaimed Lord Walton, advancing towards the carriages. But Arrah Neil was not there.

CHAPTER VII.

INQUIRIES were made on every side but in vain. No one had seen the poor girl since she had been placed in the coach by Lord Walton; and indeed, in the haste and confusion of the strife which had ensued after the troop had forded the river and attacked the enemy in front, no one had had an opportunity of witnessing what had taken place amongst the carriages, except two wounded men who had been left behind upon the road—one of whom had died before the struggle was over, and the other had crept for security under one of the waggons which hid every thing that was passing from his sight. The agitation and alarm of Miss Walton and her brother, seemed somewhat beyond measure in the eyes of good Major Randal, who was anxious to hasten forward with all speed. He waited somewhat impatiently while parties were sent here and there over the plain to seek for the poor girl who had disappeared, but at length he broke forth in a sharp tone exclaiming, “We cannot wait here till night, my lord, looking for this lost sheep: we have got all the wounded men into the coaches and on the waggons, and on my life, we must be marching; we have prisoners enough to embarrass us sadly if we were attacked, and who can tell that we may not meet with another party of these worthies.”

“I think not,” said the Earl of Beverley, who had shown a good deal of interest in the event which seemed to move his friend so much. “I have heard of no other Roundheads than these in this neighbourhood; but if you will march on, Walton, and take one half of my troop with you, I will remain behind with the rest, for they are fresher than your men, and we can overtake you after we have done all that is possible to discover this poor girl.”

“No,” answered Lord Walton, “I will not leave her behind, Francis, as long as there is a chance. You had better march on, major; I will stay with my own people, and follow you to Henley. Annie, you had better go on: your staying, my dear sister, would but embarrass me. Lord Beverley will give you the advantage of

his escort, and I will overtake you before night.”

It was accordingly arranged as he proposed; and to say the truth, Lord Beverley was by no means displeased with the task of protecting his friend's sister on the way. In the course of a quarter of an hour the whole troop was put in motion; and Annie Walton, though somewhat unwilling to leave her brother behind, followed on horseback with the earl by her side, and some fourteen or fifteen horse bringing up the rear at a short distance behind. She was sad and desponding with all the events which had taken place; for the first joy of success and deliverance had by this time passed away, and the impression that remained was of that dark and gloomy character, which her first entrance upon scenes of strife, bloodshed, and danger, might naturally produce upon a gentle and kindly heart, however firm might be the mind, however strong the resolution. Her companion well understood the feelings of a girl nurtured with tenderness and luxury, accustomed alone to deal with the peaceful and the graceful things of life, when suddenly forced to witness and take part in the fierce and turbulent acts of civil war, to follow marching men, and be a spectator of battle and slaughter. He knew right well that no gay and lively subject would be pleasant to her ear at such a moment, though the soldier himself might habitually cast off all memory of the strife the instant it was over, and give way to joy and triumph in the hour of success. The cavalier shaped his conversation accordingly, and in a grave though not sad tone, spoke of deeper and more solemn things than had formed the matter of their discourse when last they met. Nevertheless, seeking to win her from her gloom, there came from time to time, across the course of all he said, flashes of bright and brilliant eloquence, rich and imaginative illustrations, sparkling and almost gay allusions to other things and times and scenes, which without producing the discord, which any thing like merriment would have occasioned to her ear, stole her thoughts away

from sadder subjects of contemplation, and, calling the blessed power of fancy to her aid, enabled her to bear up under the first weight of the dark present. To Annie Walton there was an extraordinary charm in the conversation of the cavalier—it was like the current of a stream flowing on between deep and shady banks, profound, yet rapid and various, while ever and anon the sunshine broke upon it through the trees, and lighted it up for a space in all the sparkling lustre of the day. At first her replies were brief and few, but gradually, she took a greater part in the discourse, answered at large, gave him her own thoughts in return for his, inquired as well as listened, and was won often to a smile. Thus they rode on for about two hours, the cavalier gaining more and more upon her, and to speak the truth, the high qualities of her heart and mind, winning from him as much admiration as her beauty and her grace commanded at the first sight.

Their progress as before was very slow, and once they had to pause for about a quarter of an hour, while the baggage of Lord Beverley's troop was brought forth from the village where he had left it, and added to that of the other party. At length, however, they came in sight of a small town lying on the slope of a hill, with higher up upon the right a detached house and some tall trees about it, standing in the midst of a park or very large meadow, surrounded by ancient brick walls.

At this point of their march Major Randal rode back and spoke a few words to the earl, who replied—“Exactly as you like, major—I am under your command.”

“Nay, my lord,” replied the old officer, “I am under yours, you hold a higher commission.”

“But with less experience, my good friend,” answered the cavalier; “at all events, Major Randal, I will act by your advice, if you think we can reach Henley well, if not we will halt here.”

“We might if it were not for this lumbering baggage,” answered the old soldier. “I cannot think what has made Lord Walton, who knows well what service is, cumber us with such stuff as this. A trooper should never have any baggage but his arms, a dozen crowns, and a clean shirt.”

“You must not grumble, my good

friend,” replied the earl, dropping his voice. “If I understand Charles Walton rightly, there is that in those waggons which will be more serviceable to the king than all our broadswords.”

“Ah! ah! I understand,” said Major Randal. “If that be so we must take care of it, otherwise I think I should be inclined to pitch the whole into the first river. Well then, my lord, we will stop here, and as that is your house I believe, you may sleep in your own sheets for one night. We will quarter the men in the village, and I will send out to see that the road is clear for our march to-morrow.”

“I shall expect you to supper however, major,” said the earl; “although I cannot tell whether there is any meat in the house, yet I know there is good old wine in the cellar, unless the Round-heads have got into it since I was there.”

“If they have, you will not find a bottle,” replied Randal; “for notwithstanding all their hypocrisy, they drink as deep as cavaliers, the only difference is, that they cant where the others swagger. But as for your wine, my lord, you must drink it yourself for me. I am an old campaigner, and my saloon is the parlour of the ale-house—I am more at home there, than amongst gilt chairs and sideboards of plate.”

“Good faith, you will find little of that in my house,” replied the earl; “so come if you will: but in the mean time I will guide this fair lady up, and take some of the men with me to guard the house; for there is but a young girl and an old butler of seventy, who recollects Queen Elizabeth, left to take care of it. All the rest of my people are in the saddle.”

“That's where they should be, my lord,” replied Randal. “I will make your cornet quarter the men, as the place is yours, and will see you before I sleep to plan our arrangements for to-morrow.”

Thus saying, he rode on again; and after having given a few orders to his officers for the disposal of the force in the village, the guarding of the house, and the sending back of a small detachment to meet Lord Walton, the Earl of Beverley rode up with his fair companion and her women, by a narrow wood-covered lane, to the house upon the hill. The building

was not very large, being one of the old fortified houses which were common in England in that time, and many of which during the civil wars stood regular siege by the parliamentary forces. Strong towers and buttresses, heavy walls, narrow windows, and one or two irregular out-works, gave it a peculiar character, which is only to be met with now in some of the old mansions which have come down to these times, falling rapidly into decay, and generally applied to viler uses. As was then customary, and as was the case at Bishop's Merton, a wide terrace spread before the house, upon which the earl and his companions drew in their horses; and, before she dismounted, Miss Walton turned to gaze over the view, while the cavalier sprang to the ground, and, casting his rein to one of the troopers who had followed him, approached to aid her.

"The prospect is not so wide as at Bishop's Merton, fair lady," said he; "but there is one object in it which will be as pleasant to your eye as any you could see at home. There comes your brother."

"I see a party of horse," said Annie Walton, "by the wood under the hill, but I cannot distinguish any of the figures."

"Oh it is he, it is he!" cried her companion; "but I see no woman amongst them."

"Alas!" said Annie Walton, "what can have become of that poor girl."

"It is strange, indeed," said the cavalier; "but yet, Miss Walton, she may have been alarmed, and fled while the fight was going on. If any injury had happened to her, had she been wounded or killed by a chance shot, she must have been found by this time."

"Oh, no; fear had nothing to do with it," replied Miss Walton; "she went through the midst of the fire to tell my brother of the path."

"Why he said it was yourself," rejoined Lord Beverley.

"We both went," replied Annie Walton: "but she seemed to have no fear, and I confess my heart beat like a very coward's."

"It is indeed strange," said the earl; "but yet, perhaps, your brother may have tidings. Let me assist you to alight." And lifting her gently

from the horse, he led her into the wide ancient hall, at the door of which stood the old butler, with his head shaking with age, but a glad look upon his countenance to see his lord once more returned.

From the hall, which felt chilly and damp, as if the door of the house had seldom been opened to the sunshine and free air, the earl conducted his companion up a flight of stone steps, and through some wide unfurnished corridors, to a part of the house which presented a more cheerful and habitable appearance, giving a glance from time to time at the countenance of Miss Walton, as if to see what effect the desolate aspect of the place would have upon her. Absorbed in other contemplations, however, she took no notice, and at length the cavalier called her attention to it himself, saying, with a faint and somewhat sad smile—

"You see, Miss Walton, what effect neglect can have. During my long absence from England every thing has fallen into decay—more indeed in this house than in my dwelling in the north; but yet I reproach myself for having given way to the very mingled feelings that kept me from residing in my own land, and amongst my own people. It is not indeed the ruin and desolation that falls upon one's property which a man ought to mind under such circumstances; but when a wealthy family dwells in the midst of its own tenantry, they build up a better mansion than any that is raised with hands, a nobler home than the lordly castle or the splendid palace. I mean that which is founded in the love and affections of friends and dependants, ornamented with kindly feelings and mutual benefits, obligations, gratitude, and esteem. And this is the house which falls into more horrible decay during a long absence, than any of these things of brick or stone."

"I fear indeed it is so," said Miss Walton, walking on beside him into a large and handsome room, not only well furnished, but presenting some most beautiful pictures of the Italian school hanging upon the walls, while objects of vertu and instruments of music lay scattered over numerous tables, many of which were in themselves excessively costly. "But it seems to me, my lord, that in some respects

your house and yourself are very much alike, though perhaps it is bold of me to say so ; but now that I know who you really are, I feel as much inclined to regard you as an old friend as you did towards me when first we met."

"Thanks, thanks, sweet lady," answered the earl. "Oh! regard me ever so. But if you mean that in my house and in myself there are desolate and ruined corners, you are mistaken. I am not one of those who have either some real and deep grief overshadowing the heart for ever, or one of those who nourish a sentimental sorrow for nothing at all. There may be things in my own life that I regret—I may have lost dear friends and relations whom I mourn; but as the common course of events runs in this world, my life has been a very happy one, chequered indeed only by a great injury inflicted on my family by the king whom now I serve, which made me resolve like a foolish boy, as I then was, never to set my foot in my native land while he remained in power. When I found that he was fallen, dispossessed, and in need, I came back in haste to serve him with that loyalty which I trust will long be the distinction of a British gentleman."

"I did not exactly mean what you think," replied Miss Walton; "I merely wished to remark that you seem sometimes as gay and cheerful as this room in which we now are, sometimes as sad and gloomy as the hall through which we lately passed." She coloured a little as she spoke, from an indefinite consciousness that the woman who remarks so closely the demeanour of a young and handsome man, may be well suspected of taking a deeper interest in him than she wished to believe she did in her companion.

The cavalier replied at once, however, without remarking the blush—

"It must be so ever, Miss Walton, with those who feel and think. Is it not so with yourself? The spirit that God gives us is made for happiness, full of high aspirations, and bright capabilities of enjoyment; but it is placed in a world of trial and of difficulty, prisoned in a corporeal frame that checks and limits its exertions, chained down by cares and circumstances that burden its free energies.

Whenever the load is not felt, whenever the walls of the dungeon are not seen, the captive gladly casts off the remembrance that such things exist, and rejoices in their absence. But ever and anon they present themselves to his eyes, or press upon his limbs, and he mourns under the weight that he cannot wholly cast off. But here comes your brother; and I will only add that you shall see me sad no more, if you will bargain with me that you will be cheerful too."

In a few minutes Lord Walton himself entered the room; but his countenance bespoke no good tidings of her he had been in search of. He had been able indeed to gain no information whatever, though he left no effort unmade; and he was evidently deeply mortified and grieved, so that the next two hours passed in sadness upon all parts. While the necessary arrangements were made for lodging the party in the house for the night, some occupation of a less sad character than the loss of poor Arrah Neil, was given to the thoughts of Miss Walton by all the little inconveniences and difficulties attendant upon the sudden arrival of a large party in a mansion unprepared for their reception. Though accustomed through life to every sort of comfort, Annie Walton was not one to make much of trifles; and she was amused rather than otherwise at all the small annoyances, and at the dismay and embarrassment of her maids. When she returned from the rooms which had been assigned to her and her female companions, to that which was called in the house the picture-room, she found her brother conversing in the window with his friend, with a bright and cheerful countenance which surprised her. The change was explained in a moment, however, by Charles Walton holding out a dirty strip of paper to her, and saying—

"Here is news of our poor Arrah, Annie. She is safe, although I cannot tell where."

Annie took the scrap of paper, and read, merely observing as she did so—

"This is not Arrah's hand: she writes beautifully."

The note ran as follows:—

"MY LORD—This is to tell you, as I hear that you have been a running

after pretty Arrah Neil all the evening, that she is saif in this place, and as well as may be. I can't come just at present, for reasons ; but I will be over with you by cock-crow to-morrow morning, and either bring her, if I can, or take you to her.—I subscribe myself, my lorde, your obedient servant to command,

“JOHN HURST.”

“Francis here,” said Lord Walton, when his sister had done reading, “has been laughing at me for the reputation which I have acquired of running after *pretty* Arrah Neil during the whole evening ; but I think I may set laughs at defiance regarding her, Annie.”

“I think so too,” answered Miss Walton with a smile ; “but I wish we knew where she is.”

As often happens, however, when, in the midst of many cares and anxieties, one subject of alarm and grief is removed, all the rest are forgotten for the time, the news of poor Arrah's safety restored the cheerfulness of all the party. We draw an augury of future happiness from each blessing that befalls us, from each relief that is afforded ; and it is not till new difficulties press upon us that apprehension resumes her sway.

Cheerfulness then returned to the party assembled in Lord Beverley's house ; they sat down to the pleasant evening meal, which closed a day of strife and danger, with hearts lightened, and expectations raised ; the merry voices of the troopers who were supping in the hall below, gave them warning how best to treat the cares of the time ; and if an anxiety or thought of the future did break in for a moment upon them, it was but to teach them to enjoy the present hour, inasmuch as no forethought or grave contemplation could affect the coming events. Lord Beverley exerted himself without any apparent effort, to keep the conversation in its cheerful tone ; and when Miss Walton made some inquiries as to any danger or difficulty which might lie upon the march of the following day, he exclaimed gaily—

“Away with such thoughts, fair lady : we have taken every precaution ; we have done all that we can to guard against evil ; we have true hearts, and

a good cause ; and in trust of God's protection let us enjoy these hours of tranquillity. They are treasures, believe me, that are not often met with ; let us gather them whilst we can. The best of husbandry, depend upon it, is to sift the corn from the chaff, to separate the gold from the dross in the portion of time that is allotted to us, and not to mingle the sorrow of to-morrow with the enjoyment of to-day. Come, Miss Walton,” he added, “you must add to our present happiness by letting us hear once more that sweet voice in song, such as delighted me at Bishop's Merton.”

“Nay, not to-night,” said Annie Walton. “It is your turn now, my lord. By all these instruments of music, I am sure you sing yourself. Is it not so, Charles?”

“Beautifully,” replied Lord Walton ; “and what is better than all, Annie, he requires no pressing.”

“I will, with all my heart,” replied the cavalier, but upon one condition—that I am called no more my lord. Charles Walton and Francis Beverley have been too long brothers for the sister of either to use so cold a term. What shall I sing? It must be of love in a lady's presence, otherwise were I no true knight ;” and taking a large Venetian mandolin from the table behind him, he put it in tune, and sung—

LORD BEVERLEY'S SONG.

Light of my life, my heart's intense desire,
Soul of my soul, thou blossom and thou beam ;
Thou kindest day with more than summer's fire,
Thou bright'nest night like some celestial dream.

The sight of thee gives sunshine to my way,
Thy music breath brings rapture to my ear ;
My thoughts thy thoughts, like willing slaves, obey,
Oh, thou most beautiful, oh, thou most dear !

One look of thine is worth a monarch's throne,
One smile from thee would raise the dying head ;
One tear of thine would melt the heart of stone ;
One kiss, one kiss would vivify the dead.

Near thee the hours like moments fleet
 away;
 Absent, they linger heavy on the
 view:
 In life, in death, oh let me with thee
 stay,
 Oh thou most beautiful, most good,
 most true!

The voice was rich and mellow, with all the cultivation which the art of Italy could at that time bestow. There was no effort, there was nothing forced—every note seemed as much a part of the expression of the thought as the words in which it was clothed. But there was a fire, a warmth, an enthusiasm in the singer which gave full depth and power to the whole. It was impossible to see him and to hear him without forgetting that he was singing a song composed probably long before, and without believing that he was giving voice, in the only way his feelings would permit, to the sensations of the moment.

Annie Walton knew not why, but her heart beat quickly as she sat and listened, the long black eyelashes of her beautiful eyes remained sunk towards the ground, and her fair cheek became pale as marble. She would

fain have looked up when the song was done, she would fain have thanked the cavalier, and expressed her admiration of his music, but she could do neither, and remained perfectly silent, while her brother remarked the emotion which she felt, and turned his eyes with a smile from her countenance to that of his friend. But the earl too had fallen into thought, and with his hand leaning upon the mandolin, which he had suffered to drop by his knee till it reached the floor, seemed gazing upon the frets, as if the straight lines of ivory contained some matter of serious contemplation. Miss Walton coloured as she marked the silence, and looking suddenly up, said one or two commonplace words which at once betrayed an effort. They served, however, to renew the conversation again. Another and another song succeeded, and after about an hour spent in this manner, the party separated and retired to rest, while Annie Walton asked herself, with an agitated breast, what is the meaning of this? The sensations were new to her, and for more than an hour they banished sleep from her pillow.

CHAPTER VIII.

We must now change the scene, and, without much consideration of the "pathos and bathos delightful to see," must remove the reader from the higher and more refined society of Lord Walton, his sister, and the Earl of Beverley, to the small sanded parlour of the little alehouse in the village. We must also advance in point of time for about three hours, and put the hour hand of the clock midway between the figures one and two, while the minute hand was quietly passing over the six. All was still in the place, the soldiery were taking their brief repose, except a sentinel who walked up and down, pistol in hand, at each entrance of the village; and the villagers themselves, having recovered from the excitement caused by the arrival of the party and the drinking and merriment which followed it, had taken possession of such beds as the troopers left them, and were enjoying the sweet but hard-earned slumber of daily labour.

Two living creatures occupied the parlour of the alehouse, a large tabby cat, who—as if afraid that the mice upon which she waged such interminable and strategetic war might take advantage of her own slumbers to surprise her—had mounted upon a three-legged stool and was enjoying her dreams in peace, curled up in a comfortable ball; and Captain Barecolt who, seated in a wooden arm-chair with his long leg-bones still in their immemorial boots stretched upon another, kept watch, if such it could be called, with a large jug of ale beside him, from which he took every now and then deep draughts, as he mentally declared, "to keep himself awake."

The effect was not exactly such as he expected, for from time to time he fell into a doze, from which a sort of drowsy consciousness of the proximity of the ale roused him up every quarter of an hour, to make a new application to the tankard. At length, feeling

that these naps were becoming longer, he drew his legs off the chair, muttering—

“This won’t do! I shall have that dried herring, Randal, upon me; I must take a pipe and smoke it out.”

And thereupon he moved hither and thither in the parlour, looking for the implements necessary in the operation to which he was about to apply himself. These were soon found, and a few whiffs soon enveloped him in a cloud as thick as that in which Homer’s Jove was accustomed to enshrine himself on solemn occasions; and in the midst of this, the worthy captain continued ruminating upon the mighty deeds he had done and was to do. He thought over the past, and congratulated himself upon his vast renown, for Captain Barecolt was one of those happy men who have a facility of believing their own fictions. He was convinced that if he could but count them up, he had performed more feats of valour, and slaughtered more bloody enemies than Amadis de Gaul, Launcelot of the Lake, the Admiral de Coligni, or the Duke of Alva. It was true, he thought, such events soon passed from the minds of great men, being common occurrences with them, so that he could not remember one half of what he had done, which he only regretted for the sake of society; but he was quite sure that whenever opportunities served he should be found superior to any of the great captains of the age, and that merit and time must lead him to the highest distinction. This led him on to futurity, and he made up his mind, that the first thing he would do should be, to save the king’s life when attacked on every side by fifteen or sixteen horsemen. For this, of course, he would be knighted on the spot, and receive the command of a regiment of horse, with which he proposed to march at once to London, depose the lord mayor, and proceeding to the parliament-house, dissolve the parliament, seize the speaker and twelve of the principal members, and hang Sir Harry Vane. This, he thought, would be work enough for one day; but the next morning he would march out with all the cavaliers he could collect, defeat the Earl of Essex on one side, rout Waller on the other, and then with

his prisoners proceed to head-quarters, where of course he would be appointed general-in-chief, and in that capacity would bring the king to London.

What he would do next was a matter of serious consideration, for the war being at an end, Othello’s occupation was gone, and as during all this time he had made sundry application to his friend the tankard, his imagination was becoming somewhat heavy on the wing, and in a minute or two after he fell sound asleep, while the pipe dropped unnoticed from his hand and fractured its collar-bone upon the floor.

He had scarcely been asleep ten minutes, when the door of the room slowly opened, and a round head covered with short curls was thrust in, with part of a burly pair of shoulders. The door was then pushed partly open, and in walked a tall stout man in a good brown coat, who, advancing quietly to the side of Captain Deciduous Barecolt, laid his hand upon his arm. Now what Captain Barecolt was dreaming of at that moment it is impossible for the author of these pages to tell; but his vision would appear to have been pugnacious, for the instant the intruder’s grasp touched his left arm, he started up, and stretching out his right to a pistol which lay between the tankard and himself on the table, snatched it up, levelled it at the head of his visitor, and pulled the trigger.

Luckily for the brains, such as they were, of poor John Hurst, for he was the person who had entered, in the last unsteady potations of the bellicose captain a few drops of ale had been spilt upon the pan of the deadly weapon; and though the flint struck fire, no flash succeeded, much to the astonishment of Barecolt and the relief of his companion.

“D—n the man,” cried Hurst, reeling back in terror; “what art thou about? Dost thou go to shoot a man without asking with your leave or by your leave?”

“Never wake a sleeping tiger!” exclaimed Barecolt, with a graceful wave of his hand. “You may think yourself profoundly lucky, master yeoman, that you have got as much brains left in that round box of yours as will

serve to till your farm, for this hand never yet missed anything within shot of a pistol or reach of a sword. I remember very well once, in the island of Sardinia, a Corsican thinking fit to compare his nose to mine, upon which I told him that the first time we met I would leave him no nose to boast of. He being a wise man, kept ever after out of reach of my hands; but one day, when he thought himself in security upon a high bank, he called out to me—'Ha! ha! capitane, I have got my nose still!' upon which, drawing out my pistol, I aimed at his face, and though the distance was full a hundred yards, with the first shot I cut off his proboscis at the root, so that it dropped down upon the road, and I picked it up and put it in my pocket."

"It must have been somewhat thin in the stalk," said Hurst; "no good stout English nose, I warrant you. But come, captain, you must take me up to my lord. The sentry passed me on to you, and I want help directly, for there is a nest of Roundheads not five miles from here, who have got that poor little girl in their hands, and are brewing mischief against us to-morrow. Half a dozen men may take them to-night, but we may have hard work of it if we wait till daylight."

Captain Barecolt paused and meditated; a glorious opportunity of buying distinction cheap seemed now before him, and the only difficulty was, how to keep it all in his own hands.

"I cannot disturb the commander," he said, in a solemn tone, after a few minutes' consideration; "that's quite impossible, my friend. Faith, if you want help you must be content with mine and half a dozen soldiers of my troop. I am a poor creature, it is true," he continued, in a tone of affected modesty, "and not able to do so much service as some men. I never killed above seventeen enemies in a day; and the best thing I have to boast of is, having blown up a fort containing three hundred men with my own unassisted hand. However, what poor aid I can give you, you may command. We will take six picked men with us, if that be enough, you and I will make eight, and if there be not more than a hundred and fifty of the enemy I think we could manage."

"A hundred and fifty," cried Hurst.

"Why, there are but seven, and one of them is not a fighting man."

"Whom may they be?" asked Barecolt, in a solemn tone; "if there be but seven, we shall no need of any men; I will go alone. Who may they be?"

"Why, there's that Captain Batten, whom my lord took away prisoner, I hear," replied Hurst; "then there's a Doctor Bastwick, a parliamentary committee man; then there's old Dry of Longsoaken, who dragged away the girl while you were all fighting at the bridge; the other four are, I hear, common councilmen of Coventry, though they are all decked out in buff and bandolier, as if they were fire-eating soldiers just come from the wars. They were laying a plan before they went to bed for bringing troops from Coventry round about my lord and his men, while two regiments of Essex's, that are marching into the north, were to have warning, and cut off the retreat."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Captain Barecolt, "we will cut off theirs. Have you got a horse, master yeoman? I think yours was killed in the field?"

"Ay, that it was," answered Hurst, "to my loss and sorrow; as good a beast as was ever crossed, and cost me twenty pound."

"We will mount you, we will mount you," said the captain; "there are a dozen and more good horses which forgot their riders yesterday, and left them lying by the bridge. We may as well have half a dozen men with us, however, just to tie the prisoners, for that is not work for gentlemen; so you sit down and take a glass of ale, and I will get all things ready."

In the course of about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, Captain Barecolt had called to his aid eight men of the troop whom he could most depend upon; and after having brought down Major Randall's cornet to take his post during his absence, and mounted good John Hurst on the horse of a trooper who had been killed the day before, he led the way out of the little town, and, guided by the yeoman across the country, advanced slowly towards another village situated in the plain about five or six miles from that in which they had taken up their quarters. The country was open, without woods or hedges,

but the night was profoundly dark, and the wind sighing in long gusts over the open fields. Nothing was to be seen except the glimmer of a piece of water here and there, till they approached the village to which their steps were bent; when one or two lights became visible amongst the houses, as if, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, all the inhabitants had not yet retired to rest. One of these lights, too, as if proceeding from a lantern, appeared moving about in the gardens; and Captain Barecolt, turning to Hurst, asked him, in a low voice—

"What is the meaning of those lights?"

"I don't know," answered the yeoman. "It was all dark when I crept away."

"We shall soon see," rejoined Barecolt. "You are sure there are no troops in the place?"

"There were none when I left it," replied Hurst; but almost as he spoke, a loud voice exclaimed—

"Stand! Who goes there?"

"A friend," answered Barecolt.

"Stand! and give the word," repeated the voice, and at the same moment a small red spot of fire, as if produced by a man blowing a match, appeared immediately before them; and Barecolt, spurring on his horse, found himself in the presence of a matchlock man, at whose head he aimed a cut with his heavy sword, which rang sharply upon a steel cap, and brought the man upon his knee.

He fired his piece, however, but missed his mark, and threw down the gun, while Barecolt, catching him by the shoulder, put his sword to his throat, exclaiming—

"Yield, or you are a dead man."

The sentinel had no hesitation on the subject, having already received a sharp wound on the head, which left him little inclination to court more.

"Now, tell me who is in the village," exclaimed Barecolt; "and see you tell truth, for your life depends upon it."

"Three companies of Colonel Harris's regiment," answered the soldier, "and a troop of Lord Essex's own horse."

"The number?" demanded Barecolt.

"Four hundred foot, and a hundred

troopers," replied the man; and having a little recovered from his first apprehension, he demanded—"Whom may you be?"

"My name is Johnson," answered Barecolt, readily, "first captain of Sir Nicholas Jarvis's regiment of horse, marching up to join the Earl of Beverley and Lord Walton, at Hendon, near Coventry. We thought they were quartered in this village: whereabout do they lie?"

"Oh, no," answered the man, "they are five miles to the east we hear, and we were to attack them on the march to-morrow."

"Are you telling me the truth?" said Barecolt, in a stern tone; "but I will make sure of that, for I will take you with me to Sir Nicholas Jarvis, and if we find you have cheated us as to where they lie, you shall be shot to-morrow at daybreak. Tie his hands some of you——hark! there is a drum! There, curse him, let him go, we have no time to spare; I must get back to Sir Nicholas, and let him know that we are on the wrong road."

Thus saying, he turned his horse and rode away, followed by the rest of his party; while the tramp of men coming down fast from the village was heard behind them.

The reader need not be told that Captain Barecolt never had the slightest intention of carrying off the wounded sentinel with him; for having filled him with false intelligence regarding the march of his imaginary regiment, he was very glad to leave him behind to communicate it to his fellows in the place. In the meanwhile, he himself gave orders for putting the horses into a quick trot, and returning with all speed to the village; where, without communicating the tidings he had gained to any one, he left his men, and hurried up with Hurst to the mansion on the hill. The earl and Lord Walton were immediately called up, and Barecolt, being admitted to their presence, made his statement. We are by no means so rash as to assert, that the account he gave was altogether true, for Captain Deciduous Barecolt, much more skilful than the writer of this tale, never lost sight of his hero, and his hero was always himself; but, at all events, the intelligence he brought of the enemy was accurate enough, and the stratagem he had used to deceive

the foe was also told correctly and received great commendation. He was sent down immediately, however, to call Major Randal to the council, and, in the meantime, the two young noblemen eagerly questioned Hurst as to what he had seen and heard amongst the adverse party. His tale was told briefly and simply, and showed the following facts. After his horse had been killed he had carried off his saddle and the other worldly goods which he possessed; and finding that, without being of any service to his party, he was in imminent danger of losing his own life from the stray shots that were flying about in different directions, he made the best of his way to the back of the little mound we have mentioned, and thence peeped out to see the progress of the fight. Perceiving at one time, as he imagined, the small force of Royalists wavering in their attack upon the musketeers, he judged it expedient, lest his friends should be defeated, to put a greater distance between himself and the enemy; and taking all that was most valuable to him out of the saddle, he left it behind him, and hurried on for about a mile farther, where he took up his position in a ditch. While thus ensconced, he saw the well-known form of Mr. Dry, of Longsoaken, together with that of another gentleman, whom he afterwards found to be Captain Batten. Between these two appeared poor Arrah Neil, of whose arm Dry retained a firm grasp, while he held a pistol in his right hand, under the authority of which he seemed to be hurrying her on unresistingly. In about a quarter of an hour more some fugitive musketeers ran by as fast as they could go, and shortly after, several of Major Randal's troopers appeared in pursuit; but as Hurst was unacquainted with the soldiers he prudently resolved to lie concealed where he was till some of his lord's followers should come up, which he calculated would be shortly the case, fearing he might be taken for one of the enemy, or at all events that he might be plundered by a friend—an operation as common in those days as in the present, though then it was done with pistol and broadsword, and now, in general, with pen and ink.

Towards the end of the day some of Lord Walton's men did appear, and spoke a word to him in pass-

ing, from which he gathered they were searching for Arrah Neil, but with the usual acuteness of persons sent upon a search, they rode on without waiting for any information he could give. Having marked the road which Dry and his companions had taken, Hurst then determined to follow them, and made his way to the village in which they halted for the night. "His plan had proved successful," he said "he had found the two parliamentary committee-men, together with Mr. Dry of Longsoaken, lodged in a house in the village, and boldly seeking out Dry, he gave him to understand that he had been taken by Lord Walton to join the king against his will, and was now making the best of his way home. He affected some fear of being overtaken; and in order to reassure him Dry and Dr. Bastwick communicated to him the intelligence they received in the course of the evening from the men of Coventry, in regard to the movement of parliamentary forces. This took place some hours subsequent, however, to the despatch of his note to Lord Walton, and he could not make his escape from the village, in order to carry more accurate tidings to his young landlord, till Dry and the rest had retired to bed."

As soon as Major Randal arrived a hasty consultation was held, to ascertain the course of proceedings which it would be expedient to follow. It was determined immediately to commence the march, and orders were given to that effect, which at once produced all the bustle and confusion of hasty departure. Miss Walton was called up, and, dressing herself hastily, was soon placed upon horseback once more, for it was determined to leave the carriages behind; and in about an hour the two noblemen and their followers, with Major Randal's troop, were marching on, in the gray of the dawn, and directing their steps towards Coventry. A small guard was left over the prisoners, with orders to remain behind about an hour, and then to leave them and follow with all speed, in order that the departure of the troop might be accomplished as secretly as possible. No trumpet was sounded; and if it had been possible to carry out King Lear's plan, and shoe a troop of horse with felt, it would have been done upon the present occasion.

The march, however, was conducted with as much silence as possible; and Miss Walton, riding between her brother and the Earl of Beverley, had plenty of time for thought. The sky had changed from gray to purple and gold; the expanse of the heavens had lost its glorious hues, as the sun rose up above the horizon; and the morning of a somewhat dull and heavy day had fully dawned ere any one spoke, except indeed when the few short words of command and direction were necessary. The countenance of Lord Walton was grave, and even sad; and his sister, who watched it with some anxiety, at length inquired—

“Do you anticipate any great danger, Charles? You look very gloomy.”

“Oh no, dearest Annie,” he answered; “I think we are so far before our enemies that we shall without doubt be able to join the king before they are aware of our departure. But I cannot think of being obliged to leave that poor girl in the hands of that old hypocrite, Dry, without feeling very sad. If he treat her ill woe be to him, should he and I ever meet again; but I trust he will be afraid to endanger his sanctified reputation. That is my only hope.”

The earl now joined in with that tone of calm cheerfulness which is the most persuasive of hope; and with the peculiar charms of his conversation, and the continual and brilliant variety which it displayed, led the thoughts of his companions to happier themes, and almost made them believe that brighter days were before them. Since the preceding night his manner had much changed towards Miss Walton: there was a tenderness in it, a softness, a tone which can only be called the tone of love; and though both were more silent than they previously had been, yet each, in that silence, was thinking of the other, and it is very dangerous so to do, unless we are disposed to yield to feelings which in the end may master us altogether. Coquetry may talk, may carry on uninterrupted observation and reply; indifference may pursue the calm and easy current of conversation; and avowed and satisfied love may hold unbroken communion upon all the many subjects of thought and imagination; but in its early day true passion is fitful in its eloquence, full of silence and

interruptions, for it is full of thought; and the voice of feeling is often the strongest when the lips are motionless and the tongue is mute.

But we will dwell no more upon such matters, for we have action before us instead of thought, deeds rather than sensations. After a march of about four hours, and a short pause for refreshment, the advanced party of the troop was seen to halt upon a small eminence, while one of the troopers rode back at full speed, bringing the intelligence that they saw a considerable body of men drawn up at a short distance from Coventry.

“Are we so near?” said Miss Walton.

“Within three miles,” replied the earl. “That is the spire of St. Michael’s church rising over the slope. You will see the city as soon as we pass the rise.—Think you these are the king’s troops, Major Randal?”

“Ay, such troops as they are,” answered the old officer; “we must have more and better before we do much service.”

“It will be as well to despatch some one to see,” said Lord Walton. “I will send two of my servants, major. Here, Langan and Hartup, ride on with all speed and bring me back news of the people who are before Coventry. I cannot divine why the king should halt before the gates.”

“There may be rogues within,” said Major Randal. And so it proved; for on their arrival at the top of the slope, where Coventry, with its wide walls and beautiful spires, rose fair before them, they saw a fire of musketry opened from the city upon a small party of royalist troops which approached too near the gates.

Marching rapidly on, as soon as it was ascertained that the force they saw was that of Charles himself, they soon reached the monarch’s army, if so it could be called, and Annie Walton found herself in the midst of a new and animated scene.

The king’s face expressed much grief and vexation, as sitting upon a powerful horse, he consulted with some of his principal officers as to what was to be done on the rebellious refusal of Coventry to give him admission. But when he turned to receive the little reinforcement which now joined him, his countenance assumed a glad and cheer-

ful look; and as Lord Walton dismounting approached his stirrup he held out his hand to him graciously saying—

“Those are kind friends and loyal subjects indeed, my lord, who rally round their sovereign when more favoured men forsake him. Your own presence, my good sir, is the best answer you could give to my letters. We must retreat, I fear however, from before these inhospitable walls, for we have no cannon to blow open their gates, and even if I had I could wish to spare my subjects.”

“Ah! sire,” said Major Randal, who had also advanced to the king’s side, “when subjects draw the sword against their king, both parties should throw away the scabbard, for it is the blade must decide all.”

“Too rough, and yet too true,” said Charles; and after a few more words addressed to Lord Beverley and Miss Walton, the king turned his horse and rode off with his attendants towards Stonely, leaving the small force by which he was accompanied to follow.

CHAPTER IX.

THREE or four days had elapsed, and the party in whose fate we have interested ourselves had reached the town of Nottingham in safety; but gloom and despondency hung over the court of the king, over the small force at his command, and over the whole city. Proclamation had been made for all loyal subjects to join the monarch in Nottingham; and it had been announced that on that day, the 25th of August, 1642, Charles would set up his royal standard against his rebellious parliament. Few persons, however, joined him—not a single regiment of foot had been raised—the body of horse which he had led to Coventry had been little increased since he had retreated from that city—the artillery and ammunition from York had not yet arrived—and sadness was upon every brow, and apprehension in every heart.

The evening was dark and gloomy, the wind rising in sharp and howling gusts, a few large drops of rain were borne upon the blast, and every thing promised a night of tempest, when the king, accompanied by all the noblemen and gentlemen who had joined him, set out on horseback for the hill on which stands the old castle of Nottingham, with the knight marshal before him bearing the royal standard, and a small body of the train bands accompanying it as a guard. On reaching the spot destined for the ceremony the standard pole was fixed with great difficulty, amidst the roll of the drum and the loud blasts of the trumpet. But neither the war-stirring sound of the drum, nor the inspiring voice of

the trumpet could cheer the hearts of those around, or give them confidence even in the success of a good cause; and with the same sadness with which they had gone thither the royal party returned from the castle hill just as the evening was growing grey with night.

Some four or five hours after, Lord Walton, who had participated fully in the gloomy feelings which pervaded the whole court, rose from the supper table, at which he had been seated with his sister, the Earl of Beverley, and one or two friends who had joined them in Nottingham, and saying—

“My head aches, dearest Annie; I will walk up to the castle hill, and take a look at the standard. The air will do me good.”

“I will go with you, Charles,” said Miss Walton, rising. “I will not keep you a minute.”

“Nay, not in such a night as this, Annie,” answered her brother. “Do you not hear how the wind blows, as if it would force in those rattling casements.”

“Oh, I mind not the wind,” replied Annie Walton; “you shall lend me your arm, Charles; it will always be strong enough to steady your sister’s steps.”

“God grant it, dear one,” replied Lord Walton. “Well, come! I do wish to talk with you, Annie, upon many things;” and in a few minutes they were in the streets of Nottingham. The wind was even more strong than they had expected, but the tall houses of the good old town, though exposed by its position to the blasts, gave them some shelter; and as they

walked along, Lord Walton, after a few minutes silence, put his right hand upon his sister's, which grasped his arm, and said—"I wish to speak to you of the future, dear one. Danger and strife are before me. It is impossible for you to follow the movements of an army, and therefore I wish, before I march hence, to take you to the house of our good old cousin, Lady Margaret Langley, where you may rest in safety."

"I will go, Charles, if you wish it," replied Miss Walton; "but it must be only upon the condition that no restraint be put upon my movements, and that whenever there is a pause in the war, I may be allowed to follow and be near you."

"Of course, dear sister," replied her brother. "I don't pretend to restrain you in any thing, Annie. You are old enough and wise enough and good enough to decide entirely upon your own actions. You must keep several of the servants with you to guard you and protect you wherever you go. You must also have a sufficient sum to put you above any circumstances of difficulty, whatever you may think fit to do."

"Oh! I have the jewels, you know, Charles," said Miss Walton, "and more money of my own with me than will be needful."

"Well, we will see to that hereafter," said Lord Walton, "but there is another subject on which I would speak to you. No one can tell what may be the chance of war. I may go safely through the whole of this sad strife, and see the end of it. I may fall the first shot that is fired; but if I do, Annie you will need some strong arm and powerful mind to protect and support you. In that case I would leave you, as a legacy, as a trust, as a charge, to the best friend I have on earth, the oldest, the dearest. Francis Beverley loves you, Annie."

"Hush! oh, hush! Charles," cried Miss Walton, and he felt her hand tremble upon his arm.

"Nay, sweet sister," continued her brother, "I asked you for no confessions; your tale is told, dear girl.

All I ask is, will you, when I am gone, without reserve or woman's vain reluctance, trust in him, rely on him, as you do on me?"

His sister was silent for a moment, and he repeated—"Will you, Annie, forget all coyness, all unkind and ungenerous diffidence, and, recollecting he has been a brother to your brother, confide in him as such?"

Annie Walton paused again for a single instant, and then, with her face bent down, though no one could see her glowing cheek in the darkness, she murmured—"I will."

Lord Walton pressed her hand in his, and then in silence led the way up to the hill.

It was with difficulty that they ascended, so fierce were the gusts of wind; but the very violence of the blast scattered from time to time the drifting clouds, and the moon occasionally looked forth and cast a wavering light upon their path. Not a soul, however, did they meet in their way, all was still and silent but the howling of the tempest, till at length, when they reached the top, the voice of a sentinel exclaimed as usual—"Stand! Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Lord Walton, and before the man could demand it, he gave the word for the night, saying, "The crown."

"Pass," replied the sentinel, and he walked on with his sister clinging to his arm.

The moon shone out again, and Miss Walton and her brother both gazed forward towards the spot where the standard had stood. They could not see it, and hurrying on their steps they found four or five of the train band standing round the place. The standard itself was lying flat upon the ground.

In answer to Lord Walton's questions the men informed him that the wind had blown it down, and that they found it was impossible to raise it again, and turning sadly away, the young nobleman murmured in a low voice to his sister—"God send this be not an omen of our royal master's fate!"

TRAITS OF SARACENIC CHIVALRY.—NO. II.

MOHAMMEDAN CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

BY WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR.

THERE exists a chronicle of what were deemed important events in the seventh century kept by the monks of a monastery in Languedoc; it records at great length all the proceedings connected with the elections of abbots, priors, warders, and other officers belonging to the abbey, and bestows exactly two lines on the establishment of the Saracenic empire in Spain. Well and wisely says the Hindoo proverb—"the snail sees nothing beyond its shell, and believes it the finest palace in the universe." Short-sighted and conceited as the snails in this aphorism were the Christian writers cotemporary with the Saracenic conquest; but in a subsequent age their meagre statements were swelled into a cycle of legend and romance, where imagination supplied facts, fraud invented authorities, and research was only employed to obtain a garniture of ornament from the mythology of Europe and the romance of Asia. Southey has rendered the sad tale of "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," classical in our language; and Scott has associated that monarch's fabled vision of calamity with a brilliant sketch of the glories of the late peninsular war. It remains for us to inquire whether the narrative is a mere fable, as Gibbon, Voltaire, and many far less disposed to scepticism have asserted, or whether there may not be some historic facts mixed with the legend worthy of being investigated, to explain the causes that led to the speedy overthrow of an ancient dynasty and a powerful kingdom. Fortunately the researches of Senor Gayangos enable us to compare the Mohammedan account with the Christian, and thus to trace, if not the foundation of fact, at least the origin of the fiction; and having before us his published and unpublished collections, we shall proceed to investigate one of the most interesting and at the

same time one of the most obscure portions of European history.

About the time of their establishment in Spain, the Goths had become zealous Arians: they cruelly oppressed the Latins and the native Spaniards, whom they called by the common name of Romans, for their attachment to orthodoxy; religious differences exasperated the bitter feelings naturally produced by an ascendancy of race, and conscience was pleaded as an excuse for oppression. Like most of the north-eastern races that invaded the Roman empire, the Goths imposed very close restrictions on the authority of their sovereign: he was little more than first amongst his peers; individual nobles frequently resisted his commands; the general council set them aside altogether. The Romish party, which preached the slavish doctrines of obedience that had prevailed in the latter days of the Roman empire, gradually began to acquire favour with monarchs subjected to odious restraints. Towards the close of the sixth century King Recared, having obtained a great victory over the Franks, proposed to his grandees and prelates the adoption of the Catholic faith according to the Romish standard, and the change was sanctioned, if not with general obedience, at least without any open or immediate resistance.

The ecclesiastical writers and the Spanish historians describe this event as a mere change of religion, but it was in fact a great political revolution. In this age the Catholic hierarchy throughout Western Europe was beginning to form itself into a great spiritual aristocracy which might unite all the states of Christendom, through their churches, in federative union. The reconciliation of the Gothic kingdom to Catholicity elevated the Spanish prelates to more than equality with those who had hitherto despised

them as belonging to the conquered and inferior race, and the resentment of the nobles was further exasperated by the great extension which the introduction of maxims derived from the Roman law gave to the royal authority. The king and clergy became soon allied against the nobles; the latter raised the standard of revolt, but were soon crushed, and their leaders punished by loss of title and estate. From this time forward the prelates had a decided preponderance in the councils of the Gothic monarchy, and they exercised their newly acquired power as inquisitors rather than as legislators.

In the various revolutions which had followed the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews had gradually migrated farther and farther towards the west, until they had become very numerous in Spain and on the opposite coast of Africa. Several tribes of the Berbers were induced to profess Judaism—a circumstance which subsequently facilitated their conversion to the Mohammedan faith. The Arian Goths were generous protectors of the Jews, less perhaps through any compassion for a suffering people, than from a desire to oppose the cherished prejudices of the orthodox; just as the favour which Cromwell showed the Jews was in no small degree prompted by his determination to oppose every portion of the policy of Anglican episcopacy. The establishment of Catholicity in the Gothic monarchy was however far more fatal to the remnant of Israel than the English Restoration. Charles II. only revived their old civil disabilities. Lisebert, immediately after his accession in 612, published a law by which all Jews who refused after a specified time to embrace Christianity, were declared guilty of a capital crime. The extreme severity of this exterminating law defeated its execution. Successive penal laws were issued against the Jews by the councils of Toledo; and one of them enacted that no monarch should be allowed to enter on his regal functions until he had bound himself by oath to maintain inviolable the laws made against the unhappy Israelites. It was chiefly on account of the favours he showed the Jews that Witiza was deposed, and Roderic, "the last of the Goths,"

elevated by the clergy to the vacant throne.

The ports and fortified towns on the northern coast of Africa subject to the Gothic monarchs of Spain, were tenanted by a mixed population of Romans, Vandals, Numidians, and Greeks, professing a vague Christianity which had little hold on their faith, and no influence on their conduct. Africa had for a season been the favoured seat of western Christianity; hundreds of bishops assembled in its councils; its theological writers obtained undying fame; its missionaries pierced the barriers of the desert, and proclaimed the blessings of the Gospel in the interior of Africa. A party arose, which, in the words of an early father, "laboured to substitute the asceticism of John the Baptist for the liberty of Christ Jesus;" the Donatists not only laboured to be "righteous over much," but they preached a system of rigid austerities compared to which that of the Jewish Essenes was lenity itself. Whilst the fever of enthusiasm lasted, the Donatists generally acted up to their principles; but the intense fire of their zeal burned itself out—the last spark was extinguished in the ashes. During the half century which elapsed before the conquest of northern Africa was completed by the Saracens, we do not find that any prelate or preacher took a part in encouraging his countrymen to repel the enemies of their faith, or that religion was ever a rallying cry of resistance. It is obscurely intimated by the historian Isidore, that these Africans were much displeased at the great increase of power acquired by the Spanish or orthodox clergy on the deposition of Witiza, and that they, like the Jews, were further alienated from their allegiance to Roderic by an unwise system of persecution. We have dwelt at some length on these circumstances, because no one of our established historians has directed attention to the important fact, that the success of the Saracenic invasion was greatly facilitated by the existence of two races, the Jews and the Arians, in the Spanish dominions, alien to the government in their principles and prejudices, and rendered hostile to it by persecution. Spain indeed has afforded so many sad examples of the

evil results of bigotry, that one may very well be spared by the moralist, but the era is too interesting to be neglected by the historian.

Who has not heard the story of Roderic's outrage to Florinda, and the invitation which her father, Count Julian, sent to the Saracens, that he might avenge her wrongs? The story, as we have already said, has been rejected by most of our modern historical critics, because they deem the cause inadequate to the effect; but a small spark will kindle a great conflagration if combustibles have been previously collected, and no materials could be better fitted for immediate ignition than the persecuted Jews, the irritated Arians, and the insulted partisans of the deposed Witiza. We are quite willing to agree that Florinda's wrongs and Julian's rage could no more have overthrown the Gothic monarchy of Spain than a single lucifer match could blow up the rock of Cashel; but we would not answer for similar innocuousness in a kingdom where all the provinces were ripe for revolt, and if the venerable rock had been converted into a powder-magazine.

But the history of Julian and Florinda does not rest solely on ecclesiastical or Spanish authority; it is recorded very minutely by all the Arabian historians, from whom we shall make an abstract of the legend, the Christian version having been rendered by Scott, Southey, and Washington familiar to English readers Irving.

Ilyan, a name which seems to resemble Aelian rather than Julian, was the Gothic governor of Ceuta when the Saracens were advancing against the province of which that city was the capital. He applied for aid to his suzerain; and as the allegiance paid by provincial governors in those days was little more than nominal, Roderic demanded that the count should entrust him with his daughter as a hostage before sending the required succours. The young lady, whom the Spaniards call Florinda and the Saracens Caba, was accordingly sent to the court of Toledo, which was at this period the most brilliant in Europe. According to the Arabs, Florinda was kept by her father's friends in oriental seclusion until accidentally seen by the king; but the Christian writers declare

that she mixed freely in the pleasures of the court, and encouraged the attentions of Roderic, who lived very unhappily with his queen. When solicited to become a royal mistress, she peremptorily refused; the king had recourse to violence, and then, stung by the bitterness of her reproaches, kept her under strict guard lest she should communicate her wrongs to her father. With some difficulty she obtained permission to send Ilyan some robes embroidered with her own hands, and in the parcel she enclosed a withered flower, emblematic of the blight that had fallen on her fame. Ilyan understood the hint; he hastened to court to bring his daughter home that she might see her mother, who was dangerously ill. Roderic, having previously bound the lady by an oath of secrecy, consented; but she embraced the first opportunity of revealing to her father the author of her disgrace. At the audience of leave, Roderick urged Ilyan speedily to return, and to bring with him some of the celebrated hawks of Africa. The governor replied—"Doubt not, O king, that I will soon be back, and bring thee such hawks as thou never sawest in thy life." No sooner did he return to Africa than he entered into communication with the Saracens, and induced them to undertake the conquest of Spain.

We have no doubt of the truth of the leading incidents of this story, but we are inclined to believe that the Saracens were pre-disposed to the invasion by the solicitations of the Jews, by the promises of aid from the family of the deposed Witiza, and by their general knowledge of the distracted condition of a priest-ridden monarchy such as that of the Goths had become. Musa, the Saracenic general in north-western Africa, was eminently distinguished as a warrior and a statesman; he subdued the principal tribes of the Berbers, induced them to embrace Mohammedanism, enlisted them in his armies, and incorporated them with his followers into one people. This admixture of barbarism with the pure Saracenic blood was far from being popular in the court of the khaliphs; the Mogrebbin or "western Arabs," as the mixed race was named by the purer orientals, became the subject of those national

jests which in all ages have been fixed upon some race doomed to ridicule. It is related that Harun-ar-Rashid, the well-known hero of the Arabian Nights, once said to one of the Mogrebbin—"Is it not true, friend, that the world is a large bird, of which thy western country is the tail?" The other instantly replied—"It is true, O khalif, but the bird is a peacock!" Several of the Arabian writers deny the barbarism of the western Africans: they assert that the Spanish Jews had been assisted by their brethren of Africa and by the Berbers in an insurrection against the cruel edicts of Sisebert, long before the Saracens had crossed the frontiers of Arabia; and that these warriors on their return had composed songs on the beauty and fertility of Spain, which had been preserved to the time of the Saracens, and had tended not a little to instigate them to the conquest. They even profess to give specimens of these songs; but they are clearly epigrams belonging to the declining age of Saracenic literature, when quaintness of conceit was mistaken for originality of invention, and the conceit itself disfigured by lumbering tautology. Take the following literal translation as a specimen:—

The breeze as it floats o'er the fair
 Guadalquivir
 Lifts the robes that its beauties en-
 fold,
 And then to conceal them the stream of
 the river
 More rapidly downward is roll'd.

Musa wrote to the reigning khalif, Al-Walid, for permission to undertake the conquest of Spain. In reply, he received orders to have the country previously explored by some light troops, that the Moslems might not be betrayed into unforeseen dangers. This charge was entrusted to Tarif, a Berber, who had been originally a slave. Tarifa, where he first landed and which still bears his name, is the only memorial of this preliminary expedition, which has generally been confounded with the subsequent invasion of Tarik. The valuable spoils acquired in this predatory incursion induced Musa to prepare for permanent conquest; he raised an army of thousand men, composed chiefly of Berbers and slaves, a few only

being genuine Arabs, and placed them under the command of Tarik, who had been originally a slave brought to Damascus from the mountain districts of Persia. Vessels were supplied by Ilyan; but though the voyage was brief and the weather not very unfavourable, some of the genuine Arabs who had never been at sea before, became alarmed, and did not recover from their terror until they landed. Tarik wrote a few verses on the occasion, more remarkable for the manliness of their sentiments than any poetic merit:—

In ships prepar'd with care and skill
 We cross'd the dangerous wave,
 And in its breast—'twas Allah's will—
 Had nearly found a grave;

But for wealth, family, and wife,
 God a rich price had given,
 Offering for this uncertain life
 The endless joys of heaven.

Who would not die for such a boon?
 We look'd for death with glee,
 Heedless if fate came late or soon,
 On land or on the sea.

Having in another place given the history of the conquest of Spain, the writer must here confine himself to collecting some of the traits of individual character displayed by the chivalrous victors. Mugheyth, the conqueror of Cordova, became the bitter enemy of Musa and Tarik, because they violated the promise of safety which he had made to the governor of that city. He brought the former a prisoner to Damascus; but though the khalif offered to raise him to the highest dignities, he insisted on returning to Spain, where he spent the rest of his life in alleviating the sufferings of the conquered Christians, "and saved myriads," says the historian, "as an expiation for having failed to save one."

Hansh, who was further distinguished by the title of *Tabi*, or "the follower," because he had been instructed in religion by some of those who had been the personal friends and companions of the prophet, was equally distinguished as a saint and a warrior. In the march against Cordova, he halted on the top of a hill which commanded a view of the city and surrounding plains; here he gave the

signal for prayer. Being asked the reason, as the stated time had not arrived, he answered that it was right to thank God for bestowing such a lovely land as a perpetual inheritance on the faithful." It was not, however, until the last survivor of the Ommiade dynasty fled to Spain from the vengeance of the successful Abassides, and founded the khalifate of Cordova, that Saracenic refinement was fairly introduced into western Europe, for the original conquerors of Spain were, as we have seen, Berbers and liberated slaves. But when the brilliant court of Damascus was dispersed, and all who had been its chief ornaments were proscribed by the sanguinary leader of the house Abbas, who well earned his title of As-Saffah, or "the slaughterer," the survivors of his massacre fled through northern Africa into Spain, where the unexpected revolution which gave the throne of that country to the Ommiade line afforded them secure shelter. But it must be remembered that these exiles were the very *elite* of Saracenic civilization. The Abassides were chiefly supported by the Turcomans, the wild tribes of Khorassan, and the brutal bigots who deemed that all refinement was an innovation on the religion of the prophet. The dethronement of the Ommiades in the east was the exile of Saracenic civilization to the west; Cordova received the spoils of Damascus.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel," exclaimed the patriotic Syrian, though deliverance from disease was promised if he would give preference to the Jordan. The exiles who fled to Spain retained as strong a love for the banks of the Barrady, the modern name of these united rivers, and the elegies they composed on the remembrance of "the river flowing between gardens," as they fondly called it, are numerous and affecting. We shall translate, as an example, the verses

composed by Abd-el-Melek on seeing a solitary palm-tree in a garden near Seville, which brought to his recollection his Syrian home, and the fate of his children, whom he had been forced to abandon in his hasty flight:—

Dear palm of my country, I hail thee
with joy,
Awakener of thoughts that no time can
destroy;
Like me, thou'rt an exile neglected and
lone,
In a land where thy kindred and name
are unknown.

Thou weepest! thou weepest! thy soft
petals close
As the eyelids of mourners press'd down
by their woes;
Dost thou dream of thy seed on that
far distant shore
Which, woe worth the thought! we
must visit no more.

Like to thee, of my lost ones while
waking I dream,
As they once grew in beauty by Bar-
rady's stream,
And under my shadow their branches
outspread,
By richest soil nurtur'd, by choicest
dew fed.

Now orphans deserted, upon them must
beat
The storm-wind's fierce fury, the sun's
scorching heat;
To the old parent trunk they in vain
look for aid,
Since that has been exil'd they wither
and fade.

Before relating the circumstances which enabled Abd-er-Rahman to establish the Ommiade dynasty in Cordova, it will be necessary to give a sketch of his previous life, and the perilous adventures through which he passed from beggary to royalty. In doing so we shall chiefly follow his own narrative, which is remarkable for a dignified simplicity, both in style and sentiment, worthy of his noble character and brilliant career.

CARPENTER'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

IN introducing to the notice of such of our readers as may not yet have met with it, the compendious publication above named, we shall offer our remarks, without much pretension to arrangement, as they arise from looking into the volumes before us. And as the very name and appearance of the work is that which first strikes us, before we look at it in detail, our thoughts are most naturally led to ramble into the somewhat wide expanse of the general subject of popular knowledge, and the means of extending it.

Few topics have of late years been more prominently called into notice, and few more misunderstood, than the diffusion of popular instruction, especially of a scientific kind. We have witnessed an almost countless multitude of plans, attempts, publications, institutions, of every shade and variety of character, having this professed object in view, and, we may add, doubtless, all of them, in *some degree*, contributing towards it—though none, perhaps, to the extent anticipated—and this often from being in the first instance framed on principles but little calculated to have the desired results, and from the defective nature of their very foundation. It has been a common fault to look too immediately to direct practical results, and to anticipate the advantages of knowledge in the details of art, before any solid substratum was laid in elementary science—to expect a taste for information, before the evils of gross ignorance were overcome—to look for scientific attainments, before the rudiments of intellectual cultivation were communicated. The direct consequence has, of course, been, that the enthusiastic projectors have been disappointed, and their schemes and institutions exposed to the reproach of failure; which has afforded a palpable triumph to the enemies of improvement, and those who, for obvious reasons, dreading the enlightenment of the people, rejoice at

any apparent discomfiture of its advocates; whereas, the real source of the evil manifestly lay in the want of sound principles to begin with. The attempt is made to cultivate knowledge without the requisite preparation of the soil: no wonder, then, that the crop fails. The minds of the learners are stimulated by false expectations—they are hurried away by the excitement of a splendid, but useless vision, never to be realized. The substance is wanting;—the elements of mental improvement have not been secured, nor the true principle and motive of the acquisition of knowledge inculcated. Such, at least, has been too often the case in the instance of the varied schemes, whether of actual institutions for popular instruction, or of publications having the same object in view. We have seen the most plausible and promising plans and prospectuses put forth—sometimes under the sanction of eminent names,—but betraying defects in the first conception of the methods by which the minds of the uninstructed can be brought to a gradual and true apprehension of the nature and character of sound mental improvement. We have heard declamations on the advantages of popular enlightenment, which have tended to nothing but to show its hopelessness, if attempted on no better principles than those so recommended. We have listened to arguments *ad nauseam* on the thread-bare topic, that “knowledge is power”—from those who seem to forget that he who engages in the pursuit, on *that motive*, has no true love of knowledge.

If we are led into such a disparaging tone of remark on the subject *in general*, the effect of such considerations is but to enhance the satisfaction with which we can occasionally hail exceptions to our observations. In many particular instances we can truly say, we see ground for far more hopeful anticipations.

* The Popular Cyclopædia of Natural Science. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., &c. &c. Parts I. to V. Wm. S. Orr, and Co., Paternoster row.

But our more immediate concern, at present, is with *publications* having the object of popular instruction in view. And here, perhaps, the remark we have just made may not apply to the same extent as in regard to *institutions*. The failure of a *book* is an event less regarded than that of a more tangible project brought vividly before the public eye. Again, a work may fail in its *immediate* effect; yet still it remains in the possession of the reader, and may, at an after period, be resorted to with greater advantage. Its instructions, at first found too difficult, may be re-considered at leisure,—and the difficulties may give way before repeated efforts of application. Moreover, amid the variety of such productions, the student has a far wider choice of instructors, and among them all can hardly fail to find some one suited to his taste and wants. And in the combination of reading with oral instruction, perhaps the deficiencies incidental to each may be in a great degree obviated.

So numerous have been the publications of late years, professing the important object of the diffusion of popular knowledge, especially in those branches which refer to physical science and the study of the natural world, that the continual appearance of new works of this description might excite surprise, and even doubt, as to their desirableness or utility, did we not reflect on the accelerated ratio of the increase of the reading population in this country. Moreover, the progress of science itself demands from time to time new statements of the results, and improved expositions of its principles. Every successive production of elementary works involves the introduction of some portion of the increasing enlightenment of the age. Every publication, however humble, catches up and assimilates, and sends forth in a form better adapted for general intellectual nourishment, some portion of the floating mass of new discovery and varied invention. And, though many works may be brought out having some general resemblance in their features and plan, yet probably every one of them has its distinctive character more or less clearly marked, and with characteristic defects, will hardly fail to exhibit some few elucidations never yet offered—some few

results of a higher philosophy, newly brought down to the level of common capacity, and fitted to the purposes of common utility and improvement.

The art of communicating elementary instruction in a popular form, adapted to dull comprehensions, and capable of exciting interest in minds never yet habituated to such inquiries, is perhaps one of the most difficult to be acquired and practised. It is, perhaps equally difficult to the mere superficial smatterer, who is himself only a very few paces in advance of those he has to teach, and to the abstruse and secluded philosopher, who, absorbed in the views disclosed to his own mind, is wholly regardless, perhaps habitually incapable, of contemplating his subject in the light in which it will present itself to inferior minds. There is, however, here, as in other things, a happy medium, which is sometimes attained;—nay, there are cases in which exceptions may be found, even to either of the cases just alluded to; it does sometimes happen, by a rare combination of intellectual qualities, that a philosopher of the most elevated class shall be equally successful in the popular illustration of his science; it does sometimes again occur, that a man incapable of scientific abstraction shall be eminently successful in the popular exhibitions of the lecture-room, or the composition of a popular treatise. But these are rare cases; and the safest as well as most generally desirable qualifications in a popular lecturer or writer on the elements of science, will lie somewhere mid-way, and will, certainly, be most effectually possessed in the union of a perfectly distinct, solid, and comprehensive knowledge of the principles of science, with an equally clear discernment of the need and capacities of the learners in the communication of such knowledge, and the power of adapting himself to them.

A man who has never prosecuted a single original investigation, may be most amply qualified in the first respect; but no one who has not extended his studies, and his own observations and reflections far beyond the mere technical routine of his particular science, can ever succeed in the second. Here it is, accordingly, that the greater number of popular, or would-be popular, writers on science

fail. Experience, in this respect, may do much; but it can never do all. The art of communicating knowledge is essentially distinct from the art of acquiring it: and it is equally difficult to lay down fixed general rules for either. But a man who has had experience, and possesses the capacity to turn it to account, will be the most likely to succeed; a method of instruction, or a course of illustration, which *has been found* successful with a body of pupils, may be confidently looked to as likely to be successful when transferred to the pages of an elementary work.

If our previous remarks appear to apply chiefly to instruction offered to the great mass of the comparatively uneducated classes, what we are at present observing refers equally to such instruction communicated to institutions, and by publications, of a professedly higher grade also. And in this respect we must further remark, that, notwithstanding the acknowledged importance and high value of physical science, in all its various bearings, theoretical and practical, it is remarkable how little is done among us towards the actual recognition of its claims, as a branch of elementary, or even of higher education. In the few institutions, whether for primary or more advanced instruction, in which it is insisted on *as an integrant part* of the course and system, it is perhaps far from being recognised to the extent, or in the exact character, which its high claims would seem reasonably to demand. In the great majority of instances, it is almost exclusively in those schools which are devoted to the preparation for a particular profession, that physical science can be said really to form a fundamental part of the scheme of teaching. As a portion of a general and liberal education, it is hardly ever thought necessary to make it compulsory:—the only attention given to it in most of our highest seminaries of learning, is purely voluntary. Yet we can perceive no substantial reason why the elements of these sciences should not be made essential requisites, at least as universally as the Greek and Latin languages.

That the *higher* branches of these sciences involve abstruse and difficult investigations, is surely no argument against the introduction of a luminous

exposition of their *elementary* principles; which, grounded on the most simple truths of geometry and arithmetic, may be made very tolerably intelligible, even to persons unacquainted with any more than the mere alphabet of mathematics. And the acquisition of a sufficient amount of mathematical knowledge, both geometrical and analytical, for the purpose of satisfactorily illustrating and demonstrating the main theorems of physics, is, we are persuaded, a matter of far greater facility than is often imagined. We believe, in a word, that nothing has done more to discourage and hinder the spread of sound physical science, than an unfounded apprehension of the great difficulties which must be encountered in studying the elements of mathematics as an essential preliminary; and this idea again has mainly prevailed, we feel sure, from the unnecessarily repulsive form in which those elements have been commonly presented to the learner.

We believe that the compass into which it would be possible to reduce a course of mathematics, commencing from the very outset, up to all that is *essentially* requisite for the investigation of the chief theorems of physical science, would be so short, as to surprise many who have no ideas on the subject beyond what are furnished by witnessing the ordinary process of years perhaps engaged in learning Euclid by rote, and solving a countless number of unvarying conundrums, called problems, in simple and quadratic equations. Indeed, a short course of the kind we allude to, was actually published by the late Dr. Young; and though not in the easiest or best form, nor on a plan altogether suited to the present state of science, yet it may afford a suggestion perhaps for a similar attempt upon an improved plan, at the present day, which would certainly, if conducted with moderate skill, lead to a very valuable addition to the means and encouragements for the promotion of sound physical study as a branch of education. But we ought to regard the study of physical science (considered as a branch of education) more especially in connexion with the universal *logic of induction*. The study will always be incomplete, or rather defective in its foundation, if diligent attention be not

paid to the principles of reasoning on which we proceed throughout; to those enlarged views of the *grounds and laws of belief*, which are the real security of all certain and definite knowledge, and by which we discriminate the *real* advance in genuine philosophy from the mere dreams of gratuitous speculation. It is remarkable how little conception is generally entertained of the existence of any such line of distinction;—how prone the great mass, even of educated persons, are to confound, under one common category, the wildest reveries of Platonism, the subtleties of the middle-age scholasticism, or of the modern mysticism—with the sober deductions of the schools of Copernicus and Galileo—the rigorous conclusions of a Newton or a Laplace, a Lavoisier or a Cuvier. It is all alike to them philosophy, and often viewed altogether as little better than one common development of human caprice and presumption. And how is it to be otherwise, so long as our existing systems of education, even of the highest pretensions, include no provision for a more sound and discriminating study of the *metaphysics* of natural science—a more distinct apprehension of the peculiar function and value of the *inductive principle*? Such was the complaint emphatically put forth by Bacon, in his remarks on the “Defects of Universities” in the “Advancement of learning.” And it has been also powerfully dwelt upon by Sir J. Herschel, in a small pamphlet entitled, “Views of Scientific and General Education,” &c., written on the institution of the South African College, and originally addressed to its promoters. We cannot, however, omit to observe, that much has been done (as far as publication can effect the object,) by the “Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences,” of Dr. Whewell; while the precise topic of the *nature of inductive reasoning* has been more specially elucidated in Professor Powell’s “Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth.”

We have been led into this general disquisition from reflections excited in our minds on looking over the series of volumes, whose title is affixed to this article. They are productions having for their express object the diffusion of a sound and exact

elementary knowledge of the main branches of natural science. They are designed for all classes of *beginners*, whether of one grade or another; they are intended to be alike available to the more humble seeker after instruction, who may peruse them upon his contribution of his weekly pence, in the unpretending reading-room of the Mechanics Institute in an obscure country town; or to the young inquirer, who, with greater advantages and leisure, is devoting his opening faculties to the happy task of at once enjoying gratifications of the purest kind, and at the same time exercising and invigorating those faculties, and enlarging their capacity for such enjoyment to a higher and increasing, and as yet unconceived extent.

Of the general design and arrangement of this work we obtain an outline in a very brief prospectus, which is prefixed to the first portion of the series, of which as yet only five parts have appeared. The work commenced under the auspices of “The Society for the Promotion of Popular Instruction.” The general design includes: Mathematico-physical Sciences in three volumes; Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology, two volumes; Physiology and Natural History, four volumes. Of these departments the second has not yet been entered upon; two volumes of the first, and three of the last division have appeared; and the distinguishing feature is, that the whole is not only edited, but actually written by one individual, Dr. Carpenter, whose name is appended in print only to two of the volumes. It is also proposed to conclude the whole with a volume on natural theology. From the author’s well-known attainments in the physiological sciences, it was to be expected that those branches would assume in such a work a peculiar, but we do not think too high a prominence. Each of the small volumes contains one subject complete, (except the Physiology of Animals, of which only the first part has appeared,) and is illustrated by a great number of wood-cuts—both representations of objects and diagrams—for the most part very creditably, and in some instances very elegantly executed. The typography is well condensed, without being too much crowded—a common fault in the cheap

publications of the day; and the whole is got up in a very neat and attractive form.

We have often been led to observe in compendiums of knowledge, consisting of articles contributed by a variety of persons, perhaps of very dissimilar views, talent, and capabilities for elementary writing, an inequality, a disproportionateness, a want of unity of design, purpose, and subordination of parts in the grand scheme—sometimes even discrepancies and contradictions, arising almost unavoidably out of those differences existing in the sources from which they are supplied. It has often, accordingly, occurred to us that great advantages might attend the adoption of a plan in which *one mind* might pervade the whole; and such advantages, we think, are in the work before us.

Again, we have remarked above the true test afforded by experience in actual teaching to guide the writer in his style of illustration. This advantage, we learn from the prefatory notice, has been extensively enjoyed by the author of the present work: so that we look with much confidence to the suitability of his style of explanation to the apprehensions of learners.

The great principles of General Mechanics form the basis of all application of mathematics to physical subjects. Whenever we have to consider phenomena so as to reduce them to that exact view in which the results are capable of being measured or calculated, then, immediately or ultimately, we must resolve the whole into some law of *motion*, or of that destruction of motion which arises from counteraction, producing *rest* or *equilibrium*. Whenever we arrive at such a stage of investigation, then we are in the way to the discovery of the mechanical causes which may be in operation. This principle pervades the whole circle of Mathematico-physical Science. Hence, the vital importance in a scientific education of impressing firmly on the mind, in the first instance, those clear conceptions and exact modes of analysis, which shall form the basis of a sound and secure application of such methods to the experimental facts which observation brings before us in particular cases.

Accordingly, to this material branch we find proportionate attention paid in the compendium now before us;

the author has, we think, ably and satisfactorily elucidated the great principles of statics and dynamics, in such a way as to render them perfectly intelligible to a person possessing only the most rudimentary knowledge of geometry.

The present work does not profess to introduce mathematical investigations beyond those which are of the most perfectly simple elementary kind, or rather, we should perhaps say, that the author explains generally the nature of the truths or constructions referred to, without going into the details of them, or pursuing the train of demonstration. In fact, a considerable range of the truths of physical science are eminently capable of a very satisfactory kind of elucidation, without any larger infusion of mathematics than we have mentioned; and in this species of illustration we think the author has been eminently successful wherever we have followed it up. We would select as specimens the clear way in which he leads the student on by mere arithmetic to the somewhat difficult conceptions of the velocities of falling bodies under the influence of a constant force, like that of gravitation at the earth's surface.—Part iii. chap. viii. And again, the gradual development out of its simple elements of those successive compositions of forces, which explain the fundamental theorem of central forces.—*Ibid.* p. 131.

The attraction of gravitation, as evinced in the simple case of the earth and bodies near its surface, is one on which it is peculiarly necessary for the learner to acquire distinct ideas in the first instance; and it is, we think, very ably explained in chap. iii.: the decrease of the force as the square of the distance increases, is very familiarly illustrated, and the description of the *principle* of experiments for determining the density of the earth (than which, perhaps, few results appear more astonishing to a person who has not attended to these subjects) is at once concise and luminous. We extract the passage as a good specimen of our author's mode of illustration, presuming that the word "bulk" is here used for mass, or quantity of matter:—

"The powerful attraction which the earth, in consequence of its vast bulk,

has for all bodies upon its surface, prevents us from perceiving, under ordinary circumstances at least, the attraction which they have for each other; and yet this exists in a degree exactly proportionate to their respective bulks. If two balls of lead were placed at a little distance on a smooth surface, they would have exactly the same tendency to move towards each other, as if they were not attracted by the earth; but this tendency is prevented by the friction which would be produced if they were to begin to roll, and which their mutual attraction is not sufficient to overcome. Or if they were suspended by strings from the ceiling of a room, they could not approach each other without moving out of the line in which the earth's attraction causes them to hang; and this attraction their mutual attraction is not powerful enough to overcome. But when two bodies are floating on a liquid, there is no obstacle but the resistance of the liquid to prevent their mutual attraction from bringing them together; and accordingly we see two floating bodies attracted into contact with each other, when they have been brought sufficiently near for their mutual attraction to overcome that resistance. It has been determined by accurate observation, that a plumb-line suspended in the neighbourhood of a lofty mountain, does not hang in a direction quite perpendicular, but is drawn a little to one side by the attraction of the mountain. But as the greatest mountain upon the earth's surface is little more than the *sixty-millionth* part of its bulk, its attraction for the lead ball must evidently be very trifling, compared with that which the earth has for the same solid; and consequently the deviation of the plummet will be *very small*.

"The attraction of solid bodies for each other may be shown, however, by balancing a small mass in such a manner that it may be moved by the slightest influence; and then bringing another mass into its neighbourhood. Thus, if we suspend two equal balls of lead from the opposite extremities of a slender bar of wood, and suspend this at its centre by a very fine wire, the only force required to move the balls will be that which suffices to produce a slight twisting of the wire that suspends the rod. Now if a large mass of lead be brought into the neighbourhood of each ball, (the rod having been previously hanging at rest,) its attraction will cause the rod to turn round, until the small balls have come into the same line with the large masses.

If the masses be now moved a little further, the balls will follow them; twisting the wire, from which the rod is suspended, still more. Now, as the force which is required to produce any amount of alteration in the position of the rod can be ascertained in another way, the actual amount of the attraction which the masses exercise over the balls may be determined; and this may be compared with the attractive influence which the earth has over them. From the knowledge of these facts, the *quantity of matter* in the earth may be compared with that in the masses of lead; or the weight of the earth is just as much greater than that of the masses of lead, as the force with which it attracts the balls exceeds that with which the masses attract them,—proper allowance being made for their difference in distance. When the actual weight of the earth is known, we may estimate its density as compared with water; since we may easily calculate the weight of a globe of water of equal size. And from the weight and density of the earth, that of other planets and of the sun may be ascertained.

"This experiment is known as that of Cavendish, by whom it was first devised. In order to perform it accurately, very great care is necessary to prevent various sources of error. Thus, the rod and balls must be enclosed in a case, so contrived as to prevent their motions from being affected by currents of air; and the whole apparatus must be enclosed in a room which has a uniform temperature, and in which there are no other openings than those absolutely necessary for making the observations. The necessity for these precautions is evident from the fact mentioned by Mr. Baily, (under whose direction the experiment has lately been repeated,) that the slightest change of temperature on one side of the case in which the rod and balls were suspended, would produce an immediate effect upon them. The average result of 2004 experiments lately made, is that the weight of the earth is about $5\frac{1}{2}$ times as great as that of a globe of water of the same bulk.* Thus, we may regard the apparatus of Cavendish as a scale in which the earth, sun, moon, and planets have been weighed."

The whole subject of practical mechanics is explained by means of well-selected examples. The chapter on the centre of gravity, on framework, roofs, domes, &c., is admirably illus-

* Philosophical Magazine, August 1842.

trated; and the construction of arches, with the peculiar causes of instability, and the tendency to break in portions, are very clearly treated. We may notice, *en passant*, that in the wood-cut, page 104, the artist has drawn the *voussoirs* of an incorrect form—but nothing in the text depends upon it; but the wood-cuts are in general eminently *well drawn*, for the purpose of conveying a clear notion of the arrangement and action of the different parts: a matter of no small difficulty in some cases, as the artistic skill is not always found in combination with the requisite mechanical knowledge, and *vice versâ*. We would select as good examples, the mill (Part iii. p. 262), and the works of the watch (Part iv. p. 330). The *latest* improvements are carefully introduced. We may instance the ingenious combination of pulleys due to Mr. Moore (Part iii. p. 282), and the most recent improvement in chronometers (Part iv. p. 351).

But no sound knowledge of mechanical improvements can be expected without a clear conception of the first principles on which any application of forces can be made. Our author expresses well the general view of the nature of all the mechanical powers, as follows:—

“Now there is no power in any machinery of *creating* force; it can only apply, in a more advantageous manner, the force by which it is itself moved. This will be easily understood, from what has been formerly stated (chap. vi.) of the tendency of all matter to remain in the state in which it may be at any given time. Thus, a machine at rest remains at rest until it is moved by a power applied to it; and when in motion it would remain in motion, if it were not for friction and the resistance of the air, until stopped by a force equal or superior to that first applied. Any inferior force will be overcome by it; and thus the power first communicated may be applied to any operations which only require this. A steam-engine, for instance, is a machine contrived for the purpose of advantageously applying to use the power communicated by the expansive force of steam; but it can itself create no power, and remains inactive until steam is forced into it from the boiler. Now, in machines of some kinds, a great power slowly applied is employed to effect a number of operations which must be performed very quickly; this we

see, for example, in a mill for spinning cotton or silk, of which the spinning-reels are turned round many hundred times, whilst the axle worked by the steam-engine turns only once. But we should find that we might stop any one of these reels by the touch of the finger, so little is the power applied to it; whilst no force that we could employ could offer the least resistance to the motion of the steam-engine. Or, to take a more familiar instance, in the movement of a watch, the power communicated by the mainspring is applied to a train of wheels, and produces a much more rapid movement in the balance and the wheel which acts upon it; but we find the power with which they move to be far less than that of the mainspring, since the slightest touch of the finger will check their revolution, whilst the winding-up of the mainspring requires a far greater force. Hence we see that what is gained in velocity is lost in power. The converse—that what is gained in power is lost in velocity—is also true; and of this we may find numerous instances, in which machines are so constructed as to concentrate (so to speak) the power applied to them, so that it is rendered sufficient to overcome a far greater obstacle than before, but does this much less rapidly. Thus, by a system of pulleys or a windlass, we see a man raising a weight many times greater than he could lift without their assistance; but whilst his arms move through a considerable space in pulling the rope of the pulleys, or in turning the windlass, the weight rises in a far smaller degree.”

Of all branches of science, at once the most sublime and abstruse, and yet capable of being the most eminently popular, is astronomy. Accordingly, on few branches have there been from time to time produced a greater number of popular introductions, or compendiums, of very various degrees of merit. A good arrangement is every thing in elementary teaching. The true *logic of instruction*, if we may adopt such a phrase, consists in the *due adjustment* of step to step in the process of the acquisition of ideas; the building up of course upon course in the masonry of the intellectual edifice: and the method of teaching is successful or not, according as those steps and stages are really placed in their natural order and connection or not. In astronomy we see this peculiarly exemplified—the connection between what we actually witness in the heavens,

and what science teaches to be its real nature, is remote, and requires more intermediate links to explain it. Hence, the successful inculcation of these truths depends upon a clear analysis being presented in the first instance of the actual observable phenomena presented by the heavenly bodies, so that the student shall be gradually led on from the seen to the unseen — from what is *observed* to what may be *known*; from the apparently irregular and complicated motions of the planets among the fixed stars, traced from night to night, and from month to month, to the real regularity of those motions in orbits about the sun. Thus the nature and fixed positions of the stars is the first object of attention, as the scale to which all the other motions are referred, and by which they are measured. Then the apparent motions of the planets among them, as seen from the earth, itself in motion, are reduced to order and simplicity; the apparent retrogradations and stationary points are shown to be the simple consequences of the combined motions of the earth, and the luminaries observed. In the work before us this course is ably followed; and the illustration of *heliocentric* compared with the *geocentric* motions of a planet (p. iv. p. 449) in particular, is clearer than we remember to have seen in any elementary work. Nor can we omit to allude to the valuable and philosophic moral inferences, or application by analogy, from the writings of Hartley, which are so appropriately introduced.

“A more striking analogy has scarcely ever, perhaps, been pointed out, between the changes in the world of matter and in the world of mind, than that which the profound and excellent Hartley has suggested, between the movements of the solar system, as viewed by the terrestrial astronomer, and the operation of God's moral government, as it manifests itself to our present imperfect observation. There is no thinking person, it may probably be affirmed, who has not at some time or other found it difficult to reconcile with his idea of the infinite benevolence of the Deity, the pain, guilt, and wretchedness, which he sees in the world around him;—who has not felt disposed to murmur or repine at the dispensations of Providence, as they affect himself, or those in whom he feels the deepest interest;—or who has not experienced some despondency,

when the best-laid schemes (as they appeared), designated by motives of pure benevolence, to promote the welfare of the human race, have proved abortive, and the social condition of the world has appeared rather to be retrograding than progressing. Those who have learned, by the study of astronomy, how from a perplexing and imperfect, because a distorted view, a system replete with beauty and harmony may be discovered, simply by placing ourselves in its centre, and viewing every movement as it would be *there* seen, should attempt to carry the same idea into their contemplations of the more obscure and difficult scheme of God's moral government. ‘We ought,’ as Hartley finely observes, ‘to suppose ourselves in the centre of the system; and to try, as far as we are able, to reduce all apparent retrogradations to real progressions.’

“And those who have most calmly watched, and most quietly waited, for the appointments of Providence, have testified most abundantly that such is the actual result of experience,—that out of darkness has shone marvellous light,—that out of perplexity a straight path has been revealed,—that out of the guilt or misery of the few have arisen the elements of happiness to many,—and that out of the apparent retrogradations in the condition of mankind, have sprung the elements of its most rapid progressions. By dwelling on such views, the mind becomes habituated to them; and that entire conviction of the perfect benevolence of the Deity is obtained, which leads to an implicit reliance on his paternal goodness, even in the seasons of greatest darkness and despondency. ‘And thus,’ continues Hartley, ‘all difficulties relating to the Divine attributes will be taken away; God will be infinitely powerful, knowing, and good, in the most absolute sense, if we consider things as they appear to Him. It is the greatest satisfaction to the mind, thus to approximate to its first conceptions concerning the Divine goodness, and to answer that endless question,—why not less misery and more happiness?—in a language which is plainly analogous to all other authentic language, though it cannot yet be felt by us, on account of our present imperfection, and of the mixture of our good with evil.’

“The same idea may be carried out in the formation of our own rules of conduct. ‘With respect to benevolence, or the love of our neighbour,’ says Hartley, ‘it may be observed that this can never be free from selfishness, till we take our stand in the Divine Nature,

and view every thing from thence, and in the relation which it bears to God. If the relation which it bears to ourselves be made the point of view, our prospect must be narrow, and the appearance of what we see, distorted."

The very curious properties, called by their discoverer, Dutrochet, *endosmose* and *exosmose*, are very clearly explained by our author in the treatise on Vegetable Physiology, p. 83. It is well known that at first this sort of effect was ascribed to some peculiar function of organised structures; but the progress of research has led to distinct proofs, (on which Dr. C. dwells) that it is not due to any modification of vital force. It has been further attempted to reduce the whole to simple mechanical action, and to explain it on the single principle of capillary attraction: to this view Dr. C. inclines, and has alluded to it both in the place just referred to, and also in the Mechanical Philosophy, p. 22. The explanation certainly seems satisfactory; but we are hardly aware whether it can be regarded as entirely conclusive, or as comprehending all the peculiarities of the action developed in particular cases. There can, however, exist no doubt that capillary forces must contribute largely to producing the phenomena.

The whole subject of capillary attraction is very ably, though simply, treated in the last named treatise, (p. 20, &c.) Some simple experimental illustrations are well described, (p. 21,) as well as the curious modification of this power, by which, from the supposed adhesion of a small stratum of air, a fine needle is made to swim on water. Such at least is the explanation now sanctioned by some of the best authorities, and which our author, we think very justly, adopts.

When we turn to that portion of the series which includes physiology both animal and vegetable, and the general view of the history of *organic* nature, we may fairly say (without disparagement to the other parts of the work) that the author is in his more proper element; and, without pretending to follow him into all the various and highly interesting details which this portion of science affords in such rich abundance, we will merely express our general conviction of the

clearness and familiarity with which these topics are explained, aided, we must add, in no slight degree, by the eminently beautiful, though unpretending, wood-cuts with which this portion of the work is, as might be expected, copiously illustrated. The details, for example, of the interior anatomy of the different classes of animals are so clearly disclosed, that the eye instantly recognises the analogous parts in each, and forms a distinct conception of their arrangement.

No subject connected with physiology can come home with more immediate interest to every one than that which refers to the process of *nutrition*; including both the study of the substances from which it is obtained, and the process by which it is effected. The different substances used for food, whether by man or the inferior animals, are derived mainly from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, though in some few instances auxiliaries are found even among minerals. Chemical analysis has shown that vegetable tissues are made up of three ingredients, oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon. Of this analysis an ample account is to be found in the treatise of Vegetable Physiology (Chap. vi.). The proportions in which these elements are combined in all *vegetable tissues* are nearly the same as in starch, gum, and sugar, which are therefore taken as a kind of standard of comparison; and into which the others may, for the most part, be converted. But in other parts of vegetables other substances exist of a kind analogous to the fat of animals: these contain the same elements, but in different proportions. The former class are called *saccharine*, the latter *oleaginous*.

Besides, these, however, most vegetables contain more or less of another class of compounds containing the *four* elements, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and *azote* or *nitrogen*. These exist almost exclusively in the *seeds*, and in especial abundance in *grain* and *leguminous* seeds. This class is termed *albuminous*, since their composition is the same with that of the albumen in animals. There is, moreover, another kind of animal compounds in which the proportions of the four elements differ from the last, and which form a fourth class called *gelatinous*. The two last classes differ from the two

first, then, in being *nitrogenised* or *azotised*.

These last, even in vegetables, being identical in composition with the animal tissues, can be applied directly in the form of nutriment; the former must undergo certain changes to do so, or are employed for other purposes in the animal economy.

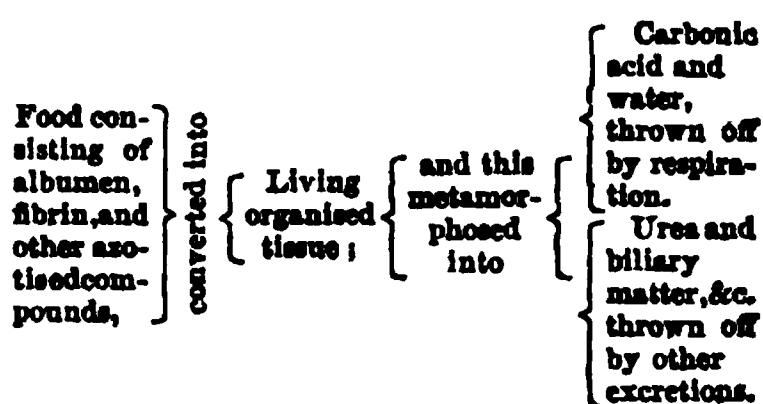
Now it is found that (generally speaking) the *saccharine* and *oleaginous* groups of elementary substances *alone* will not long support life in the higher orders of animals. These, however, are the elements which supply materials for the process of *respiration*, that is, they combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and the *combustion* which thus takes place generates the supply of animal heat. The albuminous group, on the other hand, is that which supplies directly the very materials of the animal structure to repair the waste continually going on in the body, being composed of precisely the same elements, whether derived from animal food or from the grain or seed of vegetables. It is truly remarkable that the only natural compound affording food in which ingredients from the three classes, gelatinous, albuminous, and saccharine, are combined, is *milk*. The gelatinous matter which enters so largely into the structure of the animal body, it appears may be formed out of the albuminous portion; but gelatinous food, though it will afford nutriment to the gelatinous portions of the body, will not do so to the albuminous, or in other words is not reconvertible into albumen: hence such articles of food as those soups, jellies, &c., which are composed chiefly of *gelatine*, will not *alone* support life for any length of time, but must be combined with other kinds containing albumen.

This brief sketch will introduce our readers to the following view of the actual results of the nutritive economy of animals, so well expressed by our author.

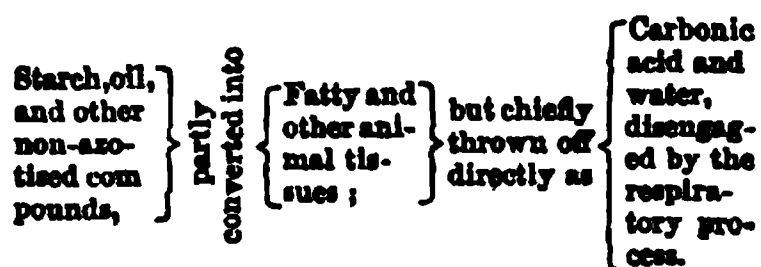
“The nutrition of the carnivorous races may, then, be thus described. The bodies of the animals upon which they feed contain flesh, fat, &c., in nearly the same proportion as their own; and all, or nearly all, the aliment they consume, goes to supply the waste in the fabric of their own bodies, being converted into its various forms of tissue.

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After having remained in this condition for a certain time, varying according to the use that is made of them, these tissues undergo another metamorphosis, which ends in restoring them to the condition of inorganic matter; and thus give back to the mineral world the materials which were drawn from it by plants. Of these materials, part are burned off, as it were, within the body, by union with the oxygen of the air, taken in through the lungs; and they are discharged from these organs in the form of carbonic acid and water; the remainder are carried off in the liquid form by other channels. Hence we may briefly express the destination of their food in the following manner:—



“But in regard to the herbivorous animals, the case is different. They perspire much more abundantly, and their temperature is thus continually kept down (chap. viii.). They consequently require a more active combustion, to develop sufficient bodily heat; and the materials for this are supplied, as we have seen, by the non-azotised portions of their food, rather than by the metamorphosis of their own tissues, which takes place with much less rapidity than in the carnivorous tribes. Hence we may thus express the destination of this part of their food; that of the azotised matter, here much smaller in amount, will be the same as in the preceding case.



The proportion of the food deposited as fat will depend in part upon the surplus which remains, after the necessary supply of materials has been afforded to the respiratory process. Hence, the same quantity of food being taken, the quantity of fat will be increased by causes that check the perspiration, and otherwise prevent the temperature of the body from being lowered, so that there is need of less combustion within the body to keep

up its heat. This is consistent with the teachings of experience respecting the fattening of cattle; for it is well known that this may be accomplished much sooner, if the animals are shut up in a warm dwelling and are covered with clothes, than if they are freely exposed in the open air.

"Now the condition of man may be regarded as intermediate between these two extremes. The construction of his digestive apparatus, as well as his own instinctive propensities, point to a mixed diet as that which is best suited to his wants. It does not appear that a diet composed of *ordinary* vegetables only, is favourable to the full development of either his bodily or his mental powers; but this cannot be said in regard to a diet of which *bread* is the chief ingredient, since the gluten it contains appears to be as well adapted for the nutrition of the animal tissues, as does the flesh of animals. On the other hand, a diet composed of animal flesh alone is the least economical that can be conceived: for, since the greatest demand for food is created in him (taking a man of average habits in regard to activity and the climate he inhabits), by the necessity for a supply of carbon and hydrogen to support his respiration, this want may be most advantageously fulfilled by the employment of a certain quantity of non-azotised food, in which these ingredients predominate. Thus it has been calculated, that, since fifteen pounds of flesh contain no more carbon than four pounds of starch, a savage with one animal and an equal weight of starch, could support life for the same length of time during which another restricted to animal food would require five such animals, in order to procure the carbon necessary for respiration. Hence we see the immense advantage as to economy of food, which a fixed agricultural population possesses over the wandering tribes of hunters which still people a large part both of the old and new continents.

"The mixture of the azotised and non-azotised compounds (gluten and starch), that exists in wheat flour, seems to be just that which is most useful to man; and hence we see the explanation of the fact, that, from very early ages, bread has been regarded as the 'staff of life.' In regard to the nutritious properties of different articles of vegetable food, these may be generally measured by the proportion of azote they contain, which is in almost every instance less than that which exists in good wheat-flour. But it must not be forgotten that, owing to the varieties of constitution which have been pointed out among different animals, the power of parti-

cular substances to nourish man and cattle is not the same—the latter requiring a larger proportion of the saccharine and oleaginous compounds than is beneficial to him—especially when it is an object to cause a large quantity of fatty matter to be deposited in their tissues, or to be excreted in milk. Thus potatoes are found to increase the proportion of butter in the milk of a cow that feeds upon them; their starch being probably converted into fatty matter. It has been also shown by recent experiments, that the proportion of butter in the milk of a cow allowed to feed during the day in a pasture, and shut up at night in a warm stall, was much greater in the morning milk than in the evening—the former containing 5·6 parts of butter in 100, and the latter only 3·7 parts. This was evidently due to the diminished demand for the materials for respiration during the night, when the body was at rest and the skin kept warm. The experiment was then tried, of keeping the cow in a shed during the day, and feeding her with the same grass; and the proportion of butter in her evening milk then rose to 5·1 parts in 100. But this plan diminished the proportion of casein or cheesy matter in the milk, which was increased again by allowing the cow to pasture in the open field. Hence it appears that stall-feeding is most favourable to the production of butter, and pasturing to that of cheese.

"These principles should be kept in view in regulating the diet of individuals, especially in certain disordered states of the constitution, which require to be treated by strict attention to diet. Thus there are some persons who have a remarkable tendency to the deposition of fat; and others in whom there is a morbid (or diseased) production of sugar in the body, which is carried off by the urine. In these cases, the diet should be so regulated as to contain the least possible quantity of the saccharine or oleaginous principles; the food being made to consist entirely of animal flesh, with a very small quantity of bread—or still better, with bread from which the greater part of the starch has been removed. On the other hand, there is a state of the system, known as that in which gout and gravel are liable to occur, in which there seems to be an excess of azotised matter: and the diet of such persons should be so regulated, that very little or no animal flesh should be employed as food, the aliment being made to consist almost exclusively of farinaceous (starchy) substances, such as rice, potatoes," &c.

Botany, and the physiology of plants; are subjects which deservedly occupy

a considerable space in the plan before us. The choice between the Linnæan and the natural system of arrangement, is perhaps, at the present day, less a matter of dispute than it was some time since, because the different objects aimed at are now more generally understood, and the two systems are not therefore regarded in the light of rivals. They have been well compared by an eminent botanist to an alphabetical, as compared with a classed catalogue: the one eminently useful for reference; the other for giving us a real view of the objects collected. In the Linnæan system a small number of characters, chiefly the number of stamens and pistils, are taken as the standard; and the whole vegetable kingdom is distributed under classes and orders, according to the correspondences and differences among the several genera in these respects, no regard whatever being paid to any other characters. In the natural system *all* the characters of the genera are studied; and those are united into orders which present the greatest correspondence in the characters that are regarded as of the most importance: on the same principle the orders are united into classes.

† According to the Linnæan or artificial system, it cannot but follow that many genera, differing most widely in their structure and physiological characters, are often brought together under one denomination; while others, perhaps in reality closely allied, are separated into the most distant groups. So that in fact it often happens that under the same Linnæan genus two plants may have no one feature in common beyond the number of stamens and pistils. Such a system can consequently lead us to no general knowledge of the characteristic properties or habitudes of plants; whereas the natural system, grounded upon resemblances of a far more extensive kind, and having a far more intimate kind of relation to the actual nature and distinguishing properties of the structures, leads us to recognise much more of the real order of nature, and specific gradations and peculiarities of organised structures from these accompanying outward manifestations, which we cannot but infer are connected by some hidden train of causation, some recondite principles of order and ar-

rangement, with their external characters.

Thus the mere assignment of a plant to its Linnæan class and order, tells us nothing of its real nature or relations; such an assignment in the natural system, on the other hand, is in fact at once a description of much of its character and properties; and this is observed to hold good even up to the highest or most general result of classification. The division of all plants into monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous at once marks the remarkable characteristic property of their mode of increase—the one being always endogenous, and the other exogenous; the arrangement of the veins of the leaves (for the most part) parallel in the one and reticulated in the other; and the parts of the flowers more generally arranged in *threes* in the one, and in *fives* or *fours* in the other. Again, whole classes under this arrangement have common physical properties, which are consequently in a great degree indicated in any instance the moment we have ascertained the class to which a particular individual belongs: thus the whole of the Papaveraceæ possess narcotic properties; the whole of Ranunculaceæ are acrid; all the Malvaceæ are destitute of unwholesome qualities.

But without following any further the outline suggested by the view of the subject presented in the work before us, we have said enough to show the importance of an easy compendious systematic introduction to so highly interesting and important a branch of science, which we believe is in truth daily becoming more popular among us; and the more it is attended to the more will its value be duly recognised. Such an introduction, we think, is here furnished to the elementary student as will fully satisfy his wants, and afford a sufficient guide to more copious sources of information on the various points in detail.

It is obvious, that, in reviewing a work of this multifarious character, we cannot pretend to touch upon more than a few such points of its contents as incidentally present themselves; but we trust we have said enough to exhibit fairly to our readers somewhat of its general character and pretensions, and to express our opinion (so far as our examination has extended)

on its general merits and adaptation to its particular objects.

Having thus spoken of the work as already advanced, we cannot omit a word with reference to our expectations of the parts yet to come. The vast importance of chemical science at the present day, and the necessity for philosophical accuracy in the development of those beautiful principles now disclosed, connected with the entire changes in the nature of bodies, from different arrangements of the same elementary molecules, together with the vast range of inquiries recently opened, in connection with the mysterious agency of light, and even of some other, perhaps unknown, ethereal matter, are points generally appreciated; and in relation to which, so rapid has been the progress of discovery, that a new elementary treatise will be looked to with no small interest, as expected to embrace a comprehensive account of these extensive discoveries, which it is beyond the power of ordinary readers to follow up in *detail*, and which are in fact every day multiplying upon the compiler's hands. In geology, again, with all its rapidly progressing disclosures, the greatest diligence, as well as discrimination, will be required to arrest and condense the floating materials so abundantly furnished by the continued progress of research. But the great boast of the modern advance of this science has been found in the establishment, for the first time (in our opinion,) by Mr. Lyell, of the real foundations of a sound *geological logic*, or the true application of the great principles of *induction*, in a field previously little subjected to such rigid laws.

But we look with more special anxiety to the manner in which the delicate and difficult subjects of *heat and light* may be treated—we say anxiety, not for any doubt as to the capability of our author to do full justice to them, but simply from our experience of the very faulty and defective manner in which those important points have been treated in some existing popular compendiums; especially the absurd spirit of partisanship, which has seemed to us to animate some elementary writers with respect to the grand question of the undulatory hypothesis. Similar remarks will apply to the vast range of subjects connected with electricity, gal-

vanism, and magnetism; while, we presume, the important and invaluable practical application of physical science, in the arts and manufactures, in the control and adaptation of the giant power of steam, will receive a separate and detailed review proportionate to their important and beneficial use in our social economy.

But the spread of sound elementary scientific information is deeply important in another, and that the highest of all respects;—as affording the basis for a *real and sound* natural theology, important in itself at all times—important, more especially in an age when a spirit very hostile to such an application of the subject, is but too prevalent in an open and undisguised form—and of tenfold importance at the present time, when that same spirit assumes the disguise of a zeal for religion, and masks itself under pretensions to a peculiar sanctity, which affects to deny and condemn all exercise of the reason in the investigation of Divine truth—which denounces all attempts to derive a knowledge of the *great Moral Cause* of all *physical causes*, from a study of these last, and with a sort of audacity almost incredible, adopts the very language of the bitterest enemies of religion, and plainly tells us that the more we employ our reasoning faculties in the search, the more difficult shall we find it to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, or to assure ourselves even of the existence of a God! Nay, according to some of these writers, there is something sinful in the mere prosecution of those studies, and we are expressly informed, that “men who are absorbed in physical or metaphysical science, or in mathematics—such men are, in the sight of Scripture, most immoral!” (*Sewell's Christian (?) Morals.*) Such are the views which are at this time adopted, and widely inculcated by a very influential and increasing party—we deeply regret to add, existing and flourishing within the pale of the Established Church, and the precincts of our “orthodox” universities.

There is, however, something so glaringly offensive, as well as intrinsically futile in such views, that we firmly rely on the common sense of the public mind, as a sufficient barrier against the general admission of them. Still, so subtle are the argumentative

arts of their advocates, and so plausible the show they can make of sophistry, skilfully worked up with many powerful associations, and invested with attractions of a theory, that it becomes the imperative duty of all who feel a regard for the interests of truth, and possess any means or opportunities for aiding in its diffusion and support, not to relax their efforts, nor rest in indolent security on the truth of their maxim, undeniable as it is, that its cause must ultimately prevail: *ultimately* it will; but the period may be lengthened, or shortened, according to the supineness or zeal of the advocates and disseminators of truth. Natural theology, and its connexion with physical science, have been doubtless greatly illustrated and brought forward in many new and striking aspects of late years; but there is still much to be done in bringing these results to bear upon popular conviction, by the adoption of means for popular instruction in the principles.

In proportion as the foundation is securely laid in a sound and luminous exposition of the principles of science, so will the final and crowning conclusion of the great inferences of Divine truth be irresistibly and triumphantly established. There is also another point, of scarcely less importance, to be attended to,—the distinct exposi-

tion of the *nature* and *extent* of these great conclusions: this is often overlooked, and where more is stated, as the result, than the premises will strictly bear, a palpable triumph is afforded to the unbeliever. Let then the writer or lecturer on Physical Science be careful, in reference to these sublime truths, to supply the most precise, sound, and well-weighed information in the first instance; and in the second, be rigorously distinct in explaining the exact nature, and keeping to the exact bounds of his deductive inferences, and the cause will have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope at his hands.

We have already remarked that the series now before us is to be completed by a treatise on Natural Theology. Nevertheless, the author has here and there, in the course of his work, in some degree anticipated the more special objects of that treatise, by introducing reflections bearing on those sublime and momentous topics, when the subject in hand seemed more directly to lead to them. Our limits will not allow us here to enter further upon such topics, than just to refer our readers for specimens of such reflections, to the Vegetable Physiology, p. 264, the Astronomy, p. 565, and the Mechanical Philosophy, p. 113.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

From the Rhine,
August 1, 1843.

LIEBER LOBBEQUER—The weather has been so cold and unfavourable for the last month, that serious apprehensions were entertained for the rye and wheat harvests. The corn merchants forced up the prices of corn so high that the poorer classes suffered severely, and the bakers in many places, as at Cologne and at Rastadt, in the Duchy of Baden, shut their ovens and refused to bake; the scarcity was so great that government were obliged to bring a large parcel of corn up the Rhine from Holland, and the commissariat ovens were set to work for the poorer classes. Although there is every prospect of saving the corn harvest, the scarcity is still great, as the western part of Germany exported to Belgium last year more corn than they could spare, and it will require all the present crop to restore the balance. The price of meat has also risen, and is now for beef from fourpence to fourpence half-penny per lb. There is this year grass enough, but unfortunately there is a deficiency of stock, as last year's scarcity of forage, compelled people to sacrifice their half-fed animals. I can assure you that there is little likelihood that any portion of south-western Germany or Belgium, will have either corn or beef to export this year; let this be a consolation to your agricultural friends.

There are but few English on the Rhine this year, and the hotel keepers are beginning to exclaim against the repeal agitation, which they suppose keeps the people at home. Archbishop Droste von Vischering, of "mixed-marriage notoriety," passed through here on his way from Ems to Munster. Archduke Stephen, of Austria, was also here for two days on a tour which he was making of the Rhine provinces. King Leopold comes on the 3d, *en route* to Weisbaden, and the King of Hanover on the 8th, on his way to Hanover.

The rejection, by the Rhenish diet, of the new criminal code is, as I anticipated, likely to produce important results in the other Prussian provinces.

It is said that the king, in one of his latest cabinet orders, has expressed a decided wish that the open procedure and *viva voce* examination, should be introduced in the eastern Prussian provinces. It is well known that Mullen, the minister of justice, has long interested himself in favour of these measures.

Political writings are increasing daily in number; one sees almost in every newspaper announcements of new books forbidden by the censor. These works are for the most part published in Switzerland, at Zurich; and notwithstanding the prohibition, are brought into Germany in great numbers. It is almost a fortunate circumstance for an author to have his book prohibited, as it is for that very reason, whether good or bad, more extensively read. These political *brochures* are for the most part extremely violent, and crammed with the most erroneous and absurd political doctrines.

Two numbers of Bauer's "*Liberale Bestrebungen, in Deutschland*," have appeared; the one entitled the East Prussian, the other the Badisch-opposition. A long chain of argument in one of these concludes with the following sentence:—"You will have now clearly perceived *that the existence of a government* is antagonist to the development of freedom." This passage shows pretty clearly what kind of freedom these people wish to attain.

The "true history of the German," published anonymously, but supposed to be from the pen of Held, is a very witty and amusing little book. It gives the following account of the birth, parentage, and education of Michael, a name applied to the German peasant, as John Bull is to the English:—

"There was in the olden time a certain Miss Teutonia, who seems to have been but indifferently brought up, as she passed most of her time in wandering through the forests which abounded in her country. During one of these rambles she formed a rather too intimate acquaintance with a vagabond heathen god, whose morality was

not of the purest kind, as he deserted Teutonia at a moment when her condition became peculiarly interesting. In due course of time a fine, strong, healthy boy came into the world; and immediately after his birth, a spectre came forth out of the thicket, poured a can of beer over the boy's head, and pronouncing in a solemn tone, the following words—'Thou art born to endure and to suffer, to hope and to struggle; thou wilt become strong, and nevertheless be for many years the derision of mankind, *until thy time shall have arrived.*' " Such is the origin of the German Michael.

Teutonia soon afterwards comforted herself with a new husband, an honest, good sort of man, whose name was Kaiser, (emperor,) and in a short time produced a daughter, to whom she gave the name of Germania. The appearance of this young lady was fatal to the interests of her half-brother, Michael, who was from henceforward totally neglected, and suffered to run about wild through the woods, whilst Germania became a court lady, whose praises were sung by all the poets of the day. Things went on well for a time, until the emperor grew old, when Teutonia began to fight with, and scold at him. The old man grew weary of ill usage, and retired to a cavern in the Kiffhauser mountain, where he fell asleep for many years. This was precisely what Teutonia desired; and during the absence of her old husband, she conducted herself so badly that she produced a great number of daughters, whose names all end in *ia*, as Austria, Borussia, Vadusia, &c. Germania was now in her turn neglected for her younger sisters, as Michael had been previously for her sake; and not having appeared in public for many years, she was quite forgotten, until last year, when she once more made her appearance at the inauguration of the Valhalla.

Some of the younger sisters grew up to be stately dames, whilst others remained small, and notwithstanding their advanced age (of which unlike most ladies, they are very proud) they still continue to play with dolls and other toys.

Some time ago the Frenchman came into their mother's house; and all the younger daughters were obliged, *bon*

gre mal gre, to receive his addresses. Some of them were in the end considerable gainers by this unfortunate courtship, of which they by no means like to be reminded. They also dislike very much any mention being made of the old sleeping emperor, feeling probably some degree of shame at their own illegitimate birth.

Their brother-in-law, Nicholas, comes occasionally to pay them a visit, at which they are at first shy; but when he has emptied his pockets of all the little trinkets, ribbons, and other presents which he generally brings with him, they lay aside all fear, and become quite at home with him. Meanwhile Michael has been sadly treated, being kept in tutelage, and not suffered to act or think for himself. He is, however, really a clever fellow, and has invented a great number of useful things, amongst others the printing-press, with which he employs much of his time, although the freedom of the press, which he himself invented, has been taken from him.

One stormy day, Michael's guardians (*i. e.* his younger sisters) went out to take a drive in the state-carriage, which however got off the road, and into a deep ditch, where it stuck fast, nor could the old horses move it an inch farther. The sisters yoked one ass after another to the vehicle; all, however, to no purpose, until at length (in 1813,) Michael came, full of enthusiasm, and putting his shoulders to the wheel, helped the old coach out of the quagmire, and shoved it into its former track, which, by the way, was not at all his intention. The sisters were full of professions of gratitude, and made large promises to Michael: amongst others, that he should have a new suit of livery (constitution), which, however, was made much too narrow in the chest; but while they were deliberating over the matter, a fire alarm was heard in the neighbourhood, and they gave poor Michael a gag, (censorship,) because he dared to be discontented with his livery.

Michael saw soon afterwards (1830,) his neighbour, the Frenchman, throw his master out of doors, and he made up his mind to do something of the same kind himself. He, therefore, worked himself up into a great fury, and was about to proceed to violent

measures; when, being a good-natured, quiet sort of fellow, he bethought himself that evil consequences might result, and so he remained quiet. After this, Michael remained tolerably peaceable, and his sisters took the opportunity to fasten his gag still tighter, although he had nearly torn it off in his previous fury; and so things remained for about ten years, when one evening, as Michael's sisters were assembled together, "*en coterie*," with Borussia at their head, (customs union,) Hammonia and a few others being in their sleeping apartments, where they lay sick of the English fever, Austria came from time to time into the room, and told them long stories about Turkey, to which they attended but very little. All of a sudden, their neighbour, the Frenchman, jumped up and began to make a great noise, stroked his moustachios, and poured forth a torrent of abuse against the sisters, who were frightened in no small degree. They immediately cried out to brother Michael for help, whom they told to make a still greater noise than the Frenchman, in order to drown his clamour. Michael begged of his sisters to take off his gag—they, however, told him that there was no time now, and that even with the gag he could make noise enough to frighten the Frenchman. Michael did as he was desired; he roared and sang a few verses—

"Sie sollen ihn nicht-haben,
Den freien Deutschen Rhein,"

which immediately brought the Frenchman to his senses; as he found that although he could make short work with the sisters, that Michael was an ugly customer.

"The sisters then sent Michael back to his work, at which he is at present employed."

The last chapter consists merely of a title, which is as follows:—

"How Michael arises from his labours, and comes to himself, and how Michael transforms himself into a Michael with a flaming sword.

"In the year of grace, 18—

"To be continued."

Connected with the freedom of the press is the following:—

"The editor of a newspaper at

Borken, who is also a non-commissioned officer in the landwehr, published some time since a paper, to which he gave the title of "The Lieutenant." The officers of the regiment of the line quartered at Borken, believing that the paper in question was an attack on the military, lodged a charge of insubordination against the editor before the divisional military tribunal, the paper in question having been published during the fourteen days in which the landwehr were assembled for exercise, and when the editor, as a non-commissioned officer under arms, was subject to military jurisdiction. Read this, ye editors, who are officers of militia, and tremble.

The customs union has convinced the German public in general of the advantages to be derived from union, and there is a strong feeling abroad of the necessity of still further consolidation. A number of newspaper articles have appeared of late, recommending the adoption of a national flag for all the German states, and demonstrating the necessity which exists for a union-navy to protect their flag. The manufacturing party in Germany is equally desirous of extending their foreign commerce, as are our own cotton lords. If all the world are to become manufacturers and exporters it will be hard to say who are to be the consumers. The existence of this spirit may serve to show how absurd are the doctrines put forward by our free-trade politicians at home. Prussia has lately launched a new ship of war about which much noise has been made, as if it were to form the nucleus of a future German national navy. You must be aware that colonization and foreign trade has always been a favourite hobby with the Prussian minister Von Humboldt, and, although people may laugh at the notion of a German navy, yet there is a large amount of tonnage belonging to the German states on the North Sea and Baltic. The navy, royal and commercial, of Prussia alone, amounted last summer to no less than 790 vessels of 10,600 tons, with 6800 sailors, and was before the French revolution very much larger; add to this the navy of the Hanse towns and of the other states which have not as yet joined the customs union, and the total of the whole will be pretty considerable.

The cathedral of Cologne is becoming daily an object of greater interest. Some weeks ago the king of Prussia sanctioned the handing over the sum of 40,000 thalers (£6000 sterling) by the Dourban Vereine, to be expended this year on the northern transept and northern tower of the building; some of the old houses which were built up against the north side are being pulled down, and the materials have been offered for sale. I mention this more particularly because reports have been circulated in Belgium and elsewhere that the work had been suspended. The king of Bavaria interests himself much for the completion of the cathedral; he has presented a memorial to the German Diet calling on its members to unite in forwarding this truly national work, and has promised to contribute 10,000 florins annually from his own private purse until its completion, and also pledging his successor to continue the same sum after his death. A rumour has been set afloat that the king of Prussia intends to convert the cathedral, when finished, into a universal church for the three Christian confessions which exist in his dominions; the tenor of his speech at the inauguration would seem to countenance this report, which, if true, would be a curious stroke of policy.

I mentioned to you once before the panorama of the Passage of the Rhine painted by the brothers S. and N. Meister. These artists have now completed two superb dioramic pictures, one of which represents the battle of Culm; the moment chosen is that at which General Vandamme was taken prisoner. As a work of art it is deserving of the greatest praise; the beautiful scenery is most correctly represented, and the details, as the uniform of the different troops, their position and that of the batteries, as well as the *ensemble* of the battle, is most accurately given. It contains a great number of portraits of officers who were present on that occasion, amongst others a good likeness of Prince Augustus of Prussia, whose death you may have seen recorded within the last few days.

The second picture represents the castle of Stolzenfels, pass of the Rhine,

and the mouth of the Lahn: this is also a superb picture, and worth seeing.

In the Cologne exhibition there are but few good paintings; amongst the best artists may be reckoned, Eckhout of the Hague, Jacobs of Antwerp, who paints oriental scenery much in the style of Robarts, Colin of Paris, and one or two landscape painters from Dusseldorf.

The Belgian school of the present day retains the simple and beautiful style of colouring of her great masters Rubens and Vandyk, a pity that the subjects are so common-place, and monotonous. The Dusseldorf school is much overrated; the figure drawing is certainly good, but the composition is stiff and affected in a painful degree, owing to the caprice of one of their professors who will only tolerate pyramidal composition, which is of course inapplicable to every kind of subject indiscriminately. It is painful to observe how generally the simple rules of perspective are neglected by most artists. There is a great and radical error committed in sacrificing in academical instruction every thing to figure drawing; or what is still worse, as in the case of the Dusseldorf school, running after what are called secrets of colouring. The pictures of this school are painted almost entirely with asphalt, which certainly produces, when new, beautiful clear shadows, but which never last more than three or four years at the utmost, when it turns quite black, and scales off. Some few of our Irish artists have got hold of this bad style, which is not likely to last long, even here.

Many persons seek in the colouring of the great masters that air or appearance of distance which is in reality to be found in the correct perspective composition of their pictures. The numerous contrivances of modern painters to hide, by glazing, and other means, their defective composition and perspective drawing, were unknown to the great masters of the old time. Of this persons may satisfy themselves, by taking the trouble to inspect carefully one or two by Raffael, or Michael Angelo. Enough, however, of paintings and painters for the present.

Yours ever,

KLINGENSPORREN.

THE COMMISSIONER ; OR, DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.*

If the serial form of publication has, as is undoubtedly the case, many sins to answer for, it has, on the other hand, afforded the light readers of our day a vast store of amusing matter put forward in a pleasing form and at a cheap rate ; the obstacles, of which, in its commencement, so much outcry was raised—the constantly recurring interruption to the course of the narrative—have been in a great measure surmounted by habit ; and the world has learned to read, as has the author to write, *per saltum*.

It is true that the continuous flow of story so essential to the conduct of a skilfully constructed narrative—the easy transition by which a dexterous tale-writer leads you along, balancing his stock of incident, and poising the amount of his dialogue, can scarcely be accomplished in a form of publication which exacts that each number should have its share of all the features of a regular book : the little bit of description here, and its morsel of pathos there—its modicum of humour and its ounce of wit—the little love scene for the young ladies, and the racy joke for the elderly gentlemen : these may all be very well, stitched up in a green cover, with two illustrations by Phiz, and price a shilling, as companions on board a steamboat, and on the wet day in your inn ; but collectively, read as a whole, they are rarely successful. The very pages of what we used to condemn as skipping-places in other works, are wanting here—the intervals of slow plodding narrative become a thing to wish for ; for it would seem that as in the material world the efficacy of a drug is marred by the absence of that ingredient which, to all chemical analysis, presents an inert substance, so in the intellectual one, the same apparently inoperative properties are needed to make the more active stimulants affect us.

The very smartness—the touchy terseness of the style—the rapidity of the incidents—the lively sallies, not

doled out sparingly, but pattering like hail on a house-top, that afford you so much merriment while reading, are ungratefully condemned by you in your cooler judgment ; and you are annoyed at the buoyancy of the temperament that can still go joyously on, long after you yourself have become weary. This, in the short space of a “Number,” does not strike ; on the contrary who at the last page of one of Dickens’ delightful monthly parts does not feel sorry that there is no more ? Who would not give the price of two numbers just to know what the fat lady said to the thin gentleman—how the little man got out of his scrape—or what became of the young lady when she turned the corner ? But so it is : the hook is in your gill, and he has you panting for thirty-one days more, only to lead you another devil’s dance then, as he did before. It often struck me that these same “number” authors are pretty much like the improvisatori of Naples, who always send round the hat when the story becomes critical and never resume the tale till the contributions are satisfactory : you invariably find them concluding by some piece of inductive cleverness, which speaks in words too clear to be misunderstood—buy next number.

These, we are aware, are somewhat dangerous observations for us to make in the journal of our esteemed Editor, but we have covenanted for the honest expressions of our opinions, as well as our pounds per sheet, and shall never mince the matter.

The “number” books, then, it is agreed on all hands, are bad things, dangerous innovations in literature, inimical to the true interests of letters ; yet, withal, amusing and entertaining, droll, but wicked. More is the pity say we. The oftener we have the sublimed essence of men’s brains without dilution, the pleasanter we deem it. In this age, when men are so prone to beat their half guinea over two acres, it is a delightful thing to

* The Commissioner ; or, De Lunatico Inquirendo. With Twenty-eight Illustrations on Steel by Phiz. Dublin : William Curry, Jun. and Co. 1843.

find any who are willing to give you the coin in its original thickness. The thin limits of a monthly part has no space for canting philosophy or maudlin sentiment—there is no room for melodramatic rant, or twaddling disputation, 'olept, conversation; the pace must be a fast one, uneasy it may be, still it gets on, and that is something.

The advantages and disadvantages of this kind of writing are numerous and conflicting; but they all lead us to the opinion, that few if any of those who have tried it, save Mr. Dickens himself, would be successful in other forms of publication; and, secondly, that while many works thus appearing have had an extravagant success, which they would scarcely have realized in a collected form, others, on the contrary, have not attained a tithe of the celebrity they would have reached, did they come before the world in the shape of a three-volume novel. This latter observation is peculiarly forced upon us by the work, whose strange title appears at the head of this article. Here then is, and we say it advisedly and calmly, one of the most remarkable books of the day—a book which, displaying the freshness and elasticity of a new and a youthful writer, abounds in the strongest evidences that its author was a practised pen, well habituated to the delineation of character, and the conduct of a story—thoroughly conversant with life in all its grades and ranks; a man, whose mind was stored with sound reflection and deep insight into the world and its ways—who had looked on the game with a quick and searching eye—saw all its chances and changes, its low trickery and hollow pretension, its mean subterfuges and its successful knavery—and yet who could not, from his position and circumstances, stigmatize the vices he condemned, save anonymously. Such was the impression we conceived of the author, when we had read some forty or fifty pages of this book—an impression only rendered still stronger as we proceeded farther into the volume. In vain we ransacked our brains for the name of the probable writer; not only were there many passages of a totally different style from that of each to whom in turn we ascribed it, but stranger again, we often found reflec-

tions and maxims actually diametrically opposed to the recorded opinions of some of the very persons whom we half thought we could recognise elsewhere. There were bits of Bulwer, and James, and Dickens, and Hook; and yet every chapter abounded in portions which could not belong to some one or other among them. Was it then intended as a satire on the writing of the day as well as the characters? Clearly not. There were marks of originality about it, denoting the hand of one whose identity could make itself felt—of one not new to the weapon, nor unaccustomed to wield it—and here again were we puzzled.

After much cogitation on the matter we came round to the opinion that the "Commissioner" was the work of some well-practised writer, who, for reasons of his own, or without any, perhaps, took a fancy to write in a style which should defy his being recognised—that adopting a class of publication he had never before done, he had also assumed a different character of composition; and probably was, while occupied with the volume, but relieving a mind whose ordinary literary labours were of a grave and more onerous nature.

We remember once at an evening party, where for the only time in our lives, we met Edmund Kean, that when the *oi polloi* had taken their leave, a few were invited to sup *en comité* together.

The party was, like all unpremeditated re-unions, most successful—nothing could possibly be pleasanter. Kean, himself a host, was supported by others of distinguished convivial powers; and wit, epigram, story, and repartee reigned on every side. In the midst of all this the host had ingeniously diverged from lighter matter into a dissertation about Shakspeare's tragic powers, and the wondrous field opened to the artist by the vast conceptions of the author. The object was clearly to induce Kean to speak on his much-loved walk. Suddenly the actor rose, and with a staid gravity of manner, becoming Hamlet himself, said—"I will read you a scene." He took down a volume of Shakspeare, and while turning over the leaves, we prepared ourselves in silence for some of those terrific pas-

passages from Othello, or Shylock, which were, we knew, his masterpieces. What was our surprise, however, to hear him begin with Dogberry. The effect was magical; never, in all our lives had we any idea what might be made of the character before; the stolid pompousness, the insufferable stupidity of the half-lettered knave, given in Kean's richest accents, convulsed us with laughter; and we were readier to acknowledge his great comic, than ever before we were his high tragic powers. Something of the same kind may have been the case here. The book has a hundred evidences of a mind turned from its ordinary channel, and yet diverted into one congenial to it, as if escaping from the trammels of necessity to revel in its native course, free and at liberty.

But let us turn from the author to his book—a transition the more profitable, as we know nothing of the one, and know every thing of the other. The Chevalier de Lunatico is a gentleman who is sent down from the moon in search of the stray spirits; who, having by some means peculiar to themselves, escaped from that planet, and taken up their residence on this earth, when “*faute mieux*,” we had been in the habit of believing them very shrewd and clever people.

“My powers were comprised in a pill box, a pot of ointment, and a phial; and I was directed immediately when I descended upon the earth to rub my eyes with the ointment, which would enable me, at once, to see into things in a much more profound manner than any of those around me, perceiving the real feelings and thoughts of all the men with whom I might be brought in contact, and making them declare unto me their true sentiments and ideas without the slightest reserve. The contents of the phial were left to my discretion, either to drink or not as I liked, but I was informed that by taking a small portion thereof, I should be able to enter into, and sympathise with, the sensations of any of my mortal companions that seemed to me worthy of such condescension on my part; and it was insinuated, though I was not directly commanded to do so, that it would be well for me, occasionally, to have recourse to the contents of the bottle, in order that I might more clearly comprehend the motives as well as the actions of mankind in general.

“The pill box contained three hundred and ninety-seven pills of different sizes—some no bigger than the head of a pin, some as large as a tolerably sized marble. These represented the three hundred and ninety-seven languages of the earth, their sizes betokening the riches or poverty of the tongue. Thus German was a tremendous bolus; English, a very good sized pill; Italian, somewhat less, but remarkably smooth and round; French, a small pea, somewhat gritty, but rolling about with great celerity; Russian, of a somewhat larger size, but of a very irregular form, while there were a multitude of lesser ones, such as the languages of the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Otaheite, &c.; and nine or ten of the size of a minikin pin's head, upon each of which, by the aid of a microscope, might be discovered the word Australia. By taking any one of these pills, I swallowed a complete language with almost as much facility as a certain reverend gentleman in the little green island, called Ireland.”

With these, aptly provided for all contingencies of the road, he arrives on the earth in one of its smoothest and pleasantest spots, a bowling-green, just at the moment when an elderly gentleman, Mr. Longmore, is indulging himself in a moonlight stroll through his garden. The Chevalier loses no time in applying his salve and his pill box; and doubly armed with sympathies and substantives, so perfectly succeeds with Mr. Longmore, as to obtain an invitation to supper.

“‘Now, let us go in,’ said the old gentleman, in continuation; ‘but in the first place favour me with your name, that I may introduce you properly, though, as the great poet has justly observed, “What's in a name?” Nevertheless, it is convenient as a mode of classification; for every one must be somehow designated to our minds, and were I never to learn what you are called amongst your own friends, I should have to put you down in the book of memory as *the man with the long nose*.’

“On the hearth crackled a bright wood fire, and on a wide-spreading sofa, with downy pillows and a chintz cover, sat side by side, and somewhat near each other, a very pretty rosy-lipped, dark-eyed girl of eighteen or nineteen, and a young gentleman of as prepossessing an appearance as could be beheld; tall, well-formed, graceful, with a sort of frank and sparkling gaiety of

expression in his countenance which won upon the beholder at first sight. The young gentleman rose as the master of the house and his guest entered, drawing a little farther from the fair lady in the first place, while the colour mounted slightly into her cheek. Thus, while the old philosopher introduced the chevalier to his daughter, Laura and their cousin, Harry Worrel, Mr. de Lunatico could not help seeing in prospect matrimony and wedding rings, and a long line of grandchildren frisking round the knees of his worthy host. He, on his part, seemed perfectly contented with his daughter and his cousin, and the whole world; and in the expansive satisfaction of his own heart, he passed a high eulogium upon his new guest; speaking of him as a distinguished philosopher upon a voyage of discovery for the benefit of his native country.

"It is impossible to describe the kindness and civility with which the two young people received the Chevalier de Lunatico; and the clear-sightedness which he possessed, by virtue of his lunar ointment, showed him all their feelings, and made them open their whole hearts to him whenever they had an opportunity of conversing with him apart. He found, as he was led to suppose from the very first sight, that they were desperately in love with each other; but it proved that they were not a little afraid the young lady's father should discover their passion, as they both agreed—it seemed to the chevalier very unreasonably—that he would certainly oppose their marriage."

The chevalier thus led to interest himself for the young people, is induced to moralize on the nature of the tender passion in a strain which few people out of the moon would indulge in:—

"Let it not be supposed, however, that although he did sympathise with all their sensations, he was not without a great deal of surprise at the phenomenon of love, and set himself seriously to consider whether it was or was not in itself a species of lunacy. 'Here are two beings,' he said to himself, 'composed of bundles of fibres, disposed artfully around a jointed framework of earthenware, and covered over with a soft, sleek, pretty coloured tegument, ornamented with a glossy, curling, vegetable substance, called hair, and united with a peculiar sort of spirit, differing so little from our own spirits in the moon, and those of other planets, that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. These beings see each other,

and because one happens to have a different shaped patch of red, or black, or blue from the rest of their fellow-creatures, or because the vegetable happens to curl a different way, or the wind instrument, with which they are furnished for making an intelligible noise, chances to have a particular tone, they become so desirous of living all their lives together, that if they are not permitted to do so, they will be quite ready to take means for reducing their soul-case to its original elements. All this is very curious, it must be confessed—I will watch the process."

He does so, and soon learns some of those attendant blessings which a love affair occasionally is accompanied by, in the shape of a duel, which a rival has fixed on Mr. Harry Worrel.

" 'And now, my young friend,' said Mr. de Lunatico, 'what were the contents of that note? I must entreat you to let me know, for I feel very sure that it contained no invitation to a ball.

" 'To a *pistol-ball*,' said Worrel, gravely; "and I really do not know where to seek a friend upon the occasion. My cousin, Mr. Longmore, is out of the question in such a business as this, and you, my dear chevalier——"

" 'Will be very happy to assist you,' he replied, interrupting his companion. 'You know we people of the moon are the greatest duellists in the universe, and sooner or later we have every man that fights another upon this earth sent up, by warrant, to take his place in the lunatic world. That, however, is not exactly my object in offering to accompany you; that object I will explain afterwards; but, in the first place, tell me, what is the cause of quarrel assigned by your honourable opponent, or has he any quarrel with you at all?'

" 'None whatever,' replied Worrel. 'He simply demands that I should give up all claim to the hand of Laura Longmore, cease to visit at her father's house for the next six months, and quit this part of the country, or fight him without further delay. Now, as I certainly shall not resign my claim upon Laura's hand till I resign my life, I suppose I must give him the meeting he requires; though, heaven knows, if he was to shoot me to-morrow, there is no chance of his obtaining Laura, for she herself detests him; and I have often heard Mr. Longmore himself say, that he is puzzled to know whether Henry Fitzurse is most knave, fool, or debauchee. Fight him, however, I must.'

" 'Oh! certainly, certainly,' said the chevalier; 'upon the very most ap-

proved principles of society, which, by a general and invariable law, gives every blackguard, villain, scoundrel, knave, and ass, a right to fire one or two pistol-shots at any good and exemplary man whom he chooses to call upon, while that man has the great compensation of firing at him again in return, if he thinks fit to do so—though perhaps he may look upon it as murder. Oh, say not a word more; I know all about duelling; we have a space put apart for that species of amusement in the moon.'

" 'You are very severe,' said Henry Worrel; 'and I abhor the practice as much as you can do; but I see not how it can be avoided, either in my own, or in many other instances. You would not, surely, have me give up Laura at the wild bullying of this Henry Fitzurse!'

" 'Oh, no,' replied the chevalier, 'that is quite impossible; but I think, on the contrary, that there is a very good chance of your making him give her up.'

" 'How so?' demanded Worrel, eagerly. 'Though I care not much whether he gives her up or not, her father would certainly never marry her to such an animal as that.'

"It was very evident, from the tone in which he spoke, that Worrel did not feel quite so certain of the matter as his words implied; and the Chevalier de Lunatico thought it right to undeceive him altogether. No words can express the poor young man's despair when he heard the purposes of Mr. Longmore; but the chevalier comforted him in some degree by saying—

" 'I have a plan for you, my good young friend, by which, as I told you, we may perhaps drive this Fitzurse out of the field. I hear he is a desperate coward, and his sending you such an insolent letter only shows that such is the case. Show yourself more ready to fight him than he is to fight you: write him, this very night, an answer, telling him that you will not bear such conduct for a single day: appoint the meeting for the earliest possible hour to-morrow morning, and tell him that he or you do not quit the field alive. I think I could take upon myself to say, that he will instantly attempt to withdraw his cartel; and, as I will bear your note to him, I will give him the opportunity of so doing, upon condition that he quits the pursuit of the fair Laura for ever.'

"Harry Worrel looked down upon the ground for a moment or two in silence. He was as brave as any man need be—as ready to front danger and death, when needful, as any man in Europe. He knew also, that it is well to do a disagreeable thing, when it must be

done, as speedily as possible: so that his judgment told him the plan proposed by his dear, new-found friend was the very best that could be devised; yet there was something in the idea of so speedily parting with the bright things of life, of leaving perhaps but one anxious night between him and fate—of parting, in a few short hours, very likely for ever, with the dear being who had become the charm of his existence; there was something in all this, I say, that made him thoughtful. His mind, however, was soon made up; and, as the human heart is but a bit of cork upon the top of the waves of life, now tossed up, now sinking down, but never going to the bottom altogether, his heart rose the next instant, and he proceeded to act upon the suggestion of the chevalier, having very good reason to know that those who calculated upon his opponent's cowardice were not likely to be far astray. The whole matter was now soon settled: the day was by this time wearing towards the evening, and it was agreed that the chevalier and his young friend should ride over together that night to a small village, near Outrun Castle, as if intending to make an expedition to some curious old Roman remains on the following morning; that the chevalier should carry Harry Worrel's note from the village that night, and that they should wait at the small inn at the place till the proposed meeting of the following morning, in case the result of Mr. de Lunatico's plan was not such as they anticipated.

"Mr. Longmore, as the reader knows, had his own peculiar habits, and amongst others was that of dining at half-past four o'clock precisely, in which vicious practice he had indulged for at least thirty years. Great was the uneasiness that this occasioned at various times; for, although we have invented steam-kitchens, we have not yet, alas! been able to invent steam-cooks. Mr. Longmore regulated his clocks by the sun every day; but, alas! he could not regulate the tenants of the kitchen. Sometimes the dinner would be five minutes too soon, sometimes it would be five minutes too late, and sometimes the cook's thumb held back the march of old time upon the face of the dial, by a dexterous application to the longer of those two wandering hands, which, very much like the course of human knowledge, are always moving on from hour to hour, yet never getting any farther from the one central point to which they are fixed down. This event—and it was not unfrequent—both annoyed and puzzled the old philosopher. He had the best clocks and watches in Europe, and yet there was something in the atmosphere of the

kitchen which made the finest piece of mechanism that ever was invented go wrong as soon as it got there. Such was the case on the present day; dinner was not on the table for a full quarter of an hour after half-past four by Mr. Longmore's own chronometer. The cook appealed to her clock, the clock justified the cook, and Mr. Longmore, in a state of considerable excitement, cried 'Pish!' at the fish, 'Pshaw!' at the soup, and was only restored to equanimity by the sight of a venison pasty, the inner parts of which were a present from Outrun park. It was with some difficulty, then, that a favourable moment was found for communicating to the old gentleman the proposed expedition of Harry Worrel and the chevalier to the Roman remains, in the neighbourhood of Outrun Castle, and when it was done Mr. Longmore looked surprised, and Laura surprised, and not well satisfied. The good philosopher, however, soon made up his mind to the matter—agreed that early in the morning was the best time to see the ruins—regretted greatly that he could not be of the party, which was impossible, as he had a little affair with the sun about that time, but offered, for the chevalier's use, his own neat cantering cob galloway, which, like every thing else that he possessed, was, in Mr. Longmore's estimation, the best thing of its kind in the world. This being settled, the pony saddled and brought round, and a parting glass drank to the success of their expedition, the chevalier and his young friend took leave to depart. Laura shook hands with them both, but the Chevalier de Lunatico thought that he perceived in her countenance an expression somewhat sad and reproachful as she bade her lover adieu. He saw at once that she had suspicions that their errand was not that which it seemed. However, as no man ever yet considered the feelings of his wife, the situation of his children, the happiness, or even the existence of any of his friends or dependents, or, in short, any other such minor and unimportant matters, when he was going to yield to the fashion of the world, Harry Worrel tore himself away with as comfortable an air as he could assume, and mounting his own horse, while Mr. de Lunatico bestrode the round, cantering, cob galloway of good Mr. Longmore, they set off at a quiet pace, in the cool calmness of a fine spring evening.

"For a couple of miles they were very silent, but at length the chevalier, always having the end of his perquisitions in view, thought fit to address a few questions to his companion; inquiring in the first place, in a quiet, easy tone, whether he went upon this affair with

the most comfortable feelings in the world.

" 'Not exactly,' answered Harry Worrel, with that peculiar sort of candour which the chevalier engendered in all with whom he was brought in contact. 'In the first place, my dear chevalier, I look upon duelling as criminal, as foolish, and as blackguard. I wouldn't tell any body but you for the world that such are my opinions, and I shall certainly take care on all occasions to make every body believe that I go to fight my man as quietly as I sit down to eat my dinner; and that I look upon the practice as absolutely necessary to society, for the purpose of giving every man, who is injured or insulted, a sort of *ultima ratio* to which there is no reply. In the next place, I don't like the idea of being killed at all, and, do what I will to prevent it, the thought of a nasty, hard bullet coming and sticking into me like a piece of hot iron, will present itself to my imagination. Nevertheless, as I have tolerably good nerves, not very easily shaken, that will never prevent me from going out with an unpleasant friend. The thing that is most disagreeable to me is, I confess, the thought of killing a fellow-creature in cold blood. I know and feel, and am perfectly aware, that I am just as much committing a murder as if I cut a man's throat in his bed, and ought to be hanged for it too, only, thank God, we have plenty of jurymen in England, who are quite ready to perjure themselves whenever a gentleman thinks fit to shoot another through the head, and to find him not guilty, though, if a poor man had done it, driven by starvation, they would hang him as high as Haman. Thus I am sure of immunity in this world; and as to the next, Macbeth says—

" —————If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequences, and catch
With this surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all, and the end-all here—
But here upon this bank and shoal of time—
We'd jump the world to come."

Besides, this sort of murder, unlike all others, is punished by the world, if we do not commit it, and not if we do. So now, my dear chevalier, having told you all I think upon this subject, let us change the topic, for on my life it isn't a pleasant one, and I would rather think of something else."

These observations, well and strongly as they are made, do not, however, retard the course of events. Harry Worrel has resolved to fight, and fight he must. The little inn at which they sojourn is kept by a buxom landlady,

in the description of whose good looks, as well as of the manifold comforts of her hostel, we thought we could detect the pen of a well-known, and justly-admired writer. But a truce to further guesses, and let us introduce to our readers a new character, who officiates as waiter at the Half Moon, and one whose mirth-provoking characteristics are ever recurring throughout the story. This is Joey Pike, a kind of nondescript incarnation of languages and sentiments :—

“ ‘ Ah, Joey,’ cried Worrel, addressing a lad who was intended for a waiter, but who was decorated with a crimson velvet waistcoat, and a green silk handkerchief round his neck—‘ ah, Joey, have you come back into the country ? Why, I thought you had got a good place in London.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, sir, I had,’ answered Joey Pike, in a sweet and lisping tone, and with a low and graceful bow ; ‘ but my poor master was inclined to a consumption, and recommended to Italian climes ; so I accompanied him to Naples—Bella Napoli, as they call it—where he died under my hands. For the last six weeks, sir, I fed him night and day with *volly-rents* and *consummy*, thinking to keep his strength up ; but he fell into a *faiblesse*, as the French call it, and went from *singcuppy* to *singcuppy*, till he drew the last sigh ; and, to my infinite regret, expired. He left me with a strong recommendation to his friends ; but I will never have a strong recommendation as long as I live again. It is the worst thing in the world, sir ; for they kept me on in London, always promising to get me a good place, until I was very nearly upon the *pavy*, and never did any thing for me after all. I waited till I had spent every thing but fourteen shillings and ninepence ; and then I said to myself, fourteen shillings is just the fare on the top of the *diligence* down to Out-run : fivepence will get me a roll and a couple of red herrings, and with the fourpence that remains, I can say with the doctors, *fiat haustus*, which means, I am told, take a draught. Says I to myself, there’s good Mrs. Muggins, a *bong femme*, if ever there was one,’ and he laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed his head gracefully towards the landlady ; but she, on her part, cut him short, exclaiming—

“ ‘ Hold your tongue, you fool, Joey, and show the gentlemen into the parlour. Will you keep them in the passage all night ?’ ”

“ ‘ Madam, I will do it *incessantly*,’ replied Joey, and marching a step or

two forward, he threw open the door with an exquisite wave of the hand, drew himself up, with his head a little leaning on the right side, and his feet in the fifth position, and suffering them to pass in, followed with the good landlady to ascertain their farther wants and wishes.

“ ‘ Nothing, thank you, Mrs. Muggins,’ replied Worrel to the lady’s inquiries ; ‘ nothing but some tea and toast, a pen and ink, and a few sheets of writing paper. Will you send in the tea made, Mrs. Muggins ?’ ”

“ ‘ For the paper I will be responsible,’ cried Joey Pike ; ‘ where can the *inky-ostro* be ? I mean the inkstand, Mrs. Muggins, and *quelle plume* that I left here only this morning. That’s the barmaid’s doing, Mrs. Muggins. She has taken them, I’ll warrant. I’d teach her, if I were you, to feather her nest with other things than pens out of the parlour.’ ”

“ ‘ There they are, you fool, in the corner cupboard,’ said Mrs. Muggins. ‘ Put them down quick, and then go out of the room. You only tease the gentlemen with your chattering and your scraps of languages not half so good as your own.’ ”

“ Joey Pike drew himself up—‘ I am not accustomed to chatter, madam,’ he said, with an air of impressive dignity, ‘ though on this occasion, my *bonnhoor*, at seeing Master Harry again so unexpectedly, may have increased my loquacity.’ ”

“ Thus saying, he placed the inkstand and pens upon the table, waved Mrs. Muggins gracefully to precede him, and then with a motion somewhat like that of a cat stealing up to a bird, followed her out of the room, closing the door after him in the most noiseless possible manner.

“ The parlour was a low-roofed wainscotted chamber, with a fire-place, which, as that is not a coal district, was unconscious of any fuel but wood. The dark brown oak on the walls, the mouldings and the cornices, though a little warped by the effect of many a drying summer’s sun, were all as neatly polished and varnished as possible. The floor and drugget that covered it were as clean as it is possible to conceive. The bright mahogany of the table reflected the light of the candles like a mirror ; and, in short, there was an air of homely cheerfulness about the aspect of the whole chamber, which made one feel very comfortable in the enjoyment of life, and all life’s blessings. It accorded ill with the feelings and purposes of Harry Worrel at that moment ; for though it is a very difficult thing to say where death is

least unpalatable, yet it certainly is not where we find ourselves very comfortable in life. The Chevalier de Lunatico, however, had just time to stir the blazing pieces of wood on the hearth, and Harry Worrel to gaze round the well-known room, recalling the memories of many a pleasant day, when Joey Pike returned with a quire of paper, which he dropped delicately before the latter gentleman, maintaining the most profound silence, for the purpose of disproving Mrs. Muggins's charge of loquacity.

"The Chevalier de Lunatico, however, seemed inclined to enter into conversation with him: for after telling him to see that his horse was not unsaddled, as he had another ride to take that night, he asked him what time the moon would be visible. Joey was seldom, if ever, found at fault; and on this occasion he gave the chevalier an account of the very moment when the planet would rise, and when she would appear above the neighbouring trees.

" 'We had last night,' he said, 'a magnificent *claire de Loon*, and I trust that the same will be the case to-night, for the sky is *poorissimo*.'

" 'I trust that it may be so,' said the chevalier; 'and so, my good fellow, you have been seeking a place?'

" 'Yes, sir, yes,' replied Joey, 'I have been seeking what my Italian friends call a *piazza*, but I found none but the piazza of Covent-garden, which is certainly not the best place that any young man could find, especially when he is somewhat subject to the tender passion.'

" 'Joey, Joey,' cried the voice of the landlady. 'That chattering boy is teasing the gentlemen again—this will never do—I shall be obliged to get rid of him. Yet he is a clever boy, and a good one—I declare I do not know what to do—Joey, Joey, I say.'

" 'Organo, Organo,' cried Joey, 'she is an excellent woman, that Mrs. Muggins, a good, motherly, excellent person, but she can't bear any person to talk but herself,' and thus saying, he hurried out of the room, leaving the chevalier to his own meditations, and Harry Worrel to the composition of the letter, which he had already begun."

As the evening grows later, the chevalier sets out to deliver the message with which Worrel charges him, and arrives at Outrun Castle at the time when the Honourable Henry Frederick Augustus Fitzurse is still at dinner with the noble lord, his father. After some dalliance on the part of the ser-

vitors of the household, as to whether they should or should not admit the chevalier, he succeeds, at length, in persuading them to deliver his name in the dining-room, and patiently sits down in an ante-chamber, to await the response.

"This being arranged, Tom Hamilton led the way back to the dining-room, introducing the Chevalier de Lunatico. It was a large, wide, old-fashioned chamber, lined with dark oak, which reflected no ray of light. At one end, between two pillars, was the beaufet, covered with a sufficient array of plate; and down the middle was a table, which would have dined four-and-twenty people, with covers laid for three only; namely, the viscount, his son, and Tom Hamilton. There was plenty of light upon the table, near the end of which the party was congregated, and likewise on the sideboard, behind the master of the house. There was plenty of dinner also, arrayed in what the poet sublimely calls 'a regular confusion,' and plenty of wine, moreover, with very evident symptoms of a good deal having been already drunk. These particulars were gained at a single glance; but the eye of the chevalier rested with more deliberate inquiry upon the faces of the two gentlemen whom he found seated at the table; and the first countenance he scrutinized was that of the viscount. He was a tall, large man, of about sixty, with very black eyes, which perhaps might have been fine ones in their day. His face was very red, and very blotchy; and the eyes, the corners of the mouth, and the wings of the nose had manifold scarlet lines running about them, which spoke of potations deep and strong. His hair was whitish, his whiskers thin and poor, and his long eyebrows, as pure as snow, overhung the poppy garden of his countenance, like a pent-house thatch covered with snow. The two lower buttons of his waistcoat, and one in the waistband of his breeches, were undone, showing a part of his shirt, and easing the protuberance of his stomach; and at the moment the chevalier entered, he was carving some dish before him in a very slashing manner, scattering the sauce over the table-cloth, without any very great reverence for its purity. The son was not so tall as his father, and was altogether a very disagreeable looking personage. He was inclined to be fat, though not extremely so at that moment. His countenance was white and pasty, with eyes much like a sheep in shape and expression, thick lips, a good deal of curly whey-coloured whisker, and white ill-regulated hair. There

was an affectation of groomishness about his dress, which was carried to the pitch of having a leathern string to his watch ; and there was an uneasy conceit in his countenance, which told that he thought not a little of himself, and was afraid of other people not thinking so much. At the same time, there was a shy averting of the eye when any one gazed at him stedfastly, superadding to the rest of his beauties a sharper-like look, which was all that was necessary to complete the perfections of his countenance. He was a large hipped man withal, though his legs were longish ; and this peculiar formation put him into unpleasant attitudes, both when he sat and when he walked. Having been introduced to both father and son by Tom Hamilton, the chevalier shook hands with the peer, who held out a great broad paw to him for that purpose, and took a seat between him and the said Tom, facing the hopeful heir of Outrun Castle.

“ ‘What will you take, chevalier?’ exclaimed the viscount. ‘First of all, a glass of wine with me—Hermitage? No—champagne? Tripe, Jeremy Tripe, champagne to the chevalier.’ ”

The convivialities of the evening proceed, and yet nothing is intimated to the Honourable Henry Augustus Frederick of the object of the chevalier's visit, when Tom Hamilton, touching De Lunatico's arm, draws forth Worrel's letter, and hands it across the table to the son of the peer.

“ ‘Why, what the devil's this?’ cried Mr. Fitzurse. ‘Is it a begging letter?’ ”

“ ‘Or the prospectus of some grand discovery?’ said the peer, laughing.

“ ‘Or a subscription-list for building a church?’ demanded the son.

“ ‘Or an invitation to join the society for the suppression of vice?’ shouted the peer, roaring with merriment.

“ ‘Is it from Wilberforce, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Martin of Galway?’ demanded the son.

“ ‘Or Lord Brougham, or Macauley, or Cox Savory, or Van Butchel?’ cried the peer.

“ ‘No,’ answered the Chevalier de Lunatico, with a placid smile and a courteous inclination of the head ; ‘it is from a young friend of mine, named Harry Worrel ; to request that the Honourable Mr. Fitzurse will appoint any place of meeting to-morrow, at half-past five, for the purpose of settling certain differences between them—it being Mr. Worrel's determination not to quit the ground alive, unless those differences are settled.’ ”

“ ‘A challenge, by jingo,’ cried the

peer, laughing more heartily than ever. ‘Well, Freddy, my boy, we'll have a blaze at him.’ ”

“ ‘But the Honourable Henry Frederick Augustus Fitzurse did not seem to view the matter in the same light as his father. He turned very white in the gills, bluish about the lips ; his eyes got fish-like and glassy, and Tom Hamilton started up, exclaiming—

“ ‘He's fainted to a dead certainty.’ ”

“ ‘Fainted!’ cried the peer. ‘No, by ——! he's drunk—that's what he is—I'll soon sober him,’ and pouring out a tumbler-full of water, he dashed the whole unceremoniously in his son's face. The first application not succeeding, he repeated it, exclaiming, ‘Fred, you're drunk, d—— me, you're drunk, and here you've got to fight a duel to-morrow morning!—Well, it does not signify, Mr. Prismatico, or whatever your cursed absurd name may be. Be so good as to present my compliments to your friend, Mr. Harry Worrel, and tell him, that my son will have the honour of meeting him in the narrow lane that runs under the park-wall, to-morrow morning. He will know the place well—we will have it half-way between the park-gates and the village, that whoever comes down, may not have far to go. He shall meet him ; and d—— me, if he doesn't, I'll meet him myself.’ ”

“ ‘You will excuse me, my lord,’ said the Chevalier de Lunatico, ‘but I do not think that would exactly answer the purpose ; I never heard of such a thing being done by deputy : and in the present instance, as the quarrel is about a lady, it would be quite inadmissible. If your son does not appear upon the ground himself, I must withdraw my party.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, he shall come, sir, he shall come,’ cried the peer. ‘You don't suppose he's afraid. He's drunk, sir ; I tell you, he's only drunk. Why, sir, we had drunk three bottles of champagne before you came in. I understand all about it—half-past five o'clock—the lane under the park-wall—half-way between the gates and the village. His father shot me just there, and I do not see why my son should not shoot him. He's a good shot, always was a good shot—hey, Tom Hamilton?’ ”

“ ‘Devilish good, my lord,’ cried Tom Hamilton, ‘with a gun ; don't know his pistol capacities, but dare say he'll do. Come, chevalier, this business settled, I'll just say a word or two to you in the next room, and then we won't detain you.’ ”

“ The chevalier accordingly made his bow and retired, accompanied by Tom Hamilton, who, as soon as the door was closed, shrugged his shoulders, saying,

“ ‘A pretty job this, to be sure.’

“ ‘Why, your friend brought it upon himself,’ said the chevalier; ‘he wrote a very impertinent letter this morning.’

“ ‘Well, the thing’s done, and can’t be helped,’ cried Tom Hamilton. ‘The old gentleman will bring him to the ground—that’s clear; I suppose we must cork him up with brandy. I say, chevalier, d—— me, tell your friend not to kill him—wing him, man, wing him—sad thing for me if he were killed. He’s a devilish good fellow, though an infernal blackguard, I must own; but there’s capital shooting down here, in the season, and the fishing’s excellent.’ ”

The duel scene which, with some slight exaggeration, is written with much spirit, ends in the downfall of the Honourable Mr. Fitzurse, who, less from the effects of gunpowder than pure terror, measures his length on the grass. Worrel and the chevalier, believing the man dead, hasten from the spot, followed by Joey Pike.

At first we are told they proceed at a leisurely, sauntering pace, as though they would not stoop to run away: but gradually accelerate their pace to a good trot, when a tremendous hulla-bulloo from the road behind, alarms them.

“ ‘We had better separate,’ said Worrel. ‘Joey, take care of yourself, hide away the pistols somewhere shrewdly, and let us all meet to-night in Mr. Longmore’s garden. I will take across the country. Chevalier, you come up the bank here with me, and I will show you a place of concealment.’

“ ‘No, no,’ replied the chevalier laughing, ‘take care of yourself, my good friend. If I understood you rightly last night, all they will do is to put me in prison, and I should not much mind a fair insight into such an establishment. I will join you to-night, if I am not taken.’

“ ‘Good-by, good-by, then,’ cried Worrel, scrambling up the bank, and disappearing amongst the bushes on the other side.”

Events now crowd on each other too fast for us to record here. The old philosopher’s house is burned to the ground; and his lovely daughter rescued from the flames by her lover, only to fall afterwards into the power of the lord of Outrun Castle, who nurtures the scheme of forcing her

into a marriage with his son. The eighteenth chapter opens thus—

“Reader, did you ever see a cat with a mouse? Did you ever see a child with a fly? Did you ever see a boy tormenting a dog? Did you ever yourself feel inclined to make a fellow-creature linger with long impatience upon your sovereign will? If so, you know quite well the pleasure of teasing, and can form a faint, a very faint idea of the delight with which an author keeps his public in suspense in regard to this or that character, for whom, he is well aware, he has created an interest. He will do any thing to prolong your pain; he will lead you to totally different scenes; he will talk to you of totally different people; he will favour you with an interminable landscape, *à la* ———; he will give you a page of pretty smartness, *à la* ———; he will detain you two pages of soft nothing, *à la* ———; he will tease you with a load of frothy philosophy, *à la* ———; he will venture to be dull and heavy, light and empty, a twaddler or a bore, sooner than not keep you upon the tenter hooks of suspense, if he once knows he has thoroughly hooked you upon them. Such, dear reader, you may think perhaps is the case in the present instance; but in good truth, you are mistaken, it was merely a sense of imperative duty that led the writer to quit fair Laura Longmore, and pursue the Chevalier de Lunatico along his appointed path. To return, however, to Outrun Castle, and to the precise moment at which we left it—Laura Longmore, being then, as the reader recollects, seated in an arm-chair in the antiquated state room, with a blazing wood fire before her, and the old-fashioned bed, with its carved pillars and green and yellow hangings, behind her; the viscount, with rubicund countenance, on one side, the housemaid on the other, and four or five stout serving men of different grades and classes, forming a circle in front, like that which waits the beck of royalty on certain days in March, April, May, and June. She herself, poor girl, was dazzled, bewildered, and confused, besides being half choked, so that she opened both her eyes and her mouth, like some pretty little bird, when dragged out of a trap by a mischievous boy.”

Meanwhile the castle is the scene of a very different event—no less than the plot of Tom Hamilton to make the coroner, who attends on information of the Honourable Mr. Fitzurse’s death, actually hold his inquest over the living gentleman.

"It was at the hour of two of the following day. The servants of Outrun Castle were marshalled in the hall. Every thing was prepared up stairs. The noble viscount dressed—as the newspapers say, in describing some criminal at the bar—in a decent suit of mourning, was in the little-used library of his dwelling-house, with the windows half closed, the corners of his mouth convulsively drawn down, and his eyes twinkling with scarcely repressed fun, when a large body of gentlemen, chosen from amongst the neighbouring ploughmen, and other respectable householders, arrived in a cart upon the gravelly esplanade before Outrun Castle, and began ascending the steps. Nearly at the same moment a personage with a shrewd, wind-cutting countenance, powder in his hair, a pig-tail behind, a black coat, covered with a blacker spencer, drab breeches, and continuations, came riding up upon a hard-mouthed, malicious-looking pony, and received the salutations of the assembled jury as Mr. Crowner.

"The worthy peer, unable to deny himself his joke, had determined upon receiving the whole quest in person, and consequently the coroner and train were ushered at once into the library, where he sat in state. In then they walked, the crown officer at their head, feeling a vast deal of respect for the peer who was before him, and a vast deal of contempt for the jury who were behind. Thus, on entering the chamber, the worthy gentleman, who was a *ci-devant* attorney, paused suddenly to make a lowly reverence to the viscount; but while his head was describing the segment of a circle in its descent, a worthy juror who followed, and who did not expect this abrupt halt, was impelled forward, partly by his own impetus, partly by that of the whole inquest behind; and treading first upon the coroner's heels with his hob-nailed shoes, and then endeavouring to fend himself off with his hands, he fairly brought his worthy leader on his knees at the feet of the peer. Up started the coroner again with sundry fierce contortions of visage, and after three hops of agony, he exclaimed—

"'Gamaliel Dickens! Gamaliel Dickens! The man's a born idiot, or I would commit him.'

"'Dang it! Mr. Coroner,' cried Gamaliel, taking himself by the forelock, 'I couldn't help it, mun. It's all your fault, Stubbs.'

"Stubbs, with all the skill of an outgoing minister, handed over the embarrassment and the blame to his successor, and a voice from behind, belonging to an ex-volunteer sergeant, was heard exclaiming—

"'March! Right shoulders forward!

Form in line, and make your bows like men!"

"In the meanwhile Mr. Coroner had recovered himself, and was reverently shaking the tips of the two fingers which the peer held out to him, while the peer himself was pinching his own toe under the table, to prevent himself from exploding.

"'A sad affair this, Mr. Gregory,' he said, 'a sad affair;' and thereupon he was seized with a fit of coughing, which served his purpose very well; for, under cover thereof, he got rid of a fit of laughter, which might otherwise have thrown him into convulsions.

"'Shocking, my lord, shocking!' cried Mr. Gregory, 'to think of such a fellow as that young Worrel daring to shoot your lordship's son: but we'll manage him, my lord, we'll manage him—though, to say the truth, I should not have ventured to hold an inquest in your lordship's house, unless it had been by your own particular desire.'

"'Oh, of course we must have an inquest,' said the peer, 'and a verdict of wilful murder, and all that sort of thing. These gentlemen will all see the thing in the right point of view, I am sure;' and carrying forward his stout stomach with a stately air to the side of the room where the jury were ranged in their Sunday best, bowing with all their might, he took Mr. Gamaliel Dickens by the hand, making him blush, and simper, and cry, 'Lauk, my lord!'

"'Of course, Mr. Dickens,' said the peer, 'you all know what you came here for?'

"'To sit upon the young gentleman's boady,' replied Mr. Dickens, with a grin which the peer didn't at that moment understand.

"'And to find a verdict of wilful murder against the man that killed him, my good Gamaliel,' rejoined Lord Outrun.

"'Joost soa, joost soa, my lord,' replied the bumpkin; 'ony way your lordship pleases.'

"'And you, Mr. Stubbs,' continued the peer: 'this is a very shocking thing indeed, Mr. Stubbs.'

"'Woundy shocking indeed,' answered Mr. Stubbs. 'I made the young loard's leather gaiters: so hang me if I doan't hang him as shot un.'

"'You are quite right, Mr. Stubbs,' said the peer. 'I dare say you are all of one mind?'

"'Your humble servant to command,' replied a third man upon the line; and the volunteer sergeant at the end making a military salute, the peer concluded the whole matter settled, and pointing to the door that led into the dining-room, he said—

"'There, Mr. Coroner, is your jury

room; and as you have doubtless all come a long way, I have taken care that you should have wherewithal to pass the time of deliberation pleasantly. You will find roast beef and brimming ale for the jurors, and a chicken for the coroner, with a bottle of Madeira, which, by jingo—I mean upon my honour—has gone twice round Cape Horn. This is all according to rule, I think, Mr. Coroner.'

"The coroner made a low bow, and his mouth got juicy at the thought of the Madeira, but nevertheless he judged fit, at all events, to propose a business-like plan, whether it was followed or not, and he asked—

"'Had we not better view the body first, my lord?'

"'No,' replied the peer, in a solemn tone; 'I think refreshment will accuinate your discernment;' adding, *sotto voce*, 'the chicken will get cold.'

"'Oh!' said the coroner, and in he walked into the dining-room, guided by a wave of the peer's hand.

"'Dang it,' said Stubbs to Dickens, in a low voice, as he followed his commanding officers, and beheld a mighty sirloin still hissing and crackling at the end of a long table, covered with resplendently white damask—'Dang it, Dickens, I didn't know these quests was such capital things. I hope there'll be a many more killed in the county.'

"'They isn't all like this, I should think,' said Dickens.

"In the meanwhile the whole party advanced to the table; but a slight embarrassment ensued from the fact of certain white napkins being laid down between each knife and fork, concealing within the labyrinth of their folds an excellent piece of white bread.

"'What's this for?' said Stubbs, as he took his place.

"'To keep the bread cosy, I should think,' said Dickens, looking under his napkin. But at that moment all eyes were turned upon the volunteer sergeant, who was a man never embarrassed about any thing. He saw the white napkin, he saw the fine red morocco chair; he was conscious that the garments of his nether man might not leave the most delicate remembrance on the spot where it was placed. He remembered in his days of pipe-clay having imprinted his exact proportions upon a horse-hair seat at his colonel's. With a rapidity of combination indicative of the man of true genius, and without the slightest hesitation to betray ignorance or doubt, he seized the napkin, unfolded it, spread it upon his chair, and sat down. Such is the force of ease and self-confidence upon the minds of others, that every man followed his example on

the instant. Can we wonder that they did so, having no knowledge whether he was right or not, when we every day see, in the first legislative assembly in the world, large bodies of men following any self-confident fool that will lead them, knowing him to be wrong the whole time.

"The coroner knew better, but he said nothing upon that score, only commanded Mr. Gamaliel Dickens, in an authoritative tone, to say grace like a Christian, which Mr. Dickens did accordingly, exclaiming—

"'For this here coroner's inquest, Lord make us truly thankful.'

"'Amen,' said Mr. Stubbs, and down they sat again.

"The servants in the meanwhile, who were collected to help them, nearly choked themselves with their fingers to prevent themselves from roaring with laughter; but having received a hint from their lord that it was not particularly necessary the perceptions of the jury should be very clear, they continued to supply them with abundance of good ale till such time as the coroner himself thought fit to interpose, and to give a hint that it was necessary they should view the body. Immediately after these words were spoken, one of the attendants quitted the room, and another, after conversing with the coroner, benignly offered to show the jury the way, which they were certainly in no condition to discover themselves.

"For his part, the crown officer judged that it would be better to suffer them to make their inspection without his presence—there being yet about four glasses of Madeira in the decanter. The jury therefore trooped out, and the coroner remained with his wine, taking his first glass leisurely enough, and picking his teeth between whiles: the next glass was somewhat more accelerated; but it had scarcely found its way to his lips when the voice of Stubbs was heard, shouting aloud from the top of the stairs—

"'Mr. Crowner! Mr. Crowner! will you ha' the goodness joost to step up and say whether I be to sit upon the boady or not—them d——d fellows won't let me get on. I came here to sit upon the boady, and dang me I if I won't, if I have law upon my side.'

"This speech was delivered in the tone of a deeply-injured person, and the coroner exclaiming—'the idiots!' in a tone of sovereign contempt, re-filled and re-emptied his glass, and rushed up stairs.

"The scene that was presented to him at the door of Mr. Fitzurse's room was rather shocking. The assembled body of jurors filled up the entrance,

some of them looking flushed and indignant, some of them looking bewildered, some of them rather merry. Two servants, in the convulsions of smothered laughter, were keeping them off from the bed of death, whereon, by the dim light of the half-closed shutters, might be seen lying the outstretched form and pale face of the Honourable Henry Frederick Augustus Fitzurse, with two copious streams of a red colour distaining his brow and cheeks from a small dark spot on his forehead. On the other side of the bed was beheld, by the aid of a spirit lamp which threw a ghastly blue glare over the whole apartment, a tall, portly gentleman with a rosy countenance, a powdered wig, with two rows of curls on each side of his head, and a stout powdered queue behind. He was dressed in a close cut coat of black, well powdered on the collar, a thick white neckcloth, long flapped black waistcoat, black silk breeches and stockings, and silver buckles, a gold snuff-box in his hand, a cane hung at his wrist, and although he was certainly a very good-looking elderly gentleman, no one would have taken him for rollicking Tom Hamilton, unless they were much better informed upon the subject than any of the jurors there present. At the moment of the coroner's approach that most respectable personage was bending over the corpse of Mr. Fitzurse, affecting busily to smooth down some of the bed clothes, which one of the too zealous jurymen had deranged in an effort actually to sit upon the body. It was evident, however, that the surgeon—for the coroner concluded at once that such must be the character of the personage before him—it was very evident, I say, that the surgeon must have been a dear friend to Mr. Fitzurse, for as he bent down his head he was clearly affected by a spasmodic motion, and warm tears continued to fall upon the countenance of the corpse, over whom also he seemed to be muttering some prayer or ejaculation, as his lips parted and a low murmuring was heard in the room.

"In front, however, was a much more important person, in the eyes of the coroner, being no other than the peer himself. Most unfortunately, indeed, it happened that the viscount had been seized at that particular moment with another violent fit of coughing, which interrupted him sadly.

" 'Take them away, coroner,' he cried, 'take them away (*cough, cough, cough, cough*), we've had quite enough of them (*cough, cough, cough*); they've viewed the body (*cough, cough, cough*), and, by jingo, now they want to sit upon it!' (*cough, cough, cough*.)

" 'Well, warn't I toald that I were to sit upon 'um,' said Mr. Dickens. 'I want nothing more nor——'

" 'Silence!' cried the coroner. 'Have you viewed the body, gentlemen?'

" 'Oh ay, we've viewed 'un,' said Stubbs; 'but you see, Mr. Coroner——'

" 'Well, if you have viewed it,' said the coroner, who bore his drink discreetly, 'walk down stairs.'

" 'Right shoulders forward,' cried the ex-volunteer sergeant, 'single file, march!' and away they trooped at the word of command, nearly tumbling over each other in the rapidity of the descent.

"The coroner brought up the rear—the door of the deceased gentleman's room was shut—and up started the corpse, holding both his sides and roaring with laughter!

" 'Hurra!' cried the disconsolate father, sinking into an arm chair, with his heels beating the ground, and his fat stomach heaving up and down like a soufflet.

" 'Driven them from the field, by Jupiter!' cried the surgeon, handing a glass of punch out of the spirit lamp to the corpse; 'but d——n it, my lord, we must keep serious; our part isn't played out yet, and they have very nearly beaten us already. Why, if that fellow who would sit upon the body had been a little nearer, he'd have heard the chuckles in the dead man's stomach.'

" 'Lord have mercy upon us!' cried the peer, 'it's capital. But come, Tom, as you say, we must get back our long faces. Give me a glass of cold water; if any thing will make me serious, that will. There now, that's sad enough! Come now, Tom, let us go and give evidence. See that your wig's right, old fellow.'

"Tom went to a glass, adjusted his curls; and while the Honourable Henry Frederick Augustus took another ladle full of the revivifying fluid, the peer and his companion proceeded to the dining-room, where the servants who had brought Mr. Fitzurse home from the scene of the fatal affray, as the coroner termed it, were giving unconsciously a false impression by their true evidence in regard to the death of their respectable young master.

"A little bustle ensued upon the entrance of the viscount and Tom Hamilton, all the jurors rising, and pulling at the hair upon their foreheads, while the two gentlemen took seats beside the coroner. The evidence of the servants was soon concluded, and the crown officer then turned to the peer, who took the opportunity of presenting Mr. Heavitree, the famous surgeon. The coroner and Mr. Heavitree bowed, and then

the former inquired whether the viscount had any information to give upon this melancholy occasion.

"‘I shall be very happy,’ answered his lordship, with a rueful air, ‘to answer any questions that may be asked of me.’

"‘Ahem!’ said the coroner. ‘May I ask if you have any precise information in regard to the person whose hand committed this sad act? As yet we have nothing but hearsay, for none of the witnesses we have examined were present.’

"‘Why,’ replied the peer, ‘I saw a challenge given to my son, the night before last, from a young dog of the name of Worrel, and so it is natural to conclude that he was the man who shot him.’

"‘Precisely,’ replied the coroner with a sapient look. ‘Pray, my lord, is your lordship aware of who was your son’s second upon this tragical expedition?’

"The peer cocked his eye at Mr. Heavitree with a look of indescribable fun, and then replied—

"‘Oh, yes. I know quite well. A young rakehelly vagabond fellow of the name of Hamilton, better known as Tom Hamilton the Blazer, a desperate hand at the bottle and among the girls, a capital shot, and rather fond of fishing. Never ask him to any of your houses, gentlemen, for he’ll drink you a pipe of Madeira in no time. He got the poor boy into a number of scrapes, and I dare say this was all his fault if the truth were known.’

"The coroner took down all the particulars carefully, and after putting a few more very pertinent questions, he turned to the jury, inquiring if they wished to ask his lordship any thing.

"Upstarted Stubbs without more ado.

"‘Why, my lord,’ he said, with the usual tug, ‘I do wish to ax your lordship one thing, which is—couldn’t you just give us another mug of that ere ale? It’s woundy dry work sitting here.’

"The coroner reproved him solemnly; but the peer was more complacent, and the ale was brought up; upon which no farther questions were asked by the jury. The coroner then turned to Mr. Heavitree, and begged that he would make any statement he thought proper in regard to the cause of death.

"Tom now gave back the peer his shrewd look, and replied—

"‘I have examined the body of the deceased, and find a small wound in the centre of the forehead, which is the only thing about him likely to cause death that I can discover. It is not indeed very profound, and on examining it I

certainly did not reach the brain, but this, from my knowledge of the deceased’s family, did not surprise me, as that organ in his noble house is ordinarily exceeding small, and perhaps in his case may be wanting altogether.’

"‘Whew!’ cried the peer with a long shrill whistle.

"‘My dear sir,’ said the coroner, ‘you forget his lordship’s presence.’

"‘Ha, ha, ha!’ cried one of the bumpkins, who took the joke and seemed to enjoy it.

"‘I do not forget in the least,’ replied Tom Hamilton, imbibing an enormous pinch of snuff, and looking round with the contemptuous superiority of a great surgeon, who always seems to feel that our bones, limbs, muscles, nerves, and arteries are all at his disposal, and that he may cut us up morally and physically whenever he pleases. ‘I do not forget at all, Mr. Coroner, nor is there any offence to his lordship; there are many more men in the world without brains than you know of. Now I will very willingly this moment bring down my circular-saw, and just take a little bit, not bigger than the palm of my hand, out of the skulls of the gentlemen here present, and I will answer for it, that in two heads out of three you won’t find four pennyweights of brains!’

"There was an evident bustle amongst the jury and an evident tendency to run towards the door, Dickens, who was a stout fellow, muttering to himself—‘I’ll knock thee down, if thou touchest my head!’

"Tom Hamilton, however, proceeded in his character of surgeon—

"‘It is a very mistaken idea, Mr. Coroner, that people can’t get on in the world without brains. For my part I think, physiologically speaking, the less brains a man has the better. Why, I have known a famous ministry keep off and on for ten years together, and not three out of the whole party had any brains at all. But to return to the matter in hand. My opinion is, that the state to which the Honourable Mr. Fitzurse was reduced, as you have it in evidence, about six o’clock yesterday morning, was, either by the rapid and violent propulsion of some small hard substance—whether round or angular, I cannot take upon myself to say—against the central part of the *os frontis*: or by the violent and rapid propulsion of his *os frontis* against some small hard substance—whether round or angular I have no means of knowing.’

"‘That is to say,’ said the coroner, ‘that either a pistol ball came and knocked a hole in his head, or he went and knocked his head against a pistol ball?’

“ ‘You will put what interpretation upon my words you please, sir,’ replied the pretended surgeon, with an air of profound wisdom; ‘I have given my opinion, and as this is a delicate matter I shall say no more.’

“ ‘Very right too,’ cried Stubbs. ‘For my part, Mr. Crowner, I think the matter’s very clear. It’s a case of manslaughter.’

“ ‘Halloo!’ cried Dickens. ‘Manslaughter! I think it’s summut wuss than that.’

“ ‘Why how can that be?’ cried Stubbs. ‘If it had been a woman it would have been murder, but as it’s a man it’s manslaughter!’

“ ‘I vote for *feely-de-se!*’ said a small tailor from the end of the table; and every man now put forth his opinion, each being different from the other. Some insisted upon homicide, some upon murder; some upon petty larceny.

“ The coroner then rose and obtained silence, in order to explain to the gentlemen the real meaning of the various terms they had picked up like children gathering pebbles on the sea shore without knowing what they really were. Being also primed and loaded by the worthy viscount, he gave them very broadly to understand that their verdict must be one of murder, and was going on to mark clearly the distinctions between that crime and any other, when a gentleman of a very thoughtful and considerate look, rose solemnly, scratched his head, and said—

“ ‘Well, Mr. Crowner, I don’t know—but I can’t make out that hole in his head!’

“ The matter had well nigh begun all over again. The coroner, however, stopped imperiously this system of trying back, and having so explained the matter that he thought there was no possibility of the men coming to any but one conclusion, he left it, like other high officers, in the hands of the jury. After a moment’s consultation, however, to his horror and astonishment the personage who acted as foreman returned a verdict of ‘wilful murder against the Honourable Henry Frederick Augustus Fitzurse, and other persons unknown,’ and to this they stuck in spite of all the coroner could say.”

We have now, somewhat in slovenly fashion, we own it, introduced our readers to the opening chapters of this amusing story. We have briefly told them something of the author’s intentions, and still more passingly, produced one or two of his leading characters. Yet enough have we quoted to show that his powers as a writer

are no less remarkable than they are varied: bearing evidence of one whose style passes by an easy transition to pictures of grave and gay, of lively and severe; eminently gifted with humour, he sees those little traits of human nature, which need but the cunning finger to point them out to our laughter, to make us enjoy them richly—he is no less successful in scenes of stronger and more passionate interest. The fire is pictured forth with a masterly hand—the falling timbers crash, and the red sparks fall in showers around you as you read; and yet amid all, a few words draw you from the material interest of the scene, to the living actors, and carry you away with the current of the story.

Neither does our space nor our inclination permit of our tracing out the details of the story. Independent of its artful construction, which would render such a task, in narrow limits, impossible, we would not mar the interest of our readers by a meagre sketch, nor injure the author’s conceptions by the sudden and abrupt transitions from incident to incident, which such a summary must convey. Far rather would we impart some impression of his habit of thought, and his power of expression, both singularly clear and vivid. The following picture of an early morning in London, admirably serves to illustrate both our own meaning, and one of those many peculiarities in which his writing reminds us of a most favoured describer of the life and habits of the great city:—

“ The Chevalier de Lunatico was an early man, and although the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, is one of those houses in which one can practise early habits with greater impunity than any where else, yet even there he scared a dull housemaid on the stairs, who was listening to something that Boots was saying with their faces very close together. They both concluded that he must be the gentleman who was going by the five o’clock heavy Bristol, and Boots began to inquire concerning his luggage.

“ The chevalier, however, set him right; and issued forth into the streets of London, gazing round him with the curiosity which the scenes of the great metropolis might naturally produce. He had the fairest opportunity in the world of studying proper names—

which, let me tell the reader, is no unimportant chapter in the natural history of national character. There they stood, in long rows against the boarded-up windows of the shops—sometimes bearing a clear or a mystic reference to the trades which were inscribed after them; sometimes set up in fierce opposition to the sort of business which the proprietors had chosen. There was Mr. Gold, the jeweller, and Mr. Spratt, the fishmonger, and Mr. Woollen, the hosier, and Mr. Bond, the law-stationer: while on the other hand, appeared Mr. Hogsflesh, the perfumer, Mr. Boxer, the man-milliner, Mr. Silver-tongue, the brass-founder, and Mr. Rotten, the pork-butcher. There was a Mr. Ramsbottom who dealt in lace, and on one door appeared Mr. Heavysides, professor of dancing. Mr. Stone dealt in feather-beds, and Mr. Golightly in Cheshire cheeses. We could go a great deal farther, and tell all the manifold curious nomens and cognomens that the chevalier examined and noted down; but to say the truth the subject is a delicate one, and—besides all the filthy and obscene names with which Englishmen have thought fit to bedizen themselves, and which made Mr. de Lunatico judge that at least one half of the people ought to remigrate to his own sphere—there may be many a one which might offend some of our dearly beloved readers to have handled lightly, and therefore we forbear. Onward went the chevalier, however, with his peculiar jaunty and inquiring look, remarking the various classes who at that early hour take their way out, and begin the miseries and labours of the day. But we must not trespass by our descriptions upon the peculiar walk of any gentleman who has written upon the humorous city of London; for, as in every other profession, particular individuals are allowed to establish a right prescriptive in certain walks, there is no reason why the same should not hold good with authors also. Milkmen, pickpockets, women of the town, are all very tenacious in this respect; and although authors may be an inferior class, as the government seems to think them, they may perhaps improve by aping their betters. We will therefore simply give a few of the chevalier's brief notes, recording his matutinal excursion through the streets of the great metropolis. After commenting upon the names, he goes on.

“ ‘Mem. All men in London before six o'clock walk with their shoulders up to their ears, and their hands in their pockets. Query—Can they be afraid that if they took theirs out other people would put their hands in? N.B.—All I met were of a class which seemed to have the least cause for fearing such a process.

“ ‘Mem. That the noses of all cobblers who live in stalls in London are red, and turn up at the point. Query—Can this proceed from frequent hammering between the nose and the lapstone? N.B.—It is but natural the nose should keep itself out of the way.

“ ‘Mem. The quantity of cabbage consumed in London must be immense. In Covent Garden alone I saw coming in enough to supply the whole moon. N.B.—They must dress their cabbage in gin, for there was a very strong smell of that fluid amongst all the people collected to buy and sell. Mem.—To try the experiment when I get home.

“ ‘Mem. Saw a gentleman leaning against a post at the corner of a street called Russell; was hiccapping violently, and looking as if he did not see very distinctly, nevertheless he was preaching to a mob of boys around him who were picking his pocket. The sermon was tolerable. He must have been a clergyman, because he had on a black coat. N.B.—The English clergymen preach in the open air. Query—Do they always preach drunk?’ ”

And now, reader, whatever your complexion of madness—and some form of the malady “The Commissioner” could surely pronounce you afflicted with—read this book. There is much interest in it; there is much wisdom. There is wit, too, sharp and sparkling; and humour, racy and mellow as old wine. But better than all, amid the heavy censures of vice and wickedness in which its pages teem, amidst all its sarcasm on the callous and unworthy features of a cold and heartless code of society, there is a vein of manly honesty, and sound English feeling, which grows rarer with us every day, and threatens, ere long, to be among the memories of the good things that dwelt with our fathers.

THE REPEAL AGITATION—POLICY OF THE MOVEMENT AND OF THE MINISTRY.

THERE is something in the conflict now at issue between the repealers and their antagonists so singularly and deeply exciting, that we have more than once surprised ourselves absorbed in the interest of the game to a degree which has caused us to forget our personal concern in it. So, we have heard, it fares with unhappy mariners drawn within the influence of some dread whirlpool, in which, if they cannot break the fatal fascination it exerts over them, they will be engulfed and lost. So, we are reminded, perished Pliny, in the contemplation of a phenomenon less appalling than the moral Maelstrom which now seems to expect Great Britain as its prey. All we can say to excuse our own temporary unconsciousness of danger is, that we have not, like the great naturalist, courted it; and that we have not neglected anything in our poor power to give warning that it was at hand.

And yet, when we consider the character of the conflict upon which it is our allotted part to be inactive gazers, we feel that a partial forgetfulness of self scarcely needs excuse or explanation. We are deeply persuaded, that, in the ample range of history, there is no example of a struggle like this by which Ireland is now agitated, and the British empire threatened with convulsion and ruin—a struggle in which the ends were so vast and the agencies so extraordinary. On the one hand, the dismemberment and destruction of the greatest empire in this world is aimed at, through a process of peaceful agitation for which the free spirit of our constitution provides facilities. On the other hand, it is hoped to baffle these daring aims by affording the freest scope to the devices for their accomplishment; and it is hoped that the integrity of the British empire can be ensured, by affording such latitude of indulgence to its enemies, as shall permit hostility to evaporate and exhaust itself in the throes of a menacing but peaceful agitation.

Such seem to be the aims and expectations of two parties on which the attention of thinking men throughout Europe is fixed; on the issue of

whose contest the fate of Great Britain, humanly speaking, is dependent. If Mr. O'Connell prevail, even for a brief season, England will, in all probability, lose her high place above nations. If the policy of Sir Robert Peel succeed, we are taught to hope, the anti-Anglican spirit in Ireland will be laid, and for ever. How earnestly, in the presence of such an alternative, we take the spirits of the passing moment to task, and question them respecting the future—how earnestly do we scrutinize the policy of those who direct the movements in favour of repeal, and of those to whose wisdom and good faith the safety of the empire has been confided; and with what "miser care" do we hoard every incident or circumstance that seems to promise an issue favourable to the best interests of the empire!!

The avowed policy of each of these opposing parties may be briefly stated. Mr. O'Connell declares his purpose and his hope to be, that he will obtain from Great Britain, by peaceful agitation, a repeal of the legislative union. Sir Robert Peel is said to expect, that, by giving the amplest latitude to this peaceful agitation, and merely taking precautions to prevent its freshening into war, it will subside of itself, and with it will die away the hopes which have sustained for so long a lapse of time a spirit of disaffection and disorder. Such is, in its principle, the policy of each of the two parties. In comparing their respective merits, and presaging their prospects of success, perhaps the first distinction which strikes us is one favourable to Mr. O'Connell. It is this: the repealers' policy has had the effect of cementing the closest union between all who approve of its object; the policy of Sir Robert Peel has had the effect of dividing among themselves, or of estranging from their leader, Conservatives devotedly attached to the interests of British connection. This must be regarded as, at the least, an unhappy accident.

There are some, we are aware, who impute the discontent of Irish Conservatives to motives unworthy of

them. They are dissatisfied, it is said, with their leader, because he is impartial. Were he to flatter Orange hopes and prejudices, and to deny to Roman Catholics their due share of official favour, his party in Ireland would be as numerous and as staunch as it was in the days of his highest popularity; but because he has endeavoured to deal equal justice to all, and to govern for a people, not a party, partizans have fallen from him. This is most unjust. At this moment it would probably be found, that, among the supporters of the minister, none have been more unwavering than those who are accused the most sharply of deserting him, namely, what might be termed the Orange section of the Conservative party. But we should be ashamed of arguing a question like this. The conduct of Irish Protestants of all ranks and conditions has abundantly disproved the charge against them. They knew the difficulties of the prime minister's position, and, instead of complaining because they had not an ampler share of patronage and favour than that to which they were entitled, they suffered much without remonstrance or complaint, because they felt that, in the very peculiar circumstances in which the government was placed, it could not redress their wrongs, unless at a risk, or perhaps a loss, greater than they were willing to see hazarded. We leave the subject—it is one which, at this moment, we could not thoroughly examine without prejudice to some interest which we respect—and will content ourselves with observing, that, if self-seekers only have fallen from Sir Robert Peel's ranks, he and the country may be well pleased that they are unmasked and can do little further harm; but if the true-hearted and the wise have recoiled or remonstrated, the policy which has caused their distrust or fear ought to be re-considered, and their arguments against it weighed with a most serious attention. The apprehensions of Irish Conservatives, dissatisfied with the policy of government, may be reasonable or may be groundless: none who believe them *real* can think them unworthy of being cared for. The following passage, extracted from a speech of the Recorder of Dublin, faithfully describes them:—

“He (Mr. Shaw) could assure his

noble friend (Lord Eliot) and every member of the Irish government, that he entertained for them every personal respect and good will; he appreciated the courtesy and the high and honourable bearing of his noble friend (Lord Eliot), but men who felt their properties, their families, their houses, and everything they valued, to be at stake, could not afford to bow and compliment those away (cheers); and if his noble friend, and those with whom he acted in the Irish government, would stand with folded arms upon what was that night called the ‘do-nothing system,’ and look on quietly at such agitation as was then disporting itself in Ireland, on the very brink of outbreak and revolution (hear, hear), when the slightest casualty, an intemperate word, or hasty expression, or premature sign on the part of the leaders of that movement, might precipitate the whole country into a depth of outrage, and bloodshed, and ruin, which no human eye could fathom (cheers)—then the government must not be surprised if the loyal and peaceable subjects of the Crown felt uneasiness and alarm, and a want of that confidence which a firm government and vigorous administration of the law could alone inspire under the present circumstances in Ireland (cheers).”

We shall by-and-by return to the case of the dissentient Conservatives; for the present we turn to dissentients of a different description. While Conservatives complain that Sir Robert Peel will not defend the legislative union against its enemies, by suppressing with a strong hand the unconstitutional agitation through which they hope for success, there are others who insist that he ought to adopt a more pliant policy; and that, instead of compelling the disaffected to renounce their pernicious enterprise, he should bribe them into an abandonment of it by concessions which would imply faithlessness in the party granting and the party accepting. If, on the one hand, Sir Robert Peel disappoints men of principle by refusing the advice they offer, to maintain the Union and the articles of Union by measures of severity towards all who would disturb either, he offends, on the other hand, men of no principle, by rejecting their counsel also—that of guarding the benefits of union to England, by violating the conditions of the great national compact on which it was obtained. In this latter case we believe the policy of Sir Robert Peel to be not less expe-

dient than it is obviously just and honourable. We do not believe that the Union can be maintained by a violation of its articles. The breach of faith would not satisfy the adversaries of British connection, but rather would encourage them to persevere in the effort to achieve their country's independence; it would disgust the best friends of England, and would remove a barrier which has hitherto prevented many from being absorbed into the masses of the repealers. These reasons had, no doubt, presented themselves long since to our reader's mind; they merit, however, a somewhat ampler exposition.

It is now forty-three years since Great Britain purchased from the legislature of Ireland, then composed exclusively of Protestants (with few exceptions, Protestants of the Church of England), the right and power to legislate for them and their country in the Imperial Parliament. The advantages attendant on this great national settlement were very considerable, and the price paid and promised for them was not, we are bound to say, inadequate. We speak not of the gold profusely lavished to gain the corrupt by bribes; we think of the compact made between the people of two independent countries, of the honour and greatness of England pledged to assure to Ireland and Irish Protestants certain great advantages of which they were found possessed. Foremost among these advantages was the provision made for a religious ministration in the establishment of the Catholic Church. It was, apparently, anomalous, that an establishment, at that time wealthy, should be maintained for the exclusive advantage of a small minority of the people. A legislative union with England, it was promised, would correct this seeming irregularity. The churches of the two kingdoms were to become one, the two peoples were to be united into one, and the united Church of England and Ireland was to be thenceforth the church of the majority. These assurances were embodied in the articles of Union, of which the fifth declares

"That the Churches of England and Ireland, as now by law established, *be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church*, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland, and that the doctrine, worship, discipline, and go-

vernment of the said United Church shall be, and shall remain, in full force for ever; and that the continuance and preservation of the said United Church, as the Established Church of England and Ireland, shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union: and that, in like manner, the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the Church of Scotland, shall remain, and be preserved, as the same are now established by law, and by the acts for the union of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland."

Politicians of the calibre of Mr. Ward are capable of making the discovery that this article contains no especial promise with respect to the temporalities of the Established Church in Ireland. They are right:—and what is the value of their discovery, considered in reference to the argument to which they apply it? Simply this—that the Articles of Union do not encompass the Irish branch of the Established Church with securities in the benefit of which the Church in England does not participate. Both branches of the Church have the principles of equity and law—the obligations of the coronation oath—and, we may add, the true interests of the country—as guarantees for their rights and possessions—the Church in England, if we confine ourselves to its human defences, has no more—in Ireland has no less. The spirit and purport of the Articles of Union was to ensure this equality to the establishment in Ireland; its purport was to deprive its enemies of that very argument which the partisans of "appropriation" still affect to find in the comparative amount of the Roman Catholic population.

This argument is doubly vicious—vicious in its disregard of the obligations incurred by Irish Roman Catholics as well as of those which have been contracted by the British empire. Although Roman Catholics in Ireland had little political power at the close of the last century, it was thought advisable to secure their acquiescence in the great national settlement of the Union. This was done, to some extent, by making them understand that their interests were likely to be promoted by it. So long as there was a Church of Ireland, maintained by lands and tithes, in a country where the great majority of the people were

of a different communion, holding, or at least accused of holding, principles of extreme intolerance, however strongly they might disclaim and abjure all hostile purposes, their professions would be distrusted, and power, of which they might avail themselves to overthrow an obnoxious establishment, would be withheld from them ;—but so soon as the Irish Church establishment became a part of that of the United Kingdom, and as Ireland sent her quota of representatives to the imperial parliament, the fears and the distrust of Protestants would cease to be reasonable, would be less respected, and, at no distant period, would give way before the ample assurances which Roman Catholics were ready to afford of their neutral dispositions towards the temporalities of the church. Thus was the “Legislative Union” proposed and carried. Its advocates bade Protestants dismiss their fears, and encouraged Romanists to hope. The number of Roman Catholics in Ireland was no longer to be a source of danger to a church whose members were to be henceforth computed for the United Kingdom—the supposed principles of Roman Catholics were no longer, after their disclaimers, to furnish arguments against their admission to political power, inasmuch as, in the imperial parliament, their power would be less dangerous. There was this difference, however, and it was very important, between the representations made to Roman Catholics and those by which Protestants were influenced—the latter were solemn declarations of the State, embodied in public acts by which England became bound for ever ;—the other were inferences, natural, no doubt, and reasonable, from the relations of the new political system to which the union was to give birth, but uncredited and unauthorised by any competent power, and for which the British nation and its government were wholly irresponsible. In due course of time the latter representation, that which encouraged a hope without giving a promise, was realised. Roman Catholics were entrusted with political power to an extent greater than they had anticipated, and on terms far more favorable. They became enabled to legislate for the Church establishment on condition of abjuring

by a solemn oath all hostility to it, and swearing that they would not exercise their newly acquired powers to its detriment. Their spirit, it is said, has changed with their condition ; their promises and engagements, it is said, they now feel too burdensome to respect any longer ; and, because they are reported to have become faithless and forsworn, England is invited “to do likewise.” She obtained from the Protestants of Ireland, by a solemn promise to protect their rights, the power to legislate for their country ; by an extraordinary and an extravagant exercise of this power she admitted their enemies into a participation of it—and now that these enemies have proved themselves truce-breakers and false, England is called on, not to withdraw from them powers which they had dishonestly obtained, but to imitate their bad example, by betraying friends who have confided in her, and who have loyally defended her interests and honor through all vicissitudes. Such is the expedient by which a great nation is advised to relieve itself from an embarrassment. She is recommended to retain all the advantages of the Legislative Union, and to release herself from its attendant inconveniences, by violating engagements to which she had bound herself for ever. Within how narrow a space of years may political eternities be begun and ended!!

But it is not our purpose to moralize. We are to show not that the revolutionary expedient for maintaining the union is unjust and base, but that it would be worse than ineffectual. It would encourage, without conciliating, repealers ; and it would alienate the best and most disinterested among the friends of British connection. We do not mean to affirm that a breach of contract is, in all instances, criminal, and must be attended in all by calamitous consequences—but, having respect to present times and circumstances, we affirm, without hesitation, that a violation of the Articles of Union would be a grave political error. We do not like to imagine possible cases in which a breach of contract can be justified. Such cases in general *ought not to be imagined*. The necessity which enforces, will excuse them : but it is not for the mind of man to anticipate such a

necessity before it has arisen. Anticipations like these, if they become habitual, will have an evil influence on the moral character. It is to be remembered, however, that, when we speak of a breach of contract, our censures apply only to the parties who are guilty of the first violation. If the Irish Protestants have been untrue to their engagements, or if the Established Church in Ireland has been disimproved, we ought, of ourselves, to release England from a duty which our misconduct has rendered it impossible for her to discharge. If the Church has set up new claims, or proposed new articles of faith, we cannot plead our Articles of Union as rendering it obligatory upon England to enforce them. But if the state of society in Ireland has been generally improving—if, in the progress of improvement, the Church, as she ought, has taken the lead—if she has corrected numerous abuses, by which her usefulness was impaired at the time when England contracted an obligation to be her defender—if no objection can be urged against her which was not in force in the year when that obligation was incurred—and if many an objection which might have been advanced in that day, is now untenable—if, in a word, there is no reason alleged for dismantling the Church establishment, except that its humiliation would be acceptable to the Roman Catholics—it is impossible that any right-minded man can reflect upon such a pretext for spoliation without a feeling of disapproval or disgust, and it cannot be imagined that a people can suffer under the success of such a pretext, without losing all respect and love for the nation that has done them wrong.

Let no man imagine that a sense of self-interest only attaches Irish Protestants to the cause of British connection. All who have large possessions may very naturally feel that it is their plain interest to maintain the Union—but it is a truth which cannot be too generally known, that, quite independently of all such considerations, a great and mighty mass of Irish Protestants love, for itself, with a most generous affection, the very name of England. They love the land of their ancestors—the land where they believe religion to be purest,

charity most unfailing, honor most unspotted, and justice evenest and most impartial. It would be very perilous to give a rude shock to the loyal affections of a most noble race who hold England in this high esteem; and the shock will be given, and will be ruinously felt, if, for any consideration yet disclosed, the Articles of Union are violated.

There are some, we believe, so unreflecting, or so superficial in their knowledge of Ireland, that they can think without a painful emotion of a scheme which should alienate the great mass of the Protestants, provided it had the effect of conciliating that larger body now clamorous for "Repeal." Protestants, they argue, including those of all denominations, do not exceed two millions—Roman Catholics amount to six: is not the gain considerable, if the attachment of the larger body can be obtained at the cost of losing the lesser? We enter now into no comparison between the classes on which this compendious judgment is often passed—we do not complain of the very fallacious test of their respective merits—the test of mere numbers—but we give utterance to a warning which no man acquainted with Ireland will contemn, that, if the Protestants of this country become estranged from the love of England, there will remain no friends to the cause of British connection. No—if at this moment the Roman Catholic population was in a calm, and tidings were breathed over the tranquil mass that Protestants had become disaffected, an agitation more tempestuous and threatening than has yet been experienced would convulse the island—an agitation which would speedily break out into war, and which the whole power of the British empire might be found inadequate to suppress.

It is much the fashion of plausible talkers to represent the church establishment as the anomalous peculiarity in the condition of Ireland, and to insist that a wise adjustment of that one irregularity would be a remedy for all disorders. A statement so exaggerated and so puerile could not be repeatedly made without reproof, if it were the habit of men who take a part in public affairs to expend a thought upon the case of Ireland. So

far from regarding our church establishment as an anomaly, a wise and reflecting man would pronounce an establishment of a different description inconsistent with the order of things to which it belongs. The state of Ireland is this—the land has been bestowed upon Protestant proprietors, and a portion of their possessions has been set apart for the maintenance of a Protestant Church. Of what have Roman Catholics to complain? Are they satisfied that a rental of twelve millions has been assigned to Protestant landlords?—and is all their indignation aroused by the half or quarter million charged upon this rental for the uses of a Protestant clergy? Is this “that one strawberry” in the cup, which must bear the blame of the frenzied intoxication of the debauch, and of the morning’s nausea and heart-burn? Roman Catholics angry because lay Protestants are not in possession of the whole rental of Ireland!! Because a small portion has been reserved in which the poor of their communion must inevitably be sharers!! “What’s Hecuba to them?” Is it *good* for a church to have assured temporalities? Roman Catholics have contracted engagements to the state which should silence their murmurs. Is wealth *pernicious* to a church? Roman Catholics are under engagements to the religion they profess, which should cause them not only to

acquiesce but to rejoice in the laws which ensure to the great heresy or schism its enervating possessions. If, indeed, they bore any part in the burden of the establishment, “reason good” that they should speak against it—*mais nous avons changé tout cela*—modern science has taught where the burden really presses. Not tenant, nor landlord, but the state, is the sufferer. This is a truth which was brought to light as soon as revolutionists wanted it. Were the tithe-rent-charge the property of Protestant landlords, it would be contrary to the principles of radical economists that it should be handed over to the clergy of the Church of Rome; but no sooner has the transfer been thought desirable than a reason has been found to prove it just:—tithes are the property of the state—neither tenant nor landlord, with any semblance of justice, can complain of them.*

The ingenuity of hatred is fertile in argument. It has been discovered, that, although no individual in Ireland can regard tithe as any thing more than one of the conditions of occupancy or possession, for which he has had a valuable consideration—although the payers of tithe rent-charge are bound to regard it not as a recompense for the services of a religious ministration, but as the price (not, perhaps, a fifth of what it purchases) of a certain portion of the produce of the soil—

* This view of the subject is taken by an Irish nobleman, Lord Oranmore, in a petition recently presented by Earl Fortescue in the House of Lords:—

“That your petitioner will advert but to one argument in favor of the justice of the present appropriation of Irish church property, which, though often refuted, is still supported by many, even liberal men and in high places; namely, ‘that the landed proprietors of Ireland are generally of the present Established Church, and that therefore the tithes should be appropriated to the clergy of their faith.’ Your petitioner submits it has been clearly shown that the burden of tithes, cannot be said to press on occupying tenants, their rents being so much the less. Nor does it fall on the landed proprietor. If descendant of a grantee from the crown, his grant was and is subject to tithe as a prior charge, like quit-rent—if a purchaser, be paid so much less, from his purchase being subject to tithe. Wherefore, neither can such payment be said to press on the landed proprietor; nor has he, as such, any more right to say how these tithes shall be appropriated, than the tenant has to dictate to the landlord how he shall spend his rents.”

The noble lord seems to imagine that the state has a right (there are more minds than his lordship’s in which the idea of right and power seems to be the same) to divide the church temporalities between the various communions in Ireland, and he seems to expect that Roman Catholics could be thus bought off, at the expense of the church, from their disaffection to England, and that they would then of course acquiesce in the justice of leaving his lordship in tranquil possession of the broad lands of their ancestors. *His lordship is misinformed.* It would not be amiss were he to read the extracts which we give in another page, from the illustrious labourer’s letter to his son, acquainting him with the rights he is to assert when “the repeal comes.”

although, indeed, Roman Catholic tenants have no more reason to complain of the tithe than of the rent which, in some instances, they pay to a clerical proprietor—yet, nevertheless, there is an especial reason why this impost shall be looked upon with feelings of discontent and rancour:—*it is a badge of conquest and slavery*—the feelings of indignation it awakens are generous and honorable.

“——— Iræque leonum—
Vincta recusantum.”

Thus reasons that senator of spotless honor, Mr. More O’Ferrall—who has sworn the Roman Catholic oath—thus reasons Mr. Villiers Stuart, a gentleman of English descent located on the Irish soil. Upon the propriety of such an argument, issuing from the lips of the former gentleman, we feel that comment from us would be misplaced; for gentlemen who agree in sentiment or opinion with the Protestant moralist and reformer, we shall relate an anecdote in the words of a revered authority, the late Bishop Jebb:—

“The writer cannot help recording a curious fact, which he heard several years ago from Dr. Phelan’s own lips. His words were nearly as follows:— ‘When I was a very little boy, I was invited to attend a funeral. The house in which the people were assembled was within a short distance of Clonmel, on the banks of the river Suir, and commanding an extensive prospect into the county of Waterford. *A friar, who happened to be present, drew me apart from the company, (I was then a Roman Catholic); he led me to a bay-window, took me by the hand, and said, ‘Look there around you, my boy; those mountains, these valleys, as far as you can see, were once the territory of your ancestors; but they were unjustly despoiled of it.’* I never can forget the impression. My young blood boiled in my veins. For the time I was in spirit a rebel; and I verily believe, if it had not been the good pleasure of Providence to lead me into other circumstances, and furnish me with better instructors, I might have terminated my life on a scaffold.”*

This is an interesting and an instructive anecdote. We give it in the words of Dr. Phelan’s honored biographer; observing, that there is

one, and only one name in it which we would alter. We have some reason to believe that the incident which stamped so indelible an impression on young Phelan’s memory, occurred on the banks, not of the Suir, but the Blackwater. Of this, however, we are certain: the most striking features in the landscape over which the friar commanded the youth to gaze, were beauties on the estates which now acknowledge the Villiers Stuarts for their masters. We remembered the anecdote when we read the notable argument from a scion of this intruded family. We remembered, too, that, although the prospect by which the descendant of a Prince of the Deasies was fired, had, among its embellishments, the steeples or spires of one or two village churches, and although more than one modest parsonage was visible, the ecclesiastical incendiary never condescended to notice them. No—the endowment of the Established Church is only *an incident* in the spoliation by which Roman Catholics feel aggrieved. So long as they declare themselves contented with forfeitures which have given the soil of all Ireland to the Saxon, it would be worse than absurd in them to affect impatience at the very moderate reserve made for the maintenance of the Saxon Church.

While we thus endeavour to prove that the church establishment is not what its enemies term the monster grievance of Ireland, that it is, at worst, but a natural consequence, or an integral part of a more comprehensive settlement of property, we are by no means blind or indifferent to the dangers and discontents to which the whole settlement of property in Ireland has been made to furnish occasion. Lord John Russell, we believe, has pronounced the case of our church temporalities anomalous; we merely would expand his observation into a truth. There is nothing now existing in any country, civilized or barbarous, which furnishes a parallel for the case of proprietorship in Ireland. The whole island has been confiscated, repeatedly confiscated, and good care has been taken that the descendants of the ancient proprietors shall retain a stimulating re-

* Remains of William Phelan, B.D., vol. i. p. 2, Note.

membrane of their ancestors' wrongs and losses.

This is the peculiarity or the anomaly most to be observed and dreaded in the social state of Ireland. A people whose love and pride of ancestry is eminently strong and constant, living amidst continually renewed remembrances of their fallen greatness—the descendants of their ancient chieftains in wretchedness or beggary, and strangers bearing rule over their rightful inheritance. The effect of representations to this effect artfully adapted to the character and circumstances of an imaginative and an impoverished people can scarcely be exaggerated. Of the spirit in which they are framed the following passage from the “*Memoirs of Captain Rock*” may be taken as a fair specimen:—

“In fact, most of the outlawries in Ireland were for treason committed the very day on which the Prince and Princess of Orange accepted the crown in the banquetting-house; though the news of this event could not possibly have reached the other side of the channel on the same day, and the lord lieutenant of King James, with an army to enforce obedience, was at that time in actual possession of the government. So little was common sense consulted, or the mere decency of forms observed by that rapacious spirit which nothing less than the confiscation of the whole island could satisfy; and which, having, in the reign of James I. and at the Restoration, despoiled the natives of no less than ten millions six hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven acres, now added to its plunder one million sixty thousand seven hundred and ninety-two acres more, being the amount altogether (according to Lord Clare's calculation) of the whole superficial contents of the island.

“Thus not only had all Ireland suffered confiscation in the course of this century, but no inconsiderable portion of it had been twice and even thrice confiscated. Well might Lord Clare say, ‘that the situation of the Irish nation, at the Revolution, stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world.’”—*Memoirs of Captain Rock*, book i. cap. 12.

This is not the place for entering into a discussion upon the equity or lawfulness of the Irish forfeitures and confiscations. Our business is only to remind the reader that a persuasion of their injustice has been industriously and incessantly wrought into the minds

of the great mass of the people. Neither have the efforts to produce this effect been made clandestinely. It is said, indeed, that the ceremony of taking possession is secretly observed by the successor on the demise of each claimant of a forfeited estate, and some act performed to intimate that the claim is not abandoned. But, independently of these occult assertions of imperfect right, there are frequent acts of a more public nature which give notice to the *de facto* possessors that their rights are challenged.

It is well known to those who read Irish history, that in the brief reign of James II. the enactments to deprive English settlers of their possessions were preceded by publications impugning the acts of settlement and explanation, and insisting on the rights of the dispossessed ancient proprietors. These latter vaunted their expectation that a Roman Catholic monarch would restore them to what they claimed as their rights; and, while arguments were put forth through the press in their behalf as well as on the part of the actual occupants, a sense of insecurity and alarm was generally diffused throughout the recognised proprietary. Now, however neglected the history of Ireland may be by Protestants and those who constitute what has been termed the English party, their competitors are not equally regardless. They know, therefore, by historical experience, the tendency and probable effect of declamation against the recognised and legal settlement of property, and are, accordingly, the less likely to have recourse to it heedlessly. Those who desire to see how this powerful lever has been applied and used to the awakening fear in one class and eager expectancy in another, may be sufficiently instructed by reading a single chapter of the Repealer's Manual, and looking over the proceedings at the usual repeal demonstrations as reported in the newspapers of the party. It needs but little acumen to discern the hope and purpose of extensive confiscation, virtual or enforced by law, in the professions of even the less demonstrative repealers. We say virtual confiscation, because we think it probable that were the repeal scheme successful, the great majority of Anglo-Irish proprietors would be induced to surrender their rights by processes more expeditious

and less peaceful than those of law, and hold it quite possible for a parliament in College-green to exculpate itself in the judgment of Europe, while its members and its supporters have obtained all the advantages which enactments of proscription and spoliation could ensure to them.

We are not ignorant that many advocates and champions of repeal strongly disclaim the purposes which we think discernible in the tendencies and through the agencies of their movement. It is true, they say, the rights, if rights they be, of the Saxon proprietors, were founded in injustice—the forfeitures by which they benefitted were iniquitous and indefensible—but time and occupation have given them a new title better than that which they derived from acts of parliament or from the favour of the throne—marriage settlements, provision for children, have consecrated rights originally more than questionable—to violate them would be now a species of injustice. This would all be very good as a plea in favour of occupancy urged by advocates of actual proprietors—but it is a plea which rival claimants who believed they had justice on their side would laugh to scorn whenever they thought the time come for enforcing their rightful claims. Arguments from prescription have weight and authority in times of settled and long-subsisting order: in a new nation, and such a nation as young Ireland is to be when its independence is proclaimed, few men will be found so dauntless or so unreflecting as to employ them.

Even now there are indications of a disposition less favourable to the existing settlement of property than prudent repealers would, in their cooler hours, acknowledge. The publication of such a work as Mr. O'Connell's "Ireland and the Irish," at such a time, cannot be regarded as an act hazarded without due deliberation. We have already exposed its indifference to truth in carrying out the enterprise to defame Protestantism and England, and we shall therefore content ourselves now with a single quotation, which may show the light in which the legal settlement of property in this country is to be looked upon by repealers:—

"The reign of Charles the First began

under different auspices. The form of oppression and robbery varied—the substance was still the same. Iniquitous law took place of the bloody sword: the soldier was superseded by the judge; and for the names of booty and plunder, the words forfeiture and confiscation were substituted. The instrument used by the government was the '*Commission to inquire into defective titles*.' The king claimed the estates of the Irish people in three provinces. This commission was instituted to enforce that claim. It was a monstrous tribunal: an attempt was made to bribe juries to find for the crown—that attempt failed. Then the jurors who hesitated to give verdicts against the people were fined, imprisoned, ruined. The judges were not so chary: they were bribed—ay, bribed with four shillings in the pound of the value of all lands recovered from the subjects of the crown before such judges. And so totally lost to all sense of justice or of shame was the perpetrator of this bribery, STRAFFORD, that he actually boasted that he had thus made the chief baron and other judges '*attend to the affair as if it were their own private business*.'"—*Ireland and the Irish*, p. 6.

It does not concern us here to expose the want of truth in this passage (for such exposure we refer the reader to former numbers of the magazine); we cite it to show the *tendency* of the work, and ask is it likely that titles to landed possession, whose origin and foundation is thus described, will be respected, if a time arrive when the descendants of the "wronged and plundered proprietors" shall have acquired the power to annul them?

The *Nation* of May 27, publishes the following advice from a correspondent:—

"Another correspondent refers to the often-quoted axiom of Fletcher of Saltoun—'that it mattered little who made the laws, if the patriots made the ballads of a people,' and suggesting that the association should adopt means for circulating bold, patriotic, and animating songs among the peasantry," &c. &c.

The same number of the journal publishes, in a column of "answers to correspondents," a song, from which, after citing the preface which introduces it, we shall copy the second and the concluding stanza:—

"We complained in our last number of the exaggerated spirit of ferocity in many of the songs sent to us every

day, and here is a comical example—[a comical example!] We dare say, however, that the writer was in the best possible humour, over a tumbler of Innishowen and a cigar, when he perpetrated this piece of incendiarism.

“ The Saxon and the Dane,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
The Saxon and the Dane,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
The Saxon and the Dane
Our immortal hills profane,
May destruction seize the twain,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

“ They came across the wave,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
They came across the wave,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
They came across the wave
But to plunder and enslave,
And should find a robber's grave,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.”

When “Singing for the Millions” is of this character, such a letter as we alluded to in our last number from

the labourer in Liverpool,* “great grandson” of an Irish baron! to his son, a labourer, in Canada, can occasion no surprise. The stage next after that in which existing proprietors are qualified as robbers is that in which rightful claimants begin to prepare their titles. The Liverpool nobleman is not at all too early in his preparations.

Some years since, in 1832, a time when the missionaries of repeal were far from inactive, a translation of the Abbe M'Geoghegan's History of Ireland was published by subscription in Dublin. We offer no remark on the character of the work, or on the profession of the majority of the subscribers; but content ourselves with a single extract. It gives, in the third volume, p. 488, a report of commissioners appointed to take cognizance of properties confiscated at the time of the Revolution in 1688, and the report having referred to a book presented with it as containing the names, &c., of the parties deprived, the author

* We have been permitted to make some extracts from this epistle, which, without changing the style or orthography, we submit to the reader:—

“ People of foreign countries will very naturally ask why it should be so in such a place as I describe. The reason is quite obvious: Ireland was conquered by haughty, tyrannical, and bloated England about one hundred and seventy years ago; from that day to this England has used all her ingenuity, power, and meanness to keep us as slaves. The produce of our labour and soil is abstracted by over and unjust taxation, and by the constant drain of almost the whole rental of Ireland by the absentees who live and squander all in England. Those absentees are the descendants of King William's army, who got the lands of all the real Milesian-Irish who fought and stood out to the last for the rights, and nationality, and honour of their country. Your great grandfather was one of the bravest commanders in the battle of Aughrim, . . . of . . . He went from Aughrim to Limerick, where the brave Irish held out for nearly two years against the English forces that was double their number: and there was not a day during that time they did not attempt to force the town, but was always repulsed by the Irish army within with great slaughter. At length their provision was getting short, and they were obliged to offer the English forces terms of peace. The terms were, that King William and his successors should be their monarch, but that they would retain the Catholic religion; and that the gentlemen and noblemen who stood out for their country should not be dispossessed of their propertyes. All was Signed and Sealed and given up with the garrison of Limerick, and that Ireland should always have a parliament of their own, to settle all the affairs of their own nation. Well, before twelve months after the English made out excuses against the Irish against them, and they banished four or five thousand out of the country at once, and a great many more was obliged to fly to France. Your great grandfather was a clever and a knowing fellow, who did not like to leave his country, and they gave him . . . by his giving up his title, which was . . . Baron of . . . and his estates and castle, which was . . . where the Earl of . . . lives now, whose great grandfather was a private soldier in King William's army—his name was . . . Perhaps you will say, what is all this old story to me now who is obliged to work hard for my living in a foreign land? *but it is every thing to you if there is a repeal of the union.* Other good will follow, and Ireland will be the happiest country under the sun; and the fortune of war might put you or some one belonging to you in possession of some of your long-lost rights, and it's only right you should know where in Ireland them rights lay.”

appends to the reference the following note:—

“Every effort has been used by us to discover the book in which are contained the names of the proprietors, in order to introduce them here, *in favour of their descendants, many of whom are still living*, but our efforts to find it have been in vain.”

Similar efforts made in England and Ireland have probably been successful. If they have failed, the map of *Ortelius Redivivus* (a map which caused alarm and suspicion when it appeared in the last century, and which we have heard has been recently reprinted) will well supply the deficiency—not so completely, indeed, as to designate the heirs expectant or apparent, but, with as much accuracy as is really desirable, showing the name or family from which, in each instance, the heir is to be chosen. Uncertainty to this extent rather stimulates than allays expectation, encouraging very many to provide themselves with tickets in the repeal lottery, although its high prizes may light only on the favoured few.

It is unnecessary, and would prove tedious, to enumerate the many proofs, presumptive and direct, that the settlement of property in Ireland is not regarded with those feelings which indicate acquiescence in the dispositions made by law. One or two testimonies, however, are deserving of notice. Of all the disclaimers on behalf of Roman Catholics of any hope or purpose to resume their lost estates, none were stronger or more direct than those of Mr. O'Connell—yet his language was scarcely less forcible when he condemned the system on which England had acted towards this country. We have already extracted a remarkable passage from the work which he published as a history—we subjoin a passage similar in character, which is found in the Reports of Evidence taken before the Orange Committee of 1835:—

“There is no property in this world which is circumstanced in a manner similar to Irish property. At the time of the union, Lord Clare gave it as his opinion, and as an undoubted historical fact, that the land of all Ireland had

been forfeited three times over. It was a loss to this country that she was never treated as a conquered nation. If such had been the case, the rights of private property would have been respected.”

Such, according to Mr. O'Connell, is the perilous estate of property in Ireland. Lord Clare, a wise politician, founded upon it an argument for assenting to a legislative union with Great Britain: Mr. O'Connell, whose sagacity is not inferior but whose condition is different, inveighs against it, and contends energetically for repeal. We leave it to the reader to fill up the argument on each side, and to determine what were the considerations which influenced two wise men, looking at the same premises, to arrive at directly opposite conclusions respecting the remedial measures which the anomalous state of this country rendered necessary.

But Mr. O'Connell has not only disavowed for his party any purpose of seeking a resumption of the forfeited estates, but has gone the further length of strengthening the disavowal by argument. His reasoning, which will be found in the Reports of the Lords Committee on Ireland in 1825, and in the Digest of Evidence, vol. i. pp. 416, 417, &c., is to this effect: The titles which Roman Catholics have purchased since the year 1778 are principally to estates which had been forfeited; and it would be difficult to a degree amounting almost to impossibility, to trace out parties who, in the event of a re-assumption, could prove a legitimate title to their ancestral possessions.

“The forfeited estates are of two natures: estates which belonged to the church, when it was a Roman Catholic church: and estates which belonged to individuals who were Catholics, and who forfeited. Now, I know that in practice the more recent forfeitures, which would be of course the most exposed to danger of re-assumption, are considered now the best titles to be purchased by Catholics. I know that there is an impossibility at present in tracing out the persons who, if there were a re-assumption, would have what would be considered legitimate title to those forfeited estates, even the most recent, or so great a difficulty as to amount in any one case, in my judgment, to an impossibility; but

take three, or four, or five cases, I would venture to assert, and I do assert it, to amount to an impossibility. The forfeited estates are now constituted the properties of the Roman Catholics. I do not know a Roman Catholic who ever purchased any thing but a portion of a forfeited estate, forfeited either by the church or by private individuals;* so that I can state with confidence to the committee, that all the estates the Catholics have purchased since 1778 have been forfeited estates. Then the Roman Catholics have a number of leases for lives renewable for ever; and leases of lives and valuable terms of years; all that I know, and I believe the proposition may be stated universally, are upon the forfeited estates. Of course, if there was a re-assumption the Catholics would lose those," &c.

As illustrations, Mr. O'Connell gave examples from his own family, in which there were many estates, and only one, of but little value, which had not been forfeited or confiscated. He concluded his argument thus:—

"I mention these individual instances to show that the Catholic gentry are all interested in maintaining the present system of property—that the Catholic farmers are all interested in maintaining the present state of property that is derived under the acts of settlement and those patents; and I would venture to assert, that there is nothing that would be so likely to create a civil war in Ireland among the Roman Catholics, as any attempt to alter the acts of settlement, or look for the old heirs or successors to those properties; all the intelligence of the Catholics of the country, all its moral vigour, would certainly take as strong a part as prudence and conscience permitted them, to oppose such an alteration."

Such is the argument of Mr. O'Connell. Roman Catholics have become proprietors of, and tenants upon, forfeited estates, and accordingly have an interest in opposing the repeal of those acts of parliament by which their titles are assured. Much might be said against the truth of this argument. We will not dispute its correctness. We merely deny that it is applicable. To what does it amount? To this: the Roman Catholic landed proprietors, among whom some leaseholders may be classed, in Ireland, are

interested in maintaining the act of settlement so far as their own possessions are secured by it. A repeal of the act would invalidate the titles of Irish Roman Catholics to perhaps a twentieth of the rental, and would deprive Protestants of the remainder; that is to say, it would place nineteen-twentieths of the property of Ireland, wrested from Protestants, at the disposal of the new government, to reward its more daring adherents, and to indemnify such dispossessed Romanists as had proved themselves worthy of consideration by their neutrality, or their secret services while the cause of repeal was in agitation.

As to the opinion expressed by Mr. O'Connell, that few Irish claimants could establish a legitimate title, even were it well grounded, it would be of little moment in the general argument. The matter of importance to actual proprietors is the security of their own titles; this lost, it concerns them little whether their lands are to be assigned to an individual or to be scrambled for by a tribe. There is little to comfort them in the thought that successors will not have title-deeds made out in due form. But the Irish are better genealogists than Mr. O'Connell seems to imagine, and they have had valuable auxiliaries in preserving their pedigrees in such a state as to furnish evidence not likely to be contested. Indeed, the interval through which descents are to be traced is not very extensive. Irish pedigrees were kept with much care, through written or traditional testimony, as long as it was customary for the Roman Catholic gentlemen of this country to seek military or civil appointments on the Continent. Adventurers very generally set out "to seek their fortune," furnished with credentials of this description, when no other letters of credit were attainable. To supply the hiatus between such times and the present is not a matter of the difficulty which has been imagined.

Evidence given by a witness of the highest respectability, Colonel Irwine, of Sligo, on the same subject but not to the same effect with that of Mr. O'Connell, affords useful infor-

* This may well be believed, especially if, as Mr. O'Connell has declared, there were no other than forfeited estates to be purchased.

mation. Mr. O'Connell's testimony ought to be compared with it.

"Has not a great part of the land in Ireland been forfeited at one time or other?—Yes; I conceive it must have been. In my own county there is but a small portion of property in the county that has not been either forfeited or religious land sequestered.

"Therefore, where that is the case you have very little choice in making purchases?—Of course; I do not think there are above three properties in the county that have not been forfeited.

"Do you think that those who do make such purchases, or sell such estates, know the persons who originally forfeited those estates?—I do not know that they exactly do; a gentleman resident in the country might know it, if he took the pains or trouble to inquire. I hear a good deal, being in the habit of riding without a servant, and getting into conversation with the people; and I do know several families who still hold forth claims to properties. It is very recently that a man overtaking me, I got into conversation with him; he told me of a family that I know, who live not far from me, who could advance a claim to some of your noble chairman's property, Lord Palmerston.

"Do you know to what family your own estate belonged, before the forfeiture?—Yes; as far as I have taken the trouble to inquire, the immediate place that I reside at belonged to a family of the name of M'Sweeney, and there are some of that family now residing on the next denomination of ground to me—part of the same estate originally. Of another denomination I have recently discovered the claimant, as I conceive. Some years ago, when I let it to a respectable farmer, this man made himself troublesome: he was residing as a cottager, and I had a very great difficulty in getting him out. I had reason, within the last eight or ten years, to examine the title, and I found that the person who forfeited was of the same name with the individual I found such difficulty in evicting; and he has merely gone into the next townland, not my estate, where he now resides.

"Are you of opinion that the Roman Catholics who claim properties which have been forfeited, retain their desire to recover these properties, as a fixed governing principle of conduct?—No; I will not say as a fixed governing principle of conduct; I will not go to that extent; but that if there was such a convulsion as to give them any hopes of

success, I do not hesitate to say, because I believe it, that they would come forward and claim.

"How do you know that they look to the Protestant property?—I will give a very strong instance of it. A gentleman descended from a family that once possessed a great part of one barony in our county, and a large estate in an adjoining county (his ancestor left the country about the time of the treaty of Limerick, and entered into the Austrian service, and settled in those dominions). About 1788 or 1790, he returned, and took possession of his patrimonial property; he was received very cordially by the gentlemen of the county. I know from my own observation, both the Grand Juries of Mayo and Sligo promoted his views and wishes for laying out a new line of road—it was run through his estate. There had been a portion of the family estate left, as I have always understood, to his ancestors, in consequence of a female of the family having been with child at the time of the forfeiture. As soon as the French landed, he raised a corps of 2000 men, joined the French, took possession of a gentleman's house and property adjoining, which he alleged had been the property of his ancestor, adhered to the French, was taken in arms at the battle of Ballinamuck, convicted and executed. That is a matter of public notoriety—it was in 1798."†

Colonel Irwine gave various other instances to the same effect; one we cannot abstain from noticing:—

"Is there any other instance you can state?—There is. The first man who was my private tutor, when I was a boy of ten years old, was a Roman Catholic; my father, at that time, had the accommodation of a house belonging to a nobleman of great rank, and in walking about the groves, that man has often said to me, 'I ought to be in possession of these walks that we are now amusing ourselves in;' and within these two years that same individual, (he is now, I understand, dead,) but with one foot then in the grave, told me the same thing; and I suppose it was not to me alone that he told it; he most likely has told it to his son. I only tell the committee what is the feeling."

Such is the testimony of one of the most respectable and respected resident gentlemen of Ireland. It is testimony which, we are persuaded, could be corroborated by witnesses of equal

† Com. Com. May 19, 1825. Dig. of Ev. vol. i. pp. 421, 422, &c.

rank in every part of the country, if the Irish gentry were generally as observant as Colonel Irwine. The distinction drawn by this valuable witness is very important; descendants of proprietors, who had forfeited, in times of quiet and order, when law is strong and treason is discouraged, will suffer their claims to sleep—but in times of convulsion, will find in them motives for daring exertion—the expectation of success will arouse them.

“Oh, give but a hope—let a vista but gleam.”

We have observed that the objection which Roman Catholic proprietors may naturally feel to a repeal of the act of settlement, admits of being removed wherever there exist the means of giving them compensation for the properties of which they become dispossessed. The parliament which sat in Ireland during the brief reign of James II. seems to have adopted this principle of compensation. By one law the act of settlement was repealed—by another, the properties of three thousand Protestants were confiscated. The repeal of the act of settlement would have possibly damaged friends—the act of attainder inflicted all its severity on enemies, and, at their cost, enabled the legislature or the crown to indemnify adherents for their losses. Dr. Burgh, Roman Catholic bishop of Ossory, has enabled us to anticipate the judgment which his church will pronounce on a repetition of such enactments as these, if “a parliament in College-green” be indulged with an opportunity to renew them. Nearly a hundred years after the passing of the act of attainder—an act, considering all the circumstances, pre-eminently iniquitous and cruel—that Roman Catholic bishop, chosen historiographer of the Dominican order, thus wrote of the parliament which was disgraced by it:—

“There were passed in that parliament wholesome decrees, (*salubria decreta*), thirty-five in number, of which nine, especially worthy of note, are as follows.”

After the enumeration of these more remarkable decrees, which include the act of attainder and a repeal of the act

of settlement, the episcopal censor proceeds—

“These, and the twenty-six other decrees, which will be too long to insert, were issued in that assembly of the nation, concerning which, though very just in themselves, whilst Protestants murmured, *the orthodox might oppose the following words of the first book of Maccabees, chapter xv. verses 33 and 34, viz.* ‘Neither have we taken the land of another, nor do we seize the property of another, but the inheritance of our fathers, which was unjustly possessed for a time by our enemies—but WE, HAVING AN OPPORTUNITY, CLAIM THE INHERITANCE OF OUR FATHERS.’”*

Here, we confidently affirm, the strength of the repeal cause is disclosed. “We seek an opportunity to claim the inheritance of our fathers.” The civil war of which Mr. O’Connell speaks—the war of titles—may follow in the train of repeal; massacre and mutual slaughter may thin the multitudes, maddened by success, and prepare the country for a re-conquest—but at this moment no such results are thought of by the masses impatient of the English yoke. They look to their own aggrandizement—to the country’s independence—to the ascendancy of their religion, and to the delivering the “inheritance of their fathers” from the Saxon intruder. These are the influences that urge them on—influences that have the likeness of religion, patriotism, and pride of birth—influences that have the promise of wealth, ease, vengeance—it is madness to think that they can be counteracted by any such devices as the tactique of party would suggest—concessions extorted from timidity, or hazarded by rashness, will only increase their authority, and apply new stimulants to the masses they are preparing for rebellion.

After having made these observations, it is needless for us to say that the policy of Sir Robert Peel, as compared with that which members or partisans of the late government have recommended, meets our full approval. It remains only that we consider his Fabian tactique in comparison with that which eager Conservatives would advise; or rather, inasmuch as the advisers are not unanimous or very defi-

* See “By-ways of Irish History” in our number for December, 1838.

nite in their suggestions, by a reference to the perils and difficulties of our troubled times—difficulties which challenge, from the British minister, wisdom and decision of no ordinary stamp to meet them with success.

And here, when about to expose our views of the policy of the two governing parties—that which rules the repealers, that which guides the minister—we candidly express our hope that our knowledge of Sir Robert Peel's views is more defective and mistaken than that which we have attained of his adversary's. If we have divined the plans of the Conservative leader truly, they are impracticable; because they assume, as essential to their efficiency, an element which has no sensible existence in Ireland—a Roman Catholic aristocracy. There is no such thing. Let us not be thought to deny the claims of many a Roman Catholic to birth and breeding, and the sentiments and accomplishments which bestow on rank and fortune their most attractive graces. We admit these claims as freely as they can be largely made—but blood, and education, and fortune, are not sufficient to create an order. To constitute an aristocracy there must be influence, and we have no hesitation to affirm that the Roman Catholic gentry, whatever their individual merits, are without influence in Ireland. Since the first dawn of enterprise among the Roman Catholics, the influence and authority of their aristocracy has been declining. There are elements in their body, out of which it is possible to shape an aristocracy, or perhaps it would be more just to say, that there is an inert organ of aristocracy which a very wise government could call into life, but no government can do so, which is not first persuaded that that organ has not life in it now.

The Roman Catholic body in Ireland consists of two orders or classes, a priesthood and a people—a priesthood and a people, it is now avowed, bent upon the accomplishment of a purpose which threatens, as all parties in the legislature acknowledge, utter ruin to the British empire. The measures hitherto adopted or devised by the Conservative ministry, in relation to this estranged or disaffected body, were measures calculated to increase their power or influence—the general policy of the government was shaped

in a spirit of confidence and kindness towards them, and of severity or repulsion towards those whom they were taught to reckon among the adversaries of their party. This policy was not altogether without its effect. It afforded some gratification to individuals in the Roman Catholic body to see objects of their enmity slighted, if not mortified by the government, and they perhaps were influenced to observe a seeming neutrality, while they waited a fuller development of the minister's purposes and plans. The great body, however, was altogether unmoved, or moved only by a feeling of triumph at seeing disunion weakening the Conservative party, and, in one instance at least, moved by a feeling of generous sympathy, and by a sense not the less just or powerful, because instinctive and involuntary, of unfitness in a policy somewhat colder than had been looked or even wished for.

The explanation of this phenomenon is obvious. Concessions of political power, however extensive, are not likely to attach to the state any but those who believe that they have an interest in the public tranquillity and welfare. A prosperous condition in social life will guarantee the safe exercise of political privileges; but to augment the franchises of the poor and discontented is to make them only the more efficient instruments for disaffection, and to render it more plainly the interest of the disaffected to confirm them in discontent. Thus it has fared with the experiments of concession which have been tried of late years. The transfer of political power to the Roman Catholic body in Ireland has aggrandized the party bent upon repeal, and has stripped the friends of British connection in that body of all influence and authority. The constituencies, so far as they may be considered Roman Catholic, are at the orders of their bishops and priests, or perhaps more generally, of the repeal executive; the Roman Catholic gentry who desire to represent such constituencies must speak their sentiments, or, where they cannot submit to such indignity, must be silent. Hence it has come to pass, that concession has not won good words for the British legislature or government from any portion of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

We were not surprised that in the

outset of his official career, Sir Robert Peel's policy for Ireland should have been cautious almost to timidity.

We remembered the circumstances of his failure in 1835, and that the necessity of his abdication was caused by the majority against him in Ireland.

We knew how industriously it was spread abroad at the period of his resignation, that but for a display of ultra Protestantism in Ireland, many who were driven to embrace the Melbourne party would have sided with the Conservatives, and by their votes and influence determined many Irish elections; and although we saw little reason to place confidence in such reports, we knew that they were to some extent believed, and were not therefore surprised to see them, in the principle and practice of Lord de Grey's government, acted on. Circumstances, no doubt, were materially altered since the year 1835: Mr. O'Connell could not now impose a ministry on a divided empire; but a good government might still be embarrassed and rendered unpopular by disorder in Ireland. Even insurrection, desperate as such an attempt must seem, might be hazarded. Sir Robert Peel took his measures so warily, that disaffection was left without a single pretext of which bad men could avail themselves to cover a treasonable enterprise.

So far well. The new ministry was to be judged of by its official appointments. Roman Catholics in Ireland could not rise in rebellion against acts of which their Whig or Radical allies in parliament expressed warm approbation. There was accordingly a season of tranquillity. Nor was the tranquillity merely absence of external disorder. Not only had "praedial offences" been discontinued, but even religious controversy became hushed. The principles, practices, and designs of Romanism, viewed in its political character, had been plainly exposed; the country had been, through God's mercy, delivered from the sway of men who had made themselves the allies or the servants of that formidable power; all who desired only the public good acknowledged the desirableness of repose from the stimulants of controversies not absolutely necessary; and thus the policy of Sir Robert Peel coincided with the views and wishes of parties who might otherwise have counteracted or crossed it.

If the Roman Catholic gentry possessed the influence which might render them efficient as an order, the repose which Sir Robert Peel made considerable sacrifices to secure would have been attained. Their interests are the same with those of the country, and they know that rest from agitation and prosperity are connected in the relation of antecedent and consequent. But while the country demands repose as the first of earthly blessings, the party of most influence and authority among our people has an interest in agitation, and a grounded conviction that it could not maintain its sovereign ascendancy through a long continued period of national repose. The Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland exercise their authority amid many and peculiar perils. The influence of the Catholic church, its scriptural character, its pure worship, its faithful teaching, notwithstanding all the opposition of Romanism, is felt and dreaded: the lives of the Catholic clergy recommend a religion which seems amiable in their good works; while the growing intelligence of the *Roman Catholic* people, and their improving acquaintance with the wonders of nature and art, are daily increasing the numbers over whom superstition is losing its power. Add to all this the altered relations in which Catholic and *Roman Catholic* clergy are now presented to them—the former, in matters of pecuniary concern, only known by their bounties; the latter imposing very heavy burdens upon them for the maintenance of a system which has lost much of its power over their affections. It is to be remembered too, that the efforts to impart scriptural instruction to them, through the medium of their native language as well as of the Scripture, have never been discontinued. The missionary zeal which the trials and afflictions of ten years of persecution had not quenched, may well have caused anxiety, and even alarm, to the Roman Catholic priesthood.

Events of a startling nature soon came to quicken their natural apprehensions. On one side they saw rising up in many a mind disbelief in their creed; on another, resistance to their pecuniary exactions; and they were not slow to discern that the opposition to their system, or their dominion

rather, was likely to increase and become too powerful for them, unless means could be devised for satisfying the minds of their once patient votaries, or diverting them by some excitement less perilous than the comparing creeds with Scripture, or discussing questions of ecclesiastical finance. The liberality of British legislation had left but one available topic by which this diversion could be effected; but it was the topic of most power—"Repeal."

Repeal of the legislative union holds out such promises to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, that nothing was wanting to render it the most stimulating of all topics, except a hope that the efforts to effect it might be successful. Such hopelessness, however, rested upon the thought of it, that, in the judgment of all parties, the conceit of the schoolmen of old, the "*chimæra bombinans in vacuo*," was long regarded as the fitting type and representative of the "repeal agitation." To imagine it successful was to imagine the power of Great Britain utterly overthrown—a consummation which it was thought impossible for the hearts of the loyal or even the disaffected to conceive. Ridicule, therefore, and the imputation of dishonest and sordid purposes to the leaders of the repeal party were commonly the arguments employed against their project. A great change, however, has taken place. The legislature and government of Great Britain strongly declaring against the schemes of the repealers, have abstained from employing against them measures of coercion. The abstinence has been interpreted, most probably misinterpreted, as a symptom of embarrassment or fear; hope has been let in upon the enterprises of the repealers; the scanty rill of agitation has swelled into a flood. "The twig at which thou layest down to rest has become, while thou hast slept, a tree." The repeal treasury has begun to count by thousands, and its hosts (but this is indeed less surprising) by hundreds of thousands.

It does not of necessity follow that the policy of ministers, although its immediate results have been thus threatening, may not ultimately prove successful. To indulge the agitators with liberty large enough for the employment of all the agencies on which they profess to rely, and to

teach them by bitter experience that all must be ineffectual, seems to be the lesson which ministers design for Mr. O'Connell or his followers. The lesson may possibly prove instructive. If men are taught to associate the project of repeal with weariness, and want, and disappointment—with idle promises, which of themselves fall to decay—they may be more thoroughly dispossessed of the bad spirit, the passion for change, than they could be by processes more violent and compendious. If public meetings or processions to show the strength of repealers are prohibited by law, the prime agitators are furnished with a new topic for agitation, in the oppressive statutes which have abridged their constitutional privileges in order to defeat their prospering exertions. If the law refuse to interfere, and repeal demonstrations and repeal exactions tire out the patience of a long misguided people, the leaders are convicted of being false prophets, their scheme is proved impracticable, by having failed when tried under all imaginable advantages, the British constitution has had a new testimony to its excellence in the escaped perils through which it has indulged multitudes of disaffected men to labour for the dismemberment of the empire, and the constitutional minister, Sir Robert Peel, justly obtains the highest prize that can be won by fortitude and sagacity—a consummation, in all its parts, "devoutly to be wished for."

But may it rationally *be hoped for*?

"That is the question."

The repealers express a confident assurance of success: if they are sincere, disaffection has never been excited by prospects more brilliant and stimulating than theirs. For the mass of the people there is a promise of ease and abundance; for those who cherish traditions of ancestral rank and possessions, days of triumph and splendour; for the priesthood, gorgeous visions of unbounded wealth, undivided empire, accomplishment of the schemes of ecclesiastical ambition, satisfaction of the needs of ecclesiastical hatred, England abased, the Roman Catholics of Ireland at their command, the estates of Protestants at their disposal, the persons of Protestants at their mercy—so dazzling are the prizes for the armies of repeal

when their travail has been successfully ended! Such prizes may influence aspirants to suffer long; and when they are told that success is to be won through the privations and endurances of a protracted struggle, in which the agencies of peace—toils, and submissions, and self-denial—shall be made of more worth than military virtues and pitched battles, they may be influenced to give proofs of a patience which shall disappoint the calculations of the most astute statesmen who judge of the times in which they live without the benefit of an apt precedent in any written history. One thing is certain: in that career of peaceful hardihood through which the repealers are instructed that they must march onward to success, they will be soothed and encouraged by the voices and caresses of daughters, mothers, wives: domestic affection will unite with public opinion, and with confidence in their leaders to preserve them within paths which they will be taught to think not the less honourable for being safe.

If the repeal multitudes can be influenced to abide in these paths, and, amidst their labours, and privations, and hopes deferred, not to lose confidence in their cause or their leaders, the policy of government, so far from thwarting, will promote, the purposes of the disaffected. The government appear desirous to prevent a civil war; for the present Mr. O'Connell's desire is similar: he has exerted himself much to prevent his followers from provoking their ruin by breaking out into insurrection—the policy which has garrisoned Ireland with a strong military force, supplies to him his strongest arguments: while the law permits his threatening demonstrations, and the army compels his multitudes to keep the peace, his labours are lightened—his office as peace-preserver is almost a sinecure; and he need concern himself only in keeping alive the hopes of the repealers, and in administering the rent.

Thus far, it would seem, the policy of the repealers has been successful. They proposed to advance the interests of their cause by demonstrations in the open air, at which vast multitudes of men should assist (without

committing a breach of the peace) in every part of Ireland. They are left free to hold these meetings, and are assisted in keeping the peace at them by the presence of military corps of observation. The prohibition of which Protestants complain enhances the indulgence continued to the repealers. We do not say that the case of the commemorations dear to Protestants was the same with that of the repeal meetings and processions; but there is one point in which the two cases meet, and this the point of view in which law ought to regard them,—they are alike unsuited to a state of society like that of Ireland. The laws which denied to Protestants a constitutional right,* because the exercise of it was inexpedient, should have followed out the precedent into its legitimate and necessary consequences, and rendered the prohibition of public processions general, or at least have invested the chief governor of the country with a discretionary power over all assemblages likely to be productive of evil. No such power having been exercised or given, the repealers had the more triumph in their parades of force, and very great numbers of loyal men felt themselves subjected to a two-fold mortification. We do not forget that government has expressed its displeasure against justices of the peace and public stipendiaries who have openly lent their aid to the movement in favour of repeal; nor have we any doubt that it was wise to remove magistrates and officers upon whose discretion, firmness, and principle, reliance could not be safely placed. In the hour of trial, the repeal cause may suffer from a want of the clandestine protection and support which friends retained in authority might, if they pleased, afford it; but for the present, so long as the laws are obeyed, it is possible that the severity of government may give increased confidence to multitudes who will be taught—it matters not how untruly—to discern in it an evidence of fear—fear manifested in permitting repealers to assemble without impediment, and in punishing any servants of the crown who may attend their deprecated although legal meetings.

The air of consequence thus given

* It would appear from the very welcome declarations of her majesty's ministers that this anomaly is likely to be rectified.

to the repeal demonstrations, and the pride of being at once indulged and feared, will not constitute the only or the chief requitals which may serve to keep the "associates and volunteers" in good heart and spirits, while they toil forward to the great end of their exertions.

A more substantial mark of favour is promised them. Honour they have had from the government, pecuniary recompense is to come from the church. Covetousness is idolatry—money is the root of all evil. It is, accordingly, well arranged, that when Roman Catholic repealers are to be remunerated for their outlays of money and time, it shall be at the orders of casuists who can judge of right and wrong, and who, at the day of judgment, will answer for their souls, namely, their bishops, that they are to "help themselves" out of their neighbours' possessions. The expenses of the repeal movement are to be defrayed, like those of Napoleon's wars, by the enemy—by the parties whom, as their final ruin is decided on, it is of little consequence to impoverish *en attendant*. Passive resistance to rents is to commence at the command, or, to speak more correctly, by permission of the Roman Catholic bishops. This the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins has not scrupled to announce. We give the "Pastoral," as it appeared in the *Dublin Statesman* of July 21:—

"Did the English nation know (asks the titular bishop) that when the Catholic bishops of Ireland joined for repeal, instead of the aristocracy asking what they would do with the people, the people were asking what they would do with the aristocracy? Instead of *encouraging* that notion, the Catholic bishops of Ireland *turned the feelings of the people into a peaceful agitation for repeal*; and if that repeal is long withheld, *I am not the man to prevent an agitation against rents, which, once begun, will soon shake the empire to its centre.* . . . Gentlemen, the die is cast; we are pledged to go forward with our peaceful movements. I perceive that you are all pledged to the same determination (cheers). I conclude, therefore, with a hope that the stupidity, the cupidity, and the perverseness of England, will not drive the Irish people to the agitation to which I have adverted, and that a speedy repeal of the union will give security at home and prosperity to our native land. (His lordship resumed his seat amid great applause.)"

This is an important announcement. Roman Catholic bishops are the prime movers of the agitation for repeal—passive resistance to rents is to commence at the favourable moment when they shall give permission. Under the auspices of such financiers, the repeal movement need not be discontinued for lack of means: it will be chargeable only on the enemy. When it becomes the acknowledged duty of patriotism and religion to withhold rents, and retain lands and tenements as properties in fee, the rich and pious patriots will see little reason to forsake a cause which imposes on them so amiable obligations.

But it may be said that we have devoted too much space to this portion of our subject. Repeal demonstrations, it is said by some, are inconvenient, but they cannot accomplish the ruinous measure for which they are apparently designed. A repeal of the union, it is said, must be won in parliament or the field—it would be madness to suppose that rebellion, having such an object, could be successful—to think that the British legislature would assent to a dismemberment of the empire is equally chimerical and absurd!! We will not enter upon a calculation of the chances of war,—but we boldly affirm, and after the deliberation which justifies us in being bold, that reliance on parliament for a maintenance of the union may be excessive or misplaced: at least it is not difficult or extravagant to imagine circumstances in which it would be very precarious.

Such circumstances have been imagined. In the course of one of the recent debates on Irish affairs, a question was put to Sir Robert Peel, whether he would insist on maintaining the legislative union if all the representatives from Ireland were advocates of repeal. We dislike such questions, and think it unreasonable that a minister should be required to answer them. When a most improbable hypothesis has been realised, the attendant circumstances will serve to show how the emergency should be provided for. Under ordinary circumstances we should consider such a state of things as the Irish members supposed, likely to realise not only all that its friends expect, but all, the worst, that its opponents apprehend or dread, from a repeal of the union. A hundred

and five Irish members embodied into a party having one fixed object to which all their energies would be directed—such a party in a reformed parliament—how could it be resisted?

With a party numerically no stronger, Sir Robert Peel, in the face of one of the most powerful governments ever known in England, resisted the progress of revolution for more than ten years, and finally prevailed against it.

With a party much smaller in number—with, indeed, an Irish party of seventy, an Irish majority of thirty-five—Mr. O'Connell, contrary to the will of the British peers, commons, and people, kept the Melbourne ministry six years in office. What might not be done by a party of one hundred and five? There was a time when the public virtue of England would have caused all meaner jealousies to disappear before the suspicions that would be excited by the presence of such a party, and would have united British representatives of all shades of opinions in a common cause against the common enemy. "'Tis not so now." We firmly believe that some of the wisest and best men in the British dominions, seeing what a support and rallying place was afforded to the delegates of dissent, revolution, and republicanism, in so powerful an anti-Anglican faction, would become as earnest in their endeavours to effect a separation between the legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland as are at this day the most intemperate of the repealers.

Such of our readers as can remember the speeches at the Corn Exchange in the winter of 1834-35, need not be reminded how clearly and openly the tactique of the Roman Catholic party was described by its leaders. The power of the Conservatives had grown strong. They would have a considerable superiority at the elections in England—would have a majority even on the whole throughout Great Britain—but not, if the Irish whigs, radicals, and Roman Catholics were energetic, so great as not to be overborne by a majority opposed to them from Ireland. These predictions were verified, although the majority sent from Ireland amounted to no more than thirty-five. What might not be achieved should the majority exceed one hundred?

There, certainly, seems little reason

to apprehend that the repeal party should grow to such a strength as this; but if the tactique of passive resistance to rents be remorselessly and extensively carried into energetic action, it is difficult to anticipate the results which may be obtained from it. We have already spoken of the agencies by which Protestants are allured to engage in the movement for repeal—the insidious assurances that the condition of those who inhabit rural districts would be much improved, and that the artizans and shop-keepers in towns would share in the prosperity of their friends in the country. This propagandism continues, unremittingly and adroitly, its exertions. Its arguments are plausible and persuasive—are addressed to numbers whose condition enhances the interest of any thing that promises relief from pecuniary distress, and fail to produce their full effect only because Protestants of the poorer classes have not yet learned to place implicit trust in the promises of Roman Catholics. If the discipline they are undergoing, in what they suffer and what they see and hear, have the effect of removing their distrust, the repeal party in the house of commons may become too strong to be manageable or to be endured. "The worst separation," said a man of the world, speaking of domestic life, "may be when necessity compels the parties to have the same roof over their heads." British statesmen may learn that this remark is politically true, and may find that the union is not less effectually dissolved, and the dismemberment of the empire not less real, should repeal seat eighty or ninety Irish members on the benches at St. Stephen's, than if they were permitted to hold their parliamentary meetings in College-green.

It would be bootless to examine the chances of success for repeal if it were to tempt the hazards of war. Rebellion would now but provoke overthrow. Indeed, unless Protestants take the field under its banners, repeal does not seem attainable by open insurrection. This is a truth neither unknown or doubted. The assiduous endeavours to corrupt Protestants are proof that its importance is not underrated by at least one of the parties at issue. Friends of British connection also show themselves sensible of its value. May their exertions prosper.

We have been minute in our details and proofs ; but not more so, we trust, than the interests of so grave a subject demanded. Our desire and hope was to make it clear that her majesty's ministers were wise in refusing their assent to any of the rash schemes of conciliation, which they were expected to favour. Men of high reputation, accredited by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, ecclesiastical and lay, undertook, on behalf of their vast clientage, that the concessions granted in the year 1829 would satisfy all their wants and desires, and that so completely, that no disability or grievance would remain on which it would be possible for the ablest agitator to create any public excitement. To these declarations on their behalf, the clients professed themselves ready to swear their assent—these declarations, when their claims were granted, they did affirm with an oath. When Lord Plunket, and Lord Grenville, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Grattan (authorized plenipotentiaries they might be termed) made promises which, although their clients swore to keep them, have not protected Ireland against the movement for repeal, how could Mr. Ward expect that such promises as his, disavowed as they are, contemptuously disavowed by the body of the Roman Catholics, can have the effect of persuading the legislature or the government? No. The Roman Catholic repealers in Ireland look forward to a magnificent termination of the struggle in which they are engaged. Success will establish a hierocracy more powerful and wealthier, although within a narrower compass, than that of Rome herself in her most gorgeous days ; success will bestow comparative affluence on the general mass of the people. To break down the church establish-

ment is to remove an obstacle in the repealers' way ; to pay the priests is to subsidise them against England—it is not to conciliate their favour, or to purchase an abandonment of their projects.

Sir Robert Peel wisely refused to countenance these crude expedients, which assume that the true device for turning a man back from his ambitions is to help him to the attainment of them. Does he show equal wisdom in discontenting the friends of British connection who call for effectual protection against schemes and movements which can scarcely be thought of without alarm? It is not just to leave loyal and obedient citizens exposed to dangers, or even tried by terrors which the disaffected prepare for them and from which the state could exempt them. Fear is affliction ; to live amidst influences which naturally cause fear is to live in a state of sore trial ; and to live thus, because the state indulges parties, whose avowed purposes are not less pernicious than treason, with a privilege which she has withdrawn from subjects of the most determined loyalty and good faith, tests painfully the temper of true men's allegiance. To be a husband and a father, to be a wife or a daughter, in districts where the masses frequently meet to promote the cause of repeal, to feel that this assembling together is permitted, and that no interruption will be given to their proceedings, until perhaps they are to be arrested in a career of slaughter, is not to live under the effectual protection of British law. And it is a very painful and alarming consideration, that, if the friends of British connection, where they are few in number and their adversaries many, experience any cessation of alarm, it is caused

* "An Address to the People of Great Britain from the Irish Liberal Members" has appeared in the public prints. After having stated the grievances of Ireland and made *nine demands*, one of which is the same with that which was made by Mr. Ward in his late motion, these gentlemen conclude in this fashion :—

"Should this remonstrance be successful, *we cannot indeed promise* the immediate restoration of those feelings of attachment which a few years since had begun to expel from the national breast sentiments engendered by centuries of oppression. *We can only express* our conviction that those who confide in the influence of justice will not have misplaced their trust," &c. &c. The party of Mr. O'Connell and the Roman Catholic clergy honestly declare that nothing less than repeal of the union will content them and the millions of whom they constitute the organ. The "liberal members" advise the government to try concessions less ample, but do not promise (and say they do not) that the measures they recommend will prove satisfactory. The conclusion is obvious.

them by the thought that the discipline of the repealers is so admirable, the authority of the commanders so absolute, and the obedience of the associates so submissive, that until all things are ready for a successful movement, they will not imbrue their hands in blood. To be relieved from the sharp importunity of present fear only by considerations arising out of a belief in the excellence of the discipline in which the armies of repeal are trained, and in the strength of their military patience, is to purchase the remission on hard terms, terms very distressing to the individual, and which may prove very prejudicial to the nation.

We wish the reader could "realize" the condition of a Protestant in any of those Irish districts where the repeal cause is most flourishing. On all sides round him he witnesses the most unsuspicious assurances that "the people" expect success. Even in the unaffected good humour of some he discerns the presence of a lively hope, no less than in the insolent and menacing demeanour of "the baser sort." Such newspaper intelligence as he receives is of the kind which increases his uneasiness—the conversation, wherever he turns, has but one subject and one drift, repeal and its likelihood of success. When good natured acquaintances, who take a part in the movement, encourage him not to be cast down through fear of any sudden tumult, such as vast assemblages and most vehement speeches might seem to threaten, they confirm their assurances of present safety by descriptions of the plans, the power, and the confident expectations of their party; and as the peaceful termination of meeting after meeting proves their predictions true and disposes to further credence, they become bold enough to show how security, ample and real, may be won, after the great success has been attained as well as during the struggle for it, by espousing now, either secretly or openly, the cause of the stronger, or at least the more determined, party. We can assure the reader that his imagination must be very prolific if it can present to him the variety of insidious artifices by which, according to their circumstances and character, the loyalty of Protestants in Ireland is thus tempted.

It seems now settled that in this

alarming condition Ireland must remain for some time longer. We earnestly entreat Protestants to endure steadfastly their severe trials, and to look for protection in union among themselves and in those habits which will ensure them the fraternal sympathies of the British people. We further entreat them to be careful for their reputation as well as for the defence of their properties and persons; and while they are forming confederations by which their physical strength is rendered most available, we trust that they will not neglect the important duty of making manifest the justice of their cause. At this moment, repealers have no pretext or excuse for their disaffection in the intemperance of any class of Protestants. It is important that this characteristic of the repeal movement be preserved. Pretexts are invented against the landed aristocracy, as if through their unfairness or uncharitableness the people are suffering and discontented. Where these pretexts are untrue, their falsehood should be effectually shown—where there is a foundation for them, the grievance out of which they arise should be redressed. We earnestly recommend to the gentry favourable to British connection, when they meet together, that they give diligent heed to all that concerns the relation between landlord and tenant, a relation of the deepest interest, whether it be considered in its influence on society in Ireland, or for the consequence ascribed to it wherever there is a public opinion throughout Europe. *We do not think a Protestant confederation will produce permanent good if the condition of the Irish tenantry be overlooked.* Repealers offer, among their bribes, the stimulating promise of low rent and fixity of tenure. What will the Protestant aristocracy offer? How will they disconcert the insidious device of their opponents? Will they content themselves with affirming that the repeal party is not to be believed or trusted? If they do, they leave half their work undone—the half they have chosen is not the best, although it may seem the most pressing—and, left imperfect because alone, will soon lose its influence. We know how difficult it is to discharge fully the duties which in a time like this devolve on the landed proprietors of Ireland; but we do not think that difficulties ought to

deter them. We think they have deferred too long the searching inquiry which charges against them, mischievous although false, have for some time rendered necessary. We think that there has been too little concert between them. We wish much, while yet there is time, to see these neglects and these errors corrected and repaired. We regret the delays of the government and legislature in repressing agitation; and scarcely less regret that the landlords of Ireland, *as a body*, had not made the justice of their case so conspicuous that they could challenge with authority the prompt interposition of government to suppress disorders which were wholly without excuse. We remember that, in various instances, when individual landlords have been aspersed, they have compelled even prejudice to admit that the charges against them were foul calumnies. Why will not the proprietors, as a body, enable themselves to make a defence equally effective? Why will they not acquire evidence to establish the justice of their cause; or why will not the upright and benevolent separate their case from that of the oppressor? Alleged grievances should never be heedlessly overlooked; if real they demand redress; if imaginary, explanation. The landlords of Ireland should put themselves in a condition to meet the charges against them by showing in one case their ability to explain, and in the other, their willingness to redress.

It would be our earnest prayer that a principle like that we recommend to the landed proprietors were adopted by the government. It should do justice, should communicate true notions respecting justice; and while discouraging the agitator, whose trade is to irritate the public mind, should remove or explain away all topics of irritation. The state of Ireland demands imperatively an application of this principle. Its past and present condition may be thus briefly described: Protestants were once placed and supported here as a garrison against foreign invasion, and against that body which Whigs, in the earlier part of the last century, used to term the "common enemy," namely, the Roman Catholic people; and they manfully and loyally kept the country for or in connection with England.

That "common enemy" has been since, agreeably to the statesmanship of Mr. Fox, taken in to the garrison in considerable force; and not unnaturally, they wish to keep or gain the country for themselves. In such a difficulty the State must either cast them out of the garrison, replacing them in their ancient estate of helplessness and hostility, or it must change their character and disposition so as that they will maintain their post and their engagements honourably. To succeed in this latter enterprise, the government must convince them that mutiny would be hopeless, and that good conduct and fidelity shall not go unrewarded. It must work this conviction in the minds of the people, not by entrusting them with franchises which may render them profitable servants to those who would use them, but by bestowing upon them benefits which prove its own desire to serve them; and by making this desire so evident that it shall be intelligible in the resistance of the state to the clamours of faction, no less than in its concessions to the claims of real expediency and justice.

We are bold to say that a steadfast and consistent adherence to this simple principle will have the effect, even now, of reclaiming malcontents, or, at least, of reducing them to order. When they are thoroughly convinced that their ambitious dreams cannot be realized, and have good reason to hope that habits of industry and obedience to law will be most conducive to their personal good, such habits will be cultivated; and, as the cottage becomes a happy home, the visions which would disturb its peace, and tempt the inmates to barter present good for a most precarious future, will lose their power, agitators will begin to find their vocation neither popular nor profitable, and England, felt in the benefits it imparts, will become respected and loved. A good understanding between the landed aristocracy of Ireland and the British government may enable a wise statesman to procure that deference for British law in Ireland which has already been achieved in India, and which was once, at a time of much peril, won for the aristocracy of ancient Rome; when, as the historian observes—"Nec quisquam unus malis artibus postea tam popularis esset, quam tum bene imperando universus senatus fuit."

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXX. OCTOBER, 1843. Vol. XXII.

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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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THE LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT XI.—A FRAGMENT OF CHATEAU LIFE.

STRETCHED upon a large old-fashioned sofa, where a burgomaster might have reclined with "ample room and verge enough," in all the easy abandonment of dressing-gown and slippers—the cool breeze gently wafting the window-blind to and fro, and tempering the lulling sounds from wood and water—the buzzing of the summer insects, and the far-off carol of a peasant's song—I fell into one of those delicious sleeps in which dreams are so faintly marked, as to leave us no disappointment on waking: fitting, shadow-like, before the mind, they live only in a pleasant memory of something vague and undefined; and impart no touch of sorrow for expectations unfulfilled—for hopes that are not to be realized. I would that my dreams might always take this shape. It is a sad thing when they become tangible—when features and looks, eyes, hands, words, and sighs, live too strongly in our sleeping minds—and that we awake to the cold reality of our daily cares and crosses, tenfold less endurable from very contrast. No, give me rather the faint and waving outline—the shadowy perception of pleasure, than the vivid picture, to end only in the conviction that I am but Christopher Sly after all; or what comes pretty much to the same, nothing but Arthur O'Leary.

Still I would not have you deem me discontented with my lot; far from it. I chose my path early in life, and never saw reason to regret the choice. How many of you can say as much! I felt that while the tender ties of home and family—the charities that grow up around the charmed circle of a wife and children—are the great prizes of life, there are also a thousand lesser ones in the wheel, in the kindly sympathies with which the world abounds; that to him who bears no ill will at his heart, nay, rather loving all things that are lovable, with warm attachments to all who have been kind to him, with strong sources of happiness in his own tranquil thoughts, the wandering life would offer many pleasures.

Most men live, as it were, with one story of their lives, the traits of childhood maturing into manly features; their history consists of the development of early character in circumstances of good or evil fortune. They fall in love, they marry, they grow old, and they die—each incident of their existence bearing on that before and that after, like link upon link of some great chain. He, however, who throws himself like a plank upon the waters, to be washed hither and thither, as wind or tide might

drive him, has a very different experience. To him life is a succession of episodes, each perfect in itself; the world is but a number of tableaux, changing with climate and country; his sorrows in France have no connexion with his joys in Italy; his delights in Spain live apart from his griefs on the Rhine. The past throws no shadow on the future—his philosophy is, to make the most of the present; and he never forgets La Bruyères' maxim—"Il faut rire avant d'être heureux, *de peur de mourir sans avoir ri.*"

Now, if you don't like my philosophy, set it down as a dream, and here am I awake once more.

And certainly I claim no great merit on the score of my vigilance; for the tantararara that awoke me, would have aroused the seven sleepers themselves. Words are weak to convey the most distant conception of the noise: it seemed as though ten thousand peacocks had congregated beneath my window, and with brazen throats were bent on giving me a hideous concert. The fiend-chorus in "Robert le Diable" was a psalm-tune compared to it. I started up and rushed to the casement; and there, in the lawn beneath, beheld some twenty persons costumed in hunting fashion—their horses foaming and splashed, their coats stained with marks of the forest; but the uproar was soon comprehensible, owing to some half dozen of the party who performed on that most diabolical of all human inventions, the *cor de chasse*.

Imagine, if you can, and thank your stars that it is only a work of imagination, some twenty feet of brass pipe, worn belt-fashion over one shoulder, and under the opposite arm—one end of the aforesaid tube being a mouth-piece, and the other expanding itself into a huge trumpet-mouth; then conceive a Fleming—one of Rubens' cherubs, immensely magnified and decorated with a beard and moustaches—blowing into this, with all the force of his lungs, perfectly unmindful of the five other performers, who, at five several and distinct parts of the melody, are blasting away also; treble and bass, contre alto and soprano, shake and sostenuto—all blending into one crash of hideous discord, to which the Scotch bagpipe, in a pibroch, is a soothing, melting melody. A deaf and dumb institution would capitulate in half an hour. Truly, the results of a hunting expedition ought to be of the most satisfactory kind to make the "*retour de chasse*"—it was this they were blowing—at all sufferable to those who were not engaged in the concert; as for the performers, I can readily believe they never heard a note of the whole.

Even Dutch lungs grow tired at last; having blown the establishment into ecstasies, and myself into a furious headache, they gave in; and now an awful bell announced the time to dress for dinner. While I made my toilet I endeavoured, as well as my throbbing temples would permit me, to fancy the host's personal appearance, and to conjecture the style of the rest of the party. My preparations over, I took a parting look in the glass, as if to guess the probable impression I should make below stairs, and sallied forth.

Cautiously stealing along over the well-waxed floors, slippery as ice itself, I descended the broad oak stair into a great hall, wainscotted with dark walnut, and decorated with antlers and stags' heads, cross-bows, and arquebusses, and, to my shuddering horror, various *cors de chasse*, now happily, however, silent on the walls. I entered the drawing-room, conning over to myself a little speech in French, and preparing myself to bow for the next fifteen minutes; but to my surprise, no one had yet appeared. All were still occupied dressing, and probably taking some well-merited repose after their exertions on the wind instruments. I had

now time for a survey of the apartment; and, generally speaking, a drawing-room is no bad indication of the tastes and temperament of the owners of the establishment.

The practised eye speedily detects in the character and arrangement of a chamber something of its occupant. In some houses, the absence of all decoration—the simple puritanism of the furniture bespeak the life of quiet souls, whose days are as devoid of luxury as their dwellings. You read in the cold grey tints, the formal stiffness, the unrelieved regularity around, the Quaker-like flatness of their existence. In others there is an air of ill-done display, a straining after effect, which shows itself in costly, but ill-assorted details—a mingling of all styles and eras, without repose or keeping. The bad pretentious pictures, the faulty bronzes, meagre casts of poor originals, the gaudy china, are safe warrant for the vulgarity of their owners, while the humble parlour of a village inn can be, as I have seen it, made to evidence the cultivated tastes and polished habits of those who have made it the halting-place of a day. We might go back and trace how much of our knowledge of the earliest ages is derivable from the study of the interior of their dwellings; what a rich volume of information is conveyed in a mosaic; what a treatise does not lie in a frescoed wall.

The room in which I now found myself was a long, and for its length, narrow apartment; a range of tall windows, deeply sunk in the thick wall, occupied one side, opposite to which was a plain wall, covered with pictures from floor to cornice, save where, at a considerable distance from each other, were two splendidly-carved chimney-pieces of black oak, one representing "The Adoration of the Shepherds," and the other, "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes"—the latter done with a relief, a vigour, and a movement I have never seen equalled. Above these were some armorial trophies of an early date, in which, among the maces and battle-axes, I could recognise some weapons of eastern origin, which, by the family, I learned were ascribed to the period of the crusades.

Between the windows were placed a succession of carved oak cabinets of the seventeenth century, beautiful specimens of art; and for all their quaintness, far handsomer objects of furniture than our modern luxury has introduced among us. Japan vases of dark blue and green were filled with rare flowers; here and there small tables of costly Buhl invited you to the window recesses, where the downy ottomans, pillowed with Flemish luxury, suggested rest if not sleep. The pictures, over which I could but throw a passing glance, were all by Flemish painters, and of that character which so essentially displays their chief merits, richness of colour and tone—Gerard Dow and Ostade, Cyp, Vander-Meer and Terburg; those admirable groupings of domestic life, where the nation is, as it were, miniaturised before you; that perfection of domestic quiet, which bespeaks an heir-loom of tranquillity, derived whole centuries back. You see at once in those dark brown eyes and placid features, the traits that have taken ages to bring to such perfection; and you recognise the origin of those sturdy burgomasters and bold burghers, who were at the same time the thriftiest merchants and the haughtiest princes of Europe.

Suddenly, and when I was almost on my knees to examine a picture by Memling, the door opened, and a small, sharp-looking man, dressed in the last extravagance of Paris mode, resplendent in waistcoat, and glistening in jewellery, tripped lightly forward. "Ah, mi Lor O'Leary," said he, advancing towards me with a bow and a slide.

It was no time to discuss pedigree; so gulping the promotion, I made

my acknowledgments as best I could: and by the time that we met, which, on a moderate calculation, might have been two minutes after he entered, we shook hands very cordially, and looked delighted to see each other. This ceremony, I repeat, was only accomplished after his having bowed round two tables, an ottoman, and an oak "armoire," I having performed the like ceremony behind a Chinese screen, and very nearly over a vase of the original "green dragon" which actually seemed disposed to spring at me for my awkwardness.

Before my astonishment, shall I add disappointment, subsided, at finding that the diminutive, over-dressed figure before me was the representative of those bold barons I had been musing over, for such he was, the room began to fill. Portly ladies of undefined dates sailed in and took their places—stiff, stately, and silent as their grandmothers on the walls; heavy-looking gentlemen, with unpronounceable names, bowed and wheeled, and bowed again; while a buzz of "*votre serviteur*," Madame or Monsieur, swelled and sank amid the murmur of the room, with the scraping of feet on the glazed *parquet*, and the rustle of silk, whose plenitude bespoke a day when silkworms were honest.

The host paraded me around the austere circle, where the very names sounded like an incantation; and the old ladies shook their bugles and agitated their fans in recognition of my acquaintance. The circumstances of my adventure were the conversation of every group; and although I confess, I could not help feeling that even a small spice of malice might have found food for laughter in the absurdity of my durance, yet not one there could see any thing in the whole affair, save a grave case of smuggled tobacco, and a most unwarrantable exercise of authority on the part of the curé who liberated me. Indeed this latter seemed to gain ground so rapidly, that once or twice I began to fear they might remand me, and sentence me to another night in the air, "till justice should be satisfied." I did the worthy *Maire de Givet* foul wrong, said I to myself; these people here are not a whit better.

The company continued to arrive at every moment; and now I remarked that it was the veteran battalion who led the march, the younger members of the household only dropping in as the hour grew later. Among these was a pleasant sprinkling of Frenchmen, as easily recognizable among Flemings, as an officer of the "Blues" from one of the new police. A German baron, a very portrait of his class—fat, heavy-browed, sulky-looking, but in reality a good-hearted, fine-tempered fellow; two Americans; an English colonel, with his daughters twain; and a Danish *chargé d'affaires*—the minor characters being what, in dramatic phrase, are called *premiers* and *premieres*, meaning thereby young people of either sex, dressed in the latest mode, and performing the part of lovers. The ladies, with a moderate share of good looks, being perfect in the freshness of their toilette, and a certain air of ease and gracefulness, almost universal abroad; the men, a strange mixture of silliness and savagery—a bad cross—half hairdresser, half hero.

Before the dinner was announced, I had time to perceive that the company was divided into two different and very opposite currents—one party consisting of the old Dutch or Flemish race, quiet, plodding, peaceable souls, pretending to nothing new, enjoying every thing old; their souvenirs referring to some event in the time of their grandfathers: the other section were the younger portion, who, strongly imbued with French notions on dress, and English on sporting matters, attempted to bring Newmarket and the Boulevards Italiennes into the heart of the Ardennes.

Between the two, and connecting them with each other, was a species

of *pont du diable*, in the person of a little, dapper, olive-complexioned man of about forty; his eyes black as jet, but with an expression soft and subdued, save at moments of excitement, when they flashed like glow-worms; his plain suit of black, with deep cambric ruffles; his silk shorts and buckled shoes, had something of the ecclesiastic—and so it was: he was the Abbé van Praet, the cadet of an ancient Belgian family, a man of considerable ability, highly informed on most subjects—a linguist, a musician, a painter of no small pretensions, who spent his life in the “*far niente*” of chateau existence: now devising a party of pleasure, now inventing a madrigal—now giving directions to the *chef* how to make an *omelette à la curé*, now stealing noiselessly along some sheltered walk, to hear some fair lady’s secret confidence, for he was privy counsellor in all affairs of the heart; and if the world did not wrong him, occasionally pleaded his own cause, when no other petitioner offered.

I was soon struck by this man, and by the tact with which, while he preserved his ascendancy over the minds of all, he never admitted any undue familiarity, yet affected all the ease and *insouciance* of the veriest idler. I was flattered, also, by his notice of me, and by the politeness of his invitation to sit next him at table.

The distinctions I have hinted at already, made the dinner conversation a strange medley of Flemish history and sporting anecdotes—of reminiscences of the times of Maria Theresa—and dissertations on weights and ages—of the genealogies of Flemish families, and the pedigrees of English race-horses. The young English ladies, both pretty and delicate-looking girls, with an air of good breeding and tone in their manner, shocked me not a little by the intimate knowledge they displayed on all matters of the turf and the stable; their acquaintance with the details of hunting, racing, and steeple-chasing, seeming to form the most wonderful attraction to the moustached counts and whiskered barons who listened to them. The colonel was a fine mellow-looking old gentleman, with a white head and a red nose, and with that species of placid expression one sees in the people who perform those parts in Vaudeville theatres, called *pères nobles*; he seemed, indeed, as if he had been daily in the habit of bestowing a lovely daughter on some happy enraptured lover, and invoking a blessing on their heads. There was a rich unction in his voice, an almost imperceptible quaver, that made it seem kind and affectionate; he finished his shake of the hand with a little parting squeeze, a kind of one “cheer more,” as they say now-a-days, when some misguided admirer calls upon a meeting for enthusiasm they don’t feel. The Americans were—and one description will serve for both, so like were they—sallow, high-boned, silent men, with a species of quiet caution in their manner, as if they were learning, but had not yet completed, a European education, as to habits and customs, and were studiously careful not to commit any solecisms which might betray their country.

As dinner proceeded the sporting characters carried the day. The “*ouverture de chasse*,” which was to take place the following morning, was an all-engrossing topic, and I found myself established as judge on a hundred points of English jockey etiquette, of which, as my ignorance was complete, I suffered grievously in the estimation of the company, and when referred to, could neither apportion the weight to age, nor even tell the number of yards in a “distance.”

It was, however, decreed that I should ride the next day—the host had the “very horse to suit me”—and as the abbé whispered me to consent, I acceded at once to the arrangement.

When we adjourned to the drawing-room, Colonel Muddleton came towards me with an easy smile and an outstretched snuff-box, both in such perfect keeping, the action was a finished thing.

"Any relation, may I ask, of a very old friend and brother officer of mine, General Mark O'Leary, who was killed in Canada?" said he.

"A very distant one only," replied I.

"A capital fellow, brave as a lion, and pleasant.—By Jove, I never met the like of him. What became of his Irish property?—he was never married, I think."

"No, he died a bachelor, and left his estates to my uncle—they had met once by accident and took a liking to each other."

"And so your uncle has them now?"

"No, my uncle died since—they came into my possession some two or three years ago."

"Eh,—ah,—upon my life," said he, with something of surprise in his manner, and then as if ashamed of his exclamation, and with a much more cordial vein than at first, he resumed—"What a piece of unlooked-for good fortune to be sure—only think of my finding my old friend Mark's nephew."

"Not his nephew. I was only——"

"Never mind, never mind; he was a kind of an uncle you know; any man might be proud of him. What a glorious fellow; full of fun; full of spirit and animation. Ah, just like all your countrymen—I've a little Irish blood in my veins myself; my mother was an O'Flaherty, or an O'Neil, or something of that sort; and there's Laura—you don't know my daughter?"

"I have not the honour."

"Come along and I'll introduce you to her—a little reserved or so," said he, in a whisper, as if to give me the *carte du pays*—"rather cold, you know, to strangers—but when she hears you are the nephew of my old friend Mark——Mark and I were like brothers. Laura, my love," said he, tapping the young lady on her white shoulder, as she stood with her back towards us. "Laura dear, the son of my oldest friend in the world, General O'Leary." The young lady turned quickly round, and, as she drew herself up somewhat haughtily, dropped me a low curtsy, and then resumed her conversation with a very much whiskered gentleman near.

The colonel seemed, despite all his endeavours to overcome it, rather put out by his daughter's hauteur to the son of his old friend, and what he should have said or done I know not, when the abbé came suddenly up, and with a card invited me to join a party at whist. The moment was so awkward for all, that I would have accepted an invitation even to *ecarté*, to escape from the difficulty, and I followed him into a small boudoir where two ladies were awaiting us. I had just time to see that they were both pleasing looking, and of that time of life when women, without forfeiting any of the attractions of youth, are much more disposed to please by the attractions of manner and *esprit*, than by mere beauty; when we sat down to our game. La Baronne de Meer, my partner, was the younger and the prettier of the two; she was one of those Flemings into whose families the race of Spain poured the warm current of southern blood, and gave them the dark eye and the olive skin, the graceful figure and the elastic instep, so characteristic of their nation.

"*A la bonne heure*," said she, smiling, "have we rescued one from the enchantress?"

"Yes," replied the abbé, with an affected gravity, "in another moment he was lost."

"If you mean me," said I, laughing, "I assure you I ran no danger whatever; for whatever the young lady's glances may portend, she seemed very much indisposed to bestow a second on me."

The game proceeded with its running fire of chit-chat, in which I could gather, that Mademoiselle Laura was a most established man-killer, no one ever escaping her fascinations, save when by some strange fatality they preferred her sister Julia, whose style was, to use the abbé's phrase, her sister's diluted.

There was a tone of pique in the way the ladies criticised the colonel's daughters, which, since that, I have often remarked in those who, accustomed to the attentions of men themselves, without any unusual effort to please on their part, are doubly annoyed when they perceive a rival making more than ordinary endeavours to attract admirers. They feel as a capitalist would, when another millionaire offers money at a lower rate of interest. It is, as it were, a breach of conventional etiquette, and never escapes being severely criticised.

As for me, I had no personal feeling at stake, and looked on at the game of all parties with much amusement.

"Where is the Count D'Espagne to-night," said the baronne to the abbé,—“has he been false?”

"Not at all, he was singing with mademoiselle when I was in the *salon*."

"You'll have a dreadful rival there, Monsieur O'Leary," said she, laughingly: "he is the most celebrated swordsman, and the best shot in Flanders."

"It is likely he may rust his weapons if he have no opportunity for their exercise till I give it," said I.

"Don't you admire her then?" said she.

"The lady is very pretty, indeed," said I.

"The heart led," interrupted the abbé, suddenly, as he touched my foot beneath the table—"play a heart."

Close beside my chair, and leaning over my cards, stood Mademoiselle Laura herself at the moment.

"You have no heart," said she, in English, and with a singular expression on the words, while her downcast eye shot a glance, one glance, through me.

"Yes, but I have though," said I, discovering a card that lay concealed behind another—"it only requires a little looking for."

"Not worth the trouble, perhaps," said she, with a toss of her head, as I threw the deuce upon the table, and before I could reply she was gone.

"I think her much prettier when she looks saucy," said the baronne, as if to imply that the air of pique assumed was a mere piece of acting got up for effect.

I see it all, said I to myself. Foreign women can never forgive English, for being so much their superior in beauty and loveliness. Meanwhile our game came to a close, and we gathered around the buffet.

There we found the old colonel, with a large silver tankard of mulled wine, holding forth over some campaigning exploit, to which no one listened for more than a second or two, and thus the whole room became joint-stock hearers of his story. Laura stood eating her ice with the Count D'Espagne, the black-whiskered cavalier, already mentioned, beside her. The Americans were prosing away about Jefferson and Adams. The Belgians talked agriculture and genealogy; and the French, collecting into a group of their own, in which nearly all the pretty women joined, discoursed the ballet, the "*Chambre*," the court, the coulisses, the

last mode, and the last murder, and all in the same mirthful and lively tone. And truly, let people condemn as they will the superficial style of French conversation, there is none equal to it. It avoids the prosaic flatness of German, and the monotonous pertinacity of English, which seems more to partake of the nature of discussion, than dialogue. French chit-chat takes a wider range; anecdotic, illustrative and discursive by turns. It deems nothing too light, nothing too weighty for its subject. It is a gay butterfly, now floating with gilded wings above you—now tremulously perched upon a leaf below—now sparkling in the sunbeam—now loitering in the shade: embodying not only thought, but expression, it charms by its style, as well as by its matter. The language, too, suggests shades and “nuances” of colouring that exist not in other tongues—you can give to your canvas the precise tint you wish, for when mystery would prove a merit, the equivoque is there ready to your hand, that means so much, yet asserts so little. For my part I should make my will in English, but I’d rather make love in French. But while thus digressing, I have forgotten to mention, that people are running back and forward with bed-room candles; there is a confused hum of *bon soir* on every side, and with many a hope of a fine day for the morrow we separate for the night.

I lay awake some hours thinking of Laura, and then of the baronne—they were both arch ones; the abbé too crossed my thoughts, and once or twice the old colonel’s roguish leer; but I slept soundly for all that, and did not awake till eight o’clock the next morning. The silence of the house struck me forcibly as I rubbed my eyes and looked about. Hang it, thought I, have they gone off to the *chasse* without me? I surely could never have slept through the uproar of their trumpets. I drew aside the window curtains, and the mystery was solved: such rain never fell before; the clouds, actually touching the tops of the beech trees, seemed to ooze and squash like squeezed sponges. The torrent came down in that plashing stroke as if some force behind momentarily propelled it stronger; and the long-parched ground seethed and smoked like a heated cauldron. Pleasant this, was reflection number one, as I endeavoured to peer through the mist, and beheld a haze of weeping foliage. Pleasant to be immured here during heaven knows how many days, without the power to escape. Lucky fellow, Arthur, was my second thought, capital quarters you have fallen into: better far the snug comforts of a Flemish chateau than the chances of a wayside inn; besides, here is a goodly company met together, there will needs be pleasant people among them. I wish it may rain these three weeks; chateau life is the very thing I’m curious about—how do they get through the day? There’s no “Times” in Flanders—no one cares a farthing about who’s in and who’s out; there’s no “Derby,” no trials for murder: what can they do? was the question I put to myself a dozen times over. No matter, I have abundant occupation—my journal has never been posted up since—since—alas, I can scarcely tell!

It might be from reflections like these, or perhaps because I was less of a sportsman than my companions, but certainly, whatever the cause, I bore up against the disappointment of the weather with far more philosophy, and dispersed a sack of proverbs about patience, hope, equanimity, and contentment, Sancho Panza himself might have envied, until at length no one ventured a malediction on the day in my presence, for fear of eliciting a hail storm of moral reflections. The company dropped down to breakfast by detachments. The elated looks and flashing eyes of the night before saddened and overcast at the unexpected change. Even the elders of the party seemed discontented; and except myself and an old gentleman with the gout who took an airing about the hall and the drawing-room in a wheel-chair, all seemed miserable.

Each window had its occupant posted against the glass, vainly endeavouring to catch one bit of blue, amid the dreary waste of cloud. A little group, sulky and silent, were gathered around the weather-glass; a literary inquirer sat down to con over the predictions of the almanac;—but you might as well have looked for sociability among the inhabitants of a private madhouse as here. The weather was cursed in every language from Cherokee to Sanscrit; all agreed that no country had such an abominable climate. The Yankee praised the summers of America, the Dane upheld his own, and I took a patriotic turn, and vowed I had never seen such rain in Ireland! The master of the house could scarcely show amid this torrent of abusive criticism, and when he did by chance appear, looked as much ashamed as though he himself had pulled out the spigot, and deluged the whole land with water.

Meanwhile, none of those I looked for appeared. Neither the colonel's daughter nor the baronne came down; the abbé too did not descend to the breakfast-room, and I was considerably puzzled and put out by the disappointment.

After then enduring a good hour's boredom from the old colonel on the subject of my late lamented parent, Mark O'Leary; after submitting to a severe cross-examination from the Yankee gentleman as to the reason of my coming abroad, what property and expectations I had, my age, and birth-place, what my mother died of, and whether I did not feel very miserable from the abject slavery of submitting to an English government—I escaped into the library, a fine comfortable old room, which I rightly conjectured I should find unoccupied.

Selecting a quaint-looking quarto with some curious illuminated pages for my companion, I drew a great deep leather chair into a recess of one window, and hugged myself in my solitude. While I listlessly turned over the leaves of my book, or sat sunk in reflection, time crept over, and I heard the great clock of the chateau strike three, at the same moment a hand fell lightly on my shoulder; I turned about—it was the abbé.

"I half suspected I should find you here," said he. "Do I disturb you, or may I keep your company?"

"But too happy," I replied, "if you'll do me the favour."

"I thought," said he, as he drew a chair opposite to me—"I thought you'd scarcely play dominoes all day, or turn over the *Livre des Modes*, or discuss waistcoats."

"In truth, I was scarcely better employed—this old volume here which I took down for its plates——"

"*Ma foi*, a most interesting one; it is Guchardi's History of Mary of Burgundy. Those quaint old processions, those venerable councils are admirably depicted. What rich stores for a romance writer lie in the details of these old books;—their accuracy as to costume, the little traits of every-day life so *naïvely* told; every little domestic incident is so full of its characteristic era. I wonder when the springs are so accessible, men do not draw more frequently from them, and more purely also."

"You forget Scott."

"No; far from it. He is the great exception; and from his intimate acquaintance with this class of reading, is he so immeasurably superior to all other writers of his style. Not merely tinctured, but deeply imbued with the habits of the feudal period; the traits by which others attempt to paint the time, with him were mere accessories in the picture; costume and architecture he used, to heighten, not to convey his impressions; and while no one knew better every minute particular of dress, or arm, that betokened a period or a class, none more sparingly used such aid. He felt the same delicacy certain ancient artists did as to the introduction of

pure white into their pictures, deeming that such was an unfair exercise of skill——But why venture to speak of your countryman to you, save that genius is above nationality, and Scott's novels at least are European."

After chatting for some time longer, and feeling struck with the extent and variety of the abbé's attainments, I half dropped a hint expressive of my surprise that one so cultivated as he was, could, apparently so readily comply with the monotonous routine of a chateau life, and the little prospect it afforded of his meeting congenial associates.

Far from feeling offended at the liberty of my remark, he replied at once with a smile——

"You are wrong there, and the error is a common one, but when you have seen more of life, you will learn that a man's own resources are the only real gratifications he can count upon. Society, like a field-day, may offer the occasion to display your troops and put them through their manœuvres, but, believe me, it is a rare and a lucky day when you go back richer by one recruit, and the chance is, that even he is a cripple and must be sent about his business. People too will tell you much of the advantage to be derived from associating with men of distinguished and gifted minds: I have seen something of such in my time, and give little credit to the theory. You might as well hope to obtain credit for a thousand pounds, because you took off your hat to a banker."

The abbé paused after this and seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts; then raising his head suddenly, he said——

"As to happiness, believe me, it lives only in the extremes of perfect vacuity, or true genius. Your clever fellow, with a vivid fancy and glowing imagination, strong feeling, and strong power of expression, has no chance of it. The excitement he lives in, is alone a bar to the tranquil character of thought necessary to happiness, and however cold a man may feel he should never warm himself through a burning glass."

There seemed through all he said something like a retrospective tone, as though he were rather giving the fruit of past personal experiences, than merely speculating on the future, and I could not help throwing out a hint to this purport.

"Perhaps you are right," said he; then after a long silence he added——
"It is a fortunate thing after all, when the faults of a man's temperament are the source of some disappointment in early life; because then they rarely endanger his subsequent career. Let him only escape the just punishment, whatever it be, and the chances are, they embitter every hour of his after life; his whole care and study being not correction, but concealment, he lives a life of daily duplicity; the fear of detection is over him at every step he takes, and he plays a part so constantly that he loses all real character at last in the frequency of dissimulation. Shall I tell you a little incident with which I became acquainted in early life?"

"Without tiring you with any irrelevant details of the family and relatives of my hero, if I dare call him such, I may mention that he was the second son of an old Belgian family of some rank and wealth, and that in accordance with the habits of his house, he was educated for the career of diplomacy; for this purpose a life of travel was deemed the best preparation——foreign languages being the chief requisite, with such insight into history, national law, and national usages as any young man with moderate capacity and assiduity, can master in three or four years.

"The chief of the Dutch mission at Frankfort was an old diplomat of some distinction, but who, had it not been from causes purely personal towards the king, would not have quitted the Hague for any embassy whatever. He was a widower with an only daughter, one of those true types of Dutch beauty which Terburg was so fond of painting. There

are people who can see nothing but vulgarity in the class of features I speak of, and yet nothing in reality is farther from it. Hers was a mild, placid face, a wide, candid-looking forehead, down either side of which two braids of sunny brown hair fell; her skin, fair as alabaster, had the least tinge of colour, but her lips were full and of a violet hue, that gave a character of brilliancy to the whole countenance; her figure, inclined to *embonpoint*, was exquisitely moulded, and in her walk there appeared the composed and resolute carriage of one whose temperament, however mild and unruffled, was still based on principles too strong to be shaken. She was indeed a perfect specimen of her nation, embodying in her character the thrift, the propriety, the high sense of honour, the rigid habits of order, so eminently Dutch; but withal there ran through her nature the golden thread of romance, and beneath that mild eyebrow there were the thoughts and hopes of a highly imaginative mind.

"The mission consisted of an old secretary of embassy, Van Dohein, a veteran diplomate of some sixty years, and Edward Norvins, the youth I speak of. Such was the family party, for you are aware that they all lived in the same house and dined together every day; the *attachés* of the mission being specially entrusted to the care and attention of the head of the mission, as if they were his own children. Norvins soon fell in love with the pretty Marguerite—how could it be otherwise; they were constantly together; he was her companion at home, her attendant at every ball; they rode out together, walked, read, drew, and sang together, and in fact very soon became inseparable. In all this there was nothing which gave rise to remark. The intimate habits of a mission permitted such, and as her father, deeply immersed in affairs of diplomacy, had no time to busy himself about them, no one else did. The secretary had followed the same course at every mission for the first ten years of his career, and only deemed it the ordinary routine of an *attaché's* life.

"Such then was the pleasant current of their lives, when an event occurred which was to disturb its even flow, ay, and alter the channel for ever. A despatch arrived one morning at the mission, informing them that a certain Monsieur van Halsdt, a son of one of the ministers, who had lately committed some breach of discipline in a cavalry regiment, and was broke in consequence, was about to be attached to the mission. Never was such a shock as this gave Marguerite and her lover. To her the idea of associating with a wild, unruly character like this was insupportable: to him it was misery; he saw at once all his daily intimacy with her interrupted; he perceived how their former habits could no longer be followed, that with his arrival must cease the companionship that made him the happiest of men. Even the baron himself was indignant at the arrangement to saddle him with a *vaurien* to be reclaimed—but then he was the minister's son: the king himself had signed the appointment, and there was no help for it.

"It was indeed with any thing but feelings of welcome they awaited the coming of the new guest. Even in the short interval between his appointment and his coming, a hundred rumours reached them of his numerous scrapes and adventures, his duels, his debts, his gambling, and his love exploits. All of course duly magnified. Poor Marguerite felt as though an imp of Satan was about to pay them a visit, and Norvins dreaded him with a fear that partook of a presentiment.

"The day came, and the dinner hour, in respect for the son of the great man, was delayed twenty minutes in expectation of his coming, and they went to table at last without him, silent and sad. The baron, annoyed at the loss of dignity he should sustain by a piece of politeness exercised

without result; the secretary fretting over the *entrées* that were burned; Marguerite and Edward mourning over happiness never to return—suddenly a caleche drove into the court at full gallop, the steps rattled, and a figure, wrapped in a cloak, sprang out: before the first surprise permitted them to speak, the door of the *salle* opened, and he appeared.

“It would, I confess, have been a difficult matter to have fixed on that precise character of looks and appearances which might have pleased all the party. Whatever were the sentiments of others I know not, but Norvins’ wishes would have inclined to see him short and ill-looking, rude in speech and gesture—in a word, as repulsive as possible. It is indeed a strange thing—you must have remarked it I’m certain: the disappointment we feel at finding people we desire to like, inferior to our own conceptions of them, is not one half so great, as is our chagrin at discovering those we are determined to dislike, very different from our preconceived notions, with few or none of the features we were prepared to find fault with, and in fact altogether unlike the bugbear we had created for ourselves. One would suppose that such a revulsion in feeling would be pleasurable rather than otherwise. Not so however, a sense of our own injustice adds poignancy to our previous prejudice, and we dislike the object only the more for lowering us in our own esteem.

“Van Halsdt was well calculated to illustrate my theory. He was tall and well made; his face, dark as a Spaniard’s—his mother was descended from a Catalonian family—was manly-looking and frank, at once indicating openness of temperament, and a dash of heroic daring, that would like danger for itself alone; his carriage had the easy freedom of a soldier, without any thing bordering on coarseness or effrontery. Advancing with a quiet bow, he tendered his apologies for being late, rather as a matter he owed to himself to excuse his want of punctuality, than from any sense of inconvenience to others, and ascribed the delay to the difficulty of finding post-horses—‘While waiting therefore,’ said he, ‘I resolved to economise time, and so dressed for dinner at the last stage.’

“This apology at least showed a desire on his part to be in time, and at once disposed the secretary in his favour. The baron himself spoke little, and as for Marguerite she never opened her lips to him the whole time of dinner, and Norvins could barely get out the few common-places of table, and sat eyeing him from time to time with an increasing dislike.

“Van Halsdt could not help feeling that his reception was of the coldest; yet either perfectly indifferent to the fact, or resolved to overcome their impressions against him, he talked away unceasingly of every thing he could think of—the dinners at court, the theatres, the diplomatic *soirées*, the news from foreign countries—all of which he spoke of with knowledge and intimacy. Yet nothing could he extract in return. The old baron retired, as was his wont, immediately after dinner; the secretary dropped off soon after; Marguerite went to take her evening drive on the Boulevards; and Norvins was left alone with his new comrade. At first he was going to pretend an engagement, then the awkwardness of the moment came forcibly before him, and he sat still, silent and confused.

“‘Any wine in that decanter?’ said Van Halsdt, with a short abrupt tone, as he pointed to the bottle beside him. ‘Pray pass it over here. I have only drank three glasses. I shall be better aware to-morrow how soon your party breaks up here.’

“‘Yes,’ said Edward timidly, and not well knowing what to say. ‘The baron retires to his study every evening at seven.’

“‘With all my heart,’ said he gaily; ‘at six if he prefer it, and he may even take the old secretary with him. But the mademoiselle, shall

we see any more of her during the evening—is there no *salon*? Eh, what do you do after dinner?”

“ ‘Why sometimes we drive, or we walk out on the Boulevards; the other ministers receive once or twice a week, and then there’s the opera.’

“ ‘Devilishly slow you must find all this,’ said Van Halsdt, filling a bumper, and taking it off at a draught. ‘Are you long here?’

“ ‘Only three months.’

“ ‘And well sick of it, I’ll be sworn.’

“ ‘No, I feel very happy—I like the quiet.’

“ ‘Oh dear! oh dear!’ said he, with a long groan, ‘what is to become of *me*?’

“Norvins heartily wished he could have replied to the question in the way he would have liked, but said nothing.

“ ‘It’s past eight,’ said he, as he perceived him stealing a look at his watch. ‘Never mind me, if you’ve any appointment—I’ll soon learn to make myself at home here. Perhaps you’d better ring for some more claret however before you go—they don’t know me yet.’

“Edward almost started from his chair at this speech—such a liberty had never before been heard of as to call for more wine; indeed their ordinary habits did not consume half that was placed on the table, but so taken by surprise was he, that he actually rose and rang the bell as he was desired.

“ ‘Some claret, Johann,’ said he with a gulph, as the old butler entered.

“The man started back, and fixed his eyes on the empty decanter.

“ ‘And I say, ancient,’ said Van Halsdt, ‘don’t decant it—you shook the last bottle confoundedly. It’s old wine, and won’t bear that kind of usage.’

“The old man moved away with a deep sigh, and returned in about ten minutes with a bottle from the cellar.

“ ‘Didn’t Providence bless you with two hands, friend?’ said Van Halsdt.—‘Go down for another.’

“ ‘Go, Johann,’ said Norvins, as he saw him hesitate, and not knowing what his refusal might call forth; and then without waiting for further parley, he arose and withdrew.

“Well, thought he, when he was once more alone, if he is a good-looking fellow, and there is no denying *that*, one comfort is, he is a confirmed drunkard. Marguerite will never be able to endure him; for such, in his secret heart, was the reason of his premature dislike and dread of his new companion; and as he strolled along he meditated on the many ways he should be able to contrast his own acquirements with the other’s deficiencies, for such he set them down at once, and gradually reasoned himself into the conviction that the fear of all rivalry from him was mere folly; and that whatever success his handsome face and figure might have elsewhere, that Marguerite was not the girl to be caught by such attractions, when coupled with an unruly temper and an uneducated mind.

“And he was right. Great as his own repugnance was towards him, hers was far greater. She not only avoided him on every occasion, but took pleasure, as it seemed, in marking the cold distance of her manner to him, and contrasting it with her behaviour to others. It is true he appeared to care little for this; and only replied to it by a half impertinent style of familiarity—a kind of jocular intimacy most insulting to a woman, and horribly tantalizing for those to witness, who are attached to her.

“I don’t wish to make my story a long one; nor could I without entering into the details of every-day life, which now became so completely altered. Marguerite and Norvins only met at rare intervals, and then less

to cultivate each other's esteem, than expatiate on the many demerits of him who had estranged them so utterly. All the reports to his discredit that circulated in Frankfort were duly conned over; and though they could lay little to his charge of their own actual knowledge, they only imagined the more, and condemned him accordingly.

"To Norvins he became hourly more insupportable. There was in all his bearing towards him the quiet, measured tone of a superior to an inferior—the patronizing protection of an elder to one younger and less able to defend himself; and which, with the other's consciousness of his many intellectual advantages over him, added double bitterness to the insult. As he never appeared in the bureau of the mission, nor in any way concerned himself with official duties, they rarely met, save at table; there, his appearance was the signal for constraint and reserve—an awkwardness that made itself felt the more, as the author of it seemed to exult in the dismay he created.

"Such, then, was the state of events when Norvins received his nomination as secretary of legation at Stutgardt. The appointment was a surprise to him, he did not even hear of the vacancy. The position, however, and the emoluments were such as to admit of his marrying, and he resolved to ask the baron for his daughter's hand, to which the rank and influence of his own family permitted him to aspire without presumption.

"He gave his willing consent; Marguerite accepted; and the only delay was now caused by the respect for an old Dutch custom, the bride should be at least eighteen, and Marguerite yet wanted three months of that age. This interval Norvins obtained leave to pass at Frankfort; and now, they went about to all public places together as betrothed; paid visits in company, and were recognised by all their acquaintances as engaged to each other.

"Just at this time a French cuirassier regiment marched into garrison in the town—they were on their way to the south of Germany, and only detained in Frankfort to make up their full complement of horses. In this regiment was a young Dutch officer, who once belonged to the same regiment as Van Halsdt, and who was broke by the court-martial for the same quarrel. They had fought twice with swords, and only parted with the dire resolve to finish the affair at the next opportunity. This officer was a man of an inferior class, his family being an obscure one of North Holland, and thus when dismissed the service, had no other resource than to enter the French army, at that time at war with Austria. He was said to be a man of overbearing temper and passion, and it was not likely that the circumstance of his expatriation and disgrace had improved him. However, some pledge Van Halsdt had made to his father, decided him in keeping out of his way. The report ran that he had given a solemn promise never to challenge, nor accept any challenge from him, on any pretext whatsoever. Whatever the promise, certain it was, he left Frankfort the same day the regiment marched into town, and retired to Wiesbaden.

"The circumstance soon became the subject of town gossip, and plenty there were, most willing to attribute Van Halsdt's departure to prudential motives, rather than give so wild a character any credit for filial ones. Several who felt offended at his haughty, supercilious manner, now exulted in this, as it seemed, fall to his pride, and Norvins, unfortunately, fell into the same track, and by many a sly inuendo, and half allusion to his absence, gave greater currency to the report, that his absence was dictated by other considerations than parental respect.

"Through all the chit-chat of the time, Marguerite showed herself

highly indignant at Van Halsdt's conduct. The quiet timid girl, who detested violence, and hated crime in any shape, felt disgusted at the thought of his poltroonery, and could not hear his name mentioned without an expression of contempt. All this delighted Edward. It seemed to be the just retribution on the former insolence of the other, and he longed for his return to Frankfort to witness the thousand slights that awaited him. Such a strange and unaccountable thing is our triumph over others, for the want of those qualities in which we see ourselves deficient. None so loud in decrying dishonesty and fraud, as the man who feels knave in his own heart. Who can censure female frailty like her who has felt its sting in her own conscience: you remember the great traveller, Mungo Park, used to calculate the depth of rivers in Africa, by rolling heavy stones over their banks and watching the air bubbles that mounted to the surface; so oftentimes may you measure the innate sense of a vice, by the execration some censor of morals bestows upon it. Believe me, these heavy chastisements of crime are many times but the cries of awakened conscience. I speak strongly, but I feel deeply on this subject. But to my story:—It was the custom for Marguerite and her lover each evening to visit the theatre, where the minister had a box; and as they were stepping into the carriage one night, as usual, Van Halsdt drove up to the door, and asked if he might accompany them. Of course, a refusal was out of the question—he was a member of the mission—he had done nothing to forfeit his position there, however much he had lost in the estimation of society generally, and they acceded to his request, still with a species of cold courtesy that would, by any other man, have been construed into a refusal.

“As they drove along in silence, the constraint increased at every moment, and had it not been for the long-suppressed feeling of hated rivalry, Norvins could have pitied Van Halsdt as he sat, no longer with his easy smile of self-satisfied indifference, but with a clouded heavy brow, mute and pale. As for Marguerite, her features expressed a species of quiet cold disdain whenever she looked towards him, far more terrible to bear than any thing like an open reproach. Twice or thrice he made an effort to start some topic of conversation, but in vain, his observations were either unrequited to, or met a cold distant assent more chilling still. At length, as if resolved to break through their icy reserve towards him, he asked in a tone of affected indifference—

“‘Any changes in Frankfort, mademoiselle, since I had the pleasure of seeing you last?’

“‘None, sir, that I know of, save that the French cuirassier regiment marched this morning for Baden, of which, however, it is more than probable you are aware already.’

“On each of these latter words she laid an undue stress, fixing her eyes steadfastly on him, and speaking in a slow measured tone. He grew deeply red, almost black for a moment or two, his moustache seemed almost to bristle with the tremulous convulsion that shook his upper lip, then as suddenly he became lividly pale, while the great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, and fell upon his cheek. Not another word was spoken. They soon reached the theatre, when Norvins offered Marguerite his arm. Van Halsdt slowly following them up stairs.

“The play was one of Lessings, and well acted, but somehow Norvins could pay no attention to the performance, his whole soul was occupied by other thoughts. Marguerite appeared to him in a different light from what he had ever seen her; not less to be loved, but altogether different: the staid, placid girl, whose quiet thoughts seemed never to rest on topics

of violent passion or excitement; who fled from the very approach of any thing bordering on overwrought feeling, now appeared carried away by her abhorrence of a man, to the very extreme of hatred, for conduct, which Norvins scarcely thought she should have considered even faulty. If, then, his triumph over Van Halsdt brought any pleasure to his heart, a secret sense of his own deficiency in the very quality for which she condemned him, made him shudder.

"While he reflected thus, his ear was struck with a conversation in the box next his, in which were seated a large party of young men, with two or three ladies, whose air, dress, and manner were, at least, somewhat equivocal.

" 'And so, Alphonse, you succeeded after all?' said a youth, to a large powerful, dark moustached man, whose plain blue frock could not conceal the soldier.

" 'Yes,' replied he, in a deep sonorous voice, "our doctor managed the matter for me—he pronounced me unable to march before to-morrow; he said that my old wound in the arm gave symptoms of uneasiness, and required a little more rest; but, by St. Denis, I see little benefit in the plan after all. This "white feather" has not ventured back, and I must leave in the morning without meeting him.'

"These words, which were spoken somewhat loudly, could be easily heard in any part of the adjoining box, and scarcely were they uttered when Van Halsdt, who sat the entire evening far back, and entirely concealed from view, covered his face with both his hands, and remained in that posture for several minutes. When he withdrew them, the alteration in his countenance was actually fearful. Though his cheeks were pale as death, his eyes were bloodshot, and the lids swelled and congested; his lips, too, were protruded, and trembled like one in an ague, and his clasped hands shook against the chair.

"Norvins would have asked him if he were ill, but was afraid even to speak to him; while again his attention was drawn off by the voices near him.

" 'Not got a bouquet?' said the large man to a lady beside him. 'Pardie, that's too bad. Let me assist you. I perceive that this pretty damsel, who turns her shoulder so disdainfully towards us, makes little use of hers, and so "*avec permission*," mademoiselle!' With that he stood up, and leaning across the division into their box, stretched over his hand and took the bouquet that lay before Marguerite, and handed it to the lady at his side.

"Marguerite started back, as her eyes flashed with offended pride, and then turned them on her lover. He stood up, not to resent the insult, but to offer her his arm to leave the box. She gave him a look—never in a glance was there read such an expression of withering contempt—and, drawing her shawl around her, said in a low voice, 'the carriage.' Before he could open the box door to permit her to pass out, Van Halsdt sprang to the front of the box, and stretched over—then came a crash, a cry, a confused shout of many voices together, and the word '*polisson*,' above all; but hurrying Marguerite along, Norvins hastened down the stairs and assisted her into the carriage. As she took her place, he made a gesture, as if to follow, but she drew the door towards her, and with a shuddering expression—'No'—leaned back, and closed the door. The caleche moved on, and Norvins was alone in the street.

"I shall not attempt to describe the terrific rush of sensations that came crowding on his brain. Coward as he was, he would have braved a hundred deaths rather than endure such agony. He turned towards the

theatre, but his craven spirit seemed to paralyze his very limbs ; he felt as if though his antagonist were before him he would not have had energy to speak to him. Marguerite's look was ever before him—it sank into his inmost soul—it was burning there like a fire, that no memory nor after sorrow should ever quench.

“As he stood thus, an arm was passed hastily through his, and he was led along. It was Van Halsdt, his hat drawn over his brows, and a slight mark of blood upon his cheek. He seemed so overwhelmed with his own sensations as not to be cognizant of his companion's.

“‘I struck him,’ said he, in a thick guttural voice, the very breathings of vengeance, ‘I struck him to my feet.’ It is now *a la mort* between us, and better it should be so at once.’ As he spoke thus he turned towards the Boulevard, instead of the usual way towards the embassy.

“‘We are going wrong,’ said Norvins—‘this leads to the *Breiten gasse*.’

“‘I know it,’ was the brief reply, ‘we must make for the country ; the thing was too public not to excite measures of precaution. We are to rendezvous at Katznach.’

“‘With swords?’

“No. Pistols, *this time*,’ said he, with a fiendish emphasis on the last words.

“They walked on for above an hour, passing through the gate of the town, and reached the open country, each silent and sunk in his own thoughts.

“At a small *cabaret* they procured horses and a guide to Katznach, which was about eleven miles up the mountain. The way was so steep that they were obliged to walk their horses, and frequently to get down and lead them, yet not a word was spoken on either side. Once, only, Norvins asked ‘how he was to get his pistols from Frankfort?’ to which the other answered merely, ‘*they* provide the weapons!’ and they were again silent.

“Norvins was somewhat surprised and offended also, that his companion should have given him so little of his confidence at such a moment ; gladly indeed would he have exchanged his own thoughts for those of any one else, but he left him to ruminate in silence on his unhappy position, and to brood over miseries that every minute seemed to aggravate.

“‘They're coming up the road yonder ; I see them now,’ said Van Halsdt, suddenly, as he aroused the other from a deep train of melancholy thoughts. ‘Ha, how lame he walks,’ cried he with savage exultation.

“In a few minutes the party, consisting of four persons, dismounted from their horses, and entered the little burial-ground beside the chapel. One of them advancing hastily towards Van Halsdt shook him warmly by the hand, and whispered something in his ear. The other replied ; when the first speaker turned towards Norvins, with a look of ineffable scorn, and then passed over to the opposite group. Edward soon perceived that this man was to act as Halsdt's friend ; and though really glad that such an office fell not to his share, was deeply offended on being thus, as it were, passed over. In this state of dogged anger he sat down on a tombstone, and as if having no interest whatever in the whole proceedings, and never once looked towards them.

“He did not notice that the party now took the path towards the wood, nor was he conscious of the flight of time, when suddenly the loud report of two pistols, so close together as to be almost blended, rang through his ears. Then he sprang up, a dreadful pang piercing his bosom ; some ter-

rible sense of guilt he could neither fathom nor explain, flashing across him; at the same instant the brushwood crashed behind him, and Van Halsdt and his companion came out; the former with his eyes glistening and his cheek flushed, the other pale and dreadfully agitated. He nodded towards Edward significantly, and Van Halsdt said—"Yes."

"Before Norvins could conjecture what this meant, the stranger approached him and said—

" 'I am sorry, sir, the sad work of this morning cannot end here; but of course you are prepared to afford my friend the only reparation in your power.'

" 'Me—reparation—what do you mean?—afford whom?

" 'Monsieur van Halsdt,' said he, coolly; and with a slight emphasis of contempt as he spoke.

" 'Monsieur van Halsdt; he never offended *me*—I never insulted, never injured *him*,' said he, trembling at every word.

" 'Never injured *me*!' cried Van Halsdt. 'Is it nothing that you have ruined me for ever—that your cowardice to resent an affront offered to one, who should have been dearer than your life, a hundred times told, should have involved me in a duel with a man I swore never to meet, never to cross swords, nor exchange a shot with? Is it nothing that I am to be disgraced by my king, disinherited by my father—a beggar, an exile at once? Is it nothing, sir, that the oldest name of Friesland is to be blotted from the nobles of his nation? Is it nothing, that for you I should be *what I now am*?'

"The last words were uttered in a voice that made Norvins' very blood run cold; but he could not speak, he could not mutter a word in answer.

" 'What!' said Van Halsdt, in an accent of cutting sarcasm; 'I thought that perhaps in the suddenness of the moment your courage, unprepared for an unexpected call, might not have stood your part; but can it be true that you are a coward? Is this the case?'

"Norvins hung down his head—the sickness of death was on him. The dreadful pause was broken at last; it was Van Halsdt who spoke—

" 'Adieu, sir; I grieve for you. I hope we may never meet again: yet, let me give you a counsel ere we part. There is but one coat men can wear with impunity, when they carry a malevolent and a craven spirit; you can be an ——'

"Monsieur l'Abbé, the dinner is on the table," said a servant, entering at this moment of the story.

"*Ma foi*, and so it is," said he, looking gaily at his watch, as he rose from his chair.

"But, mademoiselle," said I—"what became of her?"

"Ah, Marguerite; she was married to Van Halsdt in less than three months; the cuirassier fortunately recovered from his wounds; the duel was shown to be a thing forced by the stress of consequences. As for Van Halsdt, the king forgave him, as did his father also: he is now ambassador at Naples."

"And the other, Norvins? though I scarcely feel any interest in him."

"I'm sorry for it," said he, laughing; "but won't you move forward?"

With that he made me a polite bow to precede him towards the dinner room, and followed me with the jaunty step and the light gesture of an easy and contented nature.

I need scarcely say that I did not sit next the abbé that day at dinner; on the contrary, I selected the most stupid-looking old man I could find

for my neighbour, hugging myself in the thought that where there is little agreeability, Nature may kindly have given in recompense some traits of honesty, and some vestiges of honour. Indeed, such a disgust did I feel for the amusing features of the pleasantest part of the company—and so inextricably did I connect repartée with rascality, that I trembled at every good thing I heard, and stole away early to bed, resolving never to take sudden fancies to agreeable people as long as I lived—an oath which a long residence in a certain country, that shall be nameless, happily permits me to keep with little temptation to transgress.

The next morning was indeed a brilliant one—the earth refreshed by rain—the verdure more brilliant—the mountain streams grown fuller: all the landscape seemed to shine forth in its gladdest features. I was up and stirring soon after sunrise; and, with all my prejudices against such a means of “lengthening one’s days,” sat at my window actually entranced with the beauty of the scene. Beyond the river there rose a heath-elad mountain, along which misty masses of vapour swept hurriedly, disclosing as they passed some tiny patch of cultivation, struggling for life amid granite rocks and abrupt precipices. As the sun grew stronger, the grey tints became brown, and the brown grew purple, while certain dark lines that tracked their way from summit to base, began to shine like silver, and showed the course of many a mountain torrent, tumbling and splashing towards that little lake that lay calm as a mirror below. Immediately beneath my window was the garden of the chateau: a succession of terraces descending to the very river—the quaint yew hedges, carved into many a strange device—the balustrades half hidden by flowering shrubs and creepers—the marble statues peeping out here and there, trim and orderly as they looked, were a pleasant feature of the picture, and heightened the effect of the desolate grandeur of the distant view. The very swans that sailed about on the oval pond told of habitation and life, just as the broad expanded wing that soared above the mountain peak spoke of the wild region where the eagle was king.

My musings were suddenly brought to a close by a voice on the terrace beneath. It was that of a man who was, evidently from his pace, enjoying his morning’s promenade under the piazza of the chateau, while he hummed a tune to pass away the time:—

“ Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy boys,
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business——

Holloa, there, Francois, ain’t they stirring yet? why, it’s past six o’clock.”

The person addressed was a serving man, who, in the formidable attire of an English groom—in which he was about as much at home as a coronation champion feels in plate armour—was crossing the garden towards the stables.

“ No, sir; the count won’t start before eight.”

“ And when do we breakfast?”

“ At seven, sir.”

“ The devil—another hour—

‘ Why, soldiers, why
Should we be——’

I say, Francois, what horse do they mean for Mademoiselle Laura to-day?”

“ The mare she rode on Wednesday, sir. Mademoiselle liked her very much.”

“ And what have they ordered for the stranger that came the night before last? The gentleman who was robbed——”

"I know, I know, sir; the roan, with the cut on her knee."

"Why, she's a mad one—she's a run-away."

"So she is, sir: but then, monsieur is an Englishman—and the count says he'll soon tame the roan filly."

"Why, soldiers, why," hummed the old colonel, for it was Muddleton himself; and the groom pursued his way without further questioning. Whereupon two thoughts took possession of my brain: one of which was, what peculiar organization it is which makes certain old people who have nothing to do early risers; the other, what offence had I committed to induce the master of the chateau to plot my sudden death.

The former has been a puzzle to me all my life. What a blessing should sleep be to that class of beings who do nothing when awake; how they should covet those drowsy hours that give, as it were, a sanction to indolence; with what anxiety they ought to await the fall of day, as announcing the period when they become the equals of their fellow men; and with what terror they should look forward to the time when the busy world is up and stirring, and their incapacity and slothfulness only become more glaring from contrast. Would not any one say that such people would naturally cultivate sleep as their comforter? Should they not hug their pillow as the friend of their bosom. On the contrary, these are invariably your early risers: every house where I have ever been on a visit has had at least one of these troubled and troublesome spirits; the torment of boots—the horror of housemaids. Their chronic cough forms a duet with the inharmonious crowing of the young cock, who, for lack of better knowledge, proclaims day a full hour before his time. Their creaking shoes are the accompaniment to the scrubbing of brass fenders and the twigging of carpets; the jarring sounds of opening shutters, and the cranking discord of a hall-door chain; their heavy step sounds like a nightmare's tread, through the whole sleeping house; and what is the object of all this? What new fact have they acquired? what difficult question have they solved? whom have they made happier, or wiser, or better? Not Betty, the cook, certainly, whose morning levee of beggars they have most unceremoniously scattered and scared: not Mary, the housemaid, who, unaccustomed to be caught *en déshabille*, is cross the whole day after, though he was "only an elderly gentleman, and wore spectacles:" not Richard, who cleaned their shoes by candle light: nor the venerable butler, who, from shame sake, is up and dressed, but who, still asleep, stands with his corkscrew in his hand, under the vague impression that it is a late supper party.

These people, too, have always a consequential, self-satisfied look about them; they seem to say, as though they knew a "thing or two" others had no wot of: as though the day, more confidential when few were by, told them some capital secrets the sleepers never heard of; and they make this pestilential habit a reason for eating the breakfast of a Cossack, as if the consumption of victuals was a cardinal virtue.

Civilized differs from savage life as much by the regulation of time as by any other feature. I see no objection to your red man, who probably can't go to breakfast till he has caught a bear, being up betimes; but for the gentleman who goes to bed with the conviction that hot rolls and coffee, tea and marmalade, bloaters and honey, ham, muffins, and eggs await him at ten o'clock; for him, I say, these absurd vagabondisms are an insufferable affectation, and a most unwarrantable liberty with the peace and privacy of a household.

Meanwhile old Colonel Muddleton is parading below; and here we must leave him for another "Fragment."

SIX ODES FROM ANACREON.

ODE XVI.

Yes ! *thou* may'st bid thy lofty shell
 To warrior deeds of glory swell ;
 War, too, shall wake this harp of mine,
 But oh, how different war to thine !

It is not hostile bands array'd,
 With glittering helm and gleaming blade—
 Nor troops of horse that fierce assail,
 And o'er my fainting soul prevail.

No ; from an eye of glancing flame
 The dart that pierced my bosom came ;
 Still shaft on shaft resistless speeds,
 And still my heart unceasing bleeds !

ODE XXXIV.

Youthful maid ! divinely fair,
 Fly not thus my hoary brow ;
 Wherefore slight my bosom's prayer—
 Wherefore turn thee from my vow ?

Where yon fragrant garland glows,
 See the lily's snowy beam
 Sparkle by the blushing rose,
 And with brighter radiance gleam !

ODE LV.

Deep on his side in brand of flame
 The courser bears his owner's name ;
 And by their glittering turbans well
 The fiery eastern tribes we tell.
 The lover, too, a token bears,
 That all his bosom's woe declares,
 Within his eyes still lurks imprest
 The pleasing pain that fills his breast !

ODE XLVI.

'Tis painful ne'er with love to glow,
 And painful too its thrill to know ;
 But ah, what pangs *his* soul inflame,
 Who loves in vain, yet loves the same !

Worth, valour, genius win no more
 The smile of woman as of yore :
 At Mammon's shrine adoring laid,
 'Tis *there* their fondest sighs are paid

Oh, be that sordid slave occurst,
 Who love of gold promoted first !
 Detested gold ! before whose fires
 The sigh of heaven-born love expires.

Its influence severs friendship's ties,
 And wars and murders hence arise ;
 But sadder still, in slow decay
 It wastes the lover's heart away !

ODE XXVIII.

Best of painters ! for thy task,
 Now thy utmost skill I ask.
 Mighty lord of Rhodian art,
 Paint the maid that rules my heart :
 Though alas ! a dreary space
 Parts her from my warm embrace,
 Mem'ry true can still portray
 Every charm, though far away.
 First, her locks that unconfined
 Wildly woo the wanton wind,
 Paint in jetty beauty gleaming,
 Soft as when the dawn is beaming ;
 And if all thy heavenly skill
 Can such added grace instil,
 Ev'ry tress of sunny hue
 With a perfume sweet imbue !
 Next, beneath her raven hair
 Let her forehead, soft and fair,
 In its pure and paly snow,
 Spotless as the ivory glow.
 Let her glossy eyebrows bright
 Neither blend nor disunite,
 But above her smiling eyes
 In a gentle curve arise ;
 Then her glance of fire imbue
 With Minerva's azure hue,
 And the liquid rays that shine
 In Cythera's eye divine :
 For her downy cheek and nose,
 Blend with milk the orient rose.
 Let her lip, persuasion's self,
 Court the kiss's daring stealth—
 Pouting mild, seductive sueing,
 Love's delicious pressure wooing,
 Softly beaming on the view,
 'Neath her chin of tender hue.
 Let the sportive Graces play
 Round her neck of marble ray.
 Paint me then the glorious maid,
 Bright in purple vest arrayed.
 There her form divinely glowing,
 Through her garment partly showing—
 Cease ! 'tis she ! my love ! my own !
 Soon thou'lt hear her voice's tone !

ODE L.

Oft when my musing soul surveys
 Th' heroic deeds of former days,
 While glory's fleeting dreams inspire,
 With glowing breast I seize my lyre,
 And trembling touch the quiv'ring string,
 Some godlike hero's deeds to sing ;
 But swift as air the vision flies,
 When sweet its swelling tones arise.
 " Enthusiast wild !" they seem to say,
 " Ah ! chace th' aspiring thought away :
 The mightiest of the sons of fame
 In vain our gentle song must claim—
 Whose softest sigh, whose tend'rest tone,
 But echoes love, and love alone !"
 " Oh, yet, my harp, *one* effort more,
 Ere all my soul's high dreams are o'er !"
 With new-strung chords, in hope again,
 I wake a more exalted strain—
 Alcides' deathless deeds to sing ;
 But love responds from every string—
 Farewell, ye hopes, whose beamings mild
 The thoughtless son of song beguil'd !
 Ye heaven-born heroes, all adieu !
 No more such dazzling themes I woo :
 Let loftier bards your praises own—
 And thou, my harp, sing love alone.

F. L. S.

THE MAIDEN'S SPIRIT TO HER SLEEPING LOVER.

SLEEP on, sleep on—less bright and dear
 Are the friends who hang o'er thy slumbers here
 Than the watch of thy spirit-love.
 Thou wouldst sleep for *aye* could thy soul divine,
 The task to guard thy couch *was mine*,
 Sent from the realms above.

Sleep on, sleep on—for thy young heart's dreams
 Are bright as the sunset's golden beams,
 Thrown o'er a summer sky.
 No heartless sounds of a mortal throng
 Shall reach thee—but of smiles and song
 Dream when *I* am nigh !

Dream on, dream on, not of Pleasure's lure,
 But the love I bore thee, deep and pure,
 When chained in my bonds of earth.
 We shall *love again*, but in sunny skies,
 Where Death's unerring dart ne'er flies,
 To chill it in its birth !

Dream on, dream on of the happy land
 Will greet thee soon, and the sister band
 Of friends we loved below.
 Not long, not long o'er thy slumbers deep
 Shall thy spirit-love her vigils keep
 In this scene of human woe!

Dream on, dream on—for thy altered cheek
 And wasted form of suffering speak,
 Will snap thy life's frail thread!
Then will my guardian task be done,
 And our souls be joined, thou faithful one!
 Though numbered with *the dead*!
S. A. J.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

RAISE, raise me now—let my fading gaze
 Dwell on the scenes of my boyhood's days,
 Ere I flee to my home of rest.
 Oh! while I slept my soul was there—
 For Earth's dark memories, grief and care,
 Dwell not in isles of the blest!

Methought I rose to the glorious sky—
 And visions of light were floating by,
 And a soft voice breathed *my name*.
 I *knew* those tones, and I could not move,
 For the seraph form of my earthly love
 Before me slowly came!

Her smile was hope—and she o'er me bent
 With a gaze so earnest—eloquent,
 I *felt* I soon should die.
 She spoke not then, but her fond looks told
 Of remembered love in days of old,
 Ere she sought her native sky!

'Tis bliss to know when life is o'er,
 That fond hearts meet to part *no more*
 In a pure and holy sphere.
 I'm dying now, and darkness dwells
 On my wearied eye—death's sullen bells
 Toll in my troubled ear.

There's something flits around me now,
 With angel form and radiant brow,
 'Twill guide my spirit *home*.
 Earth, and thy lovely scenes, adieu!
 Heav'n is bursting on my view—
 Beloved, I come, I come!

S. A. J.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—HENRI BEYLE (DE STENDHAL.)

BY MRS. DALKRITH HOLMES.

It was on the 22nd of March of last year, 1842, that Henri Beyle died suddenly in Paris, at fifty-nine years of age. Author of some of the best works extant on Italy and the arts, a clever novelist, and shrewd observer, he leaves a reputation high among men of letters, which we believe will not die, but is unlikely to attain a wider range, from the very nature of his talent, and from the pains he took to confer on each fresh appearing volume a different paternity. Saving in literary circles, his death was scarcely noticed at the time it occurred. A *feuilleton* of the *National* singly protested against the careless silence of the public towards the man who, having amused and instructed, bade them this abrupt farewell.

Giving the word its high and true signification, there is little real criticism (written criticism) in France. It is to be found, keen and polished, in the conversation of a Parisian salon; the reviews afford none which may bear comparison with that which made the fame of the *Edinburgh and Quarterly*, whose contributors chose this department because competent to fill the rest. In their pages devoted to this branch we have found, with few exceptions, either that an over-friendly feeling, fearing to damn an author with faint praise, smothered him in a treacle bath; or that party spirit and perhaps personal dislike, had placed a rod in the hands of some small unknown, who, fancying it a club, dealt blows at those who stood above his reach, believing he could knock them down withal.

Beyle may lay to his own charge that, notwithstanding his merit, and the value set on him by competent judges, and his having contributed to the literature of both France and England, his name has no farther echo. In his pictures of Italian character, he has not been equalled. His personages are not French ladies and gentlemen, distinguished by names which terminate in *i* or *o*, but Italians under their

own sky and sun, excluded from public affairs, and their discussion, with their passions strengthened by lack of vent, and energies which desolate in private, because debarred from being of public utility—to attain happiness in this world, satisfying these passions as far as possible, and to whatever they may tend; to be saved in the next—fulfilling the outward forms of religion. It is almost impossible for a foreigner to pierce the invisible wall which surrounds Italian society. If the stranger enter, the inmates change, and a casual comer may leave his entertainers ignorant of them as he arrived. The state of the police, the fear of committing themselves in presence of one unknown to them—the absorbing effects of some love or vengeance—ruling passion of the time—undistracted by outward events, in which they have no share, and must show no interest, may well cause this reserve; but Beyle, residing at Milan, had peculiar advantages; his intimate friends were Italians, who could and would draw the curtain. We have heard them say no foreigner ever knew Italy so well. He forces his readers to thought—a penalty some dislike to pay, his works may require a previous education of the mind—a demand many cannot grant: by the contemptuous dislike with which he speaks of his own countrymen, he has indisposed them for an audience; he wants connexion of ideas, and is most fatiguing to the reader from the bounds he must make mentally to follow from sentence to sentence; he has no charm of style; his sentences, never empty, take a sharp and abrupt tone from his horror of a feeble idea expressed by a sounding word; dissecting character with what he believes precision, he sometimes oversteps the truth and fails to solve the whole mystery of the human being, because he will imagine nothing, and believes that laying bare the nerve, he can touch the life. He is abrupt, from his often expressed love of the unfore-

seen and unprepared; as he calls it, the *Imprevu*; like a boy in a forest, untired while exploring, but growing weary in the straight avenue, with its shorn grass and cold statues. An admirer of Italian enthusiasm, opposed to what he calls the cold vanity, the passionless mockery, the cowardly susceptibility of his countrymen, his own susceptibility is never asleep, his own irony is always in action; he places the iron mask of the latter before his strong feeling, because he fears to yield to its expression too long; and deprecates the dread of ridicule, because, most of all, he suffers from it. He seldom paints a character so lofty, that the succeeding chapters do not lay it in the dust; his fault lies in an apparent denial to humanity of her nobler attributes. With the young, whom he would disappoint, and the old, whom he would not console, Beyle is not likely to be popular; he is better fitted for the meridian of life, when men have been taught analysis, and while they can still bear it; and he will have admirers rather than the enthusiasts who are as captives chained to the car of the conqueror.

His first work, published in 1817, "Haydn, Mozart, Metastasio," signed Bombet, (a name he adopted, among others, Stendhal, Lagenevais, Visconte, &c.) was favourably reviewed by the "Quarterly." It is not our intention to recommence what has been ably performed, or in this instance to do more than remark on the eccentricity of the author. The whole of the portion concerning Haydn was translated from the work of an Italian, of the name of Carpani, a fact to which Beyle made no allusion on his title-page. Assuredly no man needed less to defraud another; and Carpani, being alive, and entering his protest against this appropriation, nothing could be so vain as its defence, which, however, Beyle chose to execute in the "Journal des Debats." His more important works, "l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," "Rome, Naples, et Florence," "Promenades dans Rome," "La Vie de Rossini," "L'Abbesse de Castro," "La Chartreuse de Parme," with tales and chronicles inserted in the reviews, have, we believe, remained unnoticed in our own country. His biography is so interwoven with his works, in most of which it is his pleasure to appear

often through a softening medium, that it will be interesting to recall some of its circumstances. There exists here no reason for silence, his career is closed. His family was respectable—his grandfather a physician. He was born at Grenoble, in 1783, and carefully educated at the central school of the department of the Isère, where he bore away suffrages and prizes, as a boy. As, about this time all youthful heads were turned by the Lieutenant of Artillery become first Consul, Beyle was a candidate, but an unsuccessful one, to enter the Polytechnic School. Count Daru, his distant relation, obtained for him a cornet's commission in a dragoon regiment, and his first campaign was made in Italy; but that he was present at Marengo, which he allowed to be believed, is more than doubtful. He was even reminded by an early friend that at that particular date of time, they were certainly together, and elsewhere, to which he replied—"Humph, humph, you mistake—c'est un beau debut dans le monde que Marengo." Become aide-de camp to General Michaud, and soon weary of a military career, he sent in his resignation, when during the short peace of 1803 he could do so honorably; turning from it to what was the serious folly of his whole life—for he fell in love. The object of this passion was an actress, whom he followed to Marseilles, becoming, for her sake, clerk in a mercantile house; it was however of brief duration—and, recalled to the service by Count Daru, he was named *adjoint commissaire de guerre*; in 1806, he went to Prussia, and was named at Brunswick *Intendant des domaines de l'Empereur*. He pretended to great talents for administration, they being feeble in reality; but he proved good feeling and probity, for, having received eight millions from a transaction expected to produce but four, he did *not* with the overplus make his own fortune. The campaign of 1809 came to lure him from Brunswick; he followed the Wagram army attached to the *Intendance generale*, under Count Daru, and was thus really present at the funeral of poor Haydn, to whose feeble old age the sound of the invading cannon had been a knell.

It was during this campaign that, left behind with the sick and provision stores, in a little town whose garrison

was judged more necessary elsewhere, Beyle's courage and presence of mind saved both. That part of the country was ill-affected towards the French, and waited but an opportunity to make its disposition felt. The garrison had scarcely quitted the town when the tocsin sounded, and the population rose to massacre the sick and burn the stores. The officers, unsupported by troops, knew not what part to act. The avenues of the hospital were crowded, and cries of death rang from them, when Beyle, at the peril of his life, made his way through these streets, and penetrated into the building. Sick and wounded—all who could stand upright, he made rise from their beds, and arm. Such as could not stir, he placed in ambuscade at the windows; of the rest formed a platoon, opened the doors, and led a sortie; at the first discharge the mob fled. After the campaign of Prussia and Poland, he was named *Auditeur au conseil d'état* and *Inspecteur du Garde Meuble de la Couronne*. In 1812, he made the Russian campaign, surviving the retreat from Moscow. Arriving before the troops at Kiemberg, he was so famished and weary that to obtain sufficient food and rest seemed impossible. "I ate an omelette, and slept an hour," said Beyle, talking over his return,—“I ate another, and slept an hour more, waking to eat again, and following my meal by another hour of rest, and so on through eight and forty.” Crossing the river, and having nearly reached the shore, the ice cracked and yielded beneath the sledge, but for a vigorous effort of his horse, he would have perished. The disasters of this retreat so impressed themselves on his imagination, that he said long afterwards, the sight of the Swiss mountains awoke in him a feeling of pain; since the campaign of Russia, he had quarrelled with snow, not from the memory of his own perils, but the spectacle of horrible suffering which excited no pity. This was not surprising from a man who had seen at Wilna, holes in the hospital walls stuffed with frozen portions of human bodies. It was in Prussia, during the campaign of 1813, that the famous Gall cured him, with some iron pills, of an obstinate fever which had preyed on him for six months. The phrenologist felt his skull, and said to him—“You

have faith in nothing, not even in Friday. At the commencement of the year 1814, he was sent to Grenoble to calm the public effervescence, in company with the Senator St. Vallier. His vanity inclining him to a noble ancestry, he wrote *de* before his name, and the wits of the town addressed to him letters, “à Monsieur *de* Beyle, fils de Monsieur Beyle.” Returned to Paris after the invasion of the allies, weary of political changes, with eighteen thousand francs in his pocket-book, he thought his treasure unbounded. He went to Milan, and remained there three years, having fallen in love with Madame —, and seriously submitted during this long period to an amusing tyranny she seriously practised; at one time affecting a fear of being compromised, the lady commanded him to imprison himself in his own house for a space of three months—an order he strictly obeyed, producing his “Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio;” at others she exiled him to Venice, Turin, &c., always for stated periods. His “Rome, Naples, and Florence” was composed during these absences; it proves that his thoughts were most in Milan. In his confidence and its requital he reminds us of Alfieri. To forget this faithless lady, Beyle fled to Paris, but succeeded so ill as to feel remaining there impossible. He returned to Milan, but the intimacy was not renewed. From 1818 to 1821, travelling over Italy, he mingled in all the carbonari societies, though never of the first rank. His indiscretion and loquacity were too well known. He was still so far suspected as to leave Milan on the invitation of the police, after the events of '21, which thus brought him to settle in Paris, and occasioned his visits to France and England. His father died. He had expected to inherit an income of fifteen thousand francs, and *seven francs*, expenses paid, formed the bulk of his capital. Obligated to work, and applying for places never obtained, because his applications were never properly followed up, he entered into an arrangement with Mr. Colburn, the bookseller, and for some time furnished him with monthly articles for his magazine, for the most part bearing on French literature and the gossip of the day, and inspired in the Delecluze circle, which,

during twelve years, met every week, and was composed of Paul Louis Courier, Duvergier de Hauranne, Duchatel, Remusat, Jouffroy, &c., some of whom became ministers, peers, and deputies, after 1830. The "*Revue Britannique*," believing these articles to originate where they appeared, in the "*Athenæum*" and "*New Monthly*," retranslated them; except the few confidants initiated in Beyle's secrets, no one in Paris knew their author. In 1828 he quietly and systematically made arrangements for suicide; wrote his will, and gave away his books. The cause of this fit of despair was not perfectly known, though it might be traced to the two grievances of his life—money embarrassments and a love affair. In this case the lady offered her friendship very frankly, but nothing more. The revolution of July brought joy with it to Beyle. "That ball," said he, pointing where a shop-front was struck by one—"that ball sends me to Italy;" and in truth he was named consul to Trieste; and the Exequator refused by Metternich, on account of his attacks on Austria; his destination changed to Civita Vecchia, whither he went very little, taking up his abode in Rome. In 1836, having granted himself leave of absence, he came to Paris. One night at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe said to him, "Apropos, Monsieur Beyle, remember you are consul at Civita Vecchia." Tired of his consulship, he determined on becoming a journalist, but abandoned this idea and returned to Rome in 1838. One day he was seized with sudden sadness, but which lasted long—he had remembered he was fifty-six years old, that four years would bring *sixty*. This melancholy took strange hold of him—perhaps he foresaw his coming end. In 1840, he was first attacked with apoplexy; in 1842, he returned on leave to Paris. His speech was affected, and his mind had received a shock, for his last works are flat and stale. He did not attain the dreaded age of sixty, for his third fit of apoplexy seized him in April, 1842, and he died at fifty-nine. As a man, his picture is a curious one, for he was made up of contradictions. All his life seriously in love, he affected the levity of a flippant personage—a *bonnes fortunes*; ever praising Italian sim-

plicity, as contrasted with the vanity of France, he was vain himself, as a marquis of the eighteenth century; pretending republicanism and love of equality, he wrote *de* before his name, which he called 'flinging dust in fools' eyes;' adoring Buonaparte, he was an ultra-liberal; printing in his works that a monument would one day be raised on the spot where the great man disembarked from Elba, himself an officer of the imperial household, failed to return to his post in 1815, bound as he was at Milan in other chains. If he prosecuted his trade of author, it was as an amateur, since for the writer who was nothing beside, he expressed a contempt worthy the noble of former days. He chose to write, and write well, but not too well, since he might thus have been confounded with people of the profession, academicians, &c., with whom he had no sympathies. Affecting displeasure when his works were mentioned, he smiled to hear them criticized; perhaps some of the smile might have signified contempt, and part of the annoyance have been real. He had said that each writer setting down what seemed to him true, and giving his neighbour the lie, he saw in the books of his day only so many lottery tickets, having really no more value; posterity forgetting some and reprinting others, would show the winning numbers. A votary of gaiety, and advocate for an independent life, his wit was at times original and acute; at others, gross and libertine—recalling his dragoon life. Gentle and indulgent, biting and caustic, according to the whim of the hour, he had no stability of purpose or consistency of action. He hated the word 'duty,' and apropos of this word, aimed at England some of those epigrams which very much resemble praise, such as—"In England this terrible *duty* appears, in the course of one hundred and fifty actions, perhaps one hundred and twenty times." He died the death he would have chosen as happiest, since prompt and unexpected. His vanity, which was extreme, turned not on the advantages he really possessed, but on his talents for administration, which were null, and on his successes with the fair sex, which were problematic. His appearance and manner were not such as persuade, for he was of coarse, and almost com-

mon appearance, having the short, stout frame, which predicted the death he died. He never could comprehend business, even of the simplest nature, and at times confiding as a child, he was at others suspicious past all conception. Joined one day by a friend, in his hotel at Lyons, he was found in a state of great agitation, exclaiming he would marry directly, and his motive for a sudden resolution, not at all compatible with his ideas of freedom, was, that he had been robbed, that a wife would make a list and take care of his linen. His friend asked "what he had lost?" but this he did not know—he missed nothing—his port-manteau felt lighter; the imaginary difference of weight was to him convincing, and as nothing farther could be found to prove the theft, so all arguments failed to show it had not been committed. Driving away all melancholy ideas, he fled the society of men of his own standing, frequenting that of the young, who often laughed at him, since his manner and conversation agreed so ill with his age and appearance. In his publications he was careless beyond belief. The first part of the "*Abbesse de Castro*" printed, his publisher sent for the conclusion;—it was lost, and what was worse, forgotten. Beyle wrote it a second time; when it was before the public, finding the other, which seemed to his sorrow the best. His volumes are crowded with typographical mistakes, since, fearing the sound of his feigned name, perhaps, lest a hiss should mingle with it, he escaped from proof-sheets and printers to distant hiding-places. He averred that he made use of these imaginary signatures to put at fault the police of Europe; persuaded that it was always on his track, and seeing spies everywhere. One of the despairs of his life arose from his belief that some rival in a lady's favour had made him, in 1820, pass for a secret agent of France. He had some real friends, who clung to him through life—but they were few. He did not resist a jest or a sarcasm, and they fell away before them. He wrote his life, year by year, with suppositious names and false dates of place and time; the journal of 1806 (never published) contains a circumstantial detail of his love for Madame D——; the commence-

ment, the course, and conclusion of this amour, which, according to the journal, was very fortunate; but here follows a note written on the margin, and dated 1819:—

"I doubtless told myself this story to amuse me at the time—not a word of it is true."

It would seem that the following note was given by Beyle to a friend, in 1838; this time he adopted the name of Darlincourt:—

"To console himself for the misfortune of selling his horses, May, 1814, Monsieur Darlincourt wrote the life of Haydn, Mozart, and Metastasio. He was really present at Haydn's funeral at Vienna, in 1809—he went with Monsieur Denon. This first work is imitated in part from an Italian biography of Haydn, and was translated into English.

"In 1817, Monsieur Darlincourt published two volumes of the '*History of Painting in Italy*,' which had no success, and cost him four thousand francs at Didot's. At this time, Monsieur Darlincourt did not even know the advantages of '*camaraderie*,' he would have held them in horror. A friend inserted in the '*Debats*' an article in praise of the '*History of Painting in Italy*;' the next day the same newspaper retracted it. The two volumes were the fruit of three years' study; the '*Picturesque History of Florence*' was written in Florence; that of '*Rome*' in Rome, and so elsewhere.

"In 1817, Monsieur Darlincourt published '*Rome*,' '*Naples*,' and '*Florence*;' the manuscript had been written for his friends, and with no idea of printing. It was successful; and the '*History of Painting*,' copied and recopied seventeen times, was read by nobody.

"In 1822, Monsieur Darlincourt, still a stranger to intrigue, had great trouble in finding a bookseller who would charge himself gratuitously with the manuscript of '*l'Amour*.' This bookseller said to him, at the end of the month—"Your book, sir, is like the psalms of Monsieur de Pompignan, of which it was said—"Sacred they are, for no one touches them."

"In 1823, came out the '*Life of Rossini*,' which sold well;—the only one of Monsieur D.'s works at once received in good society.

"In 1823-24 he published '*Racine and Shakespeare*,' which had great success, and piqued Lord Byron.

"In 1829, '*Promenades dans Rome*.'

"In 1830, 'Rouge et Noir,' and some articles in the reviews, with signatures dictated by prudence; a notice on Lord Byron in the work of Madame Belloc."

The contradiction in the "Debats" we understand to have been inserted by Beyle himself—the unsold edition of "l'Amour" went as ballast in a vessel to America. Beyle's distaste to his own country is no where more strongly marked than in these volumes, "De l'Amour," which, treating of many subjects beside, contain some of his best as well as his feeblest pages. The process of falling in love he chooses, most originally, to compare to the flinging a dead branch into the depths of the mines of Saltzbourg; in the course of some time you may draw it forth so covered with crystallizations that the primitive bough cannot be recognised. In this manner the image of lady or gentleman lodged in the brain becomes invested with all manner of sparkling perfections, belonging not to itself, but its dwelling-place. He goes on to consider gravely this natural phenomenon, which he denominates crystallization. He denies to France the existence of love as a passion, as he has elsewhere denied her genius, conceding more kindness and talent, generally diffused, than elsewhere. From among his serious or witty pages we extract a part of his judgment pronounced on his countrymen. That he knew them well, they will not deny; he has treated them severely. His view of them is that of a face in a magnifying mirror, where the defects which really exist are made so prominent as to become unnatural, and the charm which neutralizes them disappears in their shadow.

"The tone of good society is, to treat all serious interests with irony. For a Frenchman to be seen admiring, that is to say, inferior, not only to what he admires (that might pass), but also to his neighbour, if that neighbour should choose to sneer, is a situation against nature. A Frenchman believes himself the most unhappy of men, and ridiculous besides, if obliged to pass his time alone. Where is passion without solitude? An impassioned man thinks only of himself, a vain one only of others, the neighbour is all in all to him. It is easy to understand what effect habits of mind (which, to speak truth, are losing strength daily), but will

cling to the French at least a century more, must exercise on the passions. I think I see a man throwing himself out of the window, and trying all the while to arrange a graceful posture wherewithal to arrive on the pavement. The happiness of Italy, as also to a certain degree that of England and Germany, consists in following the inspiration of the moment: in France, a man asks himself, 'What idea will my neighbour form of my happiness?' That caused by feeling cannot be an object of vanity, because invisible; and therefore France is the country of the world in which there are fewest love matches."

Farther on we find an essay on female education as it exists in France; with most of the opinions we cannot but coincide. Deploring ignorance, he deprecates authorship in women. We may think with him, chiefly because the time of a woman who has a family may be spent far better. Those who depreciate women, and would prove their inferiority by that of their productions in art or science, may, perhaps forget, besides the disadvantages of their youth, how much talent may go to a far more important work, and how many men of merit may have been made, or confirmed such, by the early bent given to the mind by a clever mother.

"By the education now given," says Beyle, "we leave idle their best faculties, those which would produce most happiness to them and to ourselves. It should be remembered, that in case of the husband's death, they are called on to govern a young family, and give their male children (the young tyrants of the future) that first training which forms the character and teaches to seek happiness, by such a route, rather than by such another—a settled thing at four or five. If the change I would require demands several centuries, it is because by an unhappy fatality, all first experiments necessarily contradict the truth. Enlighten a young girl's mind, form her character, give her, in short, a good education in the true sense of the word, sooner or later, feeling her superiority over other women, she becomes a pedant, that is to say, the most disagreeable of beings. There are none of you who would not prefer a servant to a learned wife. Plant a young tree in the midst of a close forest, its neighbours, depriving it of air and sun, its leaves will be sickly and pale—it will take an ungraceful form which is not

that of nature; the whole forest must be planted at once. Where is the woman proud of knowing how to read? For two thousand years pedants have repeated to us that women have livelier wit, and men more solidity of judgment; that women have more delicacy of idea, and men more power of attention. A Paris citizen walking in the gardens of Versailles likewise concluded from all he saw that trees grew shorn.

"A woman of thirty, in France, has not the acquired knowledge of a boy of fifteen, nor a woman of fifty the practical sense of a man of five and twenty. It is said that if women read with pleasure the ten or twelve good volumes which come out yearly in Europe they will abandon the care of their children. It is as though we feared by planting trees on the sea shore to impede the motion of the waves. During the last four hundred years the same objection has been made to all kinds of education; and not only now, in 1820, is a Parisian woman more virtuous than she was in 1720, the time of the Regent and the system of Law, but the daughter of the richest 'fermier general' of that time received an education inferior to that of the humblest lawyer of our day. Are household affairs less cared for? Certainly not, since poverty, illness, shame, instinct, force to their fulfilment. We might as well say of an officer, becoming too agreeable, that he will soon not know how to ride, forgetting he will break his arm the first time he takes that liberty. The acquisition of ideas produces on both sexes the same good and evil effects—vanity will never be wanting even in a complete absence of all that justifies it. See the inhabitants of a little town. The half witted, led on by the revolution, which changes every thing in France, have confessed within twenty years that women may do something, but that they should choose occupations fitted to their sex, such as, rearing flowers, forming a herbal, or hatching canary birds—what are called innocent pleasures. Could we seriously require that Madame Roland or Mistress Hutchinson should spend their time in rearing a rose tree? You say, '*Women would be the rivals of men, not their companions.*' Not till you have suppressed love by an edict. The desire of pleasing will for ever place modesty, delicacy, all feminine graces beyond the reach of education. It is as though you feared to teach nightingales not to sing in spring time. The grace of women does not belong to their ignorance. See the worthy spouses of your village citizens, or the wives of rich English shopkeepers. '*A woman*

should never make herself talked of.' I reply again, where is one cited because she can read? and what prevents them from concealing the study which makes their habitual occupation, and each day furnishes them with a reasonable ratio of happiness? There is none without labour; and perhaps fifty thousand women in France are dispensed from all labour by their fortunes. '*The true sphere for a woman is a sick chamber.*' Do you reckon on obtaining from Divine Goodness a multiplication of diseases that our women may be occupied? '*You would make a woman an author.*' Exactly as you propose that your daughter should be an opera singer when she takes music lessons. If a woman writes it should be some work to be published after her death; to publish under fifty, is to place her happiness on the most terrible of lotteries; if she have a lover, she will commence by losing him. The present female education, being the greatest absurdity of modern Europe, a woman rises in value according as she is wanting in it. In the two sexes the fate of old age depends on the employment of youth; this is earlier felt by women. How is one of forty-five received in society? Judged severely, and beneath her merit; flattered at twenty—abandoned at forty. Where is the man happy enough to be able to communicate his thoughts as they rise to the woman with whom he passes his life? He finds a kind heart which shares his griefs; but he is always obliged to put his ideas in small change if he means to be understood, and it would be ridiculous to expect reasonable advice from an understanding which, to seize objects, must have them subjected to such a regimen. She, who according to received ideas is most perfect, leaves her partner isolated in the dangers of life, and soon risks to weary him. One of the highest prerogatives of talent is, that it brings honour to old age. As to women, poor things, as soon as they have lost the brilliancy of youth, their sole and mournful happiness lies in their power of deceiving themselves as to the place they fill in society. The remains of youthful accomplishments are merely ludicrous; it would be happy for them to die at fifty. I would give to young girls, as far as possible, the same education as to boys. I would have them learn Latin, history, and mathematics, the knowledge of plants useful for food or cure, logic, and moral sciences. The more sense acquired, the more it becomes obvious that justice is the only road to felicity. Genius is a power, but still more is it a flambeau to light to the great art of being happy."

In all Beyle's works he reproduces his theory of happiness, the same idea recurring to contrast France, where men are happy and unhappy only through vanity, therefore inapt for the fine arts, and incapable of enthusiasm, with a country where vanity is excluded by passion. We do not agree with him in admiring energy for its own sake; it needs an admirable cause, or it tends to excesses, as in the misruled and unenlightened land where the only uncommon violence seems to be suicide. We confess, notwithstanding Beyle's epigrams, that when he asserts that we may find during an evening passed in a Paris drawing-room, two or three new ideas, but not one absorbing passion, and exactly the reverse in Italy, we think the advantage on the side of France. We see him inclined to excuse a bad government, because "more favourable to this very energy than the wiser rule of England and France;" in short, he will pardon any thing on the plea of its being an introduction to the fine arts, "which live," he says, "on the passions." He seems to forget that ill effects, working on the mass, and the stimulus on the few, it would be unsafe to form or avoid a legislation on the chance of reproducing Benvenuto Cellini or Salvator Rosa.

Ere we lay down the volumes "*De l'Amour*," we may extract from them a circumstance of which Beyle was witness during his soldier-life. It will serve to show how little charm he found in his theory when he saw it put in practice.

"In Piedmont (he writes) I became the involuntary witness of a fact nearly similar, but at the time I was ignorant of the details which afterwards came to my knowledge. I was sent with five and twenty dragoons to the woods which skirt the Sesia, to put a stop to some smuggling practices carried on there. Arriving at nightfall in this wild and deserted place, I perceived among the trees, what I believed to be the ruins of a chateau, but approaching, I saw to my surprise that it was inhabited. I found there a nobleman, its owner, a man about forty years old, who was six feet high, and had a sinister expression of countenance. He yielded me two rooms, murmuring at the necessity. I was fond of music, and used to practise there with my *marechal des logis*. Several days had passed ere we discovered that our

host kept guard over a woman, whom in jest we called Camilla, little suspecting the terrible truth. She died in six weeks. A melancholy curiosity led me to see her in her coffin. I paid a monk who watched by her corpse, and at midnight, under pretext of sprinkling it with holy water, he conducted me into the chapel. I found one of those superb heads which are beautiful even in death. The nose was finely formed, and the contour of countenance had something noble and tender which I shall never forget. I quitted the fatal place; but five years after, a detachment of my regiment accompanying the emperor to his coronation as king of Italy, the whole story was told to me. The jealous husband, Count —, had found one morning, suspended above his wife's bed, an English watch belonging to a young man who lived in the little town they then inhabited. That same day he removed her to the ruined house in the midst of the woods of Sesia. He never pronounced a word in her presence, but in answer to her prayers held forth coldly and silently the little watch which he always wore. He passed in this manner nearly three years alone with her. She died at last of despair, in the very flower of her age. Her husband attempted to stab the owner of the watch—missed him, and went to Genoa—embarked there, and was never heard of again. His heirs divided his property."

The "*Life of Rossini*," which was, as Beyle wrote, his only work at once favourably received in good society, had beside its merit as musical criticism, that of being an exceedingly amusing biography. It was written when Rossini's fame was at the highest, and deserved confidence, as Beyle says in his preface, because its author had inhabited, eight or ten years, the towns where Rossini's operas were composed and played. Besides, he knew him personally. With his usual sneer at his countrymen, he adds, that the book had been written for England, but a school for music he saw near the Place Beauveau had given its author the audacity to publish in France. As in his volumes "*De l'Amour*" he had denied it to his countrymen, so in these he asserts their incapacity to feel music, still from the same causes. He says that one only class in France, as if to console national dignity, has remained so motionless that it may proudly decline the fatal weathercock which crowns many heads—the public of the opera! We read with pleasure

his History of Music in Italy, the comparison admirably drawn between Cimarosa, Mozart, and Rossini—deploring however the love of paradox which makes him find resemblance between the productions of Mozart and Raphael, Rossini and Voltaire, afterwards of Rossini and Walter Scott.

Beyle explains the musical superiority of Italy. The following remarks are amusingly interspersed with his judgment of England and France.

“In France the painter and the musician find the place of all the passions filled by the fear of being wanting in propriety, or by the project of issuing forth a happy calembourg. In England pride and religion present themselves as foes to the fine arts. The passions in the upper classes are kept down by the suffering timidity, which is but one of the forms of pride, and are extinguished elsewhere by the horrible necessity of consecrating fifteen hours of each day to some close and severe toil, on pain of wanting bread and dying in the street. In Italy the child is nursed to music—not exactly that of Malbrook. Beneath a burning sky, a pitiless tyranny, joy or despair are more naturally expressed by song than in a letter. Conversation turns only on music—men dare have an opinion, and express it warmly and frankly, only on music. They read and write but one thing—satirical sonnets in the dialect of their province, against the governor of the town; and the governor at the first opportunity sends to prison all the poets of the place. This is true to the letter. I could write fifty names, if prudence permitted me. To recite the burlesque sonnet which ridicules the governor or the sovereign, is much less dangerous than to discuss a political principle or a trait of history. The abbé, who holds the office of spy, being of the drollest ignorance, if he repeat to the head of the police—generally a clever man, and a renegade from the liberal party—any piece of reasoning which can stand alone, and has an appearance of common sense, it is evident to the police that the spy is not guilty of calumny. The prefet sends for you, and says gravely—‘You declare war against my master’s government, they *fish ideas in what you say*.’ To recite the satirical sonnet in fashion is, on the contrary, a sin of which all may be guilty, or any be accused calumniously—it does not pass the known powers of the spy.”

The avoidance of what may by possibility be considered an allusion is

amusingly shown in the following anecdote:—

“I was, some years since (in 1816), in one of the largest towns in Lombardy, where some rich amateurs had got up a theatre with all possible luxury, and purposed to celebrate the arrival of the Princess Beatrice of Este, mother-in-law to the Emperor Francis. They had composed a new opera in her honour, words and music, this being the greatest compliment which can be offered in Italy. The poet arranged for the purpose Goldoni’s comedy of Torquato Tasso. The very eve of the performance, the princess’s chamberlain came to signify to the distinguished citizens who held it an honour to sing before her, that it would be disrespectful to mention in the presence of a princess of the house of Este the name of Tasso, a man who had ill-conducted himself towards her illustrious family. No one was surprised, and Lope de Vega’s name replaced that of Tasso.”

Successful from his outset, Rossini was favoured by circumstances as well as genius. Mozart, little known, was less appreciated; Paisiello was still living, but grown old and long since silent. The death of Cimarosa, the Venetian favourite (the consequence of his imprisonment in 1801) left the field open to him.

Born at Pesaro, on the gulf of Venice, his father was a poor third-class player on the French horn, of those who frequent fairs to gain a livelihood. His mother had been a beauty, and was a passable seconda donna. They went from company to company, and from town to town, the husband performing in the orchestra, the wife on the stage. They were very poor; but at Pesaro, the little town on the seashore, they lived cheaply, and were neither sad nor anxious concerning the future. At seven years old, little Joachino already earned a few Pauls by singing in the churches, and was caressed for his beauty. At ten he was chosen to conduct an orchestra at Bologna for the performance of Haydn’s Creation and Four Seasons. When his parents had no engagement they returned to inhabit their poor little house at Pesaro. Joachino was patronized by some kind amateur, who sent him to Venice, where success at once attended him. At this time he was only sixteen. His early operas, says Beyle, have the defects of his

years. He was afraid of his own youth, and did not yet dare to please himself only. About this time, having received some slight from the *impresario* of the theatre to which he belonged, Rossini revenged himself by an extravagance which so brought down upon him the hisses of the audience, that on the production of his *Tancredi* directly after, he hid himself under the stage in fear of their anger, till applause had given him courage to take his accustomed place at the piano. Obliging the musicians to the obedience they owe the *maestro*, at the allegro of the overture the violins, docile to his order, interrupted each measure by a tap of the bow on the tin candlestick fixed to the music-desk—the whole opera was arranged like the overture. The *impresario* made peace with Rossini, and the latter composed *Tancredi*. The success of this last was such, that throughout Venice every one, from gondolier to nobleman, sang “*Ti rivedrò* ;” even in the courts during trials the judges imposed silence on the auditory, which chanted also “*Ti rivedrò, mi rivedrai*.” It is of this opera his biographer says, “It has no luxury about it ; it is genius in its *naïveté* ; if I may be allowed the expression, genius yet virginal.” Yet its author received for it only £24.

The anecdote of the “*Aria dei rizi*” (the rice air) belongs to *Tancredi*. Rossini had composed an air which La Malanote, then in the pride of her beauty and her talent, refused to sing, signifying her objection only two nights before that of the performance. The poor young man returned pensively to his small inn. Every dinner in northern Italy commences by a dish of rice, and as it is eaten very little done, four minutes before he serves the cook sends to ask the important question, “Must the rice be put on the fire ?” As Rossini entered his room in despair, the *cameriere* made the usual demand, and was answered in the affirmative. The rice was put down, and before it was ready, Rossini had written the air which has since been sung all over Europe, “*Di tanti palpiti*,” and which has retained the name of “*Aria dei rizi*” in Venice.

The mechanism of Italian theatres is as follows :—

“An *impresario*, (there is in French

or English no word which gives the meaning of this precisely,) often the richest patrician of a little town, since the occupation brings along with it importance and pleasure, but is often ruinous, takes the theatre into his own hands, and forms the company. The *impresario* engages a *maestro* to write the new opera, who must be careful to suit his airs to the voices which are to sing. He pays for the poem (the *libretto*) an expense of from sixty to eighty francs. The author is usually some unhappy *abbé*, the parasite of a rich house, a comic part still filled in all its glory in Lombardy, where the smallest towns have five or six families having an hundred thousand francs a year. The *impresario* gives the care of the financial affairs of his theatre into the hands of a subordinate, usually the arch-rogue of a lawyer, who serves him for steward, and he himself falls in love with the *prima donna*. The grand curiosity of the little town turns on whether he will give her his arm in public. The company organised, the opening night arrives after a month of burlesque intrigue, which makes the talk of the whole country round. Eight or ten thousand persons discuss during three weeks the merits of the opera, with all the power of attention, and of lungs, they may have received from heaven. This first representation, when not producing scandal, is generally followed by twenty or thirty more ; after which the company disperses. This is called a season.

“From this sketch of theatrical manners the reader may form an idea of the singular life of Rossini from 1810 to 1816. He visited in succession all the towns in Italy, passing two or three months in each. His mode of composition is peculiar. Received and entertained on his arrival by all the *dilettante*, he passes the first fifteen or twenty days in receiving dinners and shrugging his shoulders at the stupidity of the *libretto*. ‘You have given me rhymes, not situations,’ I heard him say to a muddy poet, who overwhelmed him with excuses, and two hours after brought him a sonnet ‘To the honour of the greatest composer in Italy and in the world.’ Having given so much time to dissipation, he begins to refuse dinners and *soirées*, and occupies himself seriously with the study of his actors’ voices. He makes them sing to the piano ; and we see him obliged to mutilate his finest conceptions because the tenor cannot reach the note needed by his idea, or because the *prima donna*’s voice is always untrue in the passage from such a key to such another. At last, three weeks before the first performance, knowing his instruments well, Rossini begins to write. He rises late,

composes while his new friends converse, for do what he will they remain with him all day. He dines with them at the hotel, and often sups there, returning very late, while they accompany him to his door, singing in chorus the music he has *improvisé*—sometimes a *Miserere* to the scandal of the quarter. At last he is at home, and it is at this time, about three in the morning, that his most brilliant inspirations seek him. He notes them down hastily, without trying them on his piano, on small pieces of paper, which he arranges in the morning while talking with his friends."

Rossini was often obliged to write for voices become untrue. "To compose was nothing," he was in the habit of saying; the rehearsals were enough to make him hiss himself. Beyle judges him feeble in airs which should express passion with simplicity. In reply to a reproach addressed to him at Venice, he answered, "Dunque non sapete per che cani io scrivo?" Never rich enough to insist on leisure and the exercise of his own will, his indolence often induced him to repeat himself. "Thus," Beyle observes, "the same music re-appears with but slight alterations in parts of 'L'Aureliano in Palmira,' 'Il Barbiere,' and 'L'Elisabetta.'"

On his arrival at Naples, Mademoiselle Colbrand, since Madame Rossini, was in all her power of voice and splendid beauty. Afterwards this same voice became so untrue that the public, whose greatest enjoyment lay in the music of their operas, deserted them perforce; but, compressed by an iron hand, did not dare murmur. King Ferdinand protected the director Barbaja—Barbaja protected Mademoiselle Colbrand.

"I have heard her," says Beyle, "sing so out of tune that to bear it was impossible. I saw my neighbours abandon the pit with their teeth on edge, but without saying a word; and this lasted five years. The king's complaisance for Barbaja estranged from him more hearts than did any act of despotism. In 1820, for the real happiness of the Neapolitans, it was not the Spanish constitution which should have been given them, but Mademoiselle Colbrand who should have been taken away. She injured the talent of Rossini, who could no longer reckon on her voice, and whom she persecuted to insert in the airs intended for her the *fioriture* it was used to."

It would seem that Rossini did not, at least at this time, belong to the mass of his countrymen, whom it is Beyle's delight to point out as divested of the vanity he calls the curse of France. His mother, who was his only correspondent, he addressed—"All' ornatissima Signora Rossini, madre del celebre Maestro"—a jest which was half serious. Our author has heard him say, when affirming his equality with minister or general—"They drew a prize in the lottery of ambition—I in the lottery of nature." The praises he received were indeed sufficient to justify this self-appreciation. At a Mass performed at Naples, composed of portions of his finest music so arranged as to take the appearance of church chants, a priest said to him seriously—"Rossini, if you knock at the gates of Paradise with this Mass in your hand, whatever your sins may be, St. Peter cannot fail to open to you."

"In 1819, Rossini played a trick on a Venetian *Impresario*, who engaged him to write an opera for four or five hundred Sequins, a heavy sum in Italy. In love with Madlle. Ch——, he made up his mind to quit Naples only a fortnight before the day fixed for the first performance, though from time to time, to satisfy the *Impresario's* impatience, he sent him parcels of music. Arrived at last, and bringing out his opera 'Odoardo e Cristina,' it was received with transport. Unfortunately there sate in the pit a Neapolitan merchant who hummed each *morceau* before the singers, to the great astonishment of his neighbours. In answer to their questions he said, 'This is Ricciardo and Zoraida, and Ermione, which I applauded in Naples six months ago. I am wondering why you have changed the names.' The *Impresario* was furious, but Rossini affirmed he had kept the only promise he had made, which was, to furnish him with music which should be received well, and called him a fool for not having perceived it was old by the edges of the papers, which had turned yellow."

His facility was extraordinary.

"On a cold day in the winter of 1813, he had put up at a poor inn in Venice, and composed in bed to avoid lighting a fire. He was then writing the music of 'Il figlio per azzardo.' The sheet of paper escaped from his hands, and de-

scribing zigzags in its way to the floor, deposited itself under the bed. He stretched forth his arm to regain it, but the air was bitingly cold, so he refolded himself in his blanket, thinking he could easily recollect what he had written and write it again; but not a note recurred to him. He lost a quarter of an hour in impatience at his forgetfulness, and at last laughed at himself. 'Pshaw!' he said, 'I will compose another—rich men may have fires in their bedrooms. I cannot pick up duets if they fall; besides it is a bad omen.' As he finished its comrade a friend entered. 'Will you,' he asked him, 'reach me a duet which must be under my bed.' The friend brought it to sight with his cane and gave it to Rossini. 'Now,' said he, 'I will sing both to you, and you shall tell me which pleases you most.' The friend preferred the first. Rossini without loss of time made of the second a terzetto for the same opera, dressed hastily, swearing at the cold, went out with his friend to take coffee and warm himself at the casino, and sent the waiter with the sheet just written to the music copier of the theatre."

"Light, lively, piquant, never wearisome, rarely sublime, Rossini seemed expressly formed to awake ecstasies in mediocrity. Far surpassed by Mozart in tenderness and melancholy, by Cimarosa in comedy and passion, he is equally incapable of writing faultlessly as of noting down twenty measures without giving proof of genius. Since Canova's death he has seen himself placed at the head of living artists. What rank the future will confer on him, I cannot tell. If you will promise secrecy I will say that the style of Rossini something resembles the Parisian, vain and lively rather than gay, never impassioned, always clever, rarely fatiguing, more rarely sublime."

"Many causes contribute to augment the Italian's natural love for music. How can he read in a country where the police intercept three fourths of the books which enter it, and note down, in the red volume, the imprudent individuals who peruse the remainder. From want of habit, a book has become, in the eyes of young men, a nuisance, whose very apparition makes them tremble. By the forced absence of study, in a country crushed beneath the double tyranny of its priests and police, and paved with spies, the poor young man has for pastime only his voice and bad piano, and necessarily ponders over the impressions of his own soul as the only novelty at his disposal."

"All the faces you meet in the street in Paris present you with the amusing image of some little shade of feeling. Generally it is busy egotism in the men of forty, an affectation of military air in those younger; in women, a desire to please, or at least to point out to you to what class of society they belong. The Italian in the street despises or does not see the passers-by. The Frenchman would fain have their good opinion. The Parisian from the moment he goes out in the morning finds a hundred petty occupations. Since the downfall of Napoleon nothing disturbs the tomb-like silence of the little Italian town—at the very most, once in six months the arrest of a Carbonaro. Thus not only have they strong emotions, but their emotions are economized."

"As to the provinces in France I would fain say something, but I fear to touch on so important a subject. The solitude, caused by fear of being compromised, if they show themselves in a street or café, ought to be favourable to passion and imagination; but that which the 'provincial,' shut up in his parlour, fears most is ridicule. Paris is the object of his boundless respect and his profound and malignant jealousy. Seeming so full of vanity and assurance, they are in fact the men who doubt themselves most and most fear to be alone in their opinions: they are not sure that it is cold in January unless they read it in the Paris papers."

"It suffices to see the Beggars' Opera, to hear Miss Stephens or the famous Thomas Moore sing, to recognise in the Englishman's nature a very considerable vein of sensibility and love for music. It appears to me that this is most developed in Scotland. I have no doubt that, if in place of being poor, Scotland had been a rich country, if chance had made of Edinburgh, as of St. Petersburg, the residence of a powerful monarch and an opulent and idle nobility, the natural spring of music, which gushes forth among her rocks, might have been cherished and purified, and we should have said Scotch as we now say German music. The country which is proud of Robert Burns may incontestably give to Europe a Haydn or Mozart."

We have placed side by side the last few observations which, though referring to the same subject, are scattered through these volumes, interspersed with the anecdotes, which are Beyle's avowed mode of painting individuals and countries. In all his works the same themes constantly recur. In the

expression of enthusiasm for the arts and contempt for his own country, he never grows weary. His power of telling anecdote and his knowledge of his adopted Italy, even in the shades which make the difference between Bologna and Florence, Rome and Naples, are no where better shown than in his "Rome, Naples, and Florence." We regret the impossibility of extracting from it. Fulfilling more than its title promises, we find, wondrously amalgamated, observations on society, curious portions of history, and fine appreciations of art. He deserves the reproach he addresses to Rossini, since he repeats himself constantly. In this work we find several pages already printed in "l'Amour," and the system of constitutions touched on there, and copied from the sixth memoir of Cabanis, he develops largely in his "History of Painting in Italy," a work remarkable for its research and able criticism, as for the added information with which its author throws light on the lives of Michael Angelo and Leonardo de Vinci, and by no means improved by this borrowed philosophy. His "Promenades dans Rome" are the best guide and the most entertaining volumes yet written by any traveller who has striven to make it known—his sure and cultivated taste, his historical research joined to the wit which was so truly his own, will seldom be united. His tendency to materialism we may deplore without attempting to excuse. It might be mostly the fault of the time he lived in and the country he chose. He found free-thinking and fanaticism, and adopted the first. He had watched the Jesuits, and listened to details given by a head of their order as to how the pupils were excited to betray each other, and the betrayers cited as models to the rest, with the maxim of "do what you will and recite afterwards the Deo Gratias which sanctifies"—turning from them in disgust, he had trod too far. Still we must do him the justice to say, that if he wrote "Man is not free to avoid that action which at the time being seems conducive to happiness," we find elsewhere, "to be criminal and yet happy, it would be exactly necessary to be divested of all remorse. I do not know if such a being can exist; I never met him."

It is as a novelist we think the talent of Beyle more decidedly shown than in the abstract theories, and obscure philosophy, to which he attached so overweening an importance. The "Chartreuse de Parme" and "L'Abbesse de Castro" are two of the most remarkable novels of our day. The former exhibits a broader knowledge of human nature (Italian nature); the interest of the last is more sustained, its faults of composition fewer. These and his minor "Chronicles of Vittoria Accoramboni, la duchesse de Palliano, the Cenci," his talent and his predilections peculiarly fitted him to paint in their proper colours. For the foundation of all, Beyle avowedly had recourse to the manuscripts his industry discovered. By his account, each little Italian town possesses in these a mine hitherto unexplored and difficult of attainment, from their being written in the peculiar dialect of the district, and which varies at every twenty leagues throughout Italy. In "the Chartreuse de Parme" the Countess Pietranera married against the will of her proud brother, the Marquis del Dongo, is a widow when the story opens, living in an old fortified castle near the lake of Como with this brother's family, the young son, Fabrice, growing to be the hero of these two volumes. In the Countess Pietranera's love marriage, and her husband's violent death we might have incident and interest sufficient for an English novel; but here we are but on the threshold. She quarrels with a Cavalier servente because he fails to avenge Pietranera, a circumstance which seems a contradiction, but is not one in Italy; passes years in her romantic seclusion, and at last, issuing forth, meets at Milan and captivates there the prime minister of a despotic principality, which Beyle calls Parma, and is very like Modena. She makes a marriage of mere form with a Duke Sanseverina, who resides elsewhere, and is not introduced to our acquaintance, and takes up her residence in Parma, where she gives charm to the court and rules the affections of its most amiable diplomatist, Count Mosca. The despotic state, with its small intrigues and great crimes, is drawn admirably, as is the duchess with her cleverness and passion and her conventional code of morality. She lives on

so comfortably after it, that we need not recollect she really has committed murder, and to excuse ourselves from considering her still so charming, we repeat that it was by proxy and to avenge an attempt on Fabrice. When afterwards the same danger recurs to him—"If she had been born in the north," says Beyle, "she would have said from the habit of self-examination, 'I slew by poison, therefore those I love die by poison.'" Her thoughts were elsewhere. Clelia Conti, the delicate and high-minded heroine, by one of our author's whims, does not appear till the second volume. The superstition which spoils this fine character is another proof of the writer's local knowledge. The chapters which describe the imprisonment of Fabrice, and Clelia's pity for the captive growing to attachment, are the most interesting of the work. Prisoner for a supposed crime, through the court intrigues, which would fain exile Mosca, Fabrice twice escapes poison; once by flight, which Clelia renders possible, once by her personal intervention. But in remorse for injury she has well nigh done her father, who is governor of the citadel, she makes a solemn vow to the Madonna, "that her eyes shall never rest on Fabrice again." She is married and avoids him throughout two years. At last he obtains entrance; she places her hands before her eyes that she may hear him without breaking her oath. And when Fabrice, comprehending with surprise that to keep it thus literally will satisfy her conscience, hastily extinguishes the lights, ere he sits down beside her, she says, "you have tarried long!" When their child dies, she believes it a punishment from heaven, not on account of the infringement of her marriage vow, but of this made to the Madonna, since she has seen Fabrice at public ceremonies, and often during her boy's illness. She dies of grief for his death, and Fabrice follows her after a year of seclusion and piety in the Chartreuse; for what renders the work more curious and characteristic is, that he is Archbishop of Parma. To those who would know Italy as it is, we recommend the perusal of these volumes. To examine whether they be of dangerous tendency or not would be to enter into another question. Beyle is an epicurean, his favourite

maxim that "the path to choose is that which leads to happiness"—writing of Italians, he applies the scale of Italy, for vice and virtue, and so imbues himself with the colours he copies, that he seems to share the feelings of his personages; and therefore there may exist some danger of his carrying along with him, not the judgment, but the sympathy of his readers. The truest observer of manners, the most competent judge of the arts, often illogical and contradictory in his reasoning, and inconsistent in his materialism, he was a man of deep feeling and original mind, which, had he listened to them, would have best confuted his acquired fallacies. He had a dignity of character which shrunk from success obtained by meanness and intrigue, and inspired his contempt for the crowd which can be caught by such bait; therefore he inscribes his volumes "to the happy few." His vanity was refined as excessive, he sought to please the exceptions. He is never wanting in ideas, but they are crowded and jumbled like an amateur's pictures, without regard to subject or manner. He was an extensive traveller, an accomplished linguist, and acquainted with all the remarkable men of his day. The literature of Europe was familiar to him, and he preferred that of England. Some of his best pages are consecrated to Shakspeare. We have had in our possession many of his letters, which would prove, if necessary, his research as a scholar, and his kindness as a man. Always generous, if not always gentle, he is deplored by those who, knowing him well, knew also that the hard, rough rind which guarded, did not harm the fruit. The epitaph which he wrote for himself some years ere he died, and may be read now on his tomb at the Rond Point de la Croix of Montmartre churchyard, tells the tale of his life:—

ARRIGO BEYLE.
Milanese.
Vissè,
Scrisse,
Amò,
Morì,
Anno 1842.

We cannot better close our article than by a few pages extracted from the second volume of his "*Promenades dans Rome*." It is the account of a

circumstance which came to light during his stay; and at the same time that it may serve to prove our fair appreciation of his talent, it gives a true picture of the morality and Catholicity of Italy in 1828. They have since undergone little change:—

“Flavia Orsini governed with prudence and firmness the noble convent of Catanzara, situated in the extreme south of Italy. She discovered that one of her nuns, the proud Lucretia Frangimani, carried on an intrigue with a young man of Forli, whom she introduced nightly into the convent. Lucretia belonged to one of the first families of the States of the Church, and the Abbess was therefore obliged to extreme caution. Clara Visconti, niece to the abbess, and professed but a few months before, was Lucretia's intimate friend. Clara was considered the loveliest person of her convent. She was an almost perfect model of that Lombardian beauty which Leonard de Vinci has immortalized in his heads of Herodias. Her aunt desired her to represent to her friend that the intrigue which she carried on was known, and that for her honour's sake it must come to a close.

“‘You are yet but a timid child,’ replied Lucretia; ‘you have never loved: if once your hour arrives you will understand that one look of my lover has more power over me than all the commands of the abbess, and the worst punishments she can inflict upon me. And these punishments I dread little; I am a Frangimani!’

“The abbess failing by gentleness tried severity; Lucretia answered her reprimands by confessing her fault, but proudly. She said that her high birth placed her above common rules. ‘My excellent relatives,’ she added with a bitter smile, ‘forced me to terrible vows at an age when I could not comprehend to what I bound myself—they enjoy my fortune; their tenderness may save from oppression a daughter of their name, since it will cost them nothing!’

“Shortly after this scene, which was one of violent nature, the abbess knew with certainty that the young man from Forli had passed six and thirty hours in the garden of the convent. She menaced to denounce Lucretia to the bishop and legate, which would have led to exposure and dishonour. Lucretia replied proudly, that it was not thus one of her race could be treated; and that if the affair were carried before Rome, the abbess might recollect that the family of Frangimani possessed there a natural protector in the person of Mon-

signor—(a high personage at the papal court.) The abbess, indignant at her assurance, yet felt all the value of this last word, and renounced the idea of suppressing by legal means the intrigue which dishonoured her convent. Flavia Orsini, herself high born, was possessed of great influence; she learned that Lucretia's lover, a very imprudent young man, was violently suspected of Carbonarism. Imbued with the study of the sombre Alfieri, fired with the servitude of Italy, he passionately longed to travel to America, that he might see, he said, the only republic. Want of money was the obstacle to this journey; he was wholly dependant on an avaricious uncle. Soon after, this uncle, obedient to his confessor, desired his nephew to quit the country, and provided means for travelling. Lucretia's lover did not dare to meet her again: he crossed the mountain which parts Forli from Tuscany, and the news came that he had embarked at Leghorn for America. To Lucretia his departure was a mortal blow. She was then a woman of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, of rare beauty, but of a most changeful physiognomy. In her serious moments her majestic features and large eyes, dark and piercing, might announce too much her habits of command over those who surrounded her; at other times, sparkling with wit and vivacity, she forestalled the idea of those with whom she conversed. From the day she lost her lover she grew pale and taciturn. Some time after she formed an intimacy with several nuns who professed to hate the abbess, and lent her genius to the aversion which till then had been powerless and inactive. The abbess placed the most perfect confidence in the lay sister who attended on her person: Martina was a simple creature, habitually melancholy. She prepared herself the food served at the abbess' table, always very plain on the plea of her health, but, in reality, from more serious reasons. Lucretia said to her new friends, ‘We must at any price win over Martina, and first discover if she is concerned in no intrigue outside.’

“After months of patience they found she had a lover, a veturino of the neighbouring town of Catanzara; he was generally on the road, but each time he came to Catanzara never failed to find a pretext for seeing Martina. Lucretia and several of her friends had inherited jewels; these were sold at Florence. The brother of one of their attendants, pretending business in another part of Italy, travelled in the carriage of Martina's lover, became his friend, and one day said carelessly,

that a lay sister of the convent, called Martina, had secretly inherited money from a nun lately dead, who thus recompensed her care for her. The veturino just then was nearly ruined by a confiscation and a three months' imprisonment suffered at Verona. He was returning to Catanzara with hired horses, his own having been sold; he did not fail to ask money of Martina, who in fact was poor; and in despair from his reproaches and threat of never seeing her again, the poor girl fell ill, and Lucretia went to see her often. One evening sitting by her side she spoke of the abbess. 'She has,' she said, 'too violent a disposition; she should take opium to calm it; she would torment us less with her daily reprimands. When I myself am too much inclined to impatience I have recourse to opium; since my misfortune, often.'

"Emboldened by this allusion to an event well known in the convent, Martina confided with tears to the powerful sister Frangimani that she was so unhappy as to love a man in the adjoining town, who was now about to desert her because he thought her rich and had asked assistance she could not give. Lucretia wore that day a small diamond cross beneath the dress of her order; she forced Martina to accept it. A few days afterwards, recurring to the same idea, she advised giving opium to the abbess to calm her fits of passion; but although the proposal was prudently made, the fatal thought of poison struck Martina in all its horror. 'What do you mean by poison?' said Lucretia indignantly. 'Every third or fourth day you may drop a little opium in her food. I will take myself before you, in my coffee, the same quantity from the same phial.'

"Martina was simple and confiding. She adored her lover—he had received the cross with gratitude, and showed her more affection than ever. She gave the abbess what was called opium, and was perfectly re-assured by seeing Lucretia let fall into her own coffee a few drops of the same liquor. Another species of seduction was employed to decide Martina. The nuns of the noble chapter of Catanzara have the privilege, at the end of five year's profession, of filling the office of portress of the convent—each in her turn, and during twenty-four hours. Lucretia told Martina, that when she or her friends should be so placed, the iron bar which secured the door near the kitchen would be forgotten. It was by this small door that provisions were brought into the convent. Martina understood she might on those nights admit her lover.

"Almost a year had passed since the

abbess' fatal interference with Lucretia Frangimani. During this interval a young Sicilian, accused as a Carbonaro in his own country, had taken refuge under the protection of his uncle, who was confessor of the convent. Roderic Landriani lived perfectly retired in a small house of the suburb of Catanzara. His uncle advised that he should call no attention on him. It gave Roderic no trouble to obey. Of a generous and romantic disposition, but very pious, the persecutions endured since the revolution of 1821 had increased the melancholy natural to him. His uncle counselled him to pass some hours of every day in the convent church. 'You may carry there the works of history I will lend you from my library.'

"In Roderic's opinion so worldly a study in such a place would have been a profanation—he read books of piety. The lay sisters who had the care of the church remarked the handsome young man, whose attention nothing distracted. His male beauty and military air, in their eyes, contrasted strangely with the extreme reserve of his manners. Made acquainted with this exemplary conduct, the abbess invited to dine in her private parlour the nephew of so important a personage as was the confessor of the convent. Landriani had thus rare opportunities of speaking to Clara Visconti. By order of the director of her conscience Clara passed whole hours in contemplation behind the curtain which separates the nuns' choir from the rest of the church. Once Roderic known to her, she remarked his constant attendance; he read attentively, and at the tolling of the Angelus laid down his book to kneel and pray. Landriani, who in Sicily had lived in society, reduced to that of an uncle, sombre and despotic, by degrees fell into the habit of visiting the abbess every other day. Clara was always with her aunt; she replied to the observations he addressed to her in few words, and with a manner which was sad and shy. Roderic, who had formed no project, became less unhappy, but soon the day spent without seeing Clara appeared to him insupportably long. Observing on this to the young nun undesignedly and scarcely conscious that he did so, she replied that her duty summoned her almost every day to the nuns' choir, whence she could perfectly distinguish him reading in the nave. It happened after this mutual confidence that sometimes Clara leaned her head against the curtain and the bars of the grate, so as to mark the place she occupied. One day while Roderic gazed intently on this curtain which separated him from Clara, she had the imprudence

to draw it a little aside. They were near enough to have spoken to each other easily, but it was proved in the trial that at this time they never had done so. A few weeks of illusion passed over, Roderic became wretched; he could not deny to himself that he loved Clara; but she was a nun, her vows registered in heaven, and the love was a fearful crime. As he told her every thing, he said this to her also—it was the first time he had so spoken. She received the declaration very ill; but his strange mode of making it perhaps gave him more interest in her eyes. All this took place during the year which Lucretia employed in plotting her black intrigue with Martina. It was the end of August; for many months the only happiness of Clara had consisted in seeing Roderic—one day in the parlour, the next in the church. An exemplary nun and the favourite niece of the abbess, she was allowed an unusual liberty, and often, when during the excessive heats she could not sleep, she descended to the garden. The 29th of August, about two in the morning, as it was proved on the trial, she slowly quitted it to return to her cell. As she passed before the little door by which the convent servants entered, she noticed that the transversal bar, which passing through a ring fixed in the door and two others sealed in the wall closed the former, was not in its place; she walked on a step or two, but a faint gleam which found its way through, showed her the door was not even locked. She pushed it gently, and beheld the pavement of the street. This sight startled and agitated her. The most extravagant idea took possession of her mind; suddenly she detached her veil, rolling it round her head as a sort of turban, arranged her wimple as a cravat, the long floating robe of her order became a species of man's cloak, she opened the door, reclosed it, and she was in the streets of Catanzara on her way to visit Roderic Landriani. She knew his house, and had gazed at it often from the terrace on the convent roof. She knocked with a trembling hand, and heard Roderic's voice waking his servant. The latter came and opened—the blast of the door extinguishing the just lighted lamp, he paused to re-light it, and Roderic called from the next chamber 'Who is there, who wants me?'

" 'It is a warning which concerns your safety,' said Clara, changing her voice.

"The lamp was lit again, and the servant conducted to his master the young bearer of this warning. Clara found Roderic dressed and armed, but

seeing a youth who trembled all over and looked like a seminarist he laid down the musket he held. The lamp burned faintly, and the intruder was too agitated to speak. Roderic took it from the table and holding it to Clara's features suddenly recognised her. He pushed his servant into the adjoining room, and exclaimed 'Great God! what brings you here? Is the convent burned down?'

"This question robbed the poor nun of her remaining courage. She saw the extent of her madness. Overcome by the pain of such a reception from a man whom she adored, though she had never confessed it, she sank down in a chair, and Roderic repeating his words, she pressed her hand on her heart, rose up, as if to go, and her strength failing she fell to the ground wholly senseless. By degrees she came to herself; Roderic was speaking to her. At last, from her prolonged silence, he understood her extraordinary action. 'Oh, Clara,' he said, 'what have you done?'

"He supported her in his arms, placed her drooping form in a chair, and said firmly, 'You are the bride of heaven, Clara; you cannot be mine; repent of your sin; to-morrow morning I quit Catanzara for ever.'

"At this dreadful word she burst into tears. Landriani allowed her to weep, and flung a cloak over his shoulders.

" 'How did you leave the convent?' he asked her.

" 'By the small door near the kitchen, which I found open by chance—oh, only by chance.'

" 'Enough, I intended conveying you to my uncle.'

"He offered her his arm, and led her back without adding a word. They found the door as Clara had left it three quarters of an hour before. They entered gently, but Clara could no longer support herself; Roderic asked with more tenderness than before the way to her chamber.

" 'There,' she said, in an expiring voice; she pointed to the first floor dormitory. Fearing his contempt, feeling she spoke to him for the last time, as she strove to ascend the stair, Clara again fainted on the steps. There was a lamp burning before a distant Madonna, which lighted this scene faintly. Landriani understood that his duty commanded him to abandon the nun, henceforth in the convent, but he had not the courage to obey. Her convulsive sobs, as she came slowly to life, threatened suffocation.

" 'They may reach the ears of some

of the nuns,' said Roderic to himself; 'and my presence here dishonours her.'

"But to leave her in this state was impossible. She could neither walk nor stand, so raising her in his arms, he once more sought the door by which he had entered, and which he knew must be near the garden. Treading a few steps along the corridor near this door, still bearing Clara, he perceived it just before him, and stopped only at its extreme end, where he was farthest from the convent buildings, placed her on a stone bench hid among trees and low thick shrubs. But he had held her to his heart too long; arrived beneath these trees he had no longer strength to leave her, and at last his religion was forgotten in his love. When day dawned, Clara parted from him, having first heard him swear a thousand times never to leave Catanzara. She came alone to open the door which she found unclosed, and watched from a distance the retreat of her lover. The following day he saw her in the parlour; he passed the night hidden in the street, but Clara strove to open to him in vain; the nights succeeding she found it locked and barred. The sixth, after that which decided her fate, Clara, concealed near, saw Martina noiselessly approaching. An instant after, the door opened and a man entered, but it was carefully closed again. Clara and her lover waited his departure, which did not take place till break of day. Their sole consolation lay in their letters.

"'The man they had seen enter,' Roderic said, 'was the veturino Silva.' But he implored her not to make a confidant of Martina. Henceforth, forgetful of all religious scruples, Landriani proposed to climb the convent wall. Clara trembled at the danger. Built in the middle ages to defend the nuns against the landing of the Saracens, it was forty feet high at its lowest part. A rope ladder was indispensable; fearing to compromise her by buying cords in the neighbourhood, Landriani went

to Florence; four days after he was in Clara's arms. But by a strange coincidence that same night the unhappy abbess Flavia Orsini breathed her last sigh. She said with her dying breath to the confessor, 'I die by poison for having essayed to put a stop to the misconduct of my nuns; perhaps this very night the cloister has been violated.'

"Struck by these words, the abbess had scarcely expired when the confessor executed the rule of the order with the utmost exactitude. All the convent bells announced the event which had taken place. The peasants rose in haste, and assembled before the gates; Roderic had escaped at the first stroke of the bell. The veturino Silva was, however, seen to go forth, and was arrested. It was known that this man had sold a diamond cross: he confessed he had it from Martina, who also avowed that she owed it to Lucretia's generosity. Accused of sacrilege, Martina sought to find safety for herself by implicating the confessor's nephew. She said, 'that the sister Visconti opened this door to Roderic Landriani.'

"The confessor, aided by three priests, sent by the Archbishop R——, interrogated Clara; declaring on quitting the convent, that the next day she should be confronted with Martina. It appears that that same night Roderic penetrated to the cell in which Clara was confined, and spake to her through the door. The following morning Lucretia Frangimani, who at this time was perfectly unsuspected, but who feared the confrontation of Clara and Martina, probably caused poison to be mixed in the chocolate carried to both. At seven o'clock, when the archbishop's delegates arrived to carry on the inquiry, they were told that Clara Visconti and the lay sister Martina were no longer of the living. Roderic behaved with heroism; but no one was punished, and the whole affair was hushed up. Woe to whom mention it!

"Ma! 29th, 1828."

EPISODES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

WHEN wishing a friend good-by some months ago, on the eve of departure for the East, he asked us, "What could he do for us at Beyrout?" Our reply was, "Write us a long letter; and at Cairo, another still longer; and at Jerusalem, two letters." Time slipped over.—The winter gave place to that strange *melange* of murky sky above, and muddy atmosphere beneath, which men call spring in these countries—that same spring having no existence save in Thomson's Seasons—and we heard nothing from our friend. The summer came, and yet nothing—when, lo!—we never dreamed what interest the overland-mail could have for us—we received a bulky epistle, dated "Mount Carmel." Up to that moment we had believed ourselves forgotten, or that if our friend had written, Mehemdt Ali had lit his pipe with the correspondence, or that the epistles were read as "Arabian Nights" in some solitary tent of the desert. We have no permission to speak of the writer, nor, for that matter, have we to publish his letters; but as a warning of what comes of writing to an editor, here goes. Our friend now shall speak for himself.—ED.

I.

THE OUTWARD BOUND.

"Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
Across the desert, or before the gale,
Bound where thou wilt my barb, or glide my
prow!"

BYRON.

THE East, with all its varied and vivid associations, had long invited my wandering steps; and at length I was able to avail myself of the invitation. I left England, uncertain and indifferent as to whether Turkey and Circassia, or Egypt and the Holy Land, should be the object of my first visit. As I stood upon the pier of Southampton at day-break, the town seemed nothing but a mass of sun-gilt mist, and only showed its existence by shooting up a few spires as if for signals. The Oriental steamer lay about a gun-shot from the shore, sucking in a mingled mass of passengers and luggage through a cavernous mouth in her cliff-like sides; boatload after boatload disappeared like spoonfuls with which she was feeding herself, and it seemed marvellous how even her aldermanic bulk could find "stomach for them all." I had Polyphemus's boon of being swallowed last, and was thus a mere observer of the partings and departures of the Outward Bound. Mrs. Norton's song has given a definite form of poetry to what many a rugged heart has felt that phrase imply. One cannot look upon a hundred people leaving their native country for years or for ever, with pale lips and sunken

eyes, that tell how lately each has parted from a mourning home, and think of it as an indifferent event. The sentimental, however, as is usual in Shakspeare and in life, is a good deal disturbed by the ludicrous; many a parting pang is diverted by solicitude about a portmanteau, and many an exile starts from a home-sick reverie to wonder what the deuce they've done with his carpet-bag. On mounting the ship's side, I found the lower deck one vast pile of luggage, vainly endeavouring to be recognised by its eager and distracted owners. It seemed as if some city built of boxes had been overthrown by an earthquake, and the surviving inhabitants were wildly rushing about among the ruins seeking for their dead. To identify appeared impossible, and suspense was soon terminated by the sinking of the whole chaotic mass into the yawning depths of the hold, when the hatches closed irrevocably over long-cherished valises and time-tried trunks. We then all assembled above in unconscious and involuntary muster, each inspecting, and inspected by his fellow-travellers. With the exception of two or three families every one seemed to be a stranger to every one, and each man walked the deck in a solitude of his own. There were old men with complexions as yellow as the gold for which they had sold their youth, returning to India in search of the health which their native country, hoped for through a life, denied them. There were cadets all eagerness and hope though these,

their predecessors, stood before them like the mummies at Egyptian banquets, mementos of the end of their young life's festival. There were missionary clergymen with Ruth-like wives, merchants with portfolios that never left their hands, young widows with eyes black as their mourning and sparkling as their useless marriage ring, and one or two fair girls, heaven knows what sorrow sent them there, wanderers from their English homes of peace and purity over the ocean and the desert, to encounter the worse danger of Indian society. All these various groups were scattered over the upper deck, a fine expanse of two hundred feet in length, without a stain or interruption to the lady's walk or the sailor's rush. Below, the scene was very different. Miss Mitford herself would recognise the lower deck as a complete village. It was a street of cabins, over whose doors you read the names of the doctor, the baker, the butcher, the confectioner, the carpenter, and many others, besides the quality at the west end, in the shape of officers' quarters. This street terminated in a rural scene; and the smell of new-mown hay, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the crowing of cocks, produced quite a pastoral effect. It is true that the dairy-maid wore moustaches, boat-hooks stood for shepherd's crooks, and the only swains were the boatswain and the cockswain, the former of whom was more given to whistling than to sighing. Among these signs of peace and plenty four carronades frowned rather gloomily, but a lamb tethered to one and an unfortunate cat picketted to another, distracted from their awfulness. Beneath the farm-yard throbbed the iron heart of the gigantic engine; and the "village tree" was represented by a copper funnel, up which the steam went sighing as if that heart would break. About noon the last boat shoved off, the gangway curled itself up, a voice from the paddle-boxes said quietly "go on!" and the vast vessel glided away as smoothly as a gondola. Within the ship was at work the convulsive energy of four hundred and fifty horse-power, that was to know no rest for three thousand miles; but without, all was so calm and undisturbed that she seemed still at anchor but for the villas and villages, and woods and lawns that

went scampering as if running a steeple-chase to Salisbury. The beautiful Southampton water, grim-looking Portsmouth, and the gentle Isle of Wight fled rapidly away behind us, and then the shores of old England began to fade from our view. The first day of our voyage passed very silently away—many were sea sick, and more were sick at heart; but in the evening there was a startling eruption of writing desks, and a perfect flutter of pens preparing for the Falmouth post-bag. I think I see those eager scribes before me now—the man of business with his swift and steady quill, women gracefully bending over their twice-crossed notes, (not the more legible, lady, for that tear,) and lonely little boys biting their bran-new pen-holders, and looking up to the ceiling in search of pleasant things to say to some bereaved mother, whose only comfort, perhaps, was to be that little scrawl, till her self-sacrificing heart was at rest for ever, or success had gilded her child's far distant career. While one end of the saloon was looking like a counting-house, the other was occupied by a set of old stagers, whose long smothered conversation broke out with vehemence over their brandy and water. These jolly old fellows seemed as if no one had any claims upon their correspondence, they were father and mother, brother and sister to themselves, and their capacious waistcoats comprised their whole domestic circle. The following day we were at Falmouth and then we were at sea.

 II

GIBRALTAR AND MALTA.

"True as the arrow to its aim,
The meteor flag of England flew."
SIR F. DOYLE.

POETRY never breathed a truer strain than in that glorious song of Barry Cornwall's—"The Sea." Every heart dilated and every pulse beat high, as with favouring breezes in a cloud of sail, we swept along our "mountain path" over the Bay of Biscay. The regrets, and cares, and sorrows of the land seemed all forgotten, as we dashed along another and a grander element.

The merry and light-hearted yet gallant bearing of the sailor is no accident, it issues naturally from his stirring and eventful career: from the exhilarating air he always breathes—the freedom from petty cares that he enjoys, and from the almost unconscious pride of a chivalrous profession which there are no town-bred coxcombs to laugh down. His life is passed upon the ocean, that one great battle-field of England, which her flag has swept in triumph from the time of the Armada, “when the winds and waves had a commission from the Almighty to fight under English banners,”* to these latter days when the fortresses of Syria crumbled into ruins before her thunder, and a nation containing one third of earth's inhabitants bowed down before her.†

We passed from the Bay of Biscay into waveless waters, sheltered by the Spanish shore; and thenceforth every morning rose with brighter suns and balmier breezes, until we came in sight of Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar, backed by the bold outlines of the African shore. The thoughts evoked by the scenes of Nelson's death and victory were not interrupted by the next bold headland. There was Gibraltar, and there England's flag was flying. There was not a cloud in all the calm and glowing sky—the crescent moon, the emblem of Moslem power, was trembling over the picturesque land of the Moor, almost dissolved in a flood of sunshine. The sea, a filigree of blue and silver, faintly reflected the mountains of Medina Sidonia, among whose snowy summits we seemed to steer; and all Spain seemed taking a siesta as we dashed into the bay of Gibraltar. The surrounding scenery, even divested of all association, is full of interest. An amphitheatre of finely undulated hills with Algeiras in their bosom, sweeps along the left. In front upon a slight eminence the village of San Roque grins like a set of white teeth, with precipices for its jaw, and the celebrated Cork wood for its

moustaches; beyond is a range of dark green hills backed by the mountains of Grenada, the Sierra Nevada, a faint purple tinging the snow-fleaked peaks. Further to the right there is a low sandy tract, the neutral ground, and then, suddenly starting up to the height of fifteen hundred feet stands the rock of Gibraltar, bound round with fort and battery and bristling with innumerable guns. Its base is strewn with white houses, perched like sea-gulls wherever they could find a resting-place; and here and there little patches of dark green announced a garden. Curtain, ravelin, and rampart blend and mingle with nature's fortifications; and zig-zag lines from shore to summit look like conductors for the defender's electric fire to flash along. Yet it is a maxim now that no place, even this, is in itself impregnable; and it is not in the defences of wall or cliff, but in the Spartan's rampart of brave hearts within, that we proudly feel the British flag floats as securely here, as on the tower of London.

Here the invading Moors established themselves,

When Cava's traitor sire first called the band
That dyed her mountain streams with Gothic
gore,

and Gibel Tarik‡ became Gibraltar. A boatful of us was soon ashore and scattered over the place, to steep or cliff or bastion as their tastes prompted. I galloped off on a spirited little barb to the signal station, the galleries, the Alameda and the Moorish castle. Every spot was full of interest—from the craggy summit with its magnificent view over Spain and Africa, to the mingled mass of house and rock, and verandahs almost meeting across the precipitous streets. The population was very varied and picturesque—the Moor's “dusk faces with white turban wreathed;” the Contrabandistas with embroidered jacket and tinkling bridles setting out for the hills; the Jew with his gabardine, and that stern medallion countenance in which the history of his

* South.

† The walls of Acre, impregnable even to Napoleon, would now serve as a penfold for sheep; the terraced roof upon which I am now writing looks down upon the dismantled towers of Beyrout; and Tyre, Sidon, Tortosa Gibell, and Scanderoon are defenceless.

‡ “The hill of Tarik,” the leader of the Saracenic army.

race seems written; the merchant with his sombrero; the Turk with his tarboosh, the English sailor and the plumed highlander. We sailed as the evening gun was fired. The coast of Barbary looked beautiful in the fading light, which harmonized well with that land of old romance and mystery. Even in these later days it is almost as virgin to speculation and enterprise as when the Gothic kings meditated its invasion. One of the pillars of Hercules has held from five to six thousand resting British troops for nearly a century and a half; the other, Mount Abyle, whose shadow at sunrise reaches almost across the narrow strait, has never yet been trod by English foot. It is inhabited by a fierce race of Moors who believe that their best chance of paradise is, to swim thither in Christian blood. We caught glimpses of Tangiers and Yetuan, and then bore away for Cape de Gatta with a still favouring breeze in the top-gallant and studding sails that had so long winged us on, and a brilliant moon lighting up the coast of Granada. It is now three hundred and sixty years since the Moors were expelled from this fair land, through which they so long enlightened Europe with the wisdom of the East and the chivalry of the desert. Under their rule its gardens smiled, its valleys waved with corn, its very rocks were wreathed with vines,* and the Alhambra rose. But a bigotry and fanaticism fiercer than their own could not brook the happiness of a Moslem people, and the banners of Ferdinand were unfurled.

"Red gleamed the cross and waned the crescent pale,
"And Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matron's wail."

The Moors were banished—poverty and desolation came in their place, and even now the Christian traveller only ventures among the misery-made robbers of Granada in search of the remains of Moslem civilization. It seemed a natural transition from the land of the Abencerrages to that of Africa, for which we were now steering. Europe sank at sunset below the horizon on our left, and the following day but one Algiers rose with morning on our right. The first view of the

coast is very peculiar and picturesque in shape and colouring. Steep purple hills rising abruptly from the sea, broken with dark rifts, are here brightened with little emerald lawns, and there gloomed over by the palm and fig tree. Villas white as marble speck the well-wooded parks along the shore, the snowy summits of Mount Atlas are cut clearly out against the bright blue sky above, and a line of sparkling foam runs along the borders of the bright blue sea below. The city of Algiers, on the right as you enter, looks eastward over its beautiful bay. It is almost in a pyramidal form, very concentrated, and with its flat and regular roofs looks like a succession of white marble terraces, as with here and there a swelling mosque-dome, or a tapering minaret. This was once the seat of oriental luxury and art; but when the greater robber drove out the lesser, its pleasant places were all defiled; the fountains were choked up, the porcelain floors were broken, the palm trees cut down, and the gardens trampled into wildernesses. Richly did the land deserve a scourge, and never yet were found fitter ministers of wrath than those who visited it. I must hurry on past Tunis and desolate Carthage, "but not in silence pass Calypso's isle." This beautiful gem of the sea called Pantellaria is now a penal settlement belonging to Naples: it contains all the beauties of a continent in miniature. There are mimic mountains with craggy summits, mimic valleys with cascades and rivers, lawny meadows and dark woods, trim gardens and tangled vineyards, silvery sands and craggy shores—all within a circuit of five or six miles. It would be a perfect paradise with a *Jewish* Calypso; but the clank of chains is heard instead of the shepherd's pipe, the exile's wail instead of woman's song, and the felon herd who turn up its soil are scarcely less degraded than the swinish multitude who wallowed round its ancient goddess. We soon came in sight of Goz, a rival claimant for the doubtful honour of being Calypso's isle, and again found ourselves under the shelter of the British flag in the harbour of Malta. La Valetta is a sort of hybrid between a Spanish and an

Eastern town; most of its streets are flights of steps, to which the verandahs are like gigantic banisters. Its terraced roofs restore to the cooped-up citizens all the ground lost by building upon; and there are probably not less than five hundred acres of promenable roof in, or rather on the city. The church of San Giovanni is very gorgeous, with its vaulted roof of gilded arabesque, its crimson tapestries, finely carved pulpits, massy silver rails, and the floor, one immense mosaic of knightly tombs, on which their coats of arms are finely copied in marble and precious stones. The palaces of the different nations (or tongues, as they were called,) are now barracks; and probably the costumes of their olden time did not differ more from one another than that of its present military occupants—the dark green of the rifleman, the scarlet uniform of the 88th, and the varied garb of the highlander, “all plaided and plumed in his tartan array.” All the costumes of Europe, Asia, and Africa are to be met with in the streets: that of the inhabitants is of blue cotton, as bright as if dyed in the surrounding sea. The latter are a swarthy, stunted race, of every indifferent character, with great vivacity and intelligence in their glittering eyes. The population in both town and country swarms in a proportion eight times as great as that of England.* Being very frugal and industrious, they are just able to keep themselves alive at present; but what is to become of them a few years hence, Sir Henry Bouverie and Malthus only know. Ascetism in the island produced its usual licentious results; and the order bequeathed its morals to the present inhabitants—a legacy which does not tend to diminish their numbers. Many of the women are very beautiful, combining the gazelle eye of the east with the rich tresses of the north and the statuesque profile of Greece and Italy. Their peculiar head-dress, the *onnella*, contributes not a little to the effect of their beauty. It is a black silk scarf, worn over the head like a veil, but gathered in on one side, so as not to eclipse the starry eyes which it seems always endeavouring to cloud over. Malta is the most warlike look-

ing town in the world; the glitter of uniforms is never out of your eyes, the blast of the bugle and the roll of the drum are never out of your ear. The citizens have their only walks upon ramparts, their drives along covered ways, and their very gardens are in the fosses; instead of curbstones there are old cannon, and if you want to dismount you tie your horse's bridle to an anchor. After visiting the handsome and well-furnished library, and the armoury, I ascended one of the flat roofs to obtain a view of the island. It is like a heap of limestones broken by the road side for Macadamizing purposes, with here and there a bit of something green in their interstices; nevertheless the islanders contrive to squeeze wine, and corn, and oil out of the sticks and stones that here represent the trees and fields of other countries. After taking a bird's-eye view of the rock, I galloped along what Lady B. calls a macadamable road to Citta Vecchia, to see the Phœnician catacombs and the deserted city: the former very much resembles those of Rome and Syracuse, but the latter is, I believe, unique. You ride along fortifications of great strength without a stone displaced, or a particle of moss growing on their walls, and enter by a broken drawbridge into a stately, but profoundly silent city. The houses want only inhabitants to be homes once more; and the palaces are magnificent: grass and rank weeds are growing in the streets, which yield no echo to your horse's hoofs, and the wind sighs among the lonely pillars and porticoes with that wailing sound so peculiar to deserted places. The only living things I encountered in this strange city's wide enclosure were a friar and a pig, both walking there for an appetite, I presume, for there were no alms or food to be found within their once crowded walls. This was the capital of the island until Lavalette transferred the residence of the order to the city which was called after him. A little beyond Citta Vecchia is St. Paul's bay, which, notwithstanding the arguments (ill founded, as it seems to me,) of modern authors against Malta being the Melita of the apostle, retains the traditionary honour of which no pen

* One hundred and thirty thousand within a circuit of sixty miles.
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and ink can now deprive it. On conversing with some of the natives as I rode shipwards, I found that they, like other people, had their good old times, ("all times when old are good,") and these they consider to have been when the order possessed their island. Being a people they would fain exchange the present for the ancient or for any other government. They forget their degraded condition under the knights, which prevented any native from entering the order, (or even the city, without permission)—which gave their daughters to be concubines to men who were as disdainful as incapable of a lawful connection, and which vested arbitrary power in an oligarchy of strangers. If there is less foreign money* spent among them now, their taxation is far lighter. They have all the advantages of English laws as well as of their own; they sit on juries; are capable of serving in any department, and have a native regiment paid by the British government. Important as this island is as a naval station, it was perhaps fortunate for England that a less scrupulous nation took that advantage of the degeneracy of the order and the imbecility of Hompesch which our ideas of justice might have forbidden. I took a last look of Malta from the quarter-deck of its noblest ornament, the "Queen," Sir Edward Owen's flag-ship, and, after a few days' stormy passage, found myself at anchor off the city of Cleopatra.

III.

ALEXANDRIA.

* We have past over cities in song renowned,
Silent they lie with the desert sound."

Egypt is the only country in the world, except perhaps America, that seems never to have had an infancy. Its earliest people appear to have been the most mature. The only progress we can trace is that of decay and old

age; and we find her in her present state of second childhood, while we know nothing of her first: she was probably in her zenith, and

"Grey power was seated
Safely on her ancestral throne,"†

while Abram was yet wandering in the plains of Chaldea. The prophecy that had doomed her to be subject to foreign nations had been fulfilled; the last of her native princes‡ had perished before the birth of our Saviour, and the Christian faith had been banished from her land before it was established in our own. It would be as vain to attempt to give any connected story of such a country in these slight pages, as to embroider muslin with Cleopatra's needle. In the following fragments I shall only attempt to touch upon such topics as I imagine are most likely to interest those who have never visited the country:—the principal cities of Egypt and Ethiopia; their women and their men; their magic, magnetism, and freemasonry; their resources, military, agricultural, and commercial; their palaces and tombs, and such other matters as may suggest themselves in a sort of imaginary conversation with the reader; praying that proverbially courteous personage to bear in mind indulgently, that they are hastily transcribed from notes yet more hastily scribbled in the desert, in Arab boats, in the tent, and on the sea.

I stood upon the modern Pharos at sunrise, and as my eyes wandered over Alexandria, to which the ancient city "has bequeathed nothing but its ruins and its name," I could observe no traces of what it once had been—the emporium of the East, the seat of empire, the centre of learning and civilization.§ Though earth and sea remain unchanged, imagination can scarcely find a place for the ancient walls, fifteen miles in circumference; the vast street through the vista of white marble porticoes; the galleys on Lake

* The revenues of the Order in its palmy times amounted to about three millions pounds sterling.

† Shelly.

‡ Ezekiel xxx. 18.

§ Pompey's pillar and Cleopatra's needle are mere exotics here: the former having ventured from upper Egypt on a pilgrimage to the temple of Serapis was kidnapped by Pompeius, a prefect, and pressed into the service of Diocletian or Adrian; the latter with its fallen sister was transplanted from Heliopolis the On of Scripture.

Mareotis exchanged signals with those upon the sea ; the magnificent temple of Serapis on its platform of one hundred steps ; the four thousand palaces, and the stately homes of six hundred thousand inhabitants. All that is now visible within the shrunken and mouldering walls is a piebald town: one half European, with its regular houses, tall, and white, and stiff; the other half oriental, with its mud-coloured buildings and terraced roofs, varied with fat mosques and lean minarets. The suburbs are encrusted with the wretched hovels of the Arab poor ; and immense mounds and tracts of rubbish occupy the wide space between the city and its walls: all beyond is a dreary waste. Yet this is the site Alexander selected from his wide dominions, and which Napoleon pronounced to be unrivalled in importance. Here luxury and literature, the Epicurean and the Christian, philosophy and commerce once dwelt together. Here stood the great library of antiquity, "the assembled souls of all that men held wise." Here the Hebrew Scriptures expanded into Greek under the hands of the Septuagint. Here Cleopatra, "vainqueur des vainqueurs du monde," revelled with her Roman conquerors. Here St. Mark preached the truth upon which Origen attempted to refine,* and here Athanasius held warlike controversy. Here Amru conquered, and here Abercrombie fell. Looking now along the shore, beneath me lies the harbour in the form of a crescent—the right horn occupied by the palace of the Pasha, his harem, and a battery ; the left, a long low sweep of land alive with windmills, the city in the centre: to the westward the flat sandy shore stretches monotonously away to the horizon ; to the eastward the coast merges into Aboukir bay. Having taken this general view of our first Egyptian city, let us enter it in a regular manner to view it in detail. The bay is crowded with merchant vessels of every nation—among which tower some very imposing looking three-deckers ; men-of-war barges shoot past you with crews dressed in

what look like red night-caps and white petticoats. They rise to their feet at every stroke of the oar, and pull all out of time. Here an "ocean patriarch," as the Arabs call Noah, with white turban and flowing beard, is steering a little ark filled with unclean-looking animals of every description ; and there, a crew of swarthy Egyptians, naked from the waist upward, are pulling some pale-faced strangers to a vessel with loosed top-sails and blue-peter flying. At length, amid a deafening din of voices and a pestilential effluvia from dead fish and living Arabs, you fight your way ashore ; and if you had just awakened from a sleep of ages you could scarcely open your eyes upon a scene more different from those you have just left. The crumbling quays are piled with bales of eastern merchandise, islanded in a sea of white turbans, wreathed over dark, melancholy faces. Vivid eyes glitter strangely upon solemn-looking and bearded countenances. High above the variegated crowds peer the long necks of hopeless looking camels. Wriggling and struggling amidst all this mass were picturesquely ragged little boys, dragging after them shaven donkeys with carpet saddles, upon one of which you suddenly find yourself seated without any volition of your own, and are soon galloping along filthy lanes, with blank, white, windowless and doorless walls on either side, and begin to wonder when you are to arrive at the Arab city. You have already passed through it, and are emerging into the Frank quarter, a handsome square of tall white houses, over which the flags of every nation in Europe denote the residences of the various consuls. In this square is an endless variety of races and costumes most picturesquely grouped together, and lighted brilliantly by a glowing sun in a cloudless sky. In one place a drove of camels are kneeling down, with jet black slaves in white turbans, or crimson caps, arranging their burdens ; in another a procession of women waddles along, wrapped in large shroud-like veils from head to foot, with a long

* The results of Origen's preaching show strikingly the dangers of attempting to improve God's truth by man's wisdom. His followers divided themselves into two sects—*Origenists*, whose faith, though tinged with gnosticism, was comparatively pure ; and *Origenians*, whose doctrines the devil must have smiled at.

black bag, like an elephant's trunk, suspended from their foreheads, and only permitting their koht-stained eyes to appear. In another, a group of Turks in long flowing drapery are seated in a circle smoking their chibouques in silence, and enjoying society after the fashion of other gregarious animals; grooms with petticoat trousers are leading horses with crimson velvet saddles, richly embroidered; a detachment of sad-looking soldiers in white cotton uniform is marching by to very wild music; and here and there a Frank with long moustaches is lounging about contemplating these unconscious tableaux which seem to have been got up for his amusement. This part of the town is clean and well ordered, but in the Arab part the smells were loathsome beyond description. Shrouded women glided by of the ghastliest appearance; the sickly looking people looked like the inmates of an hospital, who had broken loose and got possession of the wardrobe of Drury-lane theatre.—Such is the coup d'œil of Alexandria.

IV.

WOMAN—THE HAREEM.

Thus in the ever-closed harem,
As in the open Western home,
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam
Over our being's busy foam,
Thro' latitudes of varying faith
Thus trace we still her mission sure,
To lighten life, to sweeten death,
And all for others to endure.

R. M. MILNES.

Place aux dames! On entering a strange country, its women are the first objects of interest to the moralist as well as to the epicurean. To the former, because the education of men is always their work; to the latter, because almost every grace and charm of daily life is owing to her influence or interwoven with her being: "On a dit qu'il y a de la femme dans tous ce qu'on aime."

Difficult a study as woman presents in all countries, that difficulty deepens almost into impossibility in a land where even to look upon her is a matter of danger or of death. The seclusion of the harem is preserved in the very streets by means of an impenetrable veil; the well-bred Egyptian averts his eyes as she passes by; she is ever to remain

an object of mystery; and the most intimate acquaintance never inquires after the wife of his friend, or affects to know of her existence. This very mystery, however, piques the often-baffled inquirer; and between Europeans who have become almost Egyptian, and Egyptians who have become almost European, one is able to obtain some information even on this delicate subject.

The Eastern woman seems as happy in her lot as her European sister, notwithstanding the plurality of wives in which her lord indulges or ventures upon. In her "public opinion's law" there is no more disparagement in occupying the second place as a wife, than there is in Europe as a daughter. The manners of patriarchal ages remain in Egypt as unchanged as its monuments; and the people of Cairo no more think of objecting to a man's marrying a second wife, than those of Memphis thought of questioning the legitimacy of Joseph. The Koran, following the example of the Jewish doctors, only allows four wives to each Musselman, and they seldom avail themselves even of this limited allowance to its fullest extent. Some hareems contain two hundred females, including wives, mothers-in-law, concubines, and the various slaves belonging to each. These feminine barracks, however, seem very different from what such establishments would be in Europe. In the harem there is as much order and decorum as in an English quaker's home. It is guarded as the tiger guards his young; but its inmates consider this as a compliment, and fancy themselves neglected if not closely watched. This cause for complaint seldom occurs, for the Egyptian has no blind confidence in the strength of woman's character or woman's love: he considers it safer, if not more glorious, to keep her out of the reach of temptation, than to run the chance of her overcoming it.

Born and brought up in the harem, women never seem to pine at its imprisonment: like cage-born birds, they sing among their bars, and discover in their aviaries a thousand little pleasures invisible to eyes that have a wider range. There are no literary ladies: knowing not the thoughts of others, they associate the more with their own; and who can tell what wild

and beautiful regions of imagination their minds may wander through, unimprisoned, if undirected by education. To them, in their calm seclusion, the strifes of the battling world come softened and almost hushed; they only hear the far-off murmur of life's stormy sea, and if their human lot dooms them to their cares, they are as transient as those of childhood.

Once, as I was passing through the secluded suburbs of Cairo, I found myself near one of the principal harems. I paused by the dull, dark wall, over which the palm-tree waved, and the scent of flowers and the bubbling of fountains stole; and there I listened to the sweet laughter of the odalisques within. It was broken by snatches of untaught song, to which the merry unseen band joined chorus, and kept time by clapping hands, on which their jewelled bracelets tinkled. It was a music of most merry mirth; and as I pictured to myself the gay group within, I wondered whether they deserved that pity of their European sisters which they so little appreciate. An English lady visiting an odalisque inquired what pleasure her profusion of rich ornaments could afford, as no person except her husband was ever to behold them. "And for whom," replied the fair barbarian, "do *you* adorn yourself? is it for other men?" I have conversed with several European ladies who have visited harems, and they have all confessed their inability to convince the Eastern wives of the unhappiness or hardship of their state. It is true that the odalisque knows nothing of the advantages of the wild liberty (as it seems to her) that the European woman enjoys. She has never witnessed the domestic happiness that crowns a fashionable life, or the peace of mind and purity of heart that reward the labours of a London season; and what can *she* know of the disinterested affection and changeless constancy of ball-room belles in the land where woman is all free. Let them laugh on in their happy ignorance of a better lot, while round them is gathered all that their lord can command of luxury and pleasantness. His wealth is hoarded for them alone; he permits himself no ostentation except the respectable one of arms and horses; the time is weary that he passes apart from his home.

The sternest tyrants are gentle in the harem: Mehemet Ali never refused a woman's prayer; and even Ali Pasha was humanized by his love for Emineh. In the time of the Mamelukes, criminals were always led to execution blindfolded; and if they had met a woman, and could touch her garment, they were saved, whatever was their crime. Thus idolized, watched, and guarded, the Egyptian woman's life is, nevertheless, entirely in the power of her lord, and her death is the inevitable penalty of his dishonour. No piquant case of *crim. con.* ever amuses the Egyptian public: the injured husband is his own judge and jury; his only "gentlemen of the long robe" are his eunuchs; and the knife or the Nile the only damages. The law never interferes in these little domestic arrangements.

Poor Fatima! shrined as she was in the palace of a tyrant, the fame of her beauty stole abroad through Cairo. She was one amongst a hundred in the harem of Abbas Pasha, a man stained with every foul and loathsome vice; and who can wonder, though many may condemn, if she listened to a daring young Albanian, who risked his life to obtain but a sight of her; whether she *did* listen or not none can ever know, but the eunuchs saw the glitter of the *arnaut's* arms as he leapt from her terrace into the Nile, and vanished in the darkness. The following night a merry English party dined together on board Lord E——'s boat, as it lay moored off the isle of Rhoda; conversation had sunk into silence, as the calm night came on—a faint breeze floated perfumes from the gardens, once the star-lit Nile, and scarcely moved the clouds that rose from the chibouque; all was peace and tranquillity, when a boat, crowded with dark figures, among which arms gleamed, shot out from one of the arches of the palace; it paused under the bank where the water rushed deep and gloomily along—for a moment a white figure glimmered amongst that boat's dark crew—there was a slight bustle, and a faint splash, and then the river flowed on as merrily as if poor Fatima still sang her Georgian song to the murmur of its waters.

I was riding one evening along the banks of the Mareotis; the low land,

half swamp, half desert, was level as the lake; there was no sound except the ripple of the waves along the far extended shore, and the heavy flapping of the pelican's wings, as she rose from the water's edge. Not a palm tree raised its plummy head, not a shrub crept along the ground; the sun was low, but there was nothing to cast a shadow over the monotonous waste, except a few Moslem tombs with their sculptured turbans. These stood apart from every sign of life, and even of their kindred dead, like those upon the Lido at Venice. As I paused to contemplate this scene of desolation, an Egyptian hurried past me with a bloody knife in his hand; his dress was mean and ragged, but his countenance was one that the father of Don Carlos might have worn—he never raised his eyes as he rushed by, and my groom, who just then came up, told me he had slain his wife, and was going to her father's village to denounce her. . . .

My boat was just moored in the little harbour of Assonan, the old Syrene, the boundary between Egypt and Ethiopia—opposite lies Eliphanta, the "isle of flowers," strewn with ruins, and shaded by magnificent palm trees; the last eddies of the cataract of the Nile foam round dark red granite cliffs, which rise precipitously from the river, and are piled into a mountain, crowned by a ruined Saracenic castle. A forest of palm trees divides the village from the quiet shore, on whose silvery sands my tent was pitched. A man in an Egyptian dress saluted me in Italian, and in a few moments was smoking a chibouque and sipping coffee by my side. He was very handsome, but his faded cheek and sunken eye showed hardship and suffering, and he spoke in a low and humble voice. In reply to my question, as to how a person of his appearance came into this remote region, he told me that he had been lately practising as a surgeon in Alexandria, he had married a Levantine girl, whose beauty was to him as "*la faccia del cielo*." He had been absent from his home, and she had betrayed him. On his return he met her with a smiling countenance; in the evening he accompanied her to a deep well, whither she went to draw water, and as she leant over it, he threw her in! As he said this, he

paused, and placed his hands upon his ears, as if he still heard her dying shriek. He then continued—"I have fled from Alexandria till the affair is blown over. I was robbed near Siout, and have supported myself miserably ever since by giving medical advice to the poor country people. I shall soon return, and all will be forgotten; if I had not avenged myself, her own family must have done so, you know." And so this woman-murderer smoked on, and continued talking in a low and gentle voice till the moon was high—then he went his way, and I saw him no more.

V.

WOMAN—LOVE—IMMORTALITY.

What! thou, man! love!
It never touched thee—love! why it exists
In self-devotion—sacrifice and toil
Are the pure air it breathes in.
* * * For shame, presume not
To call thy self-love, war creating lust
By the proud title of that godlike virtue,
* * * Welcome and farewell.

W. HARNES.

Oh! who young Lilla's glance could read,
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which says, that woman's soul is dust.

BRON.

"By the blue light in the eye of innocence," as D'Israeli prettily swears, I would not exchange one freely given English heart for the lord of all the hareems in the East. No; though I write in an orange grove, with the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, it is impossible to make out a case in favour of a system by which man, in degrading woman, degrades himself. The Egyptian has no home, at least in the English sense of that sacred word: his sons are only half brothers, and generally at enmity with each other; his daughters are transplanted, while yet children, into some other hareem; and his wives, when their beauty is gone by, are divorced without a cause, to make room for some younger rival. The result is, that the Egyptian is a sensualist and a slave, and only fit to be a subject in what prophecy long since foretold his country should become—"the basest of kingdoms." The women have all the insipidity of children, without their innocence or sparkling freshness. Their beauty, voluptuous and soulless, ap-

peals only to the senses ; it has none of that pure and ennobling influence

“ That made us what we are, the great,
the free,
And bade earth bow to England's
chivalry.”

The Moslem purchases his wife as he does his horse—he laughs at the idea of honour and of love ; the armed eunuch and the close-barred window are the only safeguards of virtue that he relies on. Every luxury lavished on the odalisque is linked with some precaution, like the iron fruit and flowers in the mad-house at Naples, that seemed to smile round those whom they imprison. Nor is it for her own sake, but that of her master, that woman is supplied with every luxury that wealth can procure. As we gild our aviaries, and fill them with exotics native to our foreign birds, in order that their song may be sweet and their plumage bright, so the King of Babylon built the hanging gardens for the mountain girl, who pined and lost her beauty among the level plains of the Euphrates. The Egyptian is quite satisfied if his nourmahal be in “good condition ;” mindless himself, what has he to do with mind ? And thus woman lives and dies as if she were indeed the mere animal his miserable creed would make her. Utterly uncultivated, her education limited to staining her eyes with koht, and her fingers with henna, the Egyptian girl's mind wanders, like the river Shannon, “at its own sweet will ;” and between human nature and the conversation of the old Jeezabels who haunt the hareems, the result is not very favourable. I grieve to say it, but I am credibly informed that a denizen of Billingsgate would be rather startled at the copiousness and strength of expression, and the knowledge of human nature that flows from the rosy lips of the Haidees and Zuleikas. Then they become mothers, these wife-children, and the education of their offspring is entirely their work ; whence can these poor children learn those lessons of honour, truth, and faith, which should seem instruc-

tive, being heard with the first intelligence of the young heart ? Woman, degraded herself, most unconsciously avenges her degradation upon man, by sending him forth to the world without a manly thought. Amidst all her disadvantages, however, nature vindicates herself in the one redeeming virtue of filial affection, and the child, though a bad patriot, a bad subject, a bad citizen, is yet a good son. . . .

The Egyptian woman, obliged to share her husband's affection with one hundred others in *this* world, is yet further supplanted in the next by the Houris, a sort of she-angel of as doubtful a character as even a Moslem paradise could well tolerate. Nay more, it is a very moot point among Musselmen D.D.'s, whether women have any soul at all, or not. I believe their principal, if not their only chance of immortality rests on a tradition of a conversation between Mahomet and an old woman who frequently importuned him for a good place in paradise. “Trouble me not,” said the husband of Cadijah,* “there can be no old women in paradise.” Whereupon the aged applicant made such lamentation that he added, “because the old will then all be made young again.” This is but poor comfort for those whom “angels were painted fair to look like.” But I can find no allusion to woman's immortality in all the Koran. Is not this in itself a sufficient commentary on the position which she occupies in the Moslem world ? And what must be the blindness, the selfishness, and the bigotry of that man's mind who can lend himself to such a doctrine ? While the stars in the bright skies he lives under afford intimations of eternity, which he eagerly believes, can the eloquent eyes of woman plead vainly for immortality ? When he leaves his home for the battle-field, can he feel that a whole heaven of Houris could compensate for the loss of “a mutual home beyond the skies” with her who shared his sorrows and his joys on earth ? The dark and dastardly doctrine of fatalism is a ready excuse to his indolent mind from exercising itself in such matters. Were the future

* She was fifteen years older than himself, the foundress of his fortunes, and yet more useful to him as his first convert.

fate of his helpmate of any vital interest to him, the priests would long ago have distilled a heaven for her out of their accommodating crucible, the Koran. In this respect, the ancient Egyptians were as superior to their descendants as in every thing else; their women were carefully mummied up for immortality. One of their greatest sovereigns was Nitocris, a queen; and the name of Cleopatra is associated with the last days of Egyptian glory.

VI.

MAGIC—MASONRY—MAGNETISM.

Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith,
In the night of stars and angels; it is not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space . . .
With life and mystical predominance.
SCHILLER.

EGYPT has been in all ages the reputed stronghold of magic and of mystery. She was the immediate inheretrix of the knowledge, the arts, and the sciences which flowed into other lands, with their possessors, from the concentrated wisdom of the world on the Babel dispersion. As far as we can penetrate into the dim past by the light of conjecture, the mightiest mass of humanity parted thence into two great streams—the one expanding into India, the other into Abyssinia, Æthiopia, and, finally, into the land of Egypt. The powers with which the early race of man was endowed, seem never to have been wholly lost; at least they lingered for centuries under the tent of the Chaldean and the caverns of Africa. The grandsons of Adam were skilled in sciences which the world in these latter ages has only begun to obtain a knowledge of; and in the days when angels mingled their blood with that of earth, art and intellectual power probably attained a height from which they continued to fall for four thousand years, and from which they can never rise again. In the busy and distracting life consequent on the universal emigration from Babel, much of this knowledge was undoubtedly lost, as, being oral, it was the first to suffer from the confusion of tongues, but astronomy still kept her watch on the starlit plains of Chaldea; architecture wrought her wonders at Carli Ipsambul,

and stupendous Thebes; and magic cherished its mysteries in the caverns of Dakke, Ekmim, and Domdaniel. The Egyptian priests seem long to have retained somewhat of the ancient superhuman knowledge, but, being purely traditional, it was at any time liable to contract or expire under the jealous guardianship of some high priest, who wished to be the last of his power. In the mysteries of Isis some of the great secrets were darkly shadowed forth; and enough has already been discovered in the hierophantic walls of her ancient temples, to prove the intimacy of their authors with subjects of which the wise men of our day are just beginning to obtain glimpses, amongst others that of freemasonry, which is now little more than a convivial bond. A grand master of the order will talk darkly about Hiram, and look mysterious at the mention of Jachin and Boaz, but there are not perhaps three men in England who understand the full meaning of the three penalties. Magnetism also appears to have been well understood by the Egyptian hierarchy, not only from some of the effects we find recorded, but in one of the chambers whose hieroglyphics are devoted to medical subjects, we find a priest in the very act of that mesmerism which is pretended to have been discovered a few years ago. The patient is seated in a chair while the operator describes the mesmeric passes, and an attendant waits behind to support the head when it has bowed in the mysterious sleep. But to return to magic—Moses was well skilled in this as well as in all the other “learning of the Egyptians,” and when he proffered miracles to Pharaoh, the latter sent to Dakke and to Ekmim for magicians to oppose him. Their power seems to have been real, though like that of Elymas in later times, it served only as a foil to the mightier works of the divine missionary. When the Israelites were come out of Egypt, they had become so imbued with magical practices, that we find them forbidden upon pain of death; yet four hundred years afterwards Saul found a witch at Endor, and books have been written upon Solomon's necromancies. The study of magic is still followed in Egypt, as it has always been. Caviglia told Lord Lindsay that he had pursued it to the bounds of what was lawful for man to

know ; and M. Preiss, an eminent antiquarian, is now deeply engaged in the same pursuit. There are several persons in Cairo who profess to practise magic, but the most remarkable is the Sheikh Abd-el-kader Maugrabee, who has been introduced to English notice by Lord Prudhoe, Mr. Salt, Mr. Lane, Lord Lindsay, and several other writers. None of these travellers were men likely to lend themselves to a deception, yet they were all more or less convinced of the reality of this magician's pretensions. On my arrival in Cairo I found some difficulty in inducing him to come to my hotel, as he had been recently kicked down stairs by a party of young Englishmen for a failure in his performances. At length, through the kindness of our consul, I procured a visit from him one evening. He was rather a majestic-looking old man, though he required the imposing effect of his long grey beard and wide turban to counteract the disagreeable expression of his little twinkling eyes. I had a pipe and coffee served to him, and he discoursed without reserve upon the subject of his art in which he offered to instruct me. After some time a boy of about twelve years old was brought in and the performance began. He took the child's right hand in his, and described a square figure on its palm, on which he wrote some Arabic characters ; while this was drying, he wrote upon a piece of paper an invocation to his familiar spirits, which he burnt with some frankincense in a brazier at his feet. For a moment a white cloud of fragrant smoke enveloped him and the cowering child who sat before him, but it had entirely dissipated before the phantasms made their appearance. Then taking the boy's hand in his, he poured some ink into the hollow of it, and began to mutter rapidly ; his countenance assumed an appearance of intense anxiety, and the perspiration stood upon his brow, occasionally he ceased his incantations to inquire if the boy saw any thing, and being answered in the negative, he went on more vehemently than before. Meanwhile the little Arab gazed on the inky globule in his hand with an eager and fascinated look, and at length exclaimed, " I see them now ! " Being asked what he saw, he described a man sweeping with a brush, soldiers, a camp, and lastly the sultan.

The magician desired him to call for flags, and he described several of various colours, as coming at his call. When a red flag made its appearance the magician said the charm was complete, and that we might call for whom we pleased. Sir Henry Hardinge was the first person asked for, and after some seconds' delay the boy exclaimed, " he is here. " He described him as a little man in a black dress, white cravat, and yellow (perhaps grey) hair. I asked if he had both *legs*, alas ! he declared he had only one. I then asked for Lord E—k—n. He described him as a very *long* man, with green glass over his eyes, dressed in black and always bending forward. I then asked for Lablache, who appeared as a little young man with a straw hat ; the Venus de Medici represented herself as a young lady with a bonnet and a green veil, and the boy was turned out. We then got an intelligent little negro slave belonging to the house. The magician did not seem to like him much, but went through all the former proceedings over again, during which the actors formed a very picturesque group. The anxious magician with his long yellow robes, the black child with his red tarboosh, white tunic, glittering teeth, and bead-like eyes, gazing earnestly into his dark little hand. The dragoman held a candle, whose light shone vividly on the child, the old man, and his own fine figure, his black beard and moustache contrasting well with those of the hoary necromancer, as did his blue and crimson dress with the pale drapery of the other. Picturesqueness, however, was the only result, the boy insisted that he could see nothing, though his starting eye-balls showed how anxiously he strove to do so. The hour was so late that no other boys were to be found, and so the seance broke up. When he was gone I asked my dragoman, Mahmoud, (who had been dragoman to Lord Prudhoe during both his visits to Egypt,) what he thought of the magician. He said he considered him rather a humbug than otherwise, but added that there certainly was *something* in it. He said not only did Lord Prudhoe believe in the magic, but that Mrs. L——y, a most enterprising traveller, whom he had once attended, had the ink put into her hand, and that she clearly saw the man with the brush,

the soldiers, and the camp, though she could see no more. He told me that the people of Cairo believed the Sheikh had made a league with the "genti basso;" and that he himself believed him to be any thing but a santon. A friend of mine at Alexandria said, that he knew an Englishman who had learnt the art, and practised it with success; and a lady mentioned to me that a young female friend of hers had tried the experiment, and had been so much terrified by the first apparition that she had fainted, and could not be induced to try it again. I have gone into these details as I know that the subject has excited a good deal of interest, and have only to add my own impression, that whatever powers this man may have formerly possessed, the sceptic may indulge largely in unbelief as to any supernatural aid that he receives at present.

I was not surprised to find that magnetism has its professors in Egypt, and that it had been practised from all time in this dreamy and mystical land. The climate seems particularly favourable to the development of its phenomena, and we may easily conceive what effects it must have produced on the lively imagination of this superstitious people, when it can puzzle and astonish in the midst of London. In the old time priest and doctor were synonymous, and the work of the latter was attributed to the influence of the former character. Their temples were placed

in smiling and lonely places, where the imagination of the patient or the proselyte, was gradually prepared to receive the desired impression on their bodies or their minds, or the one was made to act upon the other. As I have mentioned before, in one of the chambers of the tombs is found a magnetizing priest under the figure of Anubis, one of his hands is raised above the head of the sick person, and the other is on his breast. When priestcraft began to wane in Egypt, magnetism, amongst other of its instruments, passed over into Greece, and the Pythoness directed the politics of the world by her revelations when in the ecstatic state of clairvoyance. A very intelligent French physician, in the pasha's service, whom I met upon the Nile, pointed out to me a curious passage in *Plautus*, which leaves no doubt as to magnetism having been known to the Romans. *Amphytr.* sc. 1. *Mercurius et Sosia.* *Mer.* "Quod si ego illum *tractum* tangam ut dormiat?" *Sos.* "Servaveris, nam continuas has tres noctes pervigilavi." The same person told me that he believed great and extensive benefit might be produced by the use of magnetism in Egypt particularly, where every constitution seemed subject to its influences, while in France and England its action is chiefly confined to the more delicate and finer organizations of mind.

Sans adieu.—Yours,

E. W.

TO MUSIC.

BY THE REV. M. VICARY.

Music! with secret power canst thou awake
 The melancholy soul, where sorrows rest,
 And rear their gloomy dwelling in the breast—
 The breast which happiness and hope forsake;
 And him, in thought, to brighter regions take,
 Where with beloved objects past he's blest,
 And views the future as the sunlit west,
 Wandering as though by pleasure's placid lake,
 Thus grief is still; lost joys to being start,
 And brooding anguish for a while takes wing.
 When care, the canker of the human heart,
 Settled ill-boding on the Hebrew king,*
 He found no remedy in the healer's art;
 Relief came only from the harper's string.

* 1 Samuel xvi. 16 and 23.

THE FACTORY SYSTEM OF ENGLAND.

It seems to be settled amongst observant and intelligent men of all parties, that one of the most important questions in our domestic government, to which a minister can devote his attention, is the existing condition of society in the manufacturing districts of England. Within the past half century, an entirely new element in our social economy—a kind of *imperium in imperio*, independent of the general laws which govern society, and out of its own spontaneously-created necessities calling for special rules and special remedies—has presented itself. The anomaly of the factory system is, that contemporaneously with its growth, no salutary power of check and control has sprung up, the consequence being, that whilst the whole has become vast by constant accumulation, it has also become intractable and dangerous. *Rudi sindigestaque moles*, it is politically powerful without being constitutionally sound, a treacherous volcanic mountain, ever trembling with the workings of intestinal mischief, rather than a natural bulwark, promising security and ensuring peace—an impending peril rather than an enduring strength to the nation of whose social structure it has become a part. It is no grievance in our eyes that every blacksmith is by nature a politician, or that the iron must sometimes cool upon the anvil, whilst the last job of the state tinker is overhauled and criticised; our consolation being, first, that the smith is as little capable of comprehending the high purposes of statesmanship, as an archangel may be supposed to be of dictating the fashion of a horseshoe; secondly, that the parish pinfold is the boundary of his influence, the sway of the parish vestry a point beyond his highest senatorial aspirations. As little should we object to the honest weaver, whilst plying the household shuttle, amusing himself with efforts to unravel the tangled web of state diplomacy; since, as they merely form part of the natural associations of a mechanical operation, they are not likely to affect any thing

beyond the structure of the cloth which grows beneath his hand.

With this state of things we should not feel the least inclination to grumble. But when, in lieu of the simple village Vulcan, we behold a Brummagem Republic of Blacksmiths ever roaring at a white heat, like their own furnaces, and seeking to overawe senates and control cabinets—when, instead of the homely and peaceable weaver, we behold marauding mobs of factory workers holding whole districts in thralldom, destroying property, shedding blood, and threatening to take away life, because the established form of government is not to be re-cast in *their* hideous mould; when we see these things, we say we are irresistibly drawn to the conclusion, that the new factory *regime* is essentially rotten, that it is fast tainting the whole framework of society, and that if it be not subjected to prompt and vigorous treatment, the time is not far distant when all will fall in one fearful crash. Not that we blame the people themselves for this, nor is it altogether a natural consequence of being left to themselves. Their chief error—it can scarcely be called a crime—consists in their having obeyed the impulse, and suffered themselves to be made the tools of designing men. One of the greatest errors that will be recorded against them in history is, that they have ever delegated their power to the most despicable of factions. Under the treacherous auspices of the Whigs, they have suffered the anvils of Birmingham to be silent, and the spinning-frames of Manchester to stand still. Under the same auspices, they carried the firebrand and the pike into Bristol, Birmingham, and Nottingham; and—for let history record the catastrophe as well as the plot!—they earned Tyburn, Botany Bay, or the hulks for their rashness! It may be “the interest” of faction and of party “to allow them to remain in their present condition of social and moral destitution,” but “the interest of every man in Britain”

points in the opposite direction; and we would fain believe that it was this conviction which pressed home upon the minds of ministers, and induced them to follow the advice of Lord Ashley, in introducing their factory bill with its educational clauses. For convinced as we are that sooner or later some measure framed on this model *must* become the law of the land, we venture to trust that it will form one of the patriotic acts of the present government. Indeed, no small share of credit remains to the government for what it has attempted, though it is much to be regretted that it had not the firmness to carry through its measures to a successful issue.

Thoroughly acquainted, as we claim to be, with the wants and necessities of the manufacturing population of England, we do not hesitate to pronounce the dropped measure of the government one of the wisest ever conceived by the mind of man. It embraced a comprehensive plan for the emancipation of the urban masses from a condition of moral and physical degradation scarcely paralleled in the whole civilized world. Bœotia (which, indeed, had its poets, historians, and philosophers—its Pindars, Hesiods, and Plutarchs,) was not a fouler blot upon the classic soil of Greece, than is the factory system of England upon English society.

The bill introduced by Sir James Graham was a fine initiatory step in a course of legislation, which, if persevered in, must have drawn the artificial state of society in the manufacturing districts within natural limits, and made it subject to those uniform rules, by the operation of which an abundant population can alone become a "nation's strength." Again the new bill transcended all previous measures of a similar kind because in aiming at the improvement of the general condition of the working people it comprehended that vital principle of legislation which adds moral and religious appliances to the ordinary means for securing obedience to the law. Indeed, the strength of the measure lay in the educational clauses. They nerved, with a moral temper, those provisions which bore upon the physical condition of the workpeople, and would have made them effectual in-

struments for the permanent amelioration of that condition. The hours of labour were not curtailed to make room for a fatal indolence: the time reclaimed from the workshop was not to be surrendered to the haunts of pleasure or debauchery: that which was taken from Mammon was to be consecrated to Heaven; and we have that faith in the happy moral results of every measure of this kind, which takes religion for its basis, that we regard it in the light of an impossibility that Sir James Graham's bill, though it curtailed the duration of labour, would not eventually improve not merely the social but the physical condition of the labouring poor. Abundant pecuniary aids to gratification can never compensate the poor man for that self-respect which brings so much tranquil virtue and so much sterling comfort in its train. The man destitute of moral and religious feelings and impulses, even if he gain twice the amount of wages enjoyed by his neighbour, who has been trained to the knowledge and appreciation of Christian duties, is, in truth, not half so well off, because he dissipates the bulk of his earnings in intemperance and profligacy, brings home slovenly, irregular, and unclean habits to his dwelling, and inculcates improvidence and extravagance with their attendant miseries in his family. The only notion of amelioration which suggests itself to the senses of such a man, is an increased facility for indulging in his favourite pursuits, and he overlooks the physical evils which spring out of long hours of toil in the additional means with which they provide him for sensual ends. To amend the *present* generation of grown persons by means of an education bill, would, we fear, be a hopeless and unprofitable effort. For them we have other specifics which we shall name presently. But with reference to the *rising* generation we may accomplish much by giving them such a moral and religious training as shall elevate their position in the social scale, and purge them of those habits of profligacy and intemperance which are a curse to themselves, and render them a pestilence to society. The legislature would thus have triumphed far more effectually over the more salient evils of the manufacturing system, than by the enacting of any merely

penal statute ; and for this reason : a moral sense of rectitude will eagerly anticipate, not coldly and reluctantly comply with, the law. Where respect for the law is secured by the impending terrors of pains and penalties, we ever find men scrupulously weighing the amount of compliance which shall bring them indeed to the verge of peril, but preserve them harmless. Bare compliance with the law, not generous respect for it, is always to be looked for in men, between whom and their faults, parliament may have found it necessary to interpose. The legislative restrictions upon labour have ever been treated in this spirit—a spirit not confined exclusively to the employer on the one hand, or to the employed on the other, but equally active in both. It is active in the former, because the greater the number of working hours, the larger the amount of work thrown off in a given time, (say a week,) with a proportionately small investment of capital in buildings and machinery. For example, one hundred hands will throw off a given quantity of work in sixteen hours ; but if you reduce the hours of labour to eight, double the number of hands, and double the quantity of machinery would be required to turn out the same amount of work. It is active in the latter, because the amount of earnings is regulated by the duration of labour, and if the labourer work sixteen hours instead of eight, he obtains twice the amount of money. Thus, at present, it is the interest of both to prolong the duration of labour, and both are actuated by the same motive—the desire of gain. Now, if the hours of labour of both adults and children were made uniform in all manufactories throughout the kingdom, the masters universally would be placed on an equal footing as regards the means of production, by a given quantity of machinery in a given time. Thus one grand source of injurious rivalry would be stopped up. The moral and physical effects upon the work-people and their children need not be pointed out. It was to this end that Sir James Graham's bill was mainly directed, and no doubt it would have proved effectual.

Our intention is not so much to weigh the merits of this measure as it

stood, as to take a general survey of the evils which at present afflict the operative manufacturers. We have already described the bill as a most important step in the right direction. But it was only a *part* (*magna pars* we confess) of a comprehensive and systematic plan for improving the *general* condition of the working classes. The children were well provided for in the measure we have just glanced at, but the condition of their parents calls for other remedies ; essential, indeed, as an auxiliary to the successful education (we mean education in its literal etymological sense,) of the *children*, but absolutely indispensable to the success of any effort to elevate the position of the *parents*—remedies differing, it is true, as widely as the nature of the evils to which they must be applied, but which to be successful must be harmonious, and simultaneously set in motion. The more prominent evils which immediately suggest themselves to us are these:—

1. The want of secular and religious instruction.

2. The utter estrangement and ignorance of each other which subsists between master and servant.

3. The exclusive employment of the females in manufactories.

4. Badly constructed habitations, and the want of efficient drainage and ventilation.

5. The payment of wages in public-houses.

Many subordinate evils might be added, but for the most part they will range under these five heads.

With regard to the first and principal evil, it was boldly, and we believe effectually grappled with in Sir James Graham's factory bill. All who have been engaged in investigating the condition of the labouring classes concur in pronouncing the general want of secular and religious instruction as most lamentable, and disgraceful to a Christian country. The educational clauses of the bill provided a remedy of the very best kind, founded on the strictly-constitutional principle of assigning to the Established Church the performance of those high superintending functions which as the *national* church belong to it, and to it alone. How far the experiment of a compulsory education of the people might have succeeded, it is impossible to

foresee; but of this we are well convinced, that so long as religion is to form any part of education, (and *without* religion the very life-spring of education would be wanting,) it must be controlled by some one established and recognised authority—some one standard and exemplar of the doctrine of Christianity; not left a thing of shreds and patches, to be administered by each of the hundred and one teachers of schism. This, however, is a subject to which justice can only be done in an article specially and exclusively devoted to it.

The estrangement and ignorance of each other which subsists between master and man is another very formidable evil. It is one, however, not likely to escape the attention of government. We find that the Children's Employment Commissioners, in their second report, just issued, make pointed remarks upon it in several places; *ex. gr.*

"That among the great body of employers it is very uncommon, even for those who are considered the best masters to do any thing more, in the moral care of their young workpeople, than merely to suspend in the places of work printed regulations, defining the duties and behaviour of the children, and prohibiting the adult workmen from beating and otherwise ill-using them, *without, either by themselves or their agents, taking any personal care that these regulations are observed*: while, in the great majority of instances, even this is not done, but the young people come to their work at a fixed hour; during the hours of labour they work constantly; when their task is done, they leave their place of work; and then all connexion ends between the employers and the employed."

The effects of an opposite policy on the part of the masters are forcibly adduced:—

"That in the comparatively few large establishments in which the children are employed and paid directly by the master, and in which, *either by his own personal inspection, or by that of an intelligent and vigilant agent, he exercises a superintendence over the children, there is not only a great increase in their happiness, but*

uniformly a striking improvement in their general conduct; and that in every trade and district there are some establishments in which corporal punishment is neither allowed nor practised, and from which any workman who ill-uses a child is dismissed."†

A learned and valuable writer of the present day, in an essay "on the Present Condition of the Labouring Poor in Manchester," throws out some hints on this subject which the government would do well to adopt. He says—

"Let it become a rule—not merely a circumstance of *frequent* occurrence and a point *generally* aimed at, as I am happy to believe it is with many masters—but a *RULE* not to be deviated from, that the master, or some confidential servant of equal education and influence with the master himself, shall become *personally* acquainted with every workman in his employ; and no case of real distress would hereafter go unrelieved from the ignorance of the giver, and the inability of the receiver to produce satisfactory testimony to the necessity of the case." . . . "Two simple rules alone seem necessary for this purpose. One is, that every master keep a book in which is always entered the name and residence of each workman, the number of his children, the amount of his wages, the time of his entering and the time of his quitting such master's service, with the reasons for the latter. The other is, that each master either pay his workmen himself, or, if that be impracticable, that he be as frequently as possible present at the time of payment, by which means he will gradually become acquainted with their persons and circumstances, and they with him. It is astonishing how much men are conciliated towards one another simply by becoming personally acquainted. It is human nature (though not an amiable part of it) to think ill of those we do not know, especially when our interests seem to be opposed to one another."

These forcible remarks are the fruit of a practical experience of some duration in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. They are from the pen of one whose writings and personal exertions will one day work his ad-

* Children's Employment Commission. Second Report of the Commissioners. (Trades and Manufactures.) 1843.—Page 200.

† *Ibid.*—Page 198.

vancement—the Rev. Richard Parkinson, one of the canons of Manchester. When master and man are placed on a different footing, when they are made to *know* each other, then personal character will become as essential a quality in the workman as manual dexterity. From that moment he will become something more than a living machine; he will have a right to the sympathies, not a mere claim upon the purse of his master; and in discovering that he is an object of regard to those above him, he will become sensible to the cheering dawn of self-respect, and feel that his social position has been elevated, and that he is of some consequence to society. Of course, the altered position of master and man would involve the abolition of the practice of apprenticing children to overlookers and workpeople, instead of to their masters. It is a bad practice, surrounded with all sorts of evils, and hardships, and cruelties to the children, without conferring the least benefit upon the masters. If the servant be discharged from his employment, his apprentices must share his fate; his control over them is absolute, and not unfrequently attended with cruelty: and since his only interest in the apprentice is the amount of his or her earnings, (for it must be understood that in most instances the man, by agreement with the parents of the child, pockets a large portion of its earnings,) its disposition and habits are wholly neglected until they are confirmed for life.* To all these matters should government pay an earnest attention. We think they may calculate upon the ready co-operation of the masters, for it is inconceivable that any set of men could be so blind to their own interests as not to see the many unquestionable advantages which would flow from the suggested remedies.

The third evil—exclusive employment of the females in manufactories—is one which strikes at the root and utterly destroys the domestic comforts

of the working people. The calm repose of home, those gentle endearments which insensibly twine round the hearts of men and fortify them against the “evil passions which assault and hurt the soul,” are unknown to the factory labourer: his wife neglects her household to perform her daily duties in the factory, which unfit her for the duties of a wife; the domestic hearth is cold and forbidding, void of its proverbial allurements, stripped of its comforts, and the husband seeks his wretched pleasures in the haunts of dissipation and vice. The commissioners whom we have quoted record a strong verdict to this effect:—

“That the girls are prevented, by their early removal from home and from the day-schools, to be employed in labour, from learning needlework, and from acquiring those habits of cleanliness, neatness, and order, without which they cannot, when they grow up to womanhood, and have the charge of families of their own, economise their husbands’ earnings, or give to their homes any degree of comfort; and this general want of the qualifications of a housewife in the women of this class is stated by clergymen, teachers, medical men, employers, and other witnesses, to be one great and universally-prevailing cause of distress and crime among the working classes.”†

The committee of physicians and surgeons at Birmingham, in a report to the poor-law commissioners,‡ also bear strong testimony to the pernicious consequences arising from the exclusive employment of females in manufactories:—

“The improvidence of which we are speaking is to be traced in very many instances to extreme ignorance on the part of the wives of these people. The females are from necessity bred up from their youth in the workshops, as the earnings of the younger members contribute to the support of the family. The minds and morals of the girls become debased, and they marry totally ignorant of all those habits of domestic

* Mr. Kennedy, a barrister, and one of the sub-commissioners, in his comprehensive and well-selected evidence from Lancashire, makes this abundantly clear.

† Page 200.

‡ Report to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor-Law Commissioners, on an inquiry in the Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain. July, 1842.—Page 139.

economy which tend to render a husband's home comfortable and happy; and this is very often the cause of the man being driven to the alehouse to seek that comfort after his day of toil which he looks for in vain by his own fireside."

There is enough in this evidence to justify the legislature in specially exempting the females from factory labour. We would not go the length of urging an unconditional interdict against their working at all in the factories, for this, we know, would in most cases prove a distressing and unnecessary curtailment of the means of supporting large families, but we would very materially shorten the hours of labour, with a view of reinstating the females in their proper domestic sphere. The wicked and demoralizing practice, which has long prevailed, of the young people of both sexes leaving the roof of their parents at a tender age and seeking shelter in lodgings, doubtless had its origin, in some degree, in a sense, on the part of the females, of domestic uselessness at home, and in a disinclination on the part of the males to share in the dreary miseries of the domestic fireside.

Badly constructed habitations and the want of sufficient drainage and ventilation are another prolific source of evil to the labouring classes, and must, so long as they exist, effectually neutralize every step in the direction of either moral or sanitary improvement. Who ever heard of the domestic virtues flourishing or bearing fruit amidst the filth and squalor of crowded, noisome, unventilated, and undrained hovels? The atmosphere of such places is peculiarly and especially the atmosphere of crime and wretchedness, stifling every generous impulse as it rises, blunting the energies of mind and body, making men indifferent to their fate, weaning them from the very sense of comfort, and reducing

them to the nerveless and lethargic passiveness of a swinish existence. If the dwelling be environed with puddles and stench, cooped up in narrow streets and alleys; if there be but one step "from threshold to constant mud," what temptation is there to keep the interior of the house neat and clean, or to stone the threshold? Men's habits are moulded by the objects and associations which constantly surround them. What sort of habits would be formed by the influences which we have described? Are they such influences as would quicken the seeds of morality and religion into a luxurious growth? Is this the ground in which to sow noble precepts, or plant lofty impulses? We trow not! What says the chairman of the Bedford Union at page 262 of the "Sanatory Report"—

"A man who comes home to a poor, comfortless hovel after his day's labour, and sees all miserable around him, has his spirits more often depressed than excited by it.* He feels that do his best he shall be miserable still, and is too apt to fly for a temporary refuge to the ale-house or beer-shop."

This picture is amply corroborated by the secretary to the poor-law commissioners, Mr. Chadwick, who says—

"There, as in most cases, the internal economy of the houses was primarily effected by the defective internal and surrounding drainage, that produced the damp and wet, and thence the dirt, against which the inmates had ceased to contend."

We should think so indeed! The poor, hard-worked, and worn journeyman cotton-spinner of the present day is scarcely equal to the Herculean task of cleansing an Augean stable. That must be left to the patriotism of a whole senate.

The fifth and last evil is the payment of wages in public-houses; by which

* A very happy reverse of the picture recently came under the personal observation of the writer of this article at a village called Disby, near the manufacturing town of Stockport. There, by the single-handed and benevolent exertions of two brothers, the Messrs. Thomas and Richard Orford, the dwellings of the poor workpeople have been made perfect patterns of cleanliness and domestic comfort. The same gentlemen have built and support a public school, in one corner of which is constantly to be seen a new eight-day clock in a tall oak case—the standing reward of every exemplary couple on their wedding day; the clock being replaced as often as new candidates claim the prize.

practice the men are induced to spend a considerable portion of their earnings on beer or spirits; thus contracting habits of drunkenness and profligacy, and entailing all sorts of misery and privation both upon themselves and their families. The evidence of Mr. Peter Fairbairn, an extensive mechanist of Leeds, (Sanatory Report, pages 247-8,) lays bare the evil in its broad and hideous extent:—

“You are a mechanist at Leeds?—I am.

“What number of men do you employ?—Between 500 and 600.

“Have you ever observed any effects produced in the habits of the labouring classes in respect to drinking intoxicating liquors by the mode in which they are paid their wages?—Yes, there are two modes in which wages are most frequently paid, and both these modes are prejudicial in their effects. The first effect is connected with the place of payment. Some masters pay at the public-house, others pay the men at the counting-house after the work is completed. The effects produced by payment at the public-house are to oblige the workman to drink. He is kept waiting in the public-house during a long time, varying from two to three hours, sometimes as much as five hours. The workman cannot remain in the house without drinking, even if he were alone, as he must make some return to the landlord for the use of the room. But the payment of a number of men occupies time in proportion to their numbers. We find that to pay our own men in the most rapid way requires from two to three hours. The assembled workmen, of course, stimulate each other to drink. Out of 100 men, all of whom will probably have taken their quart of porter or ale, above a third will go home in a state of drunkenness—of drunkenness to the extent of imbecility. The evil is not confined to the men; the destructive habit is propagated in their families. At each public-house a proportion of the poor women, their wives, attend. According to my own observation, full ten per cent. of the men have their wives

and children in attendance at the public-house. The poor women have no other mode of getting money to market with on Saturday night than attending at the public-house to get it from their husbands. They may have children whom they cannot leave at home, and these they bring with them. The wives are thus led to drink, and they and their children are made partakers at the scenes of drunkenness and riot; for there are not unfrequently quarrels leading to fights between the workmen when intoxicated.

“Do not these late hours, consequent on such a mode of payment, also lead them to the inferior markets, and prejudice the domestic economy of the labourer's household?—Yes, they have the less money to purchase with, and must purchase an inferior quality of provisions. I have observed that they do so. They are driven to the inferior shopkeepers who keep open late; and they are also driven to make purchases on the Sunday morning. It is only the inferior shopkeepers or hucksters who will sell on the Sunday morning, and they sell an inferior commodity at a higher price.”

This must suffice. Not that we have put all our witnesses into the box. We could fill a month's space with evidence equally strong. Sufficient however has been quoted to show that in order effectually to rescue the manufacturing districts of England from the moral and physical thralldom under which they at present labour, a comprehensive measure, embracing *all* the evils which we have dwelt upon, must *accompany* any legislative attempt to confer a salutary system of education upon the rising generation of workpeople. Put an end to the five evils which we have pointed out, and the ground is prepared for the seeds of a moral and religious training, which will speedily work the regeneration of the factory population of England. Neglect this, and all the education in the world will prove abortive.

ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. &c.

CHAPTER K.

In a small tavern at Nottingham was a large but low-roofed room—with the heavy beams, blackened by smoke, almost touching the heads of some of the taller guests—in which, on the night after that of which we have just spoken, were assembled as many persons as it could well contain; and a strange scene of confusion it presented. Hats and feathers, swords and daggers, pipes and glasses, bottles and plates, big men and little, men of war and men of peace, an atmosphere composed of smoke, of the fumes of wine, the smell of strong waters and of beer, and the odour of several large pieces of roast meat, together with innumerable sounds of innumerable kinds, oaths, cries for the tapster and the boy, loud laughter, low murmurs, the hoarse accusation, the fierce rejoinder, the sustained discussion, the prosy tale, and the dull snore, as well as the half drunken song, had all their place in the apartment, which might well have been supposed the tap-room of the tower of Babel. The house was, in short, a place of resort for the lower order of cavaliers, and the hour that at which the greater part having supped, were betaking themselves to their drink with the laudable determination, then but too common, of leaving themselves as little wit as possible till the next morning.

"*Basta, basta!* It sufficeth!" cried a tall man with a peculiarly constructed nose. "I will find the good youth, if he were in a hundred Hulls. What's Hull to me? or I to Hull? as the poet says. I know, if I can bring the girl back out of his clutches, where a hundred crowns are to be got. We have open hands amongst us; but mark me, master, if you are deceiving me I will cut your ears off."

The man whom he addressed was a small, sharp-eyed man, reddish in the hair and pale about the gills; but he answered stoutly—

"That's what you dare not, Master Barecolt."

"Dare not!" cried Barecolt, seizing a knife that lay upon the table, and starting up with an ominous look—"Dare not! What is it that I dare not? Now, look you, repeat that word again, and you shall go forth of this room with no more ears than a grinder's cur. Dare not! thou small chandler, I could break you across my knee like a piece of rotten wood."

There was some truth in what he said, and the small man felt the force of that truth, so that he thought it expedient to lower his tone.

"I meant I would take the law of you if you did," he said; "so no more of cutting off ears, Master Barecolt, for we have sharp justices in Nottingham. But what I said is very true. I know old Dry very well—have known him, indeed, these twelve years. When first he used to come to Hull to buy goods of the Hamburgers, I had a shop there, where he used to stop and take a glass of cinnamon now and then. But he has grown a great man now, and would hardly notice an old acquaintance, especially as he was riding with men of war."

"And you are sure he had a woman with him?" asked Barecolt, resuming his seat, and filling his glass.

"A sort of girl, mayhap some sixteen years of age," answered his companion. "She looked somewhat rueful too, with her eyes cast upon the ground as she rode along."

"That's she," replied Barecolt, "'tis beyond all doubt. What does the dried herring at Hull, I wonder—Let me see. It would take some threescore men to capture Hull, I doubt?"

"Three score!" exclaimed the other, "some thirty thousand you mean."

Barecolt gave him a look of unutterable contempt. "Four petards," he said, continuing his own calculations in an under tone, "for the outer gate,

the bridge, the inner gate, and one to spare—ha—threescore men—half must be musketeers—well, there is Hughes's company. I will do it."

"You had better not try," answered his companion. "I could tell you a much better plan if you would strike a bargain in an honest way, and give me half the reward for finding this young woman, as you say there are great folks looking after her."

"Half the reward, thou little Carthaginian!" exclaimed Barecolt. "By my faith, if you have half the reward you shall have half the danger too; and a quarter of it would turn your liver as white as a hen pigeon's."

"Why, I will save you all danger if you will listen to me," answered the small gentleman. "I will tell you my plan and you shall judge, and whatever risk there is, I will share readily enough. I know all the houses that Dry frequents in Hull; all his haunts, from the store where he used to buy dried beef and neat's tongues salted, to the shop where he used to take the fourth glass of strong waters. If you will put off your swagger and your feathers, clothe yourself like a puritan, and walk demurely, we will take two companions, slip into Hull with a couple of horse-loads of drapery, find out where Master Dry lodges, and while I busy him with a little speculation in his own way, by which I can easily make him believe that he will fill his pockets, you can deal with the girl and get her out of the city."

"Clothe myself like a puritan," said Barecolt, thoughtfully, "that is the only difficult part of the affair; for unless I steal old Major Randal's suit of black, where I am to get a pious doublet I know not. The fifty crowns Lord Walton gave me have been spent on this new bravery and sundry pottle pots, together with things that shall be nameless, friend Tibbets; but by my faith, I will go and ask the good lord for more. He will not grudge the pistoles if we can get Mistress Arrah back again to him. He's as fond of her as a hen of her chickens,—yet all in honour, Master Tibbets—all in honour, upon my life—I will go this minute as soon as I have finished this pint;" and again he filled his glass and drained it at a draught. He then rose from his seat, and was in the act of saying, "wait here for me and I

will be back in a minute," when an officer was seen dimly through the smoke, entering by the door on the other side of the room. After gazing round for a minute, from table to table, he exclaimed aloud, "Is one Captain Barecolt here? He is wanted by the king."

"I knew it!" cried Barecolt, giving a towering look at Master Tibbets. "I was sure of it—my great services—Sir, my name is Barecolt, and your very humble servant."

The officer gazed at him with a look of some consideration and surprise,—“My good friend,” he said, “you seem scarcely fit to obey the king’s summons—you have been drinking.”

“So does his majesty I wot, when he is thirsty,” replied Barecolt, nothing abashed; “but if it be of proportions you speak—if it be quantity makes the difference, I will soon remedy the amount of wine within, by the application of water without. I am not drunk, sir, I never was drunk in my life. No, sir, nor was I ever the worse for liquor, as it is termed, though often much the better for it. But whenever I find my eyes a little misty, and see a fringe round the candles; or feel the floor move in an unusual manner, or the cups dance without any one touching them, I have a secret for remedying such irregularities, which secret lies, like truth, in the bottom of a well. Hold—Tapster, I have drunk wine enough to-night to justify me in calling for water, even in a tavern. Tapster, I say, get me a bucket of cold water from the pump and put it down before the door, then bring a napkin to take off the superfluous—I remember when I was in the palatinate going to see the great tun——.”

“Sir, we have no time for tales,” said the officer drily, “the king waits. Make yourself as sober as you can and as speedily as possible.”

“Sir, I am with you in an instant,” rejoined Barecolt. “Master Tibbets, wait here till I come back. You can finish the tankard for me, it is paid for.”

Thus saying he went forth, and returned in a few minutes, buttoning up his collar, with his scattered hair somewhat dishevelled and dripping; and saying he was ready, he followed the officer, making another sign to Tibbets to wait for his return.

"Who is that fellow?"

"What the devil can the king want with him?"

"Why it's Captain Barecolt, of Randal's."

"I think the king might have chosen a better man."

"That's a lie. There is not a better man in the service."

"He's a bragging fool."

"I dare say a coward too."

"No, no! no coward for all his brags."

Such were some of the observations which followed Barecolt's departure with the officer, while they wended on their way through the streets of Nottingham to the king's lodging, whither we shall take leave to follow them. The style and semblance of a court was kept up long after the royal authority was gone; and in the first room which Barecolt entered was a number of servants and attendants. Beyond that was a vacant chamber, and then a small ante-room, in which a pale boy, in a page's dress, sat reading by a lamp. He looked up, as the captain and his conductor appeared, but did not offer to move till the officer told him to go in, and say to his majesty, that Captain Barecolt was in attendance; on which he rose, opened a door opposite, and knocked at a second, which appeared within. Voices were heard speaking; and after a moment's pause the boy repeated the signal, when the door was opened, and he made the announcement.

"Let him wait," was the reply; and for about twenty minutes the worthy captain remained, his head getting each moment cooler, and freer from the fumes of the wine; but his fancy only became the more active and rampant, and running away with him over the open plain of possibility, without the slightest heed of whither she was carrying her rider. Having already given the reader a sample of her doings with Captain Barecolt in a preceding chapter, we will spare him on the present occasion, especially as it would take much more time to recount her vagaries in the good gentleman's brain than it did for her to enact them.

At length the door opened, and a voice pronounced the words, "Captain Barecolt!" at which sound the captain advanced, and entered, not

without some trepidation—for there is something in majesty, even when shorn of its beams, that is not to be lightlied by common men.

The king was seated at a table in a small room, with lights and papers before him, and three or four gentlemen were standing round, of whom Barecolt knew but one, even by sight. That one was the Earl of Beverly, who, with a packet of letters in his hand, stood a little behind Charles upon the king's right. The monarch wore his hat and plume, and the full light was shining on his fine melancholy features, which looked more sad rather than more cheerful for a faint smile that was passing over his lip. His fair right hand lay upon the table, with the fingers clasped round a roll of papers, upon which they closed and opened more than once, while Barecolt advanced to the end of the table with a low bow; and the monarch gazed at him attentively for a few moments.

"Your name is Barecolt?" asked the king at length.

"It is, may it please your majesty," replied the captain.

"You have been much in France, I think?" continued Charles.

"Many years, sire," answered the soldier, "and speak the language as my own."

"Good!" said the king. "With what parts of the country are you most acquainted?"

"With all parts, your majesty," rejoined the captain, who was beginning to recover his loquacity, which had been somewhat checked by the first effect of the king's presence. "I have been in the north, sire, where I fought against Fuentes; and I have travelled all over the ground round Paris. I know every part of Picardy and Isle of France. Normandy, too, I have run through in every direction, and could find my way from Caudabec to Alençon with my eyes blindfolded. Poitou and Main I am thoroughly conversant with; and know all the towns on the Loire and in the Orleanois—the passes of the Cevennes, the Forez, and the Vivarais."

But Charles waved his hand, saying, "Enough! enough! Now, tell me, if you were landed on the coast of Normandy—say at Pont au-de-Mer—and had to make your way secretly

to Paris, what course would you take?"

"Please your majesty, Pont au-de-Mer is not a seaport," replied Barecolt. The king smiled, and Barecolt continued—"I know it well, and a pretty little town it is, upon the Rille."

"Well, well," said the king; "suppose you were landed at Harfleur, then,—I did but wish to try you, sir,—how would you direct your course for Paris from Harfleur?"

"If I were to go secretly, may it please your majesty," was the reply, "I do not think I should go near Pont au-de-Mer at all, for then I must pass through Rouen, where they are cute and cunning, ask all sorts of questions, and look to passes sharply. No; I would rather take a little round by Lisieux, Evreux, and Pacy, or, perhaps, keep still farther out from the Seine, and come upon Paris by Dreux, Pontchartrain, and Versailles. Then they would never suspect one came from the sea-side."

The king slowly nodded his head with a satisfied air, saying—"I see you know what you speak of, my friend. My Lord of Beverly, this will do. If you wish to ask him any more questions before you trust yourself to his guidance, pray do so."

"Oh no, sire," replied the earl; "I satisfied myself by my conversation with Major Randal before I spoke with your majesty upon the subject. He assures me that Captain Barecolt knows France well, and I have had cause to be aware that he is a serviceable companion in moments of danger. There is but one bad habit which I trust Captain Barecolt will lay aside for the time, that is, too much talking. I am going, sir, to Paris, on business of importance. The road that I know, is not now open to me, and I have need of one to accompany me who is well acquainted with the country through which I have to pass. By his majesty's permission, and on Major Randal's recommendation, I have chosen you, sir, for a service which will be rewarded according as it is well performed. But you must recollect, that the least whisper that I am not what I seem, may prove my ruin, though it can benefit no other party, as it is to avoid sending despatches that I go myself."

"You need not be afraid, my lord," replied Barecolt; "for though I am a soldier of fortune, yet it has always been my rule to stick to the cause I first espouse, till my engagement be up. If I do sell myself to the best bidder, as soon as I have touched a crown the market is over. I am no more for sale. The goods are disposed of; and if I were to go over to the enemy even for an hour, I should look upon it, that I was stealing myself—a sort of *felo de se*, in the code of honour which I never did and never will be guilty of. Then, as for discretion, my lord, I declare, upon my word, that all the time I am with you I will not utter one syllable of truth. I will be all one tall lie, saving his majesty's presence. You sha'n't have to accuse me of speaking truth indiscreetly, depend upon it."

"But speaking too much at all, Master Barecolt, may do as much harm," replied Lord Beverly; "a lie is a difficult thing to manage."

"For those who are not accustomed to it, my lord," replied Barecolt, with a low bow; "but I am experienced, sir, and owe my life some twenty times over to a well-managed fiction. Oh! a clumsy lie is a hateful thing, not to be tolerated amongst gentlemen; and a timid lie is still worse, for it shows cowardice; but a good bold falsehood, well supported and dexterously planted, is as good as a battery at any time."

"Not a very creditable sort of weapon," said Charles, with a grave brow. "But enough of this, sir. Where to deceive an enemy in open strife, to gain a mighty object, such as security, or conceal one's needful proceedings from the eyes of those who have no right to pry, is the end proposed—some palliation may be found, perhaps, for a deviation from the strict truth. Would it were not sometimes necessary," he added, looking round, as if doubtful of the approval of all present; "but, at all events, to speak unnecessary untruths is as dangerous as it is foolish, and as foolish as it is wicked."

"May it please your majesty," answered Barecolt, whose self-confidence had now fully returned, "what your majesty says is quite just: but some of these necessary lies I suppose we must tell from the beginning. Neither I

nor my lord the earl, I take it, must pass for Englishmen, or there will be no more secrecy. We must both say we are Frenchmen, or Dutchmen, or Italians—a good big falsehood to commence with.”

Lord Beverly laughed. “I am afraid, sire,” he observed, “we must say no more upon the subject, or we shall have a strange treatise upon ethics; but, however, as we go across the country to embark, I will endeavour to drill my friend here to use his tongue as little as may be, so that we shall be spared more fraud than needful. I will now humbly take my leave of your majesty, having received my instructions, and by day-break tomorrow I will be on my way. May God graciously speed your majesty’s cause during my absence.” Thus saying, he bent one knee, and kissed Charles’s hand, and then making a sign to Barecolt to follow, he quitted the presence.

“Now, Master Barecolt,” said the earl, as soon as they were in the street, “I know you are a man of action. Be with me by four to-morrow. There is something for your preparations.” And he put a small, but heavy leathern bag in his hand, adding, “That is all that is needed for a soldier, I know.”

“Good faith, I must speak with Lord Walton before I go,” answered Barecolt, “though it be somewhat late.”

“Well, then, come quick,” replied the earl; and he led the way to the lodging of his friend, where, while Barecolt entertained the young nobleman for near an hour in a room below, Lord Beverly passed some sweet, though parting moments with bright Annie Walton; and when he left her, her cheek was glowing, and her eyelids moist with tears.

CHAPTER XI.

IN a remote part of the country—for England had then remote parts and lonely, which are now broad and open to the busy world—rode along, a little before nightfall, a small party of about ten persons. The weather was clear and mild; but there was in the evening light and in the autumnal hues, that touch of melancholy which always accompanies the passing away of any thing that is bright, whether it be a summer’s day or a fair season, a joy or a hope. The country was flat and unbroken; but nevertheless the eye had no scope to roam, for tall gloomy-looking rows of trees flanked the narrow road on either side, and many similar lines divided the plain into small fields, which they shaded from the sun, except when he towered at his highest noon. A river, some four or five yards across, slow and almost stagnant, crept along at the side of the lane, with the current just perceptible in the middle, where the water seemed bright and limpid enough: but further towards the side the thick weeds were seen rising from the bottom and spreading over the surface, till, at the very edge, they became tangled into an impenetrable green mass, fringed with flags and rushes.

Over the clearer part of the stream darted the busy water-spider, and whirling in the air above were myriads of gnats, rising with their irritating hum in tall columns, like the sands of the desert when lifted up by the whirlwind. The light was gray and solemn, and one needed to look to the sky to see that the sun had not actually set.

After riding along this road for the distance of about a mile, a large stone, somewhat like a gravestone, appeared on the side opposite to the water, and one of the horsemen having dismounted to examine what inscription it bore, decyphered, amongst the moss and lichens that covered it, the following agreeable intelligence: “Here, in the year of grace 1613, and on the 19th day of the month of November, Matthew Peters was murdered by his eldest son, Thomas, who was executed for the same on the 10th of the month of December next ensuing, in the town of Hull, the worshipful John Slackman mayor. Reader, take warning by his fate. Go and do not likewise.”

If the party was sad before, this memento of crime and suffering did not tend to make it merrier: the

horseman mounted his horse again, and they rode on in silence for another mile and a half, when, at the distance of about a hundred yards from the road, which—though it was still seen proceeding in a straight line till it lost itself in the shadows—seemed to lead nowhere, so dull and desolate did it look, there appeared a large shady building, to the stone-paved fore-court of which the river formed a sort of moat.

First came a square tower of red brick, edged with stone which had once been white, but now was green; then followed a dull low wall, probably that of some long corridor, for a slated roof hung over it, and two narrow windows gave the interior a certain portion of light. This was succeeded by a large centre, or *corps de logis*, flat and formal, solemn and unresponsive, with similar small windows, and a vast deep doorway. Another long low line of brickwork came after, and then another square tower, and then another mass of brickwork, differing from the former in size and shape, but retaining the same style and displaying the same melancholy aspect. No ivy grew up around it to break the lines and angles. Not a tree was before it to take off its dull formality. All was heavy, and vast, and grave; and to look upon it one could hardly convince oneself, not that it was inhabited, but that it had been cheered by the warm presence of human life for years. No sound was heard, no moving thing was seen, except when one raised one's eyes in search of chimneys, and there one or two tall columns of smoke rose slowly and seriously towards the sky, as if they had made a covenant with the wind not to disturb their quiet and upright course.

Over the water, from the stone-court which we have mentioned, swung a drawbridge, which was half elevated, being hooked up by one of the links of the thick chain that suspended it to the posts on the other side, and here one of the men of the party, for it consisted both of men and women, pulled in his horse, saying—

"This is Langley Hall, my lord."

"I know," answered Lord Walton with a sigh. "It is long since I have been here, but I remember it. We see it at an unfavourable hour, dear

Annie. It looks more cheerful in the full light."

"Oh that matters not, Charles," answered Miss Walton, in a gentle tone; "sunshine or shade are within the heart more than without; and I shall find it gay or sad as those I love fare well or ill."

"How shall we get in?" asked Lord Walton, "the drawbridge is half up."

"Oh, there is the bell behind the posts," replied the man who had first spoken; and, dismounting, he pulled a rope, which produced a loud but heavy sound, more like the great bell of a church than that of an ordinary mansion. Some three or four minutes elapsed without any one appearing to answer this noisy summons; but at length an old whiteheaded man came out and asked cautiously before he let down the bridge, who was there.

"It is Lord Walton and his sister," answered the young nobleman; "let down the bridge, good man. Lady Margaret expects us."

"Oh, I know that, I know that!" rejoined the old servant; but still, instead of obeying the directions he had received, he retrod his steps slowly towards the house. His conduct was soon explained by his calling aloud—"William, William! Come and help here! The bridge is too much for one, and here is the young lord and a whole host of people, men, women, and children.—Perhaps it is not the young lord, after all. He was a curly-pated boy when last I saw him, and this looks like a colonel of horse."

"Time! time! Master Dixon; time may make us all colonels of horse," answered a brisk-looking youth in a tight doublet, which set off his sturdy limbs to good advantage, as he strode forward to the old man's assistance.

"Time is a strange changer of curly hair. Doubtless, your good dame patted your head some years ago, and called you her pretty boy; and now if she were to see you, the mother would not know her son, but would call you uncle or grandpapa."

"And so I was a pretty boy—that is very true," answered the old man, coming forward again towards the bridge, well pleased with ancient memories: "and my mother did often pat my head—Lord, I remember it as if it were but yesterday."

"Ah, but you have seen a good many yesterdays since then, Master Dixon," rejoined the young man, following to the edge of the river, with the wise air of self-satisfied youth. "Now, Master Dixon, you unhook while I pull;" and as the bridge was slowly let down he added, "Give you good even, my lord. You are welcome to Langley. Good even, lady. You are welcome, too, and so are all these pretty dames. My lady will be right glad to see you all."

His words were cheerful, and there is something very re-assuring in the gay tones of the human voice. They seem, in the hour of despondency and gloom, to assure us that all is not sadness in the world; that there is truly such a thing as hope; that there are moments of enjoyment, and that the heart is not altogether forbidden to be happy—all matters of which we entertain many doubts when the cloud of sorrow first falls upon us and hides the brighter things of life from our eyes.

How often is it that the reality belies the outside appearance—if not always, at least generally. In dealing with all things, moral and physical, man deceives himself and is deceived, and never can tell the core by the rind. These are truisms, reader; very trite, very often repeated. I know it; I write them as such: but do you act upon them? or you? or you?—Where is the man that does? And if there be a man, where is the woman? The demagogue is judged by his words, the preacher by his sermon, the statesman by his eloquence, the lover by his looks. All seeming—nothing but seeming; and it is not till we come to taste the fruit that we learn the real flavour.

All had seemed dark and gloomy in Langley Hall; and the sadness which Annie Walton had felt in parting with her brother, when strife and danger were before him, had, it is true, though she would not own it, been deepened by the cold aspect of her future habitation. But the man's cheerful tone first raised the corner of the curtain; and when on entering the wide old hall, she saw the mellow light of the setting sun pouring over a wide champaign country, through a tall window on the other side, and covering the marble floor as if with a

network of light and shade, while here a bright suit of armour, and there a cluster of well-arranged arms, and there a large picture of some ancient lord of the place, caught the rays and glowed with a look of peaceful comfort, she felt revived and relieved. The next moment, from a door at the far end on the right, came forth an old lady, somewhat tall and upright, in her long stays, with a coif upon her head, in token of widowhood, and her silver-white hair glistening beneath it, but withal a bland and pleasant smile upon her wrinkled face, and fire, almost as bright as that of youth, in her undimmed eye. She embraced her nephew and niece with all the affection and tenderness of a parent, and taking Annie by the hand, gazed on and kissed her again, saying—

"Not like thy mother, Annie! not like thy mother: and yet the eyes—ay, too, and the lips, now you look grave. But come; Charles, come. See where I sit, with my sole companion for the last five years, except when good Dr. Blunt comes over from Hull to tell me news, or the vicar sits with me for an hour on Friday."

As she spoke she led them into a large room, wainscotted with dark chesnut-wood, and from out of the recess of the window, where the sunshine fell, rose a tall shaggy deerhound, and with steps majestic and slow walked up to the young lord and lady, examined first the one and then the other with close attention, stretched himself out with a weary yawn, and taking it for granted all was right, laid himself down again to doze, where he had been before.

"See, Charles, see what a shrewd dog it is," cried the old lady: "he knows whom he may trust and whom he may not, in a moment. I had old Colonel Northcote here the other day. What he came for I know not, though I do know him to be a rogue; for Basto there did nought but growl and show his white teeth close to the good man's legs, till he was glad to get away unbitten."

"I sometimes wish we had their instinct, dear aunt Margaret, rather than our sense," replied her nephew; "for one is often much more serviceable than the other."

"Much keener, Charles, at all events," answered the old lady; "and

so you are here at length. Well I got all the letters, and Annie shall be another in the hall when you are gone; and when she is tired of the old woman she has a sunny chamber where the robins sing, for her own thoughts; and she shall be free to come and go according to all stipulations, and no question asked, were it to meet a gallant in the wood."

"Nay, Charles, nay," cried Miss Walton, "why did you write my aunt such tales of me? My only stipulation was, indeed, that I might join him whenever a pause came in these sad doings, my dear aunt."

"Oh, you shall be as free as air, sweet nun!" replied Lady Margaret. "I never could abide to see a poor bird in a cage, or a dog tied by a chain: and when I was young, I was as wild and wilful as my poor sister Ann was staid and good. I have now lived to well nigh seventy years, still loving all freedom but that which God forbids; still hating all thralldom but that which love imposes. I have been happy, too, in shaping my own course, and I would see others happy in the self-same way. Come, dear child, while Charles disposes of his men I will show you your bower, where you may reign, queen of yourself and all within it."

Annie followed her aunt from the room, passed through another behind it, and entered a little sort of stone hall or vestibule, lighted from the top. Four doors were in the walls, and a small staircase at the further end, up which Lady Margaret led the way to the first floor above, where two doors appeared on either hand, with a gallery, fenced with an oaken balustrade, running round the hall, at about twelve feet from the ground. Along this gallery the old lady led her young niece, and then through a long and somewhat tortuous passage, which was crossed by another, some twenty yards down, that branched off to more rooms and corridors beyond. Then came a turn, and then another passage, and at the end three broad low steps led up to a large door.

"Dear aunt," said Miss Walton, who had thought their journey would never end, "your house is a perfect labyrinth. I shall never find my way back."

"It is somewhat crooked in its

ways, child," answered Lady Margaret, "but you will make it out in time, never fear; that is to say, as far as you need to know it. Now, here is your bower;" and opening the door she led Miss Walton into a large room looking to the south-west. The sun had just gone down, and the whole western sky was on fire with his parting look, so that a rosy light filled the wide chamber, from a large bay window where, raised a step above the rest of the room, was a little platform with two seats, and a small table of inlaid wood.

"There I have sat and worked many a day," said the old lady, pointing to the window, "when my poor knight was at the siege of Ostend. We lived together happily for forty years, Annie, and it was very wrong of him to go away at last without taking me with him. However, we shall soon meet again, that is some comfort; but I have never dwelt in this room since."

As she spoke, a slow pattering sound was heard along the passage, and then a scratch at the door. "It is Basto," said Lady Margaret, "he has come to see that I am not moping myself in my old rooms. Come in, Basto;" and opening the door the dog stalked in, first looking up in his mistress's face and wagging his tail deliberately, and then in that of her fair niece with a similar gratulation.

"Ah, thou art a wise man," said Lady Margaret, patting him on the head. "We are growing old, Basto, we are growing old. My husband brought him from Ireland ten years ago, Annie, and he was then some two years old, so according to dogs' lives he is about fifty, and yet see what teeth he has," and she opened with her thin, fair, shrivelled hands the beast's powerful jaws.

Miss Walton had, in the meantime, been taking a review of her chamber, which her kind aunt had certainly made as comfortable and gay as might be. The colours of all that it contained were light and sparkling, contrasting pleasantly with the dark paneling which lined the whole house.—There were chairs and low seats covered with yellow silk, and curtains of the same stuff to draw across the bay window. There were sundry pieces of tapestry for the feet, covered with

themselves with Charles Walton and his sister, and she would have given worlds to know how it fared with those she loved.

That the victory had been won by the cavaliers she was aware, but at what price it had been bought, she could not tell; and she trembled to think of it. No one, indeed, spoke to her upon the subject, for Dry was silent; and for reasons of his own, he took care that she should be visited by none but the landlady of the inn.

At length two pieces of intelligence reached him, on the third day after their arrival in Coventry, which made him resolve to pursue his journey into Yorkshire. The first of these was communicated to him by one of his own servants, to whom he had sent shortly after the skirmish, and was to the effect that the great majority of the people of Bishop's Merton had espoused the royalist cause, and that messengers had arrived from Lord Walton, ordering him to be apprehended immediately, if he made his appearance in the place. With this news, however, came the money he had sent for; and on the evening of the same day Dr. Bastwick brought him the second piece of information, which was merely that a troop of the parliamentary horse would pass through Coventry the following day, on their road to Hull, where Sir John Hotham was in command for the parliament. It was added that Master Dry might march safely under their escort, and he accordingly spent the rest of the evening in buying horses and equipage for himself and Arrah Neil, and set out the following day on his journey.

The tedious march towards Hull need not be related; during the whole of the way the old man rode beside his charge, plying her with soft and somewhat amorous words, mingled strangely and horribly with texts from Scripture, perverted and misapplied, and graced with airs of piety and devotion, which those who knew him well, were quite aware had no share with his dealings or his heart.

Arrah Neil paid little attention to him—answered seldom, and then but by a monosyllable. To escape was impossible, for he had now two servants with him, and she was never left alone for a moment, except when locked

into a room during a halt: yet she looked anxiously for the opportunity, and whenever any objects were seen moving through the country as they passed, her heart beat with the hope of some party of cavaliers being nigh, and giving her relief. Such, however, did not prove the case, and about noon of an autumnal day, they entered the town of Hull.

Here Mr. Ezekiel Dry separated himself from the troop, with thanks for their escort, and made his way towards the centre of the town, where stood the house of a friend, with whom he had often transacted business of different kinds. The friend, however, had since he saw him married a wife, and was absent from the town; and though Mr. Dry assured a demure-looking maid-servant, who opened the door, that his friend, Jeremiah, had always told him he might use his house as his own, the maid knew Jeremiah better than Mr. Dry, and demurred receiving any guests during her master's absence.

When the worthy gentleman had finished his conversation, and made up his mind that he must seek an inn, he turned round to remount his horse, and was somewhat surprised to see Arrah Neil gazing round her with a degree of light and even wonder in her look, for which he perceived no apparent cause. The street was a dull and dingy one; most of the houses were of wood, with the gables turned towards the road, and from the opposite side projected a long pole from which swung a square piece of painted wood, representing in very rough and rude style, the figure of a swan the size of life. Yet over the dark and time-stained face of the buildings, up the line of narrow street, round the windows and doors carved with quaint figures, ran the beautiful eyes of Arrah Neil, with a look of eager satisfaction which Ezekiel Dry could in no degree account for. They rested principally upon the figure of the swan, however, and as that emblem showed that it was a house of public entertainment, thither Mr. Dry turned the horses' heads, and bade her alight at the door.

Arrah sprang to the ground in a moment, and entered the house with an alacrity which Mr. Dry had never seen her before display. Something

appeared to have enchanted her, for she almost outran the hostess, who led the way, saying, "This way, pretty lady—this way, sir." But when she stopped at a door in a long open corridor, Arrah Neil actually passed her, exclaiming—

"No, not that room; I should prefer this," and without waiting for an answer, she opened the door and went in.

"Dear lady, you seem to know the house quite well," said the hostess; "but yet I do not recollect having seen your pretty face before."

"Talk not of such vanities," said Mr. Dry, with a solemn tone; "what is beauty but the dust, and fair flesh but as a clod of clay?"

"Well, I am sure!" said the landlady, who was what Mr. Dry would have called a carnal and self-seeking person, but a very good woman notwithstanding. "Ah, sir, what you say is very true; we are all nothing but clods of earth; there can be no doubt of it: it's very true, indeed."

Finding her so far docile, Mr. Dry determined to make a still greater impression, in order to insure that his object of keeping Arrah Neil within his grasp, should not be frustrated by the collusion of the landlady. He therefore set to work, and held forth to her upon godliness, and grace, and self-denyingness, and other Christian virtues; touching a little upon original sin, predestination, election, and other simple and easy subjects, with a degree of clearness and perspicuity such as might be expected from his original station and means of information. The landlady was confounded and puzzled; but as it was utterly impossible to tell what he really meant, by the unconnected images, quotations, and dogmas which he pronounced, she was unconvinced of any thing but of his being a vehement puritan, which she herself was not.

However as it did not do to offend a customer, she shook her head and looked sad, and cried from time to time, "Ah, very true! God help us! poor sinners that we are;" with sundry other exclamations, which though they did not convince Mr. Dry that she had not a strong hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt and the abominations of the Amorites, yet showed him that she was very well inclined to please

him, and made him believe that she would fulfil his bidding to the letter.

He accordingly called her out of the room as soon as he thought he had produced his effect, and explaining to her what he pleased to call the situation of his poor ward, he warned her particularly to keep the door locked upon her, to suffer no one to hold communication with her, and especially to prevent her from getting out, for fear she'd throw herself into the water or make away with herself, which he represented to be not at all unlikely.

The hostess assured him that she was deeply grieved to hear the young lady's case. She could not have believed it, she said, she looked so sensible and cheerful.

"Ah," replied Mr. Dry, "you will see her dull enough soon. It comes upon her by fits; but you must attend very punctually to my orders, or something may take place for which you will weep in sackcloth and ashes."

"Oh, sir, I will attend to them most particularly," said the landlady. "What will you please to order for dinner, sir? Had not I better put the lady down a round-pointed knife? Is she dangerous with her hands?"

"Oh no," answered Mr. Dry. "It is to herself, not to others, she is dangerous. And as for dinner, send up any thing you have got, especially if it be high flavoured and relishing, for I have but a poor appetite. I will be back in about an hour; and in the meantime, can you tell me where in this town lives one Hugh O'Donnell, an Irishman, I believe?"

The landlady paused and considered, and then replied, that she really could not tell; she had heard of such a person, and believed it was somewhere at the west of the town, but she was not by any means sure.

The moment Mr. Dry was gone, the good woman called to the cook, and ordered a very substantial dinner for the party which had just arrived; but then putting her hand before her eyes, she stood for the space of a minute and a half in the centre of the tap-room, as if in consideration, then saying, "There is something strange in this affair! I am not a woman if I don't find it out." She hurried up to the room where she had left Arrah Neil, unlocked the door and went in.

Arrah Neil was leaning on the sill

of the open window, gazing up and down the street. Her face was clear and bright; her beautiful eyes were full of intellect and fire; the look of doubt and inward thought was gone; a change had come over her, complete and extraordinary; it seemed as if she had awakened from a dream. When the landlady entered, Arrah immediately turned from the window, and advanced towards her. Then laying her hand upon her arm, she gazed in her face for a moment so intently that the poor woman began to be alarmed.

"I am sure I recollect you," said Arrah Neil. "Have you not been here long?"

"For twenty years," replied the hostess; "and for five and twenty before that in the house next door, from which I married into this."

"And don't you recollect me?" asked Arrah Neil.

"No," replied the landlady, "I do not; though I think I have seen some one very like you before—but then it was a taller lady—much taller."

"So she was," cried Arrah Neil. "What was her name?"

"Nay, I can't tell, if you can't," replied the landlady.

"I know what I called her, but I know nothing more," answered Arrah Neil. "I called her mother—and perhaps she was my mother. I called her mother as I lay in that bed, with my head aching, my eyes burning, and my lips parched; and then I fell into a long deep sleep, from which I woke forgetting all that went before; and she was gone!"

"Ay!" cried the landlady; "and are you that poor little thing?" and she gazed upon her for a moment with a look of sad, deep interest. The next instant she cast her arms round her, and kissed her tenderly. "Ah, poor child," she said at length with tears in her eyes, "those were sad times—sad times indeed. 'Twas when the fever was raging in the country. Sad work in such days for those who lodge strangers. It cost me my only one. A man came and slept in that bed, he looked ill when he came, and worse when he went. Then came a lady and a child, and an old man, their servant, and the house was full all but this room; and ere they had been here long, my own dear child was taken with the fever. She was near your

own age, perhaps a year older; and I told the lady over night, so that she said she would go on the morrow, for she was afraid for her darling. But before the morning came, you too were shaking like a willow in the wind, and then came on the burning fit, and the third day you began to rave, and knew no one. The fifth day my poor girl died, and for a whole day I did not see you—I saw nothing but my dead child. On the next, however, they came to tell me the lady had fallen ill, and I came to watch you, for it seemed to me as if there was something between you and my poor Lucy—I knew not what—you had been sisters in sickness, and I thought you might be sisters in the grave. I cannot help crying when I think of it. Oh those were terrible days!" And the poor woman wiped her eyes.

"But my mother," cried Arrah Neil—"my mother?"

"Some day I will show you where she lies," answered the hostess; and Arrah wept bitterly, for a hope was crushed out to its last spark.

"She got worse and worse," continued the landlady; "and she too lost her senses, but just as you were slowly getting a little better she suddenly recovered her mind; and I was so glad, for I thought she would recover too; but the first words she spoke were to ask after you. So I told her you were much better; and all she said was, 'I should wish to see her once more before I die, if it may be done without harming her;' and then I knew that she was going. I and the old servant carried you, just as you were, and laid you on her bed, and she kissed you, and prayed God to bless and keep you, but you were weak and dozy, and she would not have you wakened, but made us take you back; and then she spoke long with the old man in a whisper; but all I heard was, 'You promise, Neil—you promise on your salvation.' He did promise—though I did not know what it was. Then she said, 'Recollect you must never tell her unless it be recovered.' Recovered or reversed, she said, I remember not well which, but from that moment she said nothing more, but to ask for some water, and so she went on till the next morning, just as day was dawning, and then she departed."

A short space passed in silent tears

on the part of Arrah Neil, while the good woman who told the tale remained gazing forth from the window, but at length she continued, "Before you could run across the floor again, my husband died; but with him it was very quick. He was but three days between health and death; and when I had a little recovered I used foolishly to wish that you could stay with me, and be like my poor Lucy; but you were a lady, and I was a poor woman, so that could not be; and in about six weeks the old man paid all that was owing, and took you away. It is strange to think that you should be the same pretty child that lay there sick near ten years ago."

"It is as strange to me as to you," said Arrah Neil; "for as I tell you I seemed to fall into a deep sleep, and for a time I forgot all; but since then all the things that went before that time have troubled me sadly. It seemed as if I had had a dream, and I recollect a castle on a hill, and riding with a tall gentleman, who was on a great black horse, while I had a tiny thing, milk white; and I remember many servants and maids—oh, and many things I have never seen since; but I could not tell whether it was real or a mere fancy, till I came into this town, and I saw the street which I used to look at from the window, and the sign of the house that I used to watch as it swung to and fro in the wind. Then I was sure it was real; and your face too brought a thousand things back to me; and when I saw the room where I had been, I felt inclined to weep, I knew not why.—Well, well may I weep."

"But who is this old man who is with you?" asked the landlady, sud-

denly. "He is not the old servant, who was as aged then as he is now; and what is this tale he tells of your being his ward and mad?"

"Mad!" cried Arrah Neil—"mad! Oh no! 'Tis he that is wicked, not I that am mad. He and another dragged me away from those who protected me, and were good to me—kind Annie Walton, and that noble lord her brother, while they were fighting on the moors beyond Coventry. I, his ward! He has no more right to keep me from my friends, than the merest stranger. He is a base, bad man—a hypocrite—a cheat. What he wants, what he wishes, I know not. But he had my poor old grandfather dragged away to prison, and he died by the road."

"Your grandfather?" said the widow—"what was his name?"

"Neil," answered the poor girl—"that was the name he always went by."

"Why that was the old servant," said the hostess. "He had been a soldier, and fought in many battles. I have heard him tell it often. But this man, this man has some object, young lady. He knows more of you than perhaps you think. He told me that you were mad, and his ward—but he knew not that you had a friend so near at hand, who, though she be a poor, humble woman—Hark! there are people speaking at the door. 'Tis he, I dare say. Say not a word to him, and we will talk more by-and-by. Do not be afraid—he shall not take you away again so easily, if there be yet law in the land. But he must not find me with you;" and thus saying, she opened the door and left the room.

OXFORD AND BERLIN THEOLOGY.*

SECOND ARTICLE.

IN our last number we endeavoured to sketch for our readers some of the characteristics of that antique system of Church Theology, which, caricatured by the wantonness and ambition of the Roman despotism, debased by the ignorance of the Eastern Churches, and usually denounced as antichristian, wherever not wholly forgotten, by the majority of European and American Protestants, a party of modern divines have attempted the daring enterprise of reviving in the Church of England. We spoke with the freedom of lovers of truth, who have nothing either to gain or to lose by party triumphs; and we have the satisfaction of *knowing* that among those whose praise is really enviable we have been understood as such. We felt it necessary to moderate the self-applauses of each party alike in this discussion; an ungracious task, but a necessary one. We took the liberty of warning one party—the more popular one among ourselves—that something *more* is needed for these days than very shrewd and keen exposures of a body of glowing and eloquent writers, whose obviously enthusiastic style and temper makes it mere child's play to gather and set forth in all the prominence of critical italics their ardent escapades; that these singular and restless times, “heaving with life to come,” demand not the common-place genius of cavil and demolition, but the rarer gift of conciliation and reconstruction; the power that recognises in extravagance itself but the outcry of a mighty want; and watches—not to mock, and reject, and deny—but to explore the seat of evil, and meditate the means of remedy. Replies of the sort that in their infinite varieties now abound in every book-shop, weary us unspeakably; they are so very conclusive and so very profitless—so triumphant and so hollow; they are so like that most provoking of all things,

clever parliamentary *debating*, when some great national question is before the House. A mighty Church Ideal is presented to the public eye; it may be a very hopeless one; it may be feebly portrayed—unskilfully, erroneously;—but for our lives we cannot laugh at it. We could serve up the whole history—the conspiracy, the Jesuitry, and all—in the most piquant of possible Articles; but positively we have not the heart to do it. Who *would* be content with the Church of Christ as it is, that has any adequate conception of what it was meant to be? Who that believes—as surely every man believed, till the truth of God's unfathomable election was made to supersede the equal truth of His own visible Constitution—that the universal Church of Christ was intended to be the public perpetual witness of God in the world; His City and His Kingdom—*can* look without sadness at the meagre, ineffectual, and nominal thing that Church really is, and long has been, when contrasted with the wonderful manifestation of a divine brotherhood it presented in those early times we read of in Scripture, and in those writers who take up the story where Scripture has left it? And what a poor thing it is—what a grievously unsatisfactory thing—when we ask for some earnest effort upon grounds of consistent theory, to make the Church the world's purifier—to put us off with elaborate proofs that *others* have failed in the attempt; when we want positive principle, to give us only negative refutation; when we require the elucidation of one truth, to tell us some other that nobody denies; when we ask what is the office of “the pillar and ground of the truth,” to inform us that we are justified by faith; when we long to know the significance of that Church of the New Testament against which hell's gates were never to prevail, to enumerate all the foolish

* History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles. By Dr. Augustus Neander, Ordinary Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by J. E. Ryland. Edinburgh: Thomas Clark.

things Mr. Froude and his followers may have chosen to speculate upon the subject;—as if the discontented murmurs of these and such as these—be they heterodox as you please—are not themselves the attestation of the deep-rooted wants of Society, and of the need of courageous and vigorous efforts to bring the Church on a level with its tremendous antagonist, the sensualism, sloth, and selfishness of the time. The doctrine of the Church—of the actual Church that we can see, and feel, and hear—may be fearfully abused; but—in the name of Scripture and Reason—has it no meaning at all? Is the word—it seems a simple word enough—to be cashiered as something dangerous or unintelligible? Scripture seems to represent this Doctrine of the Church as, in its *due place*, a mighty means for awakening, guiding, and strengthening, the spirits of men; and we honestly confess we had much rather hear how it may be used for the support and consolation of ourselves and our fellows, than listen to the cleverest polemical pamphlet ever framed to expose the mistakes of those who have tried to labour the topic for us.

Of the opposite party—the professed revivers of this doctrine—we need not recapitulate what we have already said. What we think of them—and what we think of certain less restricted followers of their camp—we have spoken freely and sincerely in our former comments. The great caution requisite for these eloquent and imaginative votaries of catholicity—and circumstances have fully proved it to be no superfluous caution—arises manifestly from the dangerous vicinity of that vast fabric of debased religion whose gloomy shadow darkens the whole south and west of Europe. The reason is obvious. Enshrining within it a fearful mass of degrading error, it yet studiously—far more studiously than ourselves—presents the external organization and apparatus of a fully equipped Church; and thus becomes unavoidably more or less seductive to those whose thoughts are almost exclusively running in the channel of Church speculation. It is ever a perilous thing when strong desire meets an object even partially resembling the true object of its longings; in its impatience it is willing to com-

pound for differences, or neglect them; and even assimilates unconsciously, by a most miserable but common delusion, the whole dark and heavy mass to the likeness of its own vain hopes and wishes. Carefully retaining the impassioned phrases, skilfully disguising the simple meaning, of Antiquity; imprisoning the ardent rhetoric of orators and the winged devotion of liturgies under the stiff formulas of its own modern schoolmen; fortified by the ceaseless labours of centuries of subtle defenders into one vast and not unsymmetrical system; how dexterous—nay, could we but keep the New Testament aside for a while, how impressive a forgery is this Roman religion! And emphatic and solemn in its professed warfare against worldliness;—with its public vows of everlasting privacy, its pompous abdication of pomps, its outward dress and livery of saintship, and within all, its restless, sleepless, feverish ambition for power—which ever when suspected it knows how to gild with lofty titles of spirituality—as if it sought but the celestial sovereignty of unbounded beneficence,—who can wonder that it should sometimes come near winning to its gaudy mimicry of ancient system such minds as long, amid a heavy sensual age, for the helps of early discipline and the sternness of early self-conquest? But in no manly spirit ought such attractions be powerful beyond one weak and passing moment! Were the whole world to be combined in one magnificent union of religious belief, on condition of one minute shred of known error being voluntarily retained in its public profession, to no rightly constituted mind ought the alternative to occasion an instant's hesitation. Were it offered to us that one anthem of praise should rise from every family of mankind; that one solemn and universal liturgy should utter the needs and thanksgivings of all the sons of men; that a common polity should combine the whole immense association into one spiritual republic;—and all this on the condition—for example—that for a single transient moment of the service “the mother of Jesus” should be besought to intercede for us with her divine Son,—the proposal should be spurned as a Satanic temptation, and the glorious vision abandoned for ever! Once suffer this principle to be enfee-

bled, and there is no further security for righteousness on earth. The conversion of a world must not bribe us to trifle with truth: an enthusiasm for Unity is a noble feeling doubtless, but an enthusiasm for Truth is infinitely nobler! Truth—pure, unmixed, un-mutilated Truth—is the only admissible basis of Church or Christian union; the Lord of the Church indignantly rejects every other; and they—if any such there be—who can dream of union upon any inferior ground, cherish a guilty delusion, and have mistaken the very first elements in the nature and constitution of the Church itself,—of the Church whose excellence it is to be the embodiment and the witness of truth, and which loses its essential function when it loses *this*.

When we speak thus, we speak of a danger which may be foreseen from the peculiar position of the writers to whom we allude; but all tendency to which it is, of course, only just to add, that they have themselves repeatedly and anxiously disclaimed. As regards the great mass of them—for in this free and extensive movement there seem to be innumerable *shades* of opinion—we do not desire to doubt the sincerity of their disclaimer; vast numbers—the Hooks, the Mannings, the Gresleys, the Sewells—are utterly beyond the need of it; but we must most distinctly reprehend certain sophistical speculations of another gifted but un-

settled mind among them; as well as the mischievous affectations of some of their inferior literary imitators in England. We do not want to apologize for any extravagancies in the *opposite* extreme of the popular dissenting theology; we know how trying they have been to the patience of rational and experienced men from the days of South to our own;—but all this is a miserable excuse for the paltry *parodies* of churchmanship to which we allude. It would be melancholy if the old practical doctrine of the Church—the doctrine of Andrews, and Hammond, and Wilson, and Ken—were to be confounded with such profitless trivialities as these. For our own part, we seem to ourselves clearly able to distinguish that venerable (and assuredly, in such hands, most practically awakening) doctrine equally from all exaggerations and from all dilutions of its strong simplicity; and in an honest desire that Truth may benefit by fair discussion, we should gladly hail the labours of those who would undertake to set it forth in a style of manly and unaffected reasoning.*

But we are not to forget, while endeavouring, according to our humble lights, to comment on this remarkable controversy; and to do so in a spirit of fairness,† and, above all, of hopefulness for the final interests of truth; that we have promised our readers a

* Among those who have, in a practical way, addressed themselves to parts of the subject in that vigorous and straightforward style which is so eminently *English*, we may mention the name of Dr. Hook of Leeds; a divine who has contrived to find time for a large body of useful publications amid parochial labours which must be witnessed to be conceived, and which have well-nigh succeeded in recovering the central citadel of Dissent to the Church of England. A late Sermon on “Mutual Forbearance in Things Indifferent” is every thing one could wish; distinct, unaffected, and charitable.

† A popular publication (anonymous, but from the *librairie* of “L. and G. Seeley, Fleet-street,”) with which we have been lately favoured by *post*; (through, of course, the benevolent solicitude of the author to circulate the valuable information he has gathered;) acquaints us with the unsuspected fact, that vast numbers of English Churchmen “*pray to the Virgin and invoke the aid of the Dead*”; that they publicly teach “that man has the ability to *merit* his own salvation;” that “*they never so much as offer up a single prayer in the Saviour’s name alone, to be heard by the Father*;” and (apparently) that “they profess that we have a chance of being released from purgatory, if the Pope or St. Peter be our friend.” We should feel obliged to Messrs. Seeley’s divine to be so good as to append *references* to his next account of the state of British theology, as we have been a good deal puzzled in looking for the productions to which he alludes.

To be serious; we abhor the corruptions of the Roman creed; we are thoroughly alive to the incalculable evil of these corruptions;—and yet we are not quite clear whether upon a certain Day, when the Ninth Commandment shall form an important document in the trial of mankind, it might not be almost as safe to bear the name of Pascal, Fenelon, or Borromeo, as that of the author of “Puseyism, and its only Effectual Remedy.”

glimpse of a curiously opposite development of religious speculation—the lofty anti-formalism of evangelical Germany.* This is of a brighter and a warmer tint than the cold rationalism of which Kant delivered the metaphysical grounds, and which the Bretschneiders and the Strausses have so courageously completed. *That* was all harshness, rigour, and professorial conceit; *this* is all tenderness, eloquence, and universal sympathy. Its writers, accordingly, have become exceedingly popular in these countries, whenever translated for our benefit; and one of them, to whom we are about more especially to allude, and who is their recognised leader, is very commonly considered to exemplify the perfection of scriptural Christianity. Those who think so, are, of course, imperfectly acquainted with the views of this illustrious denouncer of Church dogmas; but is it altogether un instructive, that the *unknown remainder* of what we admire so earnestly should be suddenly discovered to be something so strangely inadmissible? Is it altogether prudent to indulge an unbounded admiration for the practical excellencies of that foreign school, whose *philosophical* developments betray tendencies so unquestionably perilous?

“The New Prussian Evangelical United Church” is a curious study for the ecclesiastical historian. It constitutes the last form of the junction, so often attempted, of the Lutheran and Reformed bodies. In 1817 this junction was recommended by a proclamation from the throne; and unfortunately much persecution was employed to accomplish the union. Of nearly nine thousand congregations, all but about one thousand two hundred at length acceded; and the simple expedient of *quartering the army* on the recusants is said to have largely di-

minished their number. In 1822 a liturgy was drawn up by some of the superintendents of the new body. In this the opposing systems are gently compelled to mutual affection, and the scheme for suiting all parties, we understand, is this. In the morning there is a service with a certain degree of pomp; candles are placed upon the holy table, which is at that hour dignified with the title of an altar; and the crucifix is permitted to gladden the eyes of the devotees. In the afternoon, a simpler form of worship takes place, consisting chiefly of hymns, the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer, and a sermon. The nature of the Eucharist being, as is well known, the main subject of dispute between the inheritors of the views of Luther and those of Calvin, the appointment in the “New United Church” is, that the consecrated elements shall be delivered with the simple affirmation, “Christ said, This is my body,” &c., which leaves the significance of those memorable words to the private judgment of each receiver. Our readers will see a fitting commentary upon all this in the part performed by his Prussian majesty, in the late exhibition at Cologne Cathedral.

As the Oxford movement is by its adversaries held to be an undue exaggeration of formalism, so the schools of Berlin, &c. may fairly be accepted as the exaggeration of *spiritualism*. The partizans of either development of Christianity may be instructed by comparing this counterpart. That both are *capable* of exaggeration will, we suppose, be scarcely denied in a country in which (as if for the very purpose of warning) the chapel of the Roman priest and the meeting-house of the Quaker assembly front each other at either side of the same street. Now Quakerism is precisely the same

* There is too much reason to class French Protestantism with German in our present criticism. When Napoleon, in 1802, restored the Reformed worship in France, it was furnished with no definite creed; and since that period became infected with the neologism and socinianism of its neighbours. There are at present something over 400 French *pasteurs*, we believe, who receive an income from the state; of whom not one half are reputed to be sound. The Lutheran ministers of France are said to be in a still worse state. It is unnecessary to mention Geneva. Indeed we do not at this moment well know where to look for perfectly safe Protestantism beyond the range of the British Isles, and the churches that have sprung from British parentage. Of course we do not deny that many worthy ministers and congregations exist in the various continental bodies; we speak of the character and condition of the communities *en masse*.

exaggeration of the confidence in *individual* guidance that Romanism is of the confidence in *church* guidance; the one claims personal, exactly as the other corporate, inspiration. Awake as we are (or think ourselves) to the philosophy of Romanism, it is amazing how utterly the philosophy of Quakerism has escaped us. In truth, the principles of that Society form one of the most interesting theological investigations in the world; not merely in reference to the great real worthiness of multitudes of its members, but in reference to the *theory* of religion upon which the whole is based—a theory whose principles (we do not hesitate to concede it to our many excellent friends in the society) are constantly *assumed* with utter unconsciousness by those who would be astounded if they were informed that they were walking in the footsteps of the Barclays, the Gurneys, and the Penns. Our present instance is, however, a somewhat different development; arising out of a restless spirit of *inquiry* and habits of *literary and philosophical* pyrrhonism, such as Quakerism, from various circumstances, has never yet fostered. It will be observed we do not now refer to the thinly-veiled infidelity of the avowed deniers of all inspiration; or the infidelity, without even the decency of a veil, of such teachers as Dr. Strauss; we speak of men of the highest rank in the estimation of the religious world, men who are universally accepted as the champions of what Mr. Isaac Taylor calls “Spiritual Christianity;” we speak—for one example is worth a score descriptions—of such men as the illustrious and gifted Dr. Augustus Neander, Ordinary Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin, Consistorial Councillor of the province of Brandenburg, &c. &c. Dr. Neander is the author of a great variety of works, chiefly on the *history* of the church and of its more eminent members. The last which has come under our notice is his account of the “Training and Planting of the Christian Church by the Apostles,” which has been recently translated into our English tongue—a tongue which, if the translator be not in fault, seems sometimes exceedingly puzzled to transmit Dr. Neander’s meaning.

We cannot (fortunately) look to

Great Britain for the *full* development of very dangerous religious tendencies in any direction. Our providential possession of a liturgy of great beauty, antiquity, and authority, serves to keep the wildest spirits among us tolerably well within bounds. Moreover, it is scarcely the British genius to feel impatient until *abstract principles are realized* in their fullest extent. We are apt to feel the compressing power of circumstances; and thus to be very well contented with what our trans-Rhenane neighbours would contemptuously term *half-truths*. Nor, indeed, are almost any of our religious writers, or ordinary religious men, *deep thinkers* about the fundamental principles of their own views. Contented with the practical life (which balances itself unconsciously) they are not very solicitous about the speculative. And thus often they might be startled with observing to what a point remote from themselves minds of a more reflective cast are carried, by the very principles which *they* have known only in their daily practical application. But in Germany, under the absolute freedom of thought and publication in matters theological, *every* theoretical tendency travels rapidly to its goal; and those who have modesty and wisdom to do it, can, in innumerable instances, instruct themselves as to the possible termination of their own course, whatever that may be, by direct observation.

It will be evident that the danger of what may be called *ultra-spiritualism* in religion—the tendency so long observable in the better religion of Germany—will ever be an impatience of every thing which has not some direct and immediate reference to the *state of mind* of the worshipper, and that reference such as to be at once intelligible on simple psychological principles. The whole scheme of Redemption being understood as a system *solely* intended by the revelation of certain truths to produce certain feelings in the mind of him to whom it is made known, every thing which does not directly tend to this object is either openly rejected or silently overlooked. Nothing properly and wholly “mysterious”—that is, of whose *grounds and reasons* (at least) we cannot give some very plain intelligible account—is conceived to have any real

business in a religion of this kind. Hence the Atonement (for example) is received mainly because, and so far as, a *reason* can be given for it; the mystery being thus lightened and rendered rationally admissible. And so of the other mysterious truths of Christianity; they are brought into a form in which the mystery is almost wholly evaporated, and in *that form* they are received and taught. Thus, in real truth, it is not the *doctrine* that is preached, so much as the *explanation* of the doctrine; it is not the creed so much as a system of grounds and reasons (infinitely various) for the creed. The mysteries are held to be little more than divine *symbols* of great moral truths; to deliver them in their naked and simple incomprehensibility is, to lose their whole real value to mankind—to offer the shell without the kernel. The Ancient Church was wont to do this, and showed thereby its contracted superstitious temper, the shadow of coming popery. Athanasius wandered an exile from his Alexandrian throne, to transmit to us the one true immutable interpretation of the Scripture notices of the Son and the Spirit; he had better have spent his time preaching plain Gospel sermons to his people, than setting the world in a blaze with his metaphysical jargon of *Homousios* and *Hypostasis*, of which not a word is said in the Bible. And who can tell what men, who betray such utter want of judgment and often such doubtful honesty as these old writers, may have done with the Scriptures themselves? Assuredly there never lived worse judges of the genuineness of a book, or critics more easily imposed on. From this the step is easy to resolutely rejecting every thing which could by any possibility be an interpolation, as being *certainly* such. Still, there are some peculiarities of revelation in which this process is nearly impossible; and on those all the exegetical ingenuity of these divines is expended. Such are those marvellous connexions between the material and the mental that are every where described—or implied—in Scripture; all which, wherever the imputation of interpolation would be too flagrant, are by some other device explained away, because the literal sense would be no better than Christian “magic.” Some of the more

daring teachers boldly reject all miraculous narratives; but such as these need little concern us; the truly painful part of the matter is, to see the struggles of worthy and pious men who have been infected with this miserable sort of theological philosophy. Their point of view is a peculiar one. They think the *dignity* of Christianity endangered by these details. To them miracles seem a poor and inferior kind of machinery for a high spiritual religion; and it is but too lamentably evident that they are in heart sincerely ashamed of them. And as they never dream of respecting the transmitted belief of the church at large, and more especially regard Christian antiquity with utter contempt, seeming to consider that Christianity is meant to present a new and unsolved problem for every successive generation,—there is nothing left to check the most eccentric excursions of critical hypothesis with regard to the forgery of the sacred books, or the mistaken notions and narrow prejudices of even the apostles who wrote them.

How far this description is exaggerated will appear when we have given our readers some idea of the views propounded by the oracle of orthodox Protestantism on the Continent—the excellent (for such he truly is, as to disposition and practical piety,) and very learned Dr. Neander. They will be pleased to remember that we are not now adducing the writings of a professed rationalist, but of a *professed* opponent of that sceptical school; we are about to show them what the most admired evangelical divine on the Continent considers to be abjuring “human systems,” opposing ancient errors, and securing the interests of that true Christianity, of which in this country he is so often cited as an accomplished exponent.

“The Gospel,” says Dr. Neander, in a letter quoted by his translator, “rests on an immovable rock, while *human systems of theology* are every where undergoing a purifying process. We live in the time of a great crisis.” And the translator further informs us that Dr. Neander “is completely at issue with the advocates of certain views which have lately been gaining a disastrous prevalence in this country;” which may lead us to conjecture that “the circumstances which ren-

dered it desirable that as little delay as possible should occur in the preparation of the English work," were the utility or necessity of supplying a proper, comprehensive, and philosophical text-book of spiritual religion as an antidote to these same views. So far we are ready to listen with all attention, for the subject is of the profoundest interest. Let us inquire the principles of our new guide. They are certainly sweeping and comprehensive enough. The translator, doubtless, conceived that others were merely assailing the outworks; here was an author not afraid to storm the citadel. It may be instructive to examine the tactics of this adversary to superstition and priestcraft.

We have spoken of the disinclination of the philosophic ultra-spiritualists of the continental Protestantism to admit a downright material prodigy of any kind, such as does not arise out of exalted and sublimated states of *mind and feeling*. All wonders of this kind are unworthy of the lofty "simplicity of the Gospel;" magical surprises to which it does not condescend. Influences and powers which we do not ourselves *feel*, which do not at once make us *consciously* wiser and better, are the inventions of a spurious heathen taste, forced upon pure Christianity in the corrupt platonizing and orientalizing times of the ancient church. Mysteries, initiations, purifications, priestly ordinances, pomp and ritualism, came in *then*; and with them a wretched fashion of interpreting and interpolating Scripture, so as to make it a little book of wonders to awe and astonish the people. The philosopher can rise above this; the pious simple-hearted believer wants no such marvels, no such *opera operata* as the healing of a disease by touching a handkerchief, or receiving the shadow of an apostle—the shadow of a "poor sinner like ourselves."

Now, as the very outset of the apostolic history meets us with a remarkable miracle, that of the day of Pentecost, it becomes necessary to provide for some mode of meeting this startling interference of the supernatural with the course of mere physical nature. Every Christian will remember that the wonder of the Jewish visitants from "every nation under heaven" was excited by "hearing, every man in his own tongue wherein

he was born," the apostles preach the astounding message of God. Dr. Neander, who has no great objection to admit *spiritual* miracles (this is the very tendency to which we are drawing attention) but is grievously disinclined to every other, boldly maintains that this means—any thing but what it expresses; as for instance, that probably the multitude were so excited by the divine fervour with which the Apostles spoke, that they rapidly translated what was said, and thus *thought* they heard them in their own tongue; or that—if we must have any real alteration of language—many of the preaching disciples had originally known the languages of the adjacent countries, and in their state of celestial zeal fell back upon their old habits; but that it is much better to interpret the "new tongues," as in all cases importing only new and exalted expressions to suit the high state of grace they had reached. The previous miracle of the "tongues of fire," depends only on the depositions of those who saw them (tolerable evidence one would imagine in the case of inspired apostles); and the whole affair *may* have been a false objectivity given to what was really operating *within*. Dr. Neander observes (and here is the point we insist on) that the miracle would be as great in the inward form as the outward; but the outward is plainly too *material*, too earthly, too magical for his taste. It would be a mere "opus operatum." (On the whole, however, he admits that "there is nothing in the narrative which renders such a supposition *necessary*"—a concession for which we hope we feel properly grateful; and declares that for his part he *cannot* look upon the narrative as "something purely mythical.")

Soon after comes the awful vengeance on Ananias and Sapphira. Dr. Neander, having observed that it is not easy to say whether St. Peter detected the hypocrisy of Ananias "by the immediate influence of God's Spirit, or by a *natural* sagacity derived from the same source," proceeds to remark that in the death of that unhappy man "the divine and the natural seem to have been closely connected." And as to Sapphira—"the words of the apostle were in this instance *aided* by the impression of her husband's fate, and striking the con-

science of the hypocrite, produced the same effect as on her husband"—a highly rational account of the process, and pleasantly calculated to remove all idle feelings of surprise at the result. Nor should the expressions of the narrator here or elsewhere produce any difficulty; the biographer of the apostles put together the documents before him as he best could, "according to the means of information within his reach;" nor are we bound to any thing he writes further than as detailing *his* impressions of the course of events. In this respect, however, St. Luke need not complain, for he was not far below the apostles themselves, who received only a very gradual enlightenment even in their written works. Thus poor St. James "remained confined in a form of *imperfect doctrinal development*" to the end of his days, and at best was "like Luther (vol. ii. p. 235) *when* he (Luther) had already attained to a knowledge of justification by faith, but *before* he was aware of the consequences flowing from it in opposition to the prevalent doctrines of the Church"—a degrading comparison to a mere apostle with which it is surely quite unfair to insult Luther, now that he no longer lives to defend himself from the imputation.

When St. Stephen appeared before the council "they were struck with the heavenly repose and serenity which beamed in all his features, &c." and *thence* it is probable that some of the Sanhedrim said he looked like an angel. In the dying moments of the martyr he beheld with a *prophetic* glance a symbolical vision—"Christ whose glorious image was probably present to him *from actual early* recollection"—an ingenious device to diminish the miracle, which unfortunately cannot be wholly expunged.

The two stupendous miracles of St. Peter at Lydda and Joppa might, one would imagine, demand something more than cursory notice from a historian of the apostles. Dr. Neander rapidly notices and escapes them as "the *cures* (one of them a raising from the dead!) effected in Christ's name at Lydda and Joppa," which "drew upon the apostle the universal attention of that extensive district."

But the metaphysical jugglery by which the interview of the Angel with Cornelius is disposed of, far

surpasses this. Dr. Neander admits that "the appearance of the angel *may* be considered an objective event," and goes into elaborate argument to vindicate that astonishing liberality of concession. But he soon qualifies this unworthy superstition.

"We need not suppose any *sensible* appearance. . . . Cornelius himself is the only witness for the objective reality of the angelic appearance, and he can be only taken as a credible witness of what he *believed* that he had perceived." [The inspiration of the history has been long since utterly exploded by the guides of this continental Christianity.] On the other hand, Cornelius seems to have "considered the pointing out of Peter's place of residence not as something that came to his knowledge in a natural way, but as a supernatural communication." But then "it is possible he had heard it mentioned by others casually in conversation, but as he had not thought further about it, it had completely escaped his recollection, and now in this elevated state of mind what had been forgotten was brought back again to his consciousness without his thinking of the natural connection." "After all," adds the speculator, "this is only possible, and we are by no means justified in considering it necessary. The *possibility* therefore remains, that this information was communicated in a supernatural way;" that is, observe, "by an operation on the *inward* sense." As to the corresponding vision of St. Peter, it is utterly impossible to extricate any distinct account of it from the mass of words in which the description is involved. The clearest expression we can discover is, that "the divine and the natural were intermingled together not so as to obscure the divine." However, as that miracle was altogether *inward*, there is not the same necessity for the ingenious glosses of our commentator to save the credit of spiritual Christianity.

We arrive at the awful scene which opened the career of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Our readers know well how Lord Lyttleton and others have insisted on the conversion of St. Paul, taken in connection with all its circumstances, as adequate of itself alone to bear the whole weight of the proof of the truth of the Christian religion. Our pious and excellent

Dr. Neander has reached a region above the necessity of such cold material demonstrations. "This event may strike us as sudden and marvellous, only because the history records the mere fact, without the various preparatory and connecting circumstances which led to it; but by making use of the hints which the narrative furnishes to fill up the outline, we may attempt to gain the explanation of the whole *on purely natural principles*." Accordingly, it appears that St. Paul travelled to Damascus in a great conflict of mind (!) between Christianity and Judaism; on his way he and his followers were overtaken by a violent storm; the lightning struck Paul, and he fell senseless to the ground. He attributed this catastrophe to the avenging power of the Messiah, whom in the person of his disciples he was persecuting, and confounding the objective and subjective [Dr. Neander's perpetual resource, it will be observed], converted this internal impression into an outward appearance of Christ to him, &c." And as to his sudden meeting with Ananias in Damascus, it is quite clear that Paul and he were *previously acquainted*; at all events, Paul had *heard* of him, and his imagination formed the whole into a vision; while on the other hand, just at the same critical moment, the very same thing happened to Ananias "on similar psychological principles!"

Having detailed all this hopeful hypothesis, Dr. Neander takes courage and affirms that he really does *not* think it probable, though we must allow the *possibility* of such preparatory circumstances. "Instead, therefore, of following this explanation, which is attended with great difficulties, we might rather conceive the whole, independently of all outward phenomena, as an *inward* transaction in Paul's mind, a spiritual revelation of Christ to his higher self-consciousness, &c." Still, he grants, this will scarcely explain the manner in which the *attendants* were affected. And so he leaves it.

From St. Paul we descend to the prophetic personage named Agabus, at Antioch. St. Luke instructs us, who are old-fashioned enough to take words in their ordinary meaning, that this man was inspired to predict a certain famine, which is known to have afterwards taken place about A.D. 44.

Dr. Neander thinks that according to the New Testament idiom, the man would have sufficiently fulfilled the "prophetic" character in merely *preaching* the duty of charity to the Antiochian believers, and that as to the prediction, "it is possible that the prophecy was founded on the observation of natural prognostics."

Still there are some narratives cannot be got over by any ingenuity, and even Dr. Neander must take the Gospel subject to them. The healing of the lame man by Peter is one of these, and the similar miracle of Paul at Lystra. On the latter he adds a kind of apologetic note, and observes that to any one who has not a mechanical view of nature "it cannot appear *wholly incredible*" that such things should be possible.

The prophetess at Philippi was a somnambulist who characterized Paul as "a servant of the most high God," from the operation of the most ordinary motives in her convulsive fits, and whom Paul seems to have addressed as a demoniac from narrow Jewish notions of possession. In the same way the affair of the sons of Sceva at Ephesus is slurred over as certain "unhappy consequences," manifestly from a disinclination to dwell on the invincible simplicity of the recorded fact.

Some of the miraculous events recounted in the Acts are deliberately omitted. Such are the two angelic liberations of Peter, Acts v. xii., and the restoration of Eutychus. In a narrative so minute as that of Dr. Neander, what reason but one can be assigned for this? The man is plainly ashamed of them, writing as he does for the perusal of his German fellow theologians. And yet how miserably inconsistent is this cowardice! For two or three downright external miracles he is forced to admit without qualification; and if two, or one such event be possible, five thousand are.

We need scarcely add that Dr. Neander adds the weight of his judgment to sink the reputation as inspired of almost every portion of the New Testament which they have ever been accustomed to hear brought in question.

The twenty-first chapter of St. John's gospel is of course *not* his. The second epistle of Peter is plainly apocryphal. The epistle of Jude is by no apostle. The epistle to the

Hebrews is not Paul's, but the work of some Alexandrian Jew, who "arbitrarily explains some things." The Apocalypse is not only not the work of the apostle John, but is a figure founded chiefly on an absurd notion among the Christians of the resurrection of the Emperor Nero; Nero being the beast "which was, and is not, and yet is;" and he coming from "the east" with his ten satraps, who are the ten horns of the beast, the waters of the Euphrates being "dried up" to make way for them.

Nor will it be very necessary we should state that Dr. Neander's views upon the *mysterious truths* of Christianity are altogether indefinite. We only request our readers to observe the continued operation of the principle we have hinted already—the recognition of nothing in religion except what can be shown directly to affect *the mind and feelings* of man by *some easily intelligible connexion*. At the close of a voluminous exposition of the apostolic doctrine, in which the minutest connexions of moral theology are (and sometimes with great ability) traced, we are informed in a passing remark, that "*from this trinity of revelation, as far as the divine causality images itself in the same, the reflective mind, according to the analogy of its own being pursuing this track, seeks to elevate itself to the idea of an original triad in God;*" in other words, that the really revealed doctrine is that of a threefold operation in the mind of believers, the corresponding doctrine being all intimation and inference and "the analogy of our own being." The divinity of the *Logos* Dr. Neander seems to admit, but so involving it in all the abstrusest forms of metaphysics, that we cannot clearly perceive whether he allows it any distinct personality; of the personality of the Holy Spirit nothing more satisfactory is discoverable than the sentence we have cited. The Atonement in like manner is *accounted for* in such fashion as to make the death nowise more efficacious in this respect than the life of Christ; and all, that we may have nothing in religion which is not directly "spiritual." "The sacrifice of Christ obtains its due significance *only in this moral connexion*, not as an *opus operatum* [a favourite term of opprobrium], as the sacrifice of animals,

but as the act of one who, revealing the eternal divine essence in human nature, and exhibiting the perfect union of the divine and human in a holy human life, *verified it also in death* as the termination of a life which had been the revelation of the eternal Spirit of God in a sinless, holy humanity." And all through, the teaching of the different apostles is distinguished and individualized as the "doctrine of Paul," the "doctrine of John," of "Peter," of "James," in a way which certainly is not calculated to impress very *deeply* the conviction (which, however, is fairly stated) that these men were all but organs of the one Holy Spirit. But in point of fact, it is wholly impossible to draw any accurate line of distinction between Dr. Neander's conception of the kind of inspiration they possessed and that enjoyed by any holy man of a comprehensive and powerful intellect,—for instance (though he would be the last to suggest the comparison), by the pious and highly gifted author himself.

The thought may occur to the reader of these criticisms—why direct attention to such heterodoxies? Our answer is plain and decisive. From no sneering infidel would we stoop to cite them. We cite them because, such as they are, they are a development of a *real* religious tendency; because this man is, with all this, one of the loftiest living expositors of his own peculiar side of Christianity—the purely spiritual and internal; gifted in the highest degree with keen and sensitive apprehension of its beauties, and exemplifying them in the beauty of his own life. He is "the holy Neander." It is out of the very intensity of these spiritual apprehensions (insufficiently counterbalanced by the proper antagonist force) that the views have grown which we have thought it a duty in the present remarkable religious crisis to notice. The office of an honest guide in these days, indifferent to all things but truth and the judgment of his God, is to check violent re-actions in either extreme; and this is one of them. Minds ardent and comprehensive, given to search the principles of things, and unsatisfied without sweeping and absolute generalizations, are above all others exposed to the danger of extremes. Their tendency is to form a *system*—by whatever self-flattering

title they please to call it, still a system; and the spirit of a system is, to avoid or deny *exceptions*. A perfect system is that which has no exceptions; and men in proportion as they invent and idolize their systems, are betrayed into wilfully neglecting or distorting the exceptions which they cannot fairly reconcile. That tendency can be manifested by all schools; the proof is, that every man sees it in *his adversary*, though blind to its workings in himself. Mere ritualism can be carried to a frigid and disgusting extravagance, but it is not the only extreme assuredly; nay, the alarming spread of accomplished and scientific Socinianism on the Continent and in America, shows us too plainly that it is not even the more dangerous one. Our present example is short of this; it is not the less instructive on that account. *Here* is a man who has advanced in the religion of faith and emotion until he has felt an utter and manifest repugnance for all which does not directly relate to the *conscious* life of faith and of the Spirit. Other men of less philosophical comprehension, and therefore more easily satisfied by indeterminate views, would travel the same way, and only *forget* the awful mysteriousness of religion; he could not be content with this indecision. He must refer in some way to the point; finding it written in every page of the New Testament, he must attempt some solution of the phenomenon. He tries to do so. But the practical has at last all but absorbed the historical. Eagerly and earnestly he cries to the contending parties to come with him to the mount of holy contemplation, and leave below them, as they rise, these varying and fantastic clouds of "dogmatic" speculation. This is "the spirit of true freedom, exalted above all the strife of human parties." "God grant," he cries, "(what is far above all theological disputations), that the highest aim of our labours may be, to produce the image of Christ in the souls of men . . . each one in his own sphere unmoved by the vicissitudes of opinion and the collisions of party!" Amiable man! who will not echo the prayer? But who that knows the unspeakable preciousness of a distinct creed as the basis of true devotion, will not lament that such zeal should class among the "vicissitudes of opinion" the very

foundations of that one eternal body of connected truths which it was the privilege of the Church of Christ in the beginning to receive, and is her duty for ever unaltered to transmit? And who that sees such results as these among men of unquestioned sincerity and unquestioned holiness—who that is capable of looking at the matter for one half hour without prejudice or the spirit of party, and has common gratitude for the immeasurable mercies of Providence—but must rejoice to think that it is *not* left to us, each for himself, to begin a voyage of discovery, as these men do, in the Scriptures; but that the true system of scriptural truth comes down to us in the Scriptures and with the Scriptures—the inheritance of the Church of Christ for ever, fixed at the first and fixed unto the end; the deposit which popery may corrupt by her gross additions, rationalism enfeeble by her as groundless subtractions, but which God still graciously preserves among ourselves, when he bestows on us, all unworthy as we are, a free Bible to *learn*, and a faithful Church to *teach* it!

Oh that, understanding this our inestimable felicity of position, we were all fully alive to the high duty of earnestly defending it—more solicitous to call out the special advantages we possess, than needlessly impatient to ally ourselves with other communities, in whatever extreme they dwell! Oh that, on the other hand, with humbleness and affectionateness of spirit, based upon the conviction of the one holy truth we hold, we could all rise above the dishonesty of mutual slander, the misery of mutual recrimination, and rejoice to receive admonition of whatever form each from the other, knowing that God has so planned his Church as to bind its members in the very sense of their mutual wants and mutual assistances, each being the supplement of the rest, and he the inspirer and protector of all! For open manifest error let there be no quarter; but let cautious charity guide our judgments as to what truly deserves the name. If any man dare to say, I will not so dishonour the Faith of Christ as to preach the obligation of his Law, sternly be such a one condemned; but not for his sake let the thousands of excellent men through our land, who console sinners

with the blessed message of Christ's free mercy, be maligned. While again, is it not needful that they who resent these harsh sayings, should themselves study a conscientious moderation? Let us not be mistaken. If there be any man among us who is bold to proclaim—"I cleave to the Church of this land merely because the providence of God has so placed me—on that account alone I worship not with Rome," let him be anathema; if a layman, he is ignorant, or worse; if ordained and sworn to our truth, he vaunts his own perjury besides! If there be any who, weak and wanton, sighs for a service more gorgeous and glittering than our chaste and solemn order—if a layman, let us pray that God may heal his folly; if a cleric, and he dare to intrude his unauthorized fancies into our churches, let the strong hand of God's consecrated servants, the bishops, be bold to restrain and to punish! If any man with heart, forsooth, too large to be contented with the brotherhood of our ample and still increasing Church—with desires for universal unity that would boldly rush before the providence of God—longs to behold us at any cost clasped in the serpent-twine of false and erring Rome, pitied or repelled be such adviser! abjured such mockery of Christian charity! as if without the bond of truth the members of the Lord's body can ever meetly be conjoined; as if our light could find fit fellowship with her darkness, or any thing come of the combination of the two but a dim, disastrous *twilight* darkening speedily into midnight over the earth. But far within these lines there is much surely which we may calmly consider. As long as we retain even a faint doubt of our own absolute perfection, let us beware of pronouncing *all* admonition necessarily an insult. Let us be cautious how we trust the clamorous outcries of those brawlers whose very livelihood depends on maintaining the public excitement that maintains *them*. And when, on whichever side we array ourselves, we feel tempted to be very

bitter towards those who have our own end in view, but deem they can see some better way to reach it, let us bethink ourselves in Whose Presence we all stand and labour, and whose judgment is threatened so awfully against those that "judge."

To our own clergy of *this* kingdom, could we venture to exhort them, we would say (for the transition is not unnatural to the wider topic; one of the very movements of which we have been speaking arose out of the last great abridgment of the offices and the revenues of the *Irish* Church; and who can speak of religion at all in these times, without thinking of the dangers that surround the main guardians of religion in our own land?)—to our own respected and excellent clergy then we would say—be earnest in the labour of your office, not only in the sight of God, but even of *men* also! A time of trouble seems at hand, and the strength of character is the only earthly defence you will have to meet it. They who endeavoured to strip you before, have already *announced* their inclination to revive their efforts at the first moment that Providence shall put it in their power. They will be urged and driven to their work by those, your bitter and unrelenting enemies, who will control their policy here. In such a day let conscience be empowered to console you by the remembrance that persecution found you in the path of duty! We do not doubt it; for your enemies themselves publicly confess that in *you* they find no fault, though they trace all the misfortunes of the country to the pittance that supports you. The peasantry are starving, beggary increasing, the country justly inflamed from end to end, British capital withdrawn, Ireland, in her complication of miseries, a by-word to the world—all without exception arising out of the insufferable calamity that each of some thirteen or fourteen hundred confessedly quiet and charitable gentlemen inherits, on an average, much less than their three hundred a year* by a title older than

* Out of which—for these financial statistics are become necessary—more than one half the clergy pay the salaries of curates, which brings *their* available portion to £225 a year or less. Add to this, in the majority of instances, a considerable (from £10 or £20 to £50 or £60 a year it may be) charge upon Glebe House; and the deduction of the *entire* poor's rate, with which the State has complimented the charitable dispositions of the clergy. There can be little doubt that, on the whole, the *average* nett income of an Irish rector is far below £250 a year. And this—paid as it is out of the *land*, of nine-tenths of which not Roman Catholics but *his*

that of any landed proprietor in the kingdom, and so inherits this enormous wealth (every shilling of which is spent in the country), that if they were all deprived of it and consigned to the poor-house next month, no peasant in the kingdom would be sixpence richer for the change, while the sick and needy in every parish would feel themselves the poorer. Marvellous power of obstinate and persevering falsehood! This is industriously reiterated by parties who personally hate these invaluable annuitants, till it is actually believed by men who on other subjects betray no indication of idiocy. Hard indeed is your case! In vain are your charities known and undeniable; your door the *first* in the parish sought by the poor Romanist in his hour of distress; your impartial affection to the humblest of the people manifest and acknowledged; shrewd and unwearied enemies poison the heart of the very peasant who is coming relieved from your gate; and the parched lips that have been moistened with your cordials are taught to use their first recovered powers to curse you as something hateful and English—as the heretic Saxon, and “the devil’s priest.” Your very friends become weary of refusing to believe that there must be *some* truth in what is so stubbornly re-asserted, and take pensive refuge in the sad necessity of “conciliation.” Be it so. Relax neither faith nor charity on that account. Whether they will see it or not, you hold Ireland for Britain; you are the garrison at once of England’s faith and England’s influence, and that your enemies well know, though your friends may sometimes seem to forget it. Sacrifice the parson, and what hold has the *landlord*? If the one succeeds an

exploded priesthood, the other holds a forfeited estate. If the predecessor of the Protestant rector was expelled for corrupt theology, the predecessor of the Protestant landlord was outlawed for rebellious politics. In mere equity the clergy’s case is the stronger of the two; for the state *and the Irish bishops, the representatives of the unreformed Church*, made the one change, the state *alone* made the other. A Protestant bishop undeniably succeeds St. Patrick in Armagh. How many generations can the *landlord* count back to the date of his title-deeds? But there is a lower depth in the absurdity of this injustice. The *Romanist* landlord boldly proclaims the unfairness of the Protestant clergy holding the tithes of the Roman Church; the fact is *not* so; but let that pass. He is applauded by hearers among whom are probably the starving heirs of the man from whom his own estate was escheated, and whom, *on his own principle*, he lives by plundering; if the parson be a receiver of stolen goods, what is *he*? The same arts will answer to oust the clerical and the lay proprietor, and the landlord is the more tempting victim of the two. In “fixity of tenure” the conflict has already begun. There is no more reason why *that* measure should be ultimately refused by the legislature than the abolition of Church cess, or the deduction of a fourth from clerical incomes; it might certainly be made far more *plausible* in point of equity than either. But enough of this; we must not permit ourselves to be betrayed into mere politics any further. Suffice it to say, the Irish clergyman contends for a Church which, if she be struck down, all that is best in the land infallibly goes down with her!

own Protestant parishioners are the proprietors—*this* is the intolerable opulence which, as a grand resource for all public purposes, the ingenuity of statesmen is exerted to “appropriate” to some purpose of national utility!

What have Roman Catholics to do with the question at all? The Irish Church is a church supported by the *soil* of Ireland; its revenues are out of the land alone. Of that land not one proprietor in ten is a Roman Catholic. Not to add, that even if they all *were*, the income of the rector of the parish is a property distinct from, and far older than, the landed proprietor’s own. Were the Pope a landed proprietor in Ireland, he would have exactly the same right to refuse the tithe-rent charge that his Holiness now has to refuse to pay the debts inherited upon his own paternal property—neither less nor more. So that, properly considered, the *religion* of the proprietor has no concern whatever with *this* any more than with any other charge upon his estate. But how utterly and flagrantly groundless is the “grievance,” when even the alleged fact itself of the religion of the payer is a notorious falsehood! Not only the Roman Catholics do not *support* the Irish Church, but it is in very rare and scattered cases that they are even *the channels* through which his scanty revenues pass from the soil to the clergyman.

THE BENEDICTINE OF MOUNT ETNA.

BY MISS PARDOE.

EVERY traveller who has visited Catania must have remarked the magnificent monastery of St. Nicholas, with its lofty cupola, and its wondrous gardens, artificially based upon a foundation of lava; nor can he have failed, where he has been fortunate enough to partake of the lavish hospitality of the brotherhood, to admire, not only the excellence of their *cuisine*, and the luxuriousness of their fare, but also the persevering, and above all, the successful ingenuity with which they have gradually emancipated themselves from all the more rigid and distasteful habits of their order. But, although he may have feasted and idled with the worthy community in their noble halls, and among their delicious orangeries, where, as in the enchanted cave of Aladdin, the laden boughs appear to be heavy with jewels—it does not consequently follow that he may have heard there exists, far higher up the mountain, the extensive ruin of what was originally the home of the brotherhood of St. Nicholas. Even in his ascent of Etna, after passing the frontier village of Nicolosi—for such it may in truth be called, standing as it does upon the last portion of cultivated land considered to be tolerably secure from the incursions of the lava—he may chance to take a different path, and thus remain in ignorance of the existence of such a relic of the past.

There are few more beautiful things, even in Sicily, than the Gulf of Catania, with its blue sea and its laughing city, where little remains to remind its present inhabitants that it has once been swallowed up by earthquake, and once overwhelmed by a lava-flood. Latterly, its impunity from further visitations of the like description, appears to be a decided question with the Catanians; who feast, and sport, and build, and plant, in as happy carelessness of the past, as though it were a matter with which they were perfectly unconnected. And who would venture to marvel that it should be so, when he contemplates the villages that hang upon the sides

of the mountain, some leagues above the city, as if to court the ruin, which, come when it may, must assuredly sweep them to destruction?

But this is no moment in which to moralize. We would rather tell a tale than indite an essay.

Equally opposed in habit and feeling as the merry monks of to-day from the stern ascetics of the commencement of the last century, are the gorgeous temple of St. Nicholas as it now exists in Catania, and the remains of the pile that first bore his name, and which still cumber an elbow of the mountain. In the city the full-fed brotherhood eat, drink, and pray in peace. Their magnificent organ, said to be one of the finest in the world, collects in their splendid chapel all the fashion and beauty of the country. Bright eyes and rosy lips smile recognition on every side; compliments are bandied, and engagements of love and pleasure definitively arranged to its magic music; and should an alarm of fire be raised in the busy streets, hundreds of the population are ready to devote themselves to the preservation of the gorgeous abbey of St. Nicholas.

Far otherwise was it in the olden time with the convent on the mount. Vast, dreary, and desolate in its wild stateliness, the Benedictine monastery occupied the extreme boundary of earth, on which herb or root would maintain a languishing and reluctant existence. Erected at the entrance of the second region, nearly a league above the village already named, its brotherhood had no spectators of their holiness, save occasionally a peasant from the hamlet, who came to obtain a shrift, or to perform a penance; and the small band of mountain beggars who assembled periodically to receive alms at the convent gate; and when the mighty crater bellowed forth its rage in a stream of living fire, bounding and roaring down the sides of the declivity, and carrying destruction with it, rushing on and on, over the track of that which had done its task of

ruin on some previous occasion, and threatening momentarily to overleap the boundary thus fearfully marked out, and to overwhelm the edifice—there was no help, no aid, for the self-devoted monks; no bell to collect together a host of ready arms; no mockery of human energy impotently put forth, to stay the visitation of a calamity against which man, and man's strength, must be vain and futile.

Nor was this the only danger to which the Benedictines of that century were exposed, nor even the most appalling one to the imagination of many among them; for more than once a mighty avalanche came thundering down the mountain, and the huge mass of snow, driven against the monastery, destroyed large portions of the building, rendering the whole edifice so insecure that the community, gradually sacrificing their character for self-denying austerity, to a more human sentiment of terror, commenced the erection of the noble abbey which they now inhabit. For a time they still spent their summer months upon the mountain, and even made a show of repairing the ravages of the snow; but ere long they abandoned the place altogether, and by a singular and strange contrast it ultimately became the head-quarters of the celebrated and redoubtable troop of Sicilian bandits, of whom the noted Gaetano (afterwards taken and hanged by the English) was the captain.

All this detail has been necessary, in order to show that it required a much more determined *vocation* to become a Benedictine of Mount Etna a century ago, than it does to take the cowl and cassock in Catania at the present day. Nothing, indeed, could be less attractive than the mountain-monastery. The austerity of the order, which forbade all communication between the brotherhood on the termination of their noviciate; the frightful penances; the broken rest; the unnatural silence, dispelled only by the voice of prayer, the crush of subterranean convulsion, or the shock of the yielding avalanche; the desolation of all around, rendered even more palpable and appalling by the contrast afforded from the distant aspect of the blue Mediterranean Sea, gracefully and joyously heaving up its silver-crested billows to the sunshine; the

laughing city afar off, at whose sights, and sounds, and pleasures, the cowed ascetic could only guess, and even that by the commission of a sin to be sternly expiated; the pretty villages of Gravi-na, Santa Lucie-di-Catarica, Mananunziata, and finally Nicolosi, all hanging on to the side of the mountain, and half hidden among their vines, their orange and olive trees, their blossoming oleanders, and their perfume-laden magnolias; each too distant for companionship, even had companionship been permitted to the serge-clad recluses, yet all sufficiently near to keep up within the heart that yearning towards its kind which has been implanted there as a principle of human nature.

As yet I have, however, only painted the desolation of a day in summer, when, as he stood with his sandalled foot upon the sharp edges of the unyielding lava, the monk of St. Nicholas could still feel the balmy breathing of the sweet southern breeze upon his brow, and watch the flitting of the fleecy vapours as they sailed like white-winged angels across the stainless bosom of the bright sky above his head; when he could see the habitations of men; the luxury of vegetation; the glorious results of human industry; and thus find a theme for worship and for praise; ay, even for happiness in the aspect of the happiness of others; when, his heart softened, and his memory awakened by the far-off glimpses of the world beneath him, basking in light and beauty, he could fall back upon the past, and conjure up fond and holy images of his infancy, his boyhood, and his youth, and so live over again in spirit a thousand blessed and unforgotten hours. But there was a harsher and a sterner season, and one of far longer endurance for the inmate of St. Nicholas; for, even in the beautiful climate of Sicily, there were nine weary months of winter upon Mount Etna; months of vapour, storm, and dreariness, when the rolling clouds loomed out black and murky; when the snow-banks bounded the horizon with a lurid tinge; when ill-omened birds shrieked their defiance to the tempest; and the tortured winds howled in the spent craters of the mountain like imprisoned spirits.—Then, indeed, all was arid, desolate, and companionless, above, beneath, and around the recluse. There were

joyous hearths in the city, aye, even in the villages; with fair young faces clustered about them, and happy laughter, and the help of the strong man given to the boy and the aged; and light labour and willing toil, made still more easy by being shared by others. And there were hopes, and fears, and, above all, *something to pray for*. But as the brother of the Benedictines stood and looked forth into the midst of the natural ruin whereon he had made his home, there were none of these. He was *alone*, without hope, almost without fear, cut off from all human interest, unloved, unpitied, and, in most cases, forgotten.

Did not such a destiny as this, indeed, need a *vocation*?

It was late on a July evening, at the close of the seventeenth century, that an unusual excitement prevailed among the superior monks of the Benedictine abbey of Mount Etna. The father, or governor, of the novices had been instructed to cause, not only the high-altar, but also all the lateral shrines in the chapel, to be profusely decorated with fresh flowers, for which purpose a mule, carrying two empty panniers had been despatched at day-break down the mountains to Nicolosi and Manunziata; the soil of the convent garden, sickened by its near neighbourhood with the sulphurous lava upon which it abutted, yielding its produce so grudgingly that it did not suffice for such a demand; and the evening meal had been more carefully arranged, and the general of the order had more than once left his apartment, and traversed the cloisters, looking right and left, as if to assure himself that every stone was in its place, and every "station" supplied with its shares of holy water.

It was evident that some unaccustomed circumstance, trenching upon the uniform monotony of the community, was about to take place; but, nevertheless, the brotherhood moved silently, and to all outward appearance, uninterestedly about, with passive faces and downcast eyes. Some with their folded hands hidden under their wide and hanging sleeves, seemed to walk to and fro the cloister-court in a sort of waking dream, a moral apathy, a mindless, passionless luxury of repose, on which neither thought nor care sought longer to intrude; a calm,

purchased in most instances by years of struggle and regret; others, as noiseless, but less self-conquered, and still clinging to a cold blank species of companionship, less terrible than utter isolation, had seated themselves upon the edge of the basin which occupied the centre of the quadrangle, and were feeding the fish that rose to the surface—with the fearlessness of habit—with fragments of bread, reserved for that purpose, from their own scanty meal; while others again were endeavouring to refresh a few languid flowers which they had fostered into unhealthy bloom, by pouring water over them from the hollows of their hands. To an inhabitant of the outward world this would have seemed a weary and a Sisyphus-like task, but it was on that account only the more welcome to the Benedictine brothers. It was an occupation which they could extend over an hour at least, that of dipping for water, palmfull by palmfull in the lava-bordered basin, and then walking carefully with it fifty or sixty paces to pour the little which remained of it when they arrived at the given spot, over a scentless rose, or a stunted carnation; and there was something strangely sepulchral even in the movement that was going forward in that vast dull cloister, with its dark arch-bound pillars, its sickly vegetation, its dank basin, and its dreary stillness, amid which glided the monks, in this their hour of recreation, without a word, without even a look of recognition, like beings between whom there existed neither sympathy nor similarity, save in their outward garb.

A loud peal at the great entrance of the abbey surprised the superior in his survey, and he immediately, and with unusual haste, retired to his private room. The wide gates, flanked with colossal statues of St. Benedict and St. Nicholas, tall, and grim, and rigid, fit guardians of the place, fell back upon their ponderous hinges, and a large, unwieldy vehicle, gaudily and coarsely emblazoned with heraldic bearings surmounted by a ducal coronet, most ostentatiously displayed, rolled, with a sound like thunder, into the court yard.

The two brothers, whose annual duty it was to receive all strangers, were in readiness to welcome the newcomers, who were escorted by four

mounted servants, well armed, and accompanied by half a dozen peasants, who had been hired at Gravina to assist the ascent of the lumbering carriage up the mountain. These were, however, soon dismissed, with a gratuity which was sufficiently munificent to draw down a shower of *excellenzas* and *magnificos*, tending to show that they were unaccustomed to such profusion; and the armed domestics having alighted, two of them proceeded to throw back the door of the vehicle, and to open the leathern curtains. This somewhat difficult task accomplished, the occupants of the bulky machine slowly descended amid the salutations of the stolid-looking monks, who uttered their accustomed words of greeting in much the same time and cadence as they declaimed the *miserere* in the chapel, with bent heads and arms folded meekly upon their breasts.

The first figure which emerged from the rotatory ark was that of a tall, stately, and stern-looking man of some five-and-fifty years of age, carefully dressed, and wearing a costly jewel upon his hand. His character was written in his countenance. It was apparent at the first glance that his will was iron, that his nerve was iron, that his heart was iron. There was not a wrinkle upon his brow, not a line about his eyes, not a curve around his mouth; all had indurated with time; nothing had yielded. It was easy to see that he was a male Tullia, who would, without compunction, drive his chariot wheels over a prostrate world. As he acknowledged the greeting of the monks, he smiled; and the smile did not belie the promise of his face, for it operated upon his rigid lips with no natural impulse, but rather like the forcing back of the stiffened hinges of some intricate piece of machinery. When the muscles of his mouth collapsed, which they did as uneasily as they had expanded, he turned again towards the carriage, and handed out a lady.

How beautiful she was, even in her grief! Folded from head to foot in a mantle of black velvet, the hood of which fell back as she descended the steps of the vehicle, the outline of her figure was entirely concealed; but the face was that of an angel, pure, and young, and sinless; with large tears rolling down the smooth and rounded

cheeks, as though she wept in her own innocence over the miseries and vices of an erring world. A cloud of golden hair that had escaped from the bodkins about which it had been wound, fell around her like a veil; and her small foot, as it rested for an instant upon the step of the vehicle, was so fairy-like and exquisitely-shaped, that it completed the ethereal character of her beauty. In return for the monotonous welcome of the Benedictines, she bent her young head reverently, and seemed to crave a blessing; but the worthy brothers carefully averted their eyes from the graceful girl, and directed a steady gaze towards the carriage, like men who were aware that it had not yet discharged its freight. Their expectations were fulfilled; the stately noble moved slowly forward with his daughter, for such in truth she was; and he had no sooner quitted the portal, than it was filled by the burly person of a jovial priest, who leaned heavily on the arms of the domestics as he descended; and greeted the pious brothers with a *benedicite*, puffed rather than spoken, as he shuffled after his patron. And then came forth the last actor in the drama of anguish and despair which was about to be played out, and mocked with the name and semblance of religion.

The cold stern pride of power had passed by—the tearful helplessness of love had followed—succeeded in its turn by the sensual obtusion of selfishness; and then emerged, slowly, reluctantly, as if in quitting the cumbrous vehicle he lost his last hold upon *the past*, the victim who was about to be offered up on the altar of expediency and ambition.

It might have seemed another vision of the fair young girl who had lately glided by, had there not been an impress of greater manliness upon the face which now met the broad stream of sunshine that was flooding in its descent the court yard of the abbey. There was the same auburn-tinted hair, the same dark full eye, the same expression of fine and lofty sensibility—but there were no tears! The arched lip quivered for an instant, as though the sick heart had quailed; but in the next moment the troubled glances of the noble youth fell upon the weeping domestic who held back

the door of the carriage, and he strove to smile. Joachimo remembered that smile to his dying day!

At daybreak on the following morning the same cavalcade filled the area in front of the monastery. There stood the bulky vehicle, the mounted attendants, and the officiating brothers; and ere long a group of persons halted for a brief space beneath the lofty portal, exchanging their parting compliments. In the foreground was *il reverendissimo generale dei Benedettini*, with his jewelled ring upon his finger, his knotted scourges about his waist, and a smile, half haughty and half respectful playing round his thin lips. Beside him, cold, haughty, and unmoved, towered the tall figure of *il signor duca*, upon whose arm leant a shrouded mass of black velvet, which heaved abruptly at intervals, as though it concealed the pangs of a mortal agony; while deeper in the shadow of the decreasing arches might be dimly traced the outlines of the domestic priest and the father of the novices.

'The victim was not there!

Within an hour the great gates of *St. Nicholas del Etna* were again closed, silence as deep as that of night settled upon the edifice; and its momentary link with the outward world was once more broken.

It was night—clear, starry, balmy night. Such a night as the song-birds love in the leafy valleys and beside the running streams. Such a night as the flowers love when they spring from a kindly soil, and open their petals to the dew-shower. Such a night as makes the forests eloquent, and gives a voice to every leaf, and a carpet of silver sheen to every open glade. Such a night as young hearts cherish when fond dreams flood them with a luxury of happiness that asks for silence. Who that has passed a summer night in Sicily will ever forget its charm! And this was the night of a Sicilian summer; and the *marchese* — sat alone amid its soft and balmy stillness. But he held his vigil in the depth of no pleasant valley; he indulged his memories to the music of no running water; for him the song-birds were mute, the forests dark, and the flowers scentless. He watched the waning of the hours beside the grated

window of his narrow cell, his breviary upon his knee, his hands tightly clasped above it, and his young head, shorn of its clustering locks, upturned in voiceless despair to the calm sky.

A year had passed away since, accompanied by a relentless father, and a gentle but helpless sister, he had been abandoned to a destiny worse than death. Since, with a heart bounding with its first love, and full of sympathy with the bright and the beautiful things about it; with a yearning for honour, and a spirit swelling with a noble and legitimate ambition, he had been torn away from all that made life dear, and enclosed in a living tomb, to which the grave would seem to him a paradise. He had found neither sympathy nor fellowship—he had sought for none, his own despair sufficed for all companionship—he had scrupulously fulfilled the routine of his religious duties, however puerile and mechanical were many of its details—he had revolted against no demonstration of monastical authority, however irritating and unnecessary—but he had observed, even through the enforced silence of the order, the utter want of a common human interest which existed in the community. Even where a slight similarity of taste (of feeling there was necessarily no demonstration) might be detected between two individuals, each pursued his avocation apart, and without appearing to comprehend that it could be equally attractive to another; while the brotherhood were, generally speaking, divided into two distinct classes—those who lived in the most austere practices of an exaggerated devotion, indulged, as it seemed, rather as an exciting occupation than as a consideration of principle; and those who vegetated in a lethargic, or rather sensual state of mental monotony, alive to nothing save the indulgences of the refectory, and the impunity of sleep.

During the first few months of his sojourn at *St. Nicholas*, the paroxysms of despair to which the young *marchese* had unresistingly yielded himself up had been frightful. The brief hours allotted to rest were to him whole ages of agony and horror. In them he had lived over again every striking incident of his life, while the demon memory grappled at his heart that they could return no more. He

remembered the beauty of Estrella—the loveliness that he had worshipped with all the fervour of his young and ardent spirit—he called up before him, with the bitter defiance of utter misery, her surpassing tenderness—and then he pictured to himself a rival, a happy rival, who had sprung into life upon the ruins of his own crushed hopes—and he beat his burning brow against the iron bars of his prison-cell, and howled forth to the winds of heaven his impotent and phrenzied violence. Then came visions of the career that he should have run; of the honour and the fame that he had shaped out for himself before he became the victim of a father's selfishness; and again the strong man wrestled against his inevitable destiny, and profaned the midnight stillness with deep and hollow curses.

It will be readily understood that these spirit-struggles exhausted alike the mind and the frame of the unhappy young man; and there were moments when his intellectual powers became so far weakened by the strife within him, that he sat in the sunshine like a placid child, and mentally lingered over the most puerile images of the past. Visions of lighted halls, and flower-wreathed saloons, where fair women were dancing gaily to the music of mingled instruments; and men of proud name and noble lineage moved amid the crowd, with courteous greetings and lip-deep flatteries. And as these scenes rose up before him, he laughed the low, meaningless laughter of partial insensibility; and then suddenly awoke once more to a full perception of his misery only to groan in his spirit-depths, and to gnash the teeth of helpless and maniac rage.

This phase of feeling went by in its turn. A dull and uncontending apathy gradually took possession of him, and usurped the place of anguish. He knew that for him there was no future, and he ceased to wish for one. His religious duties gradually became, not only distasteful, but even learned in time to bear the stamp of absurdity. Still he could scarcely be said to reason; he only commented. A bitter contempt of the effeminate robe that clung about him, and swept the earth as he moved along, fettering the free action of his strong and vigorous limbs, was soon succeeded by a loathing of

himself. He felt degraded by this masquerade alike of body and of spirit; and his existence ultimately became one without hope, without interest, and without aim.

In this temper of mind he gave less uneasiness to the stern general than when he had struggled and grappled with his fate. From time to time similar sufferings had induced evasion from the monastery; and the superior, jealous of the sanctity and reputation of his house, caused Father Dominic, for such was the conventual name of the *marchese*, to be strictly and unremittingly watched. The precaution was, however, needless. The world contained but one loved spot on earth for the young noble; and thence he felt that he should be instantly ejected with obloquy and insult. Estrella, the beloved object of his heart—Nina, the cherished sister of his youth, were alike the inmates of his father's palace; and neither the daughter nor the ward had possessed sufficient influence to shake the cruel purpose of the *duca*, when he vowed his unhappy son to the cloister. Why then should he fly? Who would receive and cherish the apostate monk? No—he knew that for him there was no other home on earth than the dim cloisters of the convent—no other hope than that which pointed to the gloomy cemetery.

He was fast sinking into a state of mental and moral atrophy, when it chanced to become his duty to distribute at the gate of the monastery the alms which, at stated periods, the necessitous of the mountain villages came to receive at the hands of the community. He took from a lay brother the basket of food that was tendered to him without comment or inquiry; and silently moved forward to the porch, where a score of mendicants were awaiting his arrival, and that of a second monk who shared his office. It was the first time that Father Dominic had performed this duty, which was fulfilled by all the brotherhood in rotation; and to which he had not been admitted until the superior had become thoroughly convinced that a perfect and placid resignation had succeeded to his original bursts of violence and anguish.

For twelve long months the wretched young man had looked upon no human face, save those of the shorn and silent

brotherhood; he had listened to no human voice, save those of the community in the chapel; he had performed no office of sympathy; he had met no look of thankfulness and joy. No wonder, therefore, that as he gazed upon the group before him, he felt his spirit slowly awakening to a touch of mortal tenderness. There stood the aged man leaning upon his staff, with his gray hairs fluttering in the wind; the mother with her infant in her arms; the maiden leading by the hand her baby sister; amid the laughter of children, ascending like incense to the clear sky, and the murmur of gratitude, and the whisper of respectful awe. The breast of the cowed father swelled almost to bursting, and his breath came hard and thick, and a sense of suffocation grew upon him, as though his heart had been suddenly flooded with tears. The sensation was so overwhelming that he hurriedly threw back the covering from his head that the breeze might blow upon him—the free breeze which was sweeping along the mountain side, beyond the bolts and bars by which he was himself held captive.

As he did so, a young peasant girl who had hitherto held back, and suffered every applicant to pass before her and receive relief, started slightly and approached the *marchese*; whose companion, perceiving the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, quitted his post for a moment, and gliding behind the involuntary culprit, cast the cowl once more over his head.

That moment of pious zeal sufficed for the mission of the maiden. As the scandalised monk turned away to resume his almsgiving, she extended her hand to Father Dominic; and while, with trembling fingers, he presented the food for which she asked, she dropped into his basket a folded letter. All had passed so momentarily that no eye, save that for which it was intended, had detected the action of the girl; and by an impulse which he did not seek to explain, even to himself, when the *marchese* next plunged his hand into the pannier, he rapidly concealed the paper in the pocket of his wide sleeve.

From that moment he was unconscious how he completed his duty. He mechanically followed the example of his coadjutor, as he terminated his

almsgiving with a *benedicite*, which was received on bended knees by the mendicants; and when Father Francesco retired from the porch, he withdrew also, and heard the heavy gate again close behind him like one who dreams.

From the courtyard they proceeded to the chapel, where the remainder of the community were already assembling; and as he passed along, the *marchese* thrust the letter in his breast, where, during the service, it seemed to him to burn through his shirt of serge; nor did he remark that, at the close of their devotions, the monk, who had been his companion in the work of charity in which he had so lately been engaged, after having flung himself prostrate upon the marble floor, at the feet of the superior, had, on a signal from the latter, followed him from the chapel.

He was, consequently, wholly unprepared, when, as he reached his cell, and was about to examine the mysterious missive, he received a summons to the apartment of the general, which he was well aware must be obeyed upon the instant. Meekly bowing his head, he accordingly followed Father Francesco, and without the interchange of another syllable, they reached the presence to which he had been called.

The *marchese* passed the threshold of his superior with a dread of he knew not what, but which made his heart throb and his pulse quiver; and for a moment he did not venture to look up; but as all continued silent about him, he at length raised his eyes, and saw at the other extremity of the cell, the general seated in an arm-chair, with his feet resting upon a crimson cushion, and his head bent over a manuscript folio which lay on a small ebony table beside him. As he remained apparently absorbed in his occupation, and did not even betray a consciousness that others were present, the *marchese* had time to recover from the partial agitation into which he had been betrayed, and to resume his usual apathetic composure. Every thing about the apartment in which he stood was simple, and remarkable only for the exquisite cleanliness and order that pervaded the whole aspect of the place. The sunshine which, in its westering course, would have streamed through the narrow casements, was

excluded by curtains of white linen ; a faint odour of incense was in the atmosphere, and a small oratory at the upper end of the cell, supporting a crucifix and a human skull, was rendered even cheerful by the profusion of flowers with which it was laden.

As the young monk completed his survey, the superior deliberately placed his forefinger upon a particular passage of the volume in which he had been engaged, as if in order to recur to it after a brief and unimportant interruption, and then slowly raised his head and looked towards the door. As their eyes met, Father Dominic prostrated himself in token of humility, according to the rules of the order, and was about to resume his upright attitude, when the stern voice of the general forbade it.

"Unbend not your impious knees!" he thundered out: "better were it that you should make a vow to live and die in that seemly posture, than to draw down, as you have this day done, the profane scoffs of the wicked upon our holy order. Sinner that you are! you have outraged the fraternity who received you into their bosoms—the blessed house which has admitted you beneath its roof—the saintly garb that has covered your corrupt and sinful heart! What have you to reply to this solemn accusation? What have you to plead in extenuation of your crime?"

"An utter ignorance of its nature, holy father," was the calm reply.

"How, miscreant!" exclaimed the general, half rising from his seat, and then sinking back, as if overcome by horror, upon its yielding cushions; "how! are you indeed so hardened in iniquity, that you can be guilty of a heinous transgression, and then plead ignorance of your sin?"

"If I am the culprit you describe, it is even so," again answered the low firm voice.

"Degenerate son of a pious house!" vociferated the exasperated superior, whose passion augmented with the tranquil apathy of his victim, "will you deny that under the very shadow of the statue of our holy patron, St. Nicholas, you wantonly cast off your cowl to attract the sinful glances of a woman? Nay, nay, no disclaimers—Father Francesco was by your side, and he is your accuser."

The *marchese* turned one long bitter glance of withering scorn upon his crouching companion, and then again confronting the passion-kindled eye of the superior, said haughtily—

"He has done well, doubtless, as a brother of St. Nicholas, even although as a man he has covered himself with disgrace and dishonour by a lie; and this, then, merciful father!—this is the stuff that monks are made of!"

"Peace, sinner!" shouted the superior; "peace, lest I forget mercy, and deliver you over at once to a life-long misery. Was it not enough that you were cast out from the bosom of your family, because you sought to mislead the pure mind of a noble maiden, and to fill her heart with visions of worldly passion; but must you come among us, the holy brotherhood of St. Nicholas, to attract the idle and impious eyes of a pauper-peasant girl? Blessed be our lady and St. Benedict, that there stood one beside you who better knew his obligation to our pious house. But this grievous sin must be expiated, unhappy apostate! this foul stain upon the honour of our community, must be washed away. You have exhausted the patience of our mercy; the various acts of penance with which we sought to blot out your scornful and irreverent disgust to your duties, when first you came among us, were performed as though they rather solaced your weariness than brought repentance for your crime. Those with which we looked to arouse you from your wilful apathy, only proved to us the miserable resolution of your hard and stubborn spirit. Even now you dare to lift up your voice in unseemly taunt and covert menace; but we will be braved no longer. The light is failing—you have a long night before you for penitence and vigil; you shall pass it in the upper cemetery, where the shadows of the mighty mountain shut out with their dark outline the glory of the midnight sky. You will have the dead for all companionship."

"Be it so," calmly interposed the *marchese*; "better the true dead than the traitor living." And as he spoke, he rose to his feet, and clasped his arms proudly and defyingly across his breast.

"And not that only," pursued the superior, in the cold, hard accent of

unyielding vengeance, and as if unconscious of the interruption: "but the dead who died in the resistance of their monastic duties—who expired in their prison-cells unshrined—and whose souls are even now writhing in the fires that are unquenchable: the dead, over whom no prayers were uttered—upon whom neither holy oil nor holy water was expended—and whose ashes we have cast out from the blessed resting place, where moulder those of their more worthy brethren: there kneel and pray; and St. Nicholas preserve you from the visitation of their foul and fire-bound spirits!"

A slight wave of the hand terminated the address of the superior; and at this signal the monk, who had been the accuser of the *marchese*, and who was still in attendance, rose from his knees, and laid his open palm heavily upon the arm of his victim. Father Dominic proudly and silently turned to quit the chamber, where the general was already once more to all appearance wholly engrossed by the contents of his ponderous manuscript, for he was anxious to find himself alone, in order that he might examine the hidden letter, by which his thoughts were far more occupied than by dread of the penance which had just been pronounced against him.

"And do you go forth thus?" exclaimed the superior, as he abruptly raised his head, and glanced towards the retiring figure of the young noble, who had scorned to offer one word of explanation or entreaty; "do you dare to venture upon such a vigil as that which I have described, and to find yourself the only living man in that accursed solitude, without asking from me, your spiritual father, either a blessing or a prayer? Where will you seek for protection against the unholy horrors of your midnight watch?"

"In heaven and my innocence!" said the *marchese*; and then, after the pause of a second, he added, with bitterness—"I will not ask of you, a holy man, to whom evil passions and evil impulses are unknown, a blessing on my sin."

For a moment rage choked the utterance of the general, but in the next he rose haughtily from his seat, and exclaimed with a violent gesture—

"Away with him; and on your re-

turn, let the keys of the cemetery be delivered into my own hands!"

It was a glorious evening! The sun was setting behind a veil of gold, which had steeped the ragged crest of the mountain in brightness. The wind swept sighingly along, as though it mourned over the waning of the daylight; and there was a calm, bland stillness settling upon every object, which must have spoken peace to a heart at ease. But neither the *marchese* nor his gaoler appeared to feel the influence of the hour. The one was weaving strange and wild conjectures, built up upon the paper in his bosom; and the other was moodily calculating in his own mind the "indulgences," both spiritual and sensual, which he had secured by his false witness and want of charity. To himself he called it religious zeal, and jealousy of the honour of the order; but there was already a mocking fiend, who sat gibbering on his heart, and cast back the wilful self-deceit. The cry of remorse was even then awakening in his bosom—but it was too late. He had sought only to serve his own narrow interests; he had never foreseen so hideous a result to his treachery; and now he saw and felt that he had probably sacrificed, if not the life, at least the reason of an innocent and unhappy fellow-being. But what availed the consciousness?—it was too late.

As they descended from the cell of the superior, and traversed the cloisters, the community were listlessly wearing out the hour of recreation in their usual monotonous pursuits, each heedless of all save his own individual employment; and thus the *marchese* and his companion passed along without attracting one inquiring glance. From the cloisters they were admitted through an iron gate, closely locked, into the garden of the novices—a large enclosure, in which a few stunted forest trees and patches of common and ill-blossoming flowers, served to afford an avocation to the unprofessed members of the abbey. Hence they arrived at the *potager*, or kitchen-garden, where four venerable lay brothers, who were busy among the herbs and roots, turned a wondering look towards them as they moved along; and then signing the cross upon their breasts, silently

resumed their labour. At the extremity of this extensive piece of land (for the soil was so poor and unproductive, that a garden of moderate dimensions would not have sufficed for the supply of the monastic esculents,) another strongly-guarded door gave them ingress to the cemetery of the abbey.

When they arrived at this spot, the *marchese*, despite his pre-occupation, could not refrain from looking around him with eager curiosity. It was the first time that he had ever stood within that silent necropolis; for during his sojourn at St. Nicholas there had been no mortality among the brotherhood; and by a caprice of the superior, all access to the graveyard had been interdicted to the community, save on occasions of burial; and the keys were carefully kept by the lay brother who officiated as sexton; and upon whom and another devolved the duty of checking the growth of the foul weeds, which sprang from the human and humid soil. The task was but imperfectly performed—and thus the rude black crosses that marked the little *tumuli* were generally garlanded with bindweed and briars, or half buried amid the spreading fern-leaves, and the purple flowering nightshade.

In the centre of the space, planted in an artificial mound, and towering high above every thing about it, stood a tall crucifix of stone, supporting a Christ of the same material, which had once been coloured to the life, but which had been for so long a period exposed to all the atmospheric vicissitudes of that mountainous region, that the original tints had become washed and burned into each other, until the effigy had assumed the horrible and revolting appearance of a crucified mummy; while at the foot of the cross knelt St. Benedict and St. Nicholas, the size of life, also carved in stone, and in perfect keeping with the principal figure.

The *marchese* felt, as he looked around him, that nothing could well be conceived more miserable than the whole aspect of this desolate place of graves! And this was to be the closing scene of his own career—*this!* or should he put himself beyond the pale of monastic mercy; something yet more horrible, more abandoned, more ghastly; and he was now about to

comprehend that something—to contemplate that *ultima thule* which carried the bigotry of conventual tyranny from this world to the next—that place of hyper vengeance, which buried the crime beneath the earth, but left the shame sitting like a foul spirit upon the grave!

The path which they followed led the two monks gradually up the ascent of the mountain, which became more and more abrupt as they proceeded; while the soft soil over which they had originally passed, was first intermixed with masses of rock, and finally failed altogether, before a hard crust of lavarized earth, formed by the exhalations from the sulphureous convulsions of the crater; and covered only by trailing plants of fetid odour, with orange-coloured stems, and leaves of a purplish brown, looking like vegetable reptiles. At the extreme verge of the cemetery these replaced altogether the feathery fern and the enlacing bindweed; while even the stunted cypresses with which it was studded, and which bore rather the aspect of shrubs than of forest trees, failed altogether, as though there was no longer sustenance for their roots.

From this gloomy enclosure the two ill-assorted companions again emerged through a narrow arched door, perforated in the wall, and as scrupulously (and, as it seemed to the *marchese*, as needlessly) guarded as those which they had previously passed. When the key turned harshly in the rusted lock, and the unaccustomed hinges slowly suffered the door to fall back, Father Francesco receded a pace or two in order that his victim might precede him; and the unhappy young noble had no sooner passed into his place of captivity, than his guide, muttering a few sentences of church Latin, and devoutly signing himself upon the brow and breast, rapidly closed the door behind him, and the *marchese* suddenly found himself alone.

Evening was closing; but enough of twilight still remained to enable him to appreciate all the horrors by which he was surrounded. The cemetery of sin was situated at the extreme and loftiest verge of the abbey enclosures, and was only separated by a high wall from the waste of the mountain. As the superior had stated, it was so closely overhung by the crest of the stupen-

dous height, that it lay throughout the day in deep shadow, as best beseemed its purpose.

Assuredly the *marchese* was no coward; but the stoutest nerves must have quailed at the first aspect of the prison-ground in which he was destined to wear out the night. Of an extent so vast, that in that treacherous and decaying light he could not even guess its limits: totally devoid of either tree or shrub, and far separated from the habitation of men, it needed not a knowledge of the uses to which it had been consigned, to render this resting-place of guilt a spot where none would have loved to linger; but forewarned of the companionship to which he had been temporarily abandoned, the captive sought for yet more thrilling evidences of its terrors; nor did he fail to find them. Even a grave had here been denied to the dead. The soil, impenetrable to the mattock and the pick-axe, remained intact; and the unshriven and unblessed tenants of this wild necropolis were imperfectly covered by masses of the stone which lay scattered about on all sides.

As the *marchese* moved with hurried steps from one rugged tumulus to another, in order to assure himself that such was really the case, he was suddenly startled by a shrill scream; and an obscene bird, disturbed in its rest by the sound of his footsteps, whirled heavily into the air, and beat its dark wings angrily above the spot whence it had been driven; while at the same instant, a couple of those bloated and disgustful earth-rats, which batten on corruption, and make their foul home in the dungeon and the charnel-house, scared by the same unaccustomed intrusion, rushed past him, pressing down the skirt of his long robe, as they made their escape from his vicinity.

The young noble felt his heart heave and his brain burn; and having, in his first sensation of horror and curiosity, forgotten the mysterious letter, he resolved, ere the light totally failed, to ascertain the full extent of the terrors by which he was surrounded. There were no pious symbols here to mark the widely-scattered graves; but in his circuit he came upon a colossal cross of black stone—not standing erect, as if to protect the ashes of the dead about it, but stretched along the

earth, as if to typify its overthrow by the crimes against which it lay there as the accuser.

It was, beyond doubt, no impulse of mercy which deposited the holy cross in so unseemly a position, and in the midst of so inappropriate a scene, but it nevertheless failed not in its benignant effect upon the *marchese*. Even while he had revolted against the puerile mummeries entailed by his monastic duties, he had never felt his faith weakened nor his piety destroyed. He had fought against the abuses of his religion, but he had never ceased to honour and to adore its Founder; and thus, when his eye fell upon the holy symbol, he bent his knee at the foot of the prostrate and funereal emblem, and found a peaceful companionship in its presence. Then it was that, having poured forth his soul in prayer, he remembered the letter which he bore about him; and hastily thrusting his hand into his bosom, he drew it forth, just as the last thread of light was quivering and failing in the web of darkness.

A few brief instants sufficed for its perusal. The well-known characters were those of his sister Nina—of the fair girl whose heart-rending sobs had been the requiem of his liberty. It was written hurriedly and by stealth. "Console yourself, my brother," it said; "console yourself amid the gloom of your cloisters; console yourself in the desolation of your conventional life, for the world no longer holds one regret for a heart that has loved like yours. Weep no more, my poor Alberto; truth and faith have failed where you most trusted. Estrella has dried her tears, forsworn her vows, and learned that other lips can murmur passion beside your own. How shall I tell you all? And yet, surely you will find consolation in the truth, and strength, and solace, and resignation to your hard fate, when you learn that the dearest tie which linked you to your home has been abruptly and wilfully broken. As I know not how I shall contrive to convey this letter to you safely and secretly, it is probable that ere it reach you Estrella will have become our brother's bride. The ambition of our stern father—that ambition to which you were sacrificed—has been crowned with success. The two great houses of the principality will be united

in their representatives, and the heiress of the *Conde*—will merge her broad lands and unite her lordly palaces with those of the young *Duca di*—. Is not this strange, Alberto? To me, who too well know how she loathed him once, all seems like a hideous dream. But, alas! alas! it will have no waking. You, my best-loved brother, are lost to me for ever.—She, the companion of my girlhood, will turn from the altar with a perjured heart, and can be dear to me no longer! Pray for me in your holy solitude, as I pray for you amid the chances and changes of this false and hollow world.”

And this was all. The last cherished vision of the recluse was dispelled—violently and suddenly dispelled for ever. His shipwrecked spirit had no longer even an ideal haven. Estrella was married to his brother!—*his brother!* The playmate of his infancy; the companion of his boyhood; the being whom he had loved almost with the love of woman—his own and only brother had done him this grievous wrong! It was too much. It was the one drop more which had caused his cup of bitterness to overflow. He glanced abruptly and eagerly at the date of the letter: a wild hope, without aim or purpose, sprang up in his heart—Nina had spoken only of the future, there might yet be time— He did not tell himself *for what*; he only knew that he was a desperate man, and he forgot that he was a prisoner. The emotion was however destined to be transient—the writing was already two months old. The brother and the mistress had lost no time in their work of treachery. His place had been but a short while vacant at his father's hearth, ere he was forgotten by both.

The *marchese* neither groaned nor wept; to such a grief as his, groans or tears had alike been a mockery. He looked around him in the darkness, and although night had closed over his head he could distinguish every feature of the scene amid which he sat. He saw the piles of stone rudely flung together, beneath each of which lay a dishonoured skeleton, the prey alike of reptiles and of the elements. He heard once more the shrieks of the bird of prey; he felt anew the bound of the bloated rats across his robe. He sought with his hands for the mighty propor-

tions of the prostrate cross; and then he crouched down, with the fatal letter, upon his knees, and clasped his rigid hands tightly above it.

From that moment the darkened and unholy sepulchres had no terrors for the unhappy *marchese*, who gradually sank into a state of mental abstraction, which rendered him insensible to all external influences. He could scarcely be said to live, as he sat there hour after hour, like some dark figure hewn in stone, which had never known mortality.

Hour after hour he sat crouched down there, wordless, motionless, and almost breathless. The reptiles that he had disturbed at their garbage, reassured by his tranquillity, returned to complete their meal, and rustled his long robe as they passed; but they produced no loathing now. The bird of rapine planed for awhile above his head, and then, with another shriek as piercing as the first, resumed its unhallowed roost; but the cry did not enter the dull ear of the watcher. The night-wind howled and whistled amid the charnel stones, but he heeded not the wild music that it awakened. All his being was absorbed in one faculty. His whole existence was in the past.

There were, however, other dark mysteries at work during his frightful vigil besides that which convulsed the soul of the young noble, and built up its power upon the tottering ruins of his reason. Blended with the night-blasts, hollow murmurs awoke from time to time, like those which stir the depths of ocean ere the tempest lashes its waves to fury. Strange groanings and strugglings as of some powerful element forcing its way against mighty and stubborn impediments, and wrestling to overcome a strongly-resisting antagonist. These threatenings became gradually louder and more frequent; but the lonely man who sat amid the graves of the doomed was unconscious of their existence. The earth shivered beneath his feet, as if some oppressive weight, which it was unable to support, had been suddenly flung upon its surface; but the betrayed lover of the Lady Estrella did not quiver in a single pulse.

Even, as it has been already stated, hour after hour went by, and these stupendous symptoms of subterranean

convulsion increased and multiplied until all was dread and expectation in the mountain villages; and the monks of St. Nicholas, roused out of their usual apathy, collected in their costly chapel to pray through the period of peril; but as their stern general stood upon the steps of the high altar, quailing under each successive shock of the labouring mountain, he thought only of his own safety, and of that of the abbey over which he presided; he had forgotten or abandoned the captive of the upper cemetery.

Suddenly a voice of thunder pealed forth its death-proclaiming tidings from the mighty crater, which flung out stones and fire far into the deep blue of the midnight sky, while a dense vapour unrolled its heavy volumes and blotted out the stars. Then, and then only, the *marchese* awoke to a consciousness of his coming martyrdom; and he bent down and kissed the prostrate cross, as the fiery shower fell back and roared down the rugged declivities of the mountain. Ere long, however, this unnatural calm abandoned him. He was prepared to welcome death; but the fate which now threatened him was so horrible, so unlooked-for, so utterly beyond all voluntary human endurance, that he began to glance frantically around him for some issue by which he might escape his hideous prison.

Alas! he looked in vain. There was no darkness now, and by the fierce and lurid light that burned and bubbled high above his head, he could command the whole extent of the enclosure; nor was he long ere the conviction forced itself upon him that there was but one opening into that place of graves—the narrow door by which he had himself entered, and which had been secured by his savage gaoler. The lofty walls were smooth and perpendicular; they afforded no footing even for the recklessness of a despair like his; and still as he rushed from side to side, shrieking out an agonised response to every fresh howl of the heaving mountain, the work of ruin went fiercely on, and the lava-streams began to pour, hissing and leaping from the sides of the yawning crater.

Down it came at last like a sea of molten flame—it touched the boundary-wall, and the huge stones rocked and groaned under the pressure. More

and more succeeded, billow upon billow, tide upon tide, volume upon volume. The wall tottered—cracked—swayed for an instant along its whole line—and then the mighty mass of masonry fell inwards with a crash, that was nevertheless almost unheard amid the hissing and bounding of its fiery conqueror.

There was no escape!—none! No help—no hope—and still the miserable victim of tyranny and falsehood fled madly before his fate. One bound aside, and he stood beyond the limit of the lava flood, and saw it rush against the wall of the inner cemetery, which fell before it as the last had done; and then he cast himself upon his knees, for he dreamed that he was saved.

Another roar, another shower of stones, another burst of sulphureous vapour, and once more Etna flung forth its freight of living fire. On rushed the burning stream, leaping and bounding over the heated track traced by its predecessor, widening the fearful path which had been marked out for it, and spreading, as it went, its tide of death. The captive had only watched the danger which had passed him by; in the confusion of his terror he had forgotten that the work of riot and destruction was still in deadly progress; and thus he knelt in the very track of the coming mischief, gasping out a prayer, and insensible to all save the escape which he had so miraculously effected.

In that pious posture did the lava stream overtake him. There was not the pause of a second in which he could shriek out his agony—not the lapse of an instant in which he could suffer the anguish of death—the molten mischief at once enveloped him like a fiery garment, and then bore him along, panting and heaving beneath the weight of its unresisting burthen. And thus it upbore his corse, until, its strength outspent by the distance over which it had rolled its fearful billows, it cast him, still in the same attitude, at the foot of the crucifix and between the figures of the kneeling saints which supported its base.

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Morning dawned, fair and beautiful, but clouds of dense and heated vapour still hung about the crest of Etna.

The sun rose upon the blue and tideless sea, and poured its flood of glory over the valleys; but all was terror and consternation in the Abbey of St. Nicholas. Never before had the danger, from which they had just been delivered, so closely threatened its inmates. Never before had they been compelled to tremble for themselves; and when at length the clouds rolled away from the overcharged and heavy atmosphere, and the loud voice of the threatening crater was once more hushed, the superior remembered Father Dominic, and took his way to the upper cemetery to ascertain his fate.

There was no need now for the saintly superior to cumber himself with the ponderous keys which had been essential to the ingress of his victim; a higher hand than his own had thrown open the prison doors which he had secured so jealously. The pulse of the proud monk quickened; and visions of the vengeance of a powerful family,

tardily awakened to human affections by the awful result of an undue and disproportioned punishment, hastened his steps. His suspense was brief. Amid the scattered ruins that cumbered the necropolis through which he sought to pass, and at the foot of the lava-circled crucifix, he detected three kneeling figures. He approached in wonder. The time-worn effigies of the attendant saints were familiar to his eye—but whence came the third? He drew nearer cautiously: a human form, encrusted with lava and clothed in the robes of the order was before him. He bent down to convince himself that he did not dream; and in the next instant he met the fixed and widely-opened eyes of his victim—the betrayed of the Lady Estrella—the accused of the Father Francesco—the son of the haughty *Duce di* —; Father Dominic, the Benedictine of Mount Etna.

A COMPLAYNTE,

After the manner of the Earl of Surrey.

ECHÈ daye is like that gone before,
Sans mirth or glee;
 And rising sunnes will not restore
 My love to me:
 Mine eye but wanders o'er
 Lost gaietie.

For Pryde within my breaste is layd
 In breathless sleepe;
 And Hope, the blue-eyed heavenly mayd,
 She slumbers deepe—
 While o'er the quiet Dead
 I wake to weep.

The Somer birdes when Somer's o'er
 With us no longer staye—
 The breezes, which erst brought them o'er,
 Waft them awaye;
 But those of our own wintry shore
 For aye delaye.

So Joyes with early-flyeing winge
 Depart and dye;
 The burning wish no more can bringe
 Their presence nighe:
 —But Grief around the heart will clinge
 How wearilye!

S K E T C H E S F R O M N A T U R E .

BY ANDREW NICHOLL.

SUNSET.

To climb the hill, and mark the setting sun
Shedding its golden light o'er land and sea,
Mountain, and field, and wood, and streams, that run
Through dells with pebbly bed, and spreading tree.
To note the glowing changes of the sky,
The lake, the vale, the town, the village spire,
And flocks and herds, that on the hill-side lie,
Seem in one gorgeous flame of liquid fire.

Faint aerial tints on distant rock and hill,
With deep dark shadowy banks, as day's declining;
Majestic trees, in deeper shadow still,
And the bright sunbeams through their branches shining.
The pure clear heaven pours forth its floods of light,
And vaporous clouds rise round the sinking sun,
For lingering day still glows in splendour bright,
As the clear sky in lustrous beauty shone.

The earth, the air, the mountains, and the flood,
As dying day is drawing to its close,
And wilding flowers, that clothe the pathless wood
In a rich golden blaze of colour glows.
The distant landscape, now so heavenly bright,
Assumes the varied hues of sunny even,
Steeped in a glorious burst of yellow light,
The last bright gleam of parting day from heaven.

The sun is set with gay and gorgeous sheen,
And purple clouds are flitting o'er the sky;
And evening's breath is creeping o'er the stream;
And the rich glades and hills in shadow lie—
With scarce a ripple on the calm dark lake—
For silence reigns o'er mountain, stream, and vale;
And nought the voiceless solitudes awake,
Save rushing waters, or the nightingale.

fading glow still lingers in the sky,
And shadows broad and dark, now meet the sight;
In twilight grey, rocks, wood, and valley lie,
Till nature slumbers in the hush of night.
Darkness enshrouds the scene, the evening star
With ray intense, is twinkling through the gloom,
Shedding a pure bright gleam through boundless air,
Like Hope, which gilds the darkness of the tomb.

THE JEWELS OF THOUGHT.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

'Twas a night for gorgeous dreaming,
 A night of cloudless skies,
 When silent stars look'd calmly down
 With their untroubled eyes.
 And my heart drank in their glory,
 And their mystic meanings caught,
 As I sate alone and gazed thereon
 In the hush of solemn thought.

Sleep came at length, and, stealing
 The world's cold bonds away,
 Gave freedom unto Fancy's wing
 It might not know by day :
 And the Dream-angel waving
 His broad white wings above,
 Bade many wondrous fantasies
 Around my pillow move.

Methought I saw a spirit,
 Embodied and apart ;
 I saw the hidden treasury
 Shrined in a poet's heart :
 It was a mine of jewels,
 That at the angel's call
 Rose from its depths, and as they rose
 That angel named them all.

Affections like the sapphire,
 Celestial hues and bright ;
 And hopes that radiantly come forth,
 Clad in the emerald's light :
 Fears like the varying opal,
 Fancies as topaz fair ;
 And griefs congealed to tears of pearl,
 The angel showed me there.

There were passion-tinted rubies
 Burning within their cells ;
 There were amethysts, whose purple hue
 On love's own pinion dwells :
 But how much of dross was round them,
 How much of worthless clay ;
 That time, and care, and a master's hand
 Had yet to purge away !

But 'midst the rich confusion
 Of hues, and light, and shade,
 One solitary starry gem
 A halo round it made :
 And I blest the heavenly wisdom
 That the diamond Faith had brought
 To shine with pure unsullied light
 'Midst the coloured gems of thought.
 Cork.

STANZAS.

Written upon revisiting — —

My childhood's home, how wearily,
 Within thy silent halls,
 And o'er thy lone, deserted hearths,
 My lingering footstep falls:
 In vain I look for household signs,
 As round thy walls I gaze ;
 There is no record left to tell
 Of hope and early days.

I tread the garden path again,
 Each fountain source is dry,
 As wandering with dirge-like tone
 The ruined arbours by ;
 And ye, oh flowers, whose fragrance filled
 The summer breezes' sigh,
 Did ye in all your beauty spring,
 And blossom, but to die ?

Change is on all things since I trod
 Each well-known chamber floor—
 Voices are hush'd, whose silvery tones
 The earth may know no more ;
 And they who made home beautiful—
 The lovely and the brave—
 Have vanished one by one away
 On to the silent grave !

Death has been here ; when last I stood—
 The glowing hearth beside—
 I look'd on many a lovely form,
 Of youth and beauty's pride ;
 I heard the voice of woman's love—
 The breath of childhood's prayer,
 Pouring their low and lively tone
 Upon the evening air.

The winter's snow is falling fast,
 And loud and hollow raves
 The midnight blast with mournful wail,
 Above yon band of graves ;
 Each gentle lip is pale and chill,
 Darken'd each sunny brow—
 Ay, e'en the *fondest heart of all*
 Has ceased to love me now.

Alas ! how quickly, link by link,
 Affection's chain was riven,
 Yet still I mourn, not without hope,
 Look up my soul to heaven.
 Look up—there is one pitying friend,
 The sparrow's fall who heeds,
 And He who wept by Lazarus' grave,
 Will bind the heart that bleeds !

M. A.

THE LATE DR. CHEYNE'S LIFE AND ESSAYS.*

THE feeling, so general among professional men, that the leisure, which a release from active duty gives, should not be squandered in idleness or desultory exertion, but that a debt is due by the successful practitioner to the profession, which has rewarded him with exemption from care in the evening of life, and perhaps with opulence, has been the source in which some very valuable books have had their origin. With the best of such books this volume is assuredly to be reckoned. The great value of the work consists in this, that the cases stated are such as occurred in Dr. Cheyne's own practice, or the particulars of which he had ascertained on the fullest evidence, and that the conclusions to which he has arrived, whether they seem sufficiently proved or not by the arguments he has advanced, are to be regarded as those which a man of great good sense and remarkable practical talent has derived from actual experience. It is not possible, perhaps, for any man to write on the class of subjects here discussed, without having his language more or less coloured with that of the speculations of his own day, and our author has adopted as the basis of his remarks, the doctrine, that the mind, whatever unity of essence it may have, operates as though it were an aggregate of distinct faculties. This theory has at all events the authority of popular language in its support; and whether it be true or not answers sufficiently the purposes of arrangement. The fact of one faculty being active and ready for vigorous exertion, when others are jaded or torpid, and the phenomenon of insanity confined to one mental endowment, while the mind is in other respects sane, are mentioned by Dr. Cheyne, among other considerations, as inclining him rather to the opinion, that the separate faculties of the mind

are essentially distinct, than that they are but varied conditions or operations of one simple subsistence, to which latter alternative it is but fair in the outset to apprise our readers that we lean.

The volume commences with an account of the author's life, drawn up by himself in October, 1835, a few months before his death, "in the hope," to use the language of his editor, "of interesting those who, in seeking to attain in his own profession a similar eminence with the writer, might desire to learn the means which in his case led to the accomplishment of that end."

John Cheyne was born at Leith in February, 1777. His father was a surgeon, and succeeded an uncle who pursued the same profession at the same place, where he had acquired the name of "the friend of the poor." His grandfather and great-grandfather were of the same profession. "My mother," says Dr. Cheyne, "was an ambitious woman of honourable principles, continually stimulating her children to exertion, and intently occupied with their advancement in life."

In his tenth year, young Cheyne was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and at once placed in a class for which he was in no way prepared. This led him often to feign sickness, that he might stay from school. His master was a vain and passionate man; "when he found that we had been idle, he would flog a whole form, till he became pale and breathless and unable to proceed, and then he would throw himself into his chair, rail at our ingratitude and magnify his own merit, till the paroxysm ended in a conviction that he was the most learned, virtuous, and wise man of his age; certain it is that my impatience to escape from his rule knew no bounds, and that during my whole life he has

* *Essays on Partial Derangement of the Mind, in supposed connexion with Religion.* By the late John Cheyne, M.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., Physician-General to his Majesty's Forces in Ireland, &c. &c. With a portrait and Autobiographical Sketch of the Author. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. & Co. 1843.

continued to preside over a great portion of my uneasy dreams."

He passed from the High School to the care of a clergyman of the episcopal church in Scotland; but both master and pupil were idle, and he says he learned little there.

In his thirteenth year he began to visit his father's patients. In his fifteenth he attended medical lectures at the university of Edinburgh, and finding himself as well acquainted with medical subjects as some fellow-lodgers at a boarding-house, who were qualifying themselves for the doctorate, he presented himself for examination by the professors when they did, and obtained a medical degree in his nineteenth year.

He obtained soon after an appointment to a military regiment, as assistant surgeon. After serving for two or three years in various parts of England he came over to Ireland, and was present with his regiment at the actions with the rebels at Ross and Vinegar Hill in 1798. His life in the army he describes as one of complete dissipation of time, in which he learned nothing but "ease and propriety of behaviour." Of this sort of life he became naturally impatient, and returned to Scotland 1799, when he was appointed to the charge of the ordnance hospital in Leith Fort, and recommenced his practice among his father's patients.

The details of the next nine years of his industrious life could not be abridged with any advantage to the general reader, and the physician will do well to consult the volume itself; suffice it to say that he formed an intimate acquaintance with Sir Charles Bell, who was then laying the foundation of future eminence in the diligent study of pathology—that he formed the determination to fix his residence in some great city, and devoted every leisure hour to preparation for future success—that in his comparative obscurity he often reflected on the various avenues to success—that he distinctly saw, however many might be the modes of obtaining popularity, it could not be preserved but by the man who preserved the respect of his own profession—and for the sake of the young physician we find him recording that he "was led carefully to study and liberally to construe that part of medi-

cal ethics which regulates the conduct of physicians towards each other."

After making many inquiries in vain in every part of England for a situation suitable to his purposes, he was led to select Dublin as his residence, in consequence both of the high estimation in which the medical profession was there held, and by the prospect of an open in the profession for a physician at a time when, from many circumstances, the purely medical practice of Dublin was passing into the hands of the surgeons.

The two first years of his residence in Dublin gave but little encouragement. His fee-book for six months of the second year showed his receipts, from November, 1810, to May, 1811, to be but three guineas. At this time he obtained the situation of physician to the Meath Hospital, and soon after was appointed to a lectureship on the practice of physic at the College of Surgeons. These appointments showed unequivocally the opinions entertained of him by the professional bodies in whose gift they were, and gave him the opportunity of evincing attention and knowledge of disease. His practice increased, and in 1812 his fees amounted to £472.

His successful progress was now uniform. In 1815 he was appointed one of the physicians to the House of Industry, and in 1820 physician-general to the army in Ireland. This appointment was regarded as conferring the highest medical rank in the country. At this time, and for ten years afterwards, Dr. Cheyne's practice yielded an annual average of £5000.

Dr. Cheyne refers his success to his good arrangement of time, to punctuality, to attention to the interests and feelings of his professional brethren, and prudence; and by the same means that his eminence was attained, he sought to preserve it.

His chief employment was as a consulting physician. He returned home from his morning visits to form new engagements, and when he set out from home left no account of his route. When his route was tracked it always led to inconvenience, as may be easily imagined: disappointment to the patients and their medical attendants who were waiting for him necessarily occurred from every interruption of his own arrangements of

his time, and worst of all, a ruffle of the spirits—very unfavourable for the consideration of a difficult case—was sure to arise, and continue for several hours.

Besides its manifest effect on his own interests, Cheyne felt punctuality in the keeping of appointments to be a compliment expressive of respect for his professional brethren, and of attention to their feelings and occupations.

In 1825, in his forty-ninth year, Dr. Cheyne was affected with nervous fever. Dublin was, in the autumn of that year, visited by a dysentery, which proved in many cases fatal. This, together with anxieties of a different kind, harassed and oppressed his spirits. He struggled for two months, and then went to England, where he recovered his strength, and too soon resumed his professional labours. On his return he found one of his "most esteemed" professional friends, the father of fifteen children, labouring under a disease which proved fatal. "He had," says Dr. Cheyne, "awaited my return in order to put himself under my care. His sufferings proved a weight on my spirits, which strangled every cheerful thought. I now began to comprehend the nature of my own illness—a climacteric disease was forming, which ever since has been slowly executing its appointed commission."

In 1831 he retired from business, at a time when his professional income was larger than at any former period. Life was spared for four years more, and how that time was passed, we cannot better relate than in his own words:—

"Being of the opinion of those who think it better to wear out than to rust out, and seriously apprehending the consequences of want of suitable occupation to a mind which had been long in a state of excessive activity, I no sooner found myself in a country village in England than I devised such employment as might not be inconsistent with health slowly declining, and with diminished power of application. Three mornings in the week I went to a neighbouring cottage and saw the sick villagers, giving them advice and dispensing medicines which were prepared in my family; and thus many an attack of illness was nipped in the bud, and much suffering lessened. On a fourth morn-

ing the sick came to me from distant parts of the country, for whom I prescribed; and, as there was no physician within twelve miles of the post town nearest to my house, I was occasionally consulted by some of the more respectable families in the neighbourhood.

"A charge is often brought against physicians, that after they have gathered in their own harvest they never think of showing how the ground may be cultivated by others: I wished to prove that I still retained an interest in my profession, even after it had ceased to yield me emolument, and therefore I gladly undertook to write some articles for "The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," in compliance with the request of Dr. Tweedie, one of the editors of that work. I was thus again led to the use of my pen, and began to extend my inquiries to other subjects, recollecting and recording facts and reasonings, which in the hurry of business I had almost let slip: but an end was soon put to my employment by the formation of a cataract in my right eye in the beginning of 1833, which soon deprived me of the use of that organ, and since that period the eye has become so dim and my strength so much exhausted, that I have altogether ceased to exercise my profession.

"Sherington, October, 1835."

The Essays "On Partial Derangement of the Mind," contained in this volume were prepared for publication by Dr. Cheyne himself—they were intended by him to be published anonymously—first, because they were written in the country, where he had no opportunity of consulting books—and secondly, because, in addition to the fact of declining health, they were produced under the pressure of severe domestic anxiety, and his editor tells us were, in fact, written for the purpose of diverting his thoughts from subjects which weighed heavily on his mind. "They were produced when one of his sons was in the balance between life and death, reduced to that state by the effect of a gunshot wound intended for another, and whilst he himself was rapidly advancing to the termination he had so long and clearly foreseen:—"

"His own sketch leaves but little of his biography untold. In a very few months after he had made his last corrections in the manuscript of the following work, the general breaking up of his constitution, which hitherto had been

secretly progressing, exhibited itself definitively in mortification of the lower extremities; and after a confinement to his bed of six weeks, he died on the 31st of January, 1836.

"Thoroughly aware of the nature of his case and its probable result, yet calm and collected in the contemplation of it, he prepared during his illness ample directions for the conduct of his family after his departure; showing, in his last act, that consideration for the welfare of others, which under all circumstances had characterized his conduct through life.

"From what source he derived support and comfort, whilst contending with pain and languor on his death-bed, may be gathered from the following unfinished letter addressed to his valued friend, the Rev. Peter Roe, of Kilkenny:—

"**MY DEAR FRIEND**—On a bed of languishing, from which I know not that I shall ever rise, I write a few lines once more to thank you for the seasonable visit which you paid to Sherington in the summer, and to assure you that my regard for yourself, Mrs. R., and your child is unabated. I earnestly pray that all of you may have an abundant supply of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"You may wish to know the condition of my mind. I am humbled to the dust by the consideration that there is not one action of my busy life which will bear the eye of a holy God. But when I reflect on the invitation of the Redeemer, (Matt. xi. 28,) and that I have accepted that invitation; and moreover, that my conscience testifies that I earnestly desire to have my will in all things conformed to the will of God. I have peace—I have the promised rest—promised by Him in whom was found no guile in His mouth."

"These lines were penned with a trembling hand, but they breathe a composed spirit: and the friend, for whose satisfaction they were written, proved the estimation in which he held such a record of a dying Christian's hope, by carrying the letter constantly about him.

"The following memorandum, drawn up by Dr. Cheyne not long before his decease, will convey to the reader the best idea of his character and state of mind at the time.

DIRECTIONS RELATIVE TO MY BURIAL, &c.

"My body, attended only by my sons, is to be carried to the grave by six of the villagers, very early on the fourth or fifth morning after my decease. I would have no tolling of bells, if it can be avoided. The ringers may have an

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order for bread, to the amount usually given upon such occasions; if they get money they will spend it in the ale-house; and I would have them told, that in life or death I would by no means give occasion for sin. My funeral must be as inexpensive as possible: let there be no attempt at a funeral sermon. I would pass away without notice from a world which, with all its pretensions, is empty.—"Tinnit, inane est."

"Let not my family mourn for one whose trust is in Jesus. By respectful and tender care of their mother, by mutual affection and by irreproachable conduct, my children will best show their regard for my memory.

"My decease may be announced in the Irish newspapers in the following words—"Died at Sherington, Newport Pagnel, Bucks, on the — day of — Dr. Cheyne, late physician-general to the forces in Ireland." Not one word more: no panegyric.

"I believe there is a vault belonging to the manor, but if it be under the church I should not wish my body to be laid in it, but in the churchyard, two or three yards from the wicket which opens from the path through the fields. I pointed out the spot to —, and chose it as a fit place for a rustic monument, without marble or sculpture, a column such as is represented in the accompanying sketch, about seven or eight feet high. On the column, on hard undecomposing stone, are to be engraven the following texts—St. John iii. 16, "For God so loved the world," &c.; St. Matthew xi. 28, 29, 30, "Come unto me, all ye that labour," &c.; Hebrews xii. 14, "Follow peace with all men," &c.

"As these texts are meant to rouse the insensible passenger, they must be distinctly seen. The following inscription is to be engraven on the opposite side of the column:—

Reader! the name, profession, and age of him whose body lies beneath, are of little importance; but it may be of great importance to you to know, that, by the grace of God, he was brought to look to the Lord Jesus, as the only Saviour of sinners, and that this "looking unto Jesus" gave peace to his soul.

Reader! pray to God that you may be instructed in the Gospel, and be assured that God will give his Holy Spirit, the only teacher of true wisdom, to them that ask him.

"If any objection be made to the spot pointed out for the interment of my body, let some other be chosen where the inscription on the column to be erected over me may be seen to advantage. The monument is for the benefit of the living, and not in honour of the dead.

"I wish the inscription to be pre-

served, and leave this to my children, and my children's children.'"

"These directions were scrupulously attended to; and the monument, which marks the spot where Dr. Cheyne lies buried, besides the texts and inscription given above, bears only the initials J. C.

"A. C.

"May, 1843"

The main object of the essays is, to disprove the popular prejudice that there is in evangelical religion a tendency to produce a deranged state of the understanding. The positions to which he chiefly seeks to obtain the reader's assent are stated by himself as follows:—

"I.—That mental derangements are invariably connected with bodily disorder.

"II.—That such derangements of the understanding, as are attended with insane speculations on the subject of religion, are generally, in the first instance, perversions of only one power of the mind.

"III.—That clergymen, to whom these essays are particularly addressed, have little to hope for in placing divine truth before a melancholic or hypochondriacal patient, until the bodily disease, with which the mental delusion is connected, is cured or relieved.

"IV.—That many of the doubts and fears of truly religious persons of sane mind depend either upon ignorance of the constitution and operations of the mind, or upon disease of the body."—

P. 44.

Dr. Cheyne expresses his conviction, that each of those propositions might be supported with such fulness of evidence as would amount to demonstration, but he complains of writing where he has no opportunity of referring to books. He pleads also his not having been in the habit of recording his observations in writing, and that his power of application is injured by decaying health. These apologies look like a consciousness that his case is not fully sustained, and while we are satisfied that the reproach against religion as generating insanity, is wholly undeserved, we cannot think the three first of Dr. Cheyne's propositions tenable. With the first proposition, as laid down in terms in this passage, we are not disposed to quarrel, but through the work, in every argument, it assumes somewhat a different shape,

and mental disease is regarded as invariably *originating* in bodily ailment. That mind and body so act and re-act on each other as that there may be no case of mental disease unaccompanied with bodily ailment, we can well believe; but from this admission, the consequence, which Dr. Cheyne would draw, does not legitimately follow, that the first effort should be to remove the bodily disease before the mind is addressed by religious considerations. Suppose partial insanity produced by any misdirected passion—by avarice or ambition—by inordinate grief or disappointed affection—suppose, in such case, the body to participate in the disease of the mind, shall we wait for the return of bodily health before we present to the thoughts of the unfortunate man distracted with love or grief, or the disappointment of some project of the worldly mind, the only considerations which seem to have any chance of restoring peace? Our belief in such case is, that the disease is from the first, mental—that compelling the mind to behold the comparative worthlessness of the objects to which it had been before directed, gives the best, if not the only chance of recovery; that, remove the cause of uneasiness, and often, very often, the bodily disease will pass away so instantly, as to have the relief seem almost miraculous. We do not believe that persons are speaking with conscious ill will when they tell us of the hearers of a Cecil or a Newton being excited to madness by the preacher; but for one equivocal instance of such results, what thousands are there of passions being calmed, and distraction of spirit ceasing, and perfect peace of heart succeeding the bitterest affliction, when the only medicine administered to the wounded heart was the counsel or the consolation of some religious man?

The natural result of Dr. Cheyne's theory would be, wherever we find mental disease, to search out its causes in the animal machine—not to commence with what is called moral treatment till the physician has abandoned all hope of cure. We cannot go this length, but are, however, convinced with him, that medical treatment of the disease has been, of late years, too little regarded. The second of the propositions which we have tran-

scribed, is expressed in language so ambiguous, that it may either mean that, the rest of the mind being in health, and but one of its many faculties becoming diseased, the disease of such faculty may originate religious insanity—and this will probably *at first view*, be regarded as Cheyne's meaning by most of his readers—or, it may mean, that there is only one power of the mind, the diseased state of which, can be properly regarded as religious insanity. The latter is probably Dr. Cheyne's meaning, but of the proposition in either view of it, we do not find any sufficient evidence offered in the book, although—on Cheyne's supposition of the faculties being distinct—it would be a subject of the very utmost importance. To ourselves, who find a real difficulty in thus thinking of the mind*—although when accuracy is not required, the popular language, which would represent the operations of the mind as if they were so many actors playing their parts more or less perfectly, does well enough—it is a real loss that our author has not given us cases to illustrate his meaning.

The reader of the Essays should, in considering any part of Dr. Cheyne's reasonings, distinctly bear in mind that the subject of general insanity is not any where treated of by Dr. Cheyne; that not only in the title of the essays, but in the introductory chapter, where he gives the arrangement of his subject, he expressly confines himself to the consideration of such varieties of derangement as do not include "mental derangement arising from groups of faculties and affections being disordered, thereby involving derangement of the whole mind." The subject of his essays is, in his own words, "mental derangement, arising, first, from a disordered condition of the organs of sense; secondly, from a disorder of one or more intellectual faculties; thirdly, from a disorder of one or more of the natural affections and desires; and fourthly, from a disorder of one or more of the moral affections."

He tells us that "such derangements of the understanding as are attended

with insane speculations on the subject of religion, are generally in the first instance perversions of only one power of mind;" and in another part of his work he says, that "the mutual influence of the mental powers being still but little known, there is often great difficulty in discovering the faculty primarily disordered, a point, which, unless we can ascertain, we need scarcely hope to understand any case of insanity. This it is also which renders the treatment of such cases so difficult." The author had before told us that "were the principles he wishes to establish to be acted on, more immediate attention would be paid to the disorder of the body which supports the derangement of the mind, and more frequent removal of the latter might be expected." We transcribe another sentence, which seems coloured with the language of the phrenologists: "In a person devoted to religion who may have become insane, it is desirable, as in every other case of insanity, to ascertain what faculty, affection, or sentiment is primarily disordered. If we find that all right religious feeling is in abeyance, while through exaggerated pride, selfishness, or imaginativeness the mind becomes deranged, surely the case ought not to be ranked under the head of madness from religion." Granted! But—as to the question of treatment? as to the means of cure?—If for the purpose of understanding and treating the case, it is desirable we should ascertain what faculty is disordered, is not the importance of this information rather on the supposition of our being able in some way to deal with the mind than to aid us in removing the bodily disease which supports the mental one? On this point, repeatedly introduced in the course of these essays, we are left altogether without assistance from our author. He tells us that "the disturbance of one faculty sometimes affects all the rest; universal derangement ensues, and the case is hopelessly complicated." On the system of moral treatment we can perfectly understand such a difficulty, or rather, we can see how the hope of making the mind itself the instrument of its own cure

* See Locke on the Human Understanding.—(Book ii., cap. 21, sect. 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20.)

may be diminished in such a case, but in our present ignorance of what medicine—not drawn from the stores of the moralist or religionist—can reach what are called the distinct faculties of pride, vanity, selfishness, or imaginativeness, we are really at a loss to guess what Dr. Cheyne means. Has he a different drug for each passion, and sentiment, and affection? We with him think there are cases of lunacy not extending so far as to render the mind altogether powerless, and in which moral or religious considerations ought not to be pressed on the patient's mind; but do we therefore believe that mind to be insensible to such considerations? Far from it; even in these cases the cure—if there be cure at all—is from within. The insane man who refuses to listen to his doctor or nurse preaching patience or morality, is in all probability doing what any sane man in the community would do well to imitate, and we should regard such a case with hope. Of this a remarkable instance is given in the case of a gentleman who has published a very minute account of the state of his mind and its struggles during a malady of many years' continuance, and an enforced residence at more than one asylum.* Details such as he has given are rarely communicated to the public, as the very fact of such communication is not unlikely to be regarded as a proof of the disease being still subsisting; but in this, and in Cowper's, and, indeed, in every case where light has been thrown in on the secrets of the prison-place, it seems plain that allowing the insane person to work out, as it were, the problem which he proposes to himself, gives a far better chance of ultimate restoration than the effort to convince him that he is in the wrong, by telling him that his hallucinations are all illusion. A man in the delirium of fever sees as outward realities with the waking eye, scenes and persons that it is physically impossible should be in his sick room; yet he has for the fact of their being present the same evidence that he has had of any other incident which

he has ever witnessed. His eye and ear are deceived, and he believes the intelligence brought by these erring servants. It is absolutely impossible that he should not believe them. If his physician tells him that such an occurrence is an ordinary one in fever, or if he happen otherwise to know the fact, there is no danger in all probability of such a scene ending in insanity. Suppose, however, his physician too fine a gentleman to converse with him at all on the matter; suppose his attendants to be ignorant, and instead of being able to account for the phenomena, deal with the sick man as if he were speaking falsehood, or as if he were insane, is it not probable that such treatment would create actual insanity; and, if so created, would not the best chance of recovery in the supposed circumstances be from the man's own mind dealing with the facts of the case, and examining them with the aid of such imperfect information as he can bring to bear upon the subject? And yet in cases analagous or identical with this, it would appear from the statement of recovered lunatics, that until the patient consents to admit every fancy of the manager of an asylum to be a rule of infallible right, there is scarce a possibility of his recovery being regarded as complete. We believe that both the moral and medical treatment of the disease have greatly improved, even in the short interval since these essays were written, but we have little doubt of the truth of Perceval's statement, that the theory adopted in most of the asylums a few years ago was to break down all resistance, and hold the patient's mind altogether in subjection. In the process, conscience, and natural affections, and moral feeling were obliterated, and recovery was a state worse than death. The last state of the man was worse than the first.

The diseased state of the organs of sense often produces actual madness. The sufferer is unacquainted with the nature of false perceptions, and acts on information which he is unable to correct. It would seem that

* Narrative of the Treatment experienced by a Gentleman during a state of Mental Derangement.—London: 1838. The first volume of this work was anonymous; the second, published in 1840, bears on the title-page the name of John Perceval, Esq.

insanity arising from this cause ought to admit of an easy cure. The false information given by the ear or eye is likely to be corrected by the other senses, yet there is often great subtlety shown by the sufferer in evading the new information thus received. Voices address the ear, and the eye being turned to the place from which they seem to proceed, sees that is vacant. If the person be not led to believe that the imagined voices are referable to the diseased state of the auditory nerves, he will in all probability become suspicious of conspiracies, and imagine his enemies have employed a ventriloquist to cheat him by imitating the accents which he hears. This is a simple and a frequent case, one which we should think almost certain of cure. If the solution which any physician would give of symptoms, which nothing but the patient's ignorance could aggravate into insanity, be believed by the sufferer, there is in all probability an end of the difficulty. If it be disbelieved, yet let it be stated calmly, and leave it to produce its own natural effect. It probably will at first be like every thing else evaded, but will at length find its place in the reasonings of the patient, and be in all probability the means of cure. Nothing under any circumstances can be done by deception. What is called, and truly so, insanity, is more often removable by mind dealing with mind, than is thought. With the mind in every state, fair dealing is the only true course.

The first essay is little more than a general statement of the subject; the second, "on false perceptions and supposed demonism," is valuable, chiefly for some narratives, probably drawn from what the author witnessed in his own practice, and which give some new illustrations of the way in which ignorant people are actually frightened into permanent insanity, by experiencing some of the very frequent illusions of the senses, which they refer to supernatural power or demoniac interference. In delirium occasioned by drunkenness, the drunkard sees double, hears things that are not uttered, and in cases of habitual intemperance, the false perceptions continue, even when the sufferer is not under the immediate influence of intoxication. In

delirium tremens the sufferer fancies that he sees fairies, devils, and spirits watching him, grinning at him, and whispering together; such maniacs are seen suddenly starting up and listening with fixed attention at keyholes and crevices in the wall for their spiritual enemies. Having no suspicion of the true nature of their malady, they often conclude that their powers of vision and of hearing are miraculously increased. "A man labouring under insanity produced by intoxication," says Dr. Cheyne, "lately told us that he could hear what was uttered in a whisper at a distance of half a mile."

"The ear is very liable to be deluded—a person may fancy that he hears the hissing of a boiling kettle, the ringing of bells, the roaring of the sea, the clamours of a tumultuous crowd, and a variety of discordant sounds, as well as articulate voices, if the circulation of the brain, or of a part of that organ be diseased. On the other hand, oral language is not always understood—words, even when distinctly heard, convey no meaning—audible language ceases to be intelligible when visible language is, as in the case recorded by Dr. Darwin of Shrewsbury, of an old gentleman who was superannuated, whose hearing and vision were perfect, but who could only call up a train of ideas from the latter. When he was told it was nine o'clock and time for him to eat his breakfast, he repeated the words distinctly, but without understanding them. Then his servant put a watch in his hand, upon which he said, 'why, William, have I not had my breakfast, for it is past nine o'clock?' On almost every occasion his servants conversed with him by means of visible objects, although his hearing was perfect; and when this kind of communication was used he did not appear impaired in his intellects. This state came on from a stroke of the palsy; and, till he and his servants had recourse to this language of signs, he was quite childish."—*Essay ii.*, p. 62.

Hearing is more frequently disordered than sight, or any other of the senses. Dr. Cheyne tells us that the apparitions which attended Nicolai not only peopled his apartment but spoke to him. There can be no doubt that the ear is often deceived at the same time with the eye, but Nicolai's own account of the spectral illusions with which he was visited, does not say any

thing of his ever being addressed by his visitors: and we are inclined to believe that in his case the eye was the only sense engaged. Nicolai was the Prussian reviewer, who ventured on a parody of Goethe's *Werther*, and was rewarded for his work by figuring as the head chamberlain, who directs the witch dances in the *Walpurgis* scene of the *Faust*. In several books on the theory of apparitions, an account of Nicolai's spectres is given. In Anster's notes to *Faustus*, we find Nicolai's own account, as communicated to the Royal Society of Berlin. In Cowper's affecting narrative of his insanity, it is plain that the auditory nerves were greatly disturbed. In one of his efforts to effect suicide, he had suspended himself from the top of the door of his room by his garter. The chair which he used for the purpose, he pushed away with his feet, and hung at his whole length. "While I hung there," he says, "I distinctly heard a voice say, three times, 'it is over.'"^{*} It is not clear to us that in this case the eye was also deluded; for Cowper, who describes his dreams does not speak, at least does not speak with such distinctness as to give perfect evidence on the subject, of any illusions of the waking eye. "My thoughts," he says, "in the day became still more gloomy, and my night visions more dreadful. One morning, as I lay between sleeping and waking, I seemed to myself to be walking in Westminster Abbey, waiting till prayers should begin. Presently I thought I heard the minister's voice, and hastened towards the choir. Just as I was upon the point of entering, the iron gate under the organ was flung in my face with a jar that made the abbey ring. The noise awoke me, and a sentence of excommunication from all the churches upon earth could not have been so dreadful to me as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream."[†] In Tasso's insanity both ear and eye were affected. The illusions were so powerful as to throw into shadow all external impressions, while his own reasoning powers exercised upon them as realities, was such as almost to convince his friends against the evidence of their senses, that the phantoms

with which he was visited were not the coinage of the brain, but supernatural beings, engaged in conversation with the poet. Manso relates an extraordinary scene, in which, after arguing with the poet against the possibility of his fancies having any foundation in truth, he received the following reply:—"Since I cannot persuade you by reasoning, I will convince you by experience. I shall cause you, with your own eyes, to see that spirit, the existence of which my words cannot cause you to believe." "I accepted the offer," says Manso; "and the following day, as we were sitting by ourselves together by the fire, he turned his eyes towards a window, and held them a long time so intensely fixed on it, that, when I called him, he did not answer. At last, 'Lo,' said he, 'the friendly Spirit, which has courteously come to talk with me. Lift up your eyes, and you shall see the truth.' I turned my eyes thither immediately; but though I endeavoured to look as keenly as I could, I beheld nothing but the rays of the sun, which streamed through the panes of the window into the chamber. And whilst I still looked around without beholding any object, Torquato began to hold, with this unknown something, a most lofty converse. I heard, indeed, and saw nothing but himself; nevertheless, his words, at one time questioning, at another replying, were such as take place between those who reason strictly on some important subject; and from what is said by the one, the replies of the other may be easily comprehended by the intellect, although they be not heard by the ear. The discourses were so lofty and marvellous, both by the sublimity of the topics, and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that, exalted above myself into a kind of ecstasy, I did not dare to interrupt them, nor ask Torquato about the spirit which he had announced to me, but which I did not see. In this way, while I listened between stupefaction and rapture, a considerable time had elapsed, till at last the spirit departed, as I learned from the words of Torquato, who, turning to me, said, 'from this day forward, all your doubts shall have vanished from your

^{*} Southey's Cowper, vol. i. p. 129.

[†] Southey's Cowper, vol. i. p. 125.

mind,' and I, 'or rather they are increased, since, though I have heard many things worthy of marvel, I have seen nothing of what you promised to show me to dispel my doubts.' He smiled and said, 'You have seen and heard more of him perhaps——' and here he paused. Fearful of importuning him by new questions, the discourse ended; and the only conclusion I can form is what I before said, that it is more likely that his visions or frenzies will disorder my own mind than that I shall extirpate his *true* or imaginary opinion."*

The letter in which Manso relates this event was written immediately after the incident it describes, so there is no room for disputing any of the particular details on the ground of imperfect recollection or the kind of over-statement, which leads biographers to make the most of every thing unusual. The solitude in which Tasso lived during years of poetical exertion, and long intervals of insanity, was of itself not unlikely to create habits of talking and thinking aloud, which rendered the conversation with the imagined spirit, one more easily sustained than, had his life been passed less with the creations of his own fancy, would have been conceivable. Previous to the visits of the Platonic Demon whom he wished to introduce to Manso, he had been tormented by the daily vexations of a Folletto, or haunting sprite, which he fancied, found pleasure in disarranging his papers, stealing his money, and playing him one mischievous trick or another. He was troubled with undefinable apprehensions: lights danced before his eyes; at times he heard the most frightful noises indistinct and unlike any thing with which they could be compared. At times the ticking of an imagined clock, or the tolling of a non-existing bell, disturbed him; at times voices were heard like those of the stupid critics of his "Jerusalem," at times it was the barking of more harmless dogs, or the cackling of geese. When he awoke from sleep it was a relief, for he was freed from fantastic visions for a while, but the waking fancy soon simulated the wildest dreams. "I have dreaded," he says, "the falling sick-

ness, apoplexy, and blindness. I have had headaches and pains in the intestines, the side, the thighs and legs; I have been weakened by vomiting, dysentery, and fever. Amidst so many terrors and pains there appeared to me in the air the image of the Glorious Virgin, with her son in her arms, sphered in a circle of coloured vapours, so that I ought by no means to despair of her grace. And though," he adds, "this might easily be a phantasy, because I am frantic, disturbed by various phantoms, and full of infinite melancholy, yet by the grace of God I can sometimes withhold my assent, which being, as Cicero remarks, the operation of a sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was in reality a miracle."†

In the life of St. Teresa we have instances not unlike these of Tasso; and the *Aurea Legenda*, as well as Llorente's History of the Inquisition, are full of them—the solution of the hagiographer and the witchfinder assuming always that the facts had a firmer basis of existence than a visionary's waking dreams, and thus we find in their narratives angels and devils playing the parts which modern medicine gives to capricious "Faculties," or "Powers," or "Sentiments," or, yet more strange, to "Endowments," seated aloft on their phrenological thrones, and at times descending to the help of the philosophical inquirer, like the gods coming to the relief of the embarrassed epic poet, to save him from perplexities with which his human skill is unable to deal.

Dr. Cheyne tells us that "where delusions both of hearing and sight co-exist, nothing can prevent insanity but an enlightened judgment." How little hope, then, could there be for cure at a time when the medical theorist was, as it were, in league with the faithless servants of the mind—when angelic visits were looked for with impatience, both by the patient and his physician, and their absence was regarded as a proof of the departing favour of heaven.

In one part of the volume before us, the case is mentioned of a young man of rank becoming monomaniacal. He refused to take food, and made

* Black's Life of Tasso, vol. ii. p. 242.

† Wiffen's Tasso, vol. i. page 118.

some attempts to choke himself. "We were told," says Cheyne, "that a few weeks before he had been in Scotland with Mr. Campbell, of Row—had partaken of his delusions, and that fanaticism had gradually degenerated into insanity." This, Dr. Cheyne adds, was described as a case of religious madness. A knowledge of other facts connected with the case satisfied Dr. Cheyne that the gentleman in question, after having made a profession of religion was betrayed into drinking wine with freedom—that this was followed by other irregularities—that remorse and insanity ensued. We are enabled to add, from an account since published by the person in question, that in addition to the sense of shame, and ingratitude, and remorse—and the feeling of self-accusation, that his conduct was calculated to bring disrepute on the doctrines taught by Mr. Campbell and his followers; in addition to all these and other causes which were enough to produce madness, (if indeed they were themselves, in the extreme degree in which they existed, essentially different from insanity) there was added the subtle effects of mercury upon the humours of the body, during the use of which the poor man had the imprudence to expose his frame to currents of air, while washing, every morning, his whole person in cold water—and this in November. That the mind should have sunk under such circumstances, can scarcely be a matter of surprise; but whether we are to attribute such ruin to the natural effects of bodily disease, of the medicine employed, and the incaution of the patient while using it, or whether we refer it to fanaticism, we cannot think that it gives any support to the notion that true or even absurd views of religion are likely to endanger mental health. In the case of this gentleman both ear and eye were engaged, but through all his delusions there seemed to be an active and vigilant judgment exerting itself in the examination of all the phenomena which a diseased state of the nerves was perpetually creating. Spirits were perpetually visiting and addressing him, and this for many years; it is not surprising that he came at last to know their features—to call them by name, and even when they chose to play invisible, that they were not able

quite to conceal their voices, and what they were about. Nothing can be more instructive to any person having at heart the cure of a lunatic patient than the work to which we allude, as it is quite plain to us that during a considerable part of the time in which he was confined in lunatic asylums, and warring with the masters of such places and their servants, his mind was in a state to have yielded assent to a more rational theory of the sights and words which disturbed his thoughts, than the very ingenious views of the matter which, in the absence of better information, he adopted, and in his last published volume seems to have no wish to abandon. Had he been possessed of the kind of information that Nicolai or Spalding, whose case is told by Dr. Cheyne, possessed, his insanity could not have lasted for any length of time.

Nothing can be better than what Dr. Cheyne says on the subject of such patients. The only qualification which we should think of making in the advice which he gives is that we think even the insane—when there is any reasoning power left—should be informed of the *natural* effects of disease. It is not probable that they will at the instant assent—but if they assent to the degree of admitting that a view opposed to theirs is tenable, there is, we think, great chance of cure. In fact, if the person who believes himself under Satanic influence, once admits, and is in earnest in the admission, that his is but one solution, among others, of the phenomena which are to be accounted for, we think that the single fact of his continuing to differ with any one of the very eminent persons who conduct lunatic asylums on a subject upon which it is not very easy, in the calmest state of mind, to come to a sound conclusion, is perfectly consistent with entire sanity of mind—nay, perfectly consistent with judicious medical as well as moral treatment. "If there be," says Baxter, "as some fancy, a possession of the devil, it is possible that physic may cast him out; for if you cure the melancholy (black bile) his bed is taken away, and the advantage gone by which he worketh; cure the choler (bile,) and the choleric operations of the devil will cease: it is by means and humours in us that he worketh."

"If they are of sane mind, we must lay before them an explanation of such cases. We must explain the nature of false perceptions, in order to show that a disordered state of the nerves, or of the brain, or stomach, or organs of reproduction, will account for the delusions—more particularly of the organ of sight—which harass them; that sparks, flashes of light, halos, or, on the other hand, flies, motes, tadpoles, temporary blindness, are produced by disorder of the optic nerve or brain; that noises of a discordant kind, or articulate sounds, solely depend upon accelerated circulation through the brain, or affections of the auditory nerves; that the senses of taste or smell are rendered painfully acute or perverted by disordered conditions of those parts of the brain from which proceed the gustatory or olfactory nerves. We must inform them that many of these unusual perceptions have been removed at once by cupping or a mercurial purgative: we can assure the reader that we have succeeded in relieving those who had supposed themselves demoniacally possessed—given over to Satan—from a mountain of perplexity by showing them the true cause of their sufferings."—2nd Essay, p. 76.

The third essay is "On disorder of the mind confined to a single faculty." The diversity of power in the memory is familiar to all; but we do not know any where such striking instances collected illustrative of the state of mind, in which while facts are all recollected, the order of their occurrence is forgotten, and this sometimes to such a degree as to make it necessary to deprive the person so affected, of the management of property. When the whole mind is impaired, there is, says our author, no consciousness of the deficiency, but when the Judgment survives the Memory, it detects the failure of the other faculty, and when, after a temporary cure, insanity recurs, the same hallucinations return. From this our author would infer that but one faculty, and not the whole intellect is impaired. In proof of this proposition, Dr. Cheyne says that the instances in which Imagination is the single faculty affected, are almost infinitely diversified.

To illustrate his meaning, Dr. Cheyne examines two faculties or powers of the mind which have been but little attended to—so little considered as distinct faculties, that former inquirers have stated the cases under

the head of disorder of the Memory. Dr. Cheyne, finding the Memory in other respects unimpaired, cannot think it the faculty concerned: and so we have in some of the cases referred to an interruption of the Power of Expressing thought; and others to the influence of a diseased Love of Arrangement.

The probability, that Dr. Cheyne's classification of the first head of cases is more correct than that of former psychologists, is increased by the fact that persons who have lost the power of pronouncing certain letters, find a difficulty also in spelling correctly when they write. Instances are given of a patient after recovering from fever, substituting, in pronunciation, one letter for another. The strokes of letters, too, are misplaced in writing, and one word employed for another, bearing some resemblance in sense or sound. He tells us that the power of pronouncing or writing the names of individuals or places is often lost; some persons have lost the power of pronouncing their own name. "It is quite common to hear men, especially as they advance in life, declare they are unable to recollect the names of their acquaintances, and add, 'I suppose I shall forget my own name at last.' But," adds Dr. Cheyne, "if we inquire into the nature of the failure, we shall find that it is not of Memory but of Utterance, as every thing in connexion with the individual whose name cannot be recollected—his appearance, character, circumstances are stored up in the mind." We find it hard to follow our author here, as assuredly the evidence seems to be of Memory failing in such an instance as this last. We forget a name—if that name be told us, we can at once utter it; is it not then the power of memory, and not that of utterance which is interrupted? Does Dr. Cheyne mean to say that we cannot remember all else about a person, and forget his name; and if he admit this to be possible, is not it, and it alone, the fact stated?

The next case stated is more to Dr. Cheyne's purpose. A patient of Crichton's meaning to call for bread, would ask for his boots; when they were brought, he would get angry and call more vehemently for his boots or shoes, meaning bread. When the pro-

per expression was suggested by another he adopted it.

Dr. Beddoes' "Hygeia" supplies the author with the case of Dr. Spalding, of Berlin. Dr. Beddoes had referred it—Cheyne says erroneously—to the hurry of ideas preceding epilepsy. He had to speak to many persons in quick succession, and to write many trifling memorandums about dissimilar things, so that the attention was incessantly impelled in contrary directions.

"He had at last to draw out a receipt for interest; he accordingly sat down and wrote the first two words requisite, but, in a moment, became incapable of finding the rest of the words in his memory, or the strokes of the letters belonging to them. He strained his attention to the utmost in endeavouring leisurely to delineate letter after letter, with constant reference to the preceding, in order to be sure that it suited. He said to himself that they were not the right strokes, without being able in the least to conceive wherein they were deficient. He therefore gave up the attempt, and partly by monosyllables, and partly by signs, ordered away the man who was waiting for the receipt, and quietly resigned himself to his state. For a good half hour there was a tumult in part of his ideas. He could only recognise them for such as forced themselves upon him without his participation. He endeavoured to dispel them to make room for better, which he was conscious of in the bottom of his thinking faculty. He threw his attention, as far as the swarm of confused intruding images would permit, on his religious principles; and said to himself distinctly, that if by a kind of death he was extricated from the tumult in his brain, which he felt as foreign and exterior to himself, he should exist and think on in the happiest quiet and order. With all this there was not the least illusion in the senses. He saw and heard every thing about him with its proper shape and sound, but could not get rid of the strange confusion in his head. He tried to speak, for the sake of finding whether he could bring out any thing connected; but however vehemently he strove to force together attention and thought, and though he proceeded with the utmost deliberation, he soon perceived that unmeaning syllables only followed, quite different from the words he wished. He was as little master now of the organs of speech as he had before found himself of those of writing. 'I therefore,' says he, 'con-

tented myself with the not very satisfactory expectation that if this state should continue I should never, all my life, be able to speak or write again; but that my sentiments and principles, remaining the same, would be a permanent spring of satisfaction and hope, till my complete separation from the unfortunate ferment of the brain. I was only sorry for my relations and friends, who, in this case, must have lost me for duties and business, and all proper intercourse with them, and looked upon me as a burden to the earth. But after the completion of the half-hour, my head began to grow clearer and more quiet. The uproar and vividness of the strange troublesome ideas diminished. I could now carry through my process of thought—I wished now to ring for the servant, that he might request my wife to come up. But I required yet some time to practise the right pronunciation of the requisite words. In the first conversation with my family, I proceeded for another half hour slowly, and in some measure anxiously, till at length I found myself as free and clear as at the beginning of the day, only I had a very trifling headache. Here I thought of the receipt which I had begun, and knew to be wrong. Behold, instead of fifty dollars for half a year's interest, as it should have been, I found in as clear and straight strokes as I ever made in my life—"fifty dollars through the sanctification of the bri-" with a hyphen, as I had come to the end of the line; I could not possibly fall upon any thing in my previous ideas or occupations which, by any obscure mechanical influence, could have given occasion to these unintelligible words.'"—3rd Essay, p. 97.

Our author relates an anecdote of a person deprived of the power of speech robbed by a servant, who thought that his master was in a state of complete fatuity, and would never discover his loss. The master, a powerful and determined man, brought the culprit to an empty drawer in the *escritoir* in which he kept his money, and showed him by signs that he knew by whom he was robbed, and compelled him to restore the money. A physician, who had been secretary of some medical corporation, was, at a time when he was unable to utter or to write two words in connexion, informed by a note that an important paper could not be found. He repaired to the office of the town-clerk, put his hand into a pigeon-hole, where he found the missing muniment, and at the same

time uttered a loud and discordant laugh. He was capable of receiving information but incapable of transmitting it.

Among other narratives given by Cheyne one is "of a gentleman who lost the power of expression both by speech and writing, while his other faculties were uninjured, in consequence of a fall from his horse, by which the lower and central part of the frontal bone was much injured. In cases such as have been described, the power of conveying meaning or emotion by signs, gestures, or by a change of the features, may be unimpaired." It is not said in Dr. Cheyne's work that the part of the head injured was that in which phrenologists place the organ of language or verbal memory.

The love of order and arrangement, so troublesome to most persons at times, and of which, from the days of Dr. Orkborne, students and dwellers among books have a traditional right to complain, supplies our author with some amusing illustrations. He tells of persons who have stopped on a road to count a drove of cattle, or to reckon the pales in a fence, and were unable to resist the impulse to commence thereckoning, even when hurried for time, still less were they able to stop if they once began. D'Israeli tells of an unhappy man who, with the toy called the cup and ball, occupied a life in endeavouring to fix the ball on the spike, we forget how many hundred or thousand of times successively—and we fear died without fulfilling his vocation. Cheyne mentions a lady of rank who each night before retiring to rest never failed to visit her drawing-room, and put every piece of furniture in its proper place. "Ah," said a friend of hers to Dr. Cheyne, "she was, from her passion for order, the greatest plague that ever lived." Dr. Pritchard, in "The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," mentions a case, quoted by our author, in which this tendency ended in actual insanity. "This person," says Dr. Pritchard, "was continually putting chairs in their places, and if articles of ladies' work or books were left upon a table, he would take an opportunity, unobserved, of putting them in order, generally spreading the work smooth and putting the articles in rows. He would steal into rooms belonging to

others, for the purpose of arranging the various articles."

"If we examine an extensive asylum for the insane, we shall probably discover one or two cells kept with scrupulous attention in a state of neatness and order; every thing will be found in its proper place, every thing clean and bright; every little ornament which may have been laid hold of by the pitiable tenant, ostentatiously displayed. The walls are decorated with prints, and if such are not attainable, little glaring frescos, representing ladies with plumes of feathers and long trains; peacocks with expanded tails; kings dressed in scarlet robes, with crowns on their heads—the work of the lunatic—are often made to supply their place; great attention being paid to the arrangement of these works of rude art, so as to evince a love of order; every print or drawing having its companion or its pendant. Such patients are generally irascible and violent; and nothing with more certainty produces a paroxysm of maniacal rage than intrusion into their apartments with unscrapped shoes, unless it be an attempt to displace any of their ornaments, or to remove a print from the wall."—3rd Essay, p. 120.

The next essay is occupied with a consideration of the disordered state of the affections. The object is to show how actual insanity may arise from one of those "endowments" becoming much excited or depressed—being in a passionate or apathetic state.

Instances are given of derangement produced by the encouragement and discouragement of romantic love; by the desire of having children disappointed; and again by the absence of parental affection—hatred usurping the place of love, and the father irresistibly urged to the murder of dutiful and affectionate children, "*at a time when the remaining faculties were undisturbed.*" Then follow cases of natural affection extinguished in the minds of lunatics, of which fact, while the author suggests other possible causes, he regards the true explanation to be, that one or more of the intellectual faculties is unduly excited, and thus "all interest confined, as it were, to one narrow channel of thought."

The desire of possessing what we consider valuable property is described as that which chiefly gives their con-

sistency to great undertakings. It is apt to degenerate "into covetousness, which is idolatry."

This desire is illustrated by the case of the spendthrift and of the miser—weak in the spendthrift, till he sacrifices all the purposes of honourable life for a succession of momentary gratifications, and strong in the miser, who deprives himself of all the enjoyments, which it is the only true object of riches to purchase. The collection of a splendid library by a man of learning, or of valuable statues or pictures by a man of refined taste, is referred to the same principle, which, in its abuse leads the foolish virtuoso to crowd his rooms with Indian idols, stuffed birds, loathsome reptiles, cracked china, canoes of savages, old pottery, croziers, and rings. A collector is mentioned who, among other valuables, possessed a vial of George the Fourth's blood, obtained from the royal cupper. That such folly should end in insanity does not seem surprising, but the process Dr. Cheyne describes to be this—cupidity becomes first the ruling, and then the only passion. It subdues all other desires which might have proved correctives to it; and when it has completely triumphed, the mind is left in a state of incurable derangement.

The next chapter, "On insanity in supposed connection with religion," introduces us to what Dr. Cheyne regards the most important part of his work. "Derangement," he says, "may originate in superstition or fanaticism," but he finds a difficulty in conceiving "that true religion, which removes doubts and distractions, explains our duties and reconciles us to them, and teaches that all things work together for good to them that love God, and thus not only guides but supports us as we toil through the weary maze of life; which, in every pursuit demands moderation and method, and calms every rising storm of the passions, should be productive of insanity."

It would not be becoming of us to do much more in reviewing Dr. Cheyne's book than give an account of its contents; yet we cannot forbear asking, is not the admission that insanity may originate in superstition or fanaticism, an admission fatal to the argument, that what is called mental derangement is always to be looked for

in bodily disease as its cause? And while we quite agree with Cheyne, that fanaticism and superstition are not unlikely to end in insanity—and while we even go farther than Cheyne, in what he says as to true religion, believing it not alone a preservative from insanity but often a cure for mental distraction in its worst form, we yet cannot but acknowledge to ourselves, that a question remains which each man will answer differently to his own mind, and the reply to which will encourage the wildest fanatic in his worst follies, when he asks himself what is true religion? The wildest madman, whose disease originates in fanaticism, has already asked himself the question, and answered it with a sincerity, of which his disease is in some degree evidence.

Dr. Cheyne says, "that true religion has never since the Gospel was first preached, produced a single case of insanity." "Melancholy is," he says, "the usual type of religious madness;" and it is impossible to regard melancholy as "produced by the most cheering proposition which was ever placed before the mind of man—'Believe and thou shall be saved.'"

In this way Dr. Cheyne, to his own satisfaction, gets rid of the statement of the French physicians, that before the Revolution a great proportion of the insane in France were monks, and of the facts, that many of our maniacs use the language of religion. That many cases, where insanity arises from other causes, are referred to religion, arises, he thinks, from the hatred felt for religion, and a willingness to attribute to it all the evil men safely can. He then gives half a dozen narratives; one of a lady of fifty, a member of a religious family, who suddenly affected airs of high rank, insisted on the necessity of attending court drawing-rooms—at last began to fancy that when she drove out, persons of station were waiting to deliver messages to her expressive of surprise that she did not visit them; then showed such decided symptoms of entire madness as rendered it necessary to separate her from society,—losing all sense of religion. This, Cheyne says, was not religious insanity,—as we suppose it was called, otherwise why tell the story?—but "vanity sweeping away every trace of religious feeling." Then

comes a narrative of a religious clergyman, swearing like a trooper at a woodranger who provoked him. It does not appear that the clergyman became insane, but he had a brother who did, and Cheyne states this as "a monomaniacal explosion, in which aristocratic pride, much fostered during the youth of this member of a noble family, was roused by cerebral excitement, and for a time resumed its original ascendancy." The religious, during insanity, lose all sense of religion, which returns when the paroxysm is over. Cheyne, to illustrate this, tells of a brave and generous military man, who was occasionally insane, and during the disease was oppressed with fear, and became selfish. He then mentions an imprudent speculation of a widow lady, involving considerable expenditure, and likely to end in bankruptcy. As pecuniary difficulties increased, her religious opinions became more enthusiastic. "We witnessed," says Cheyne, "her first overt act of insanity, in a composition, on which some of her friends probably looked with admiration, namely a scheme of the Gospel, which she caused to be printed in the form of two inverted pyramids, which met at their pointed ends." She soon after proclaimed the millennium, and retired to a lunatic asylum. Cheyne refers this case to imprudence in an enthusiastically religious woman. "We envy not," he says, "the moral constitution of the individual who would aver that this, the effect of enthusiasm, was a case of insanity from religion." Cheyne complains, not unreasonably, of the returns from establishments for the insane, classing with "insanity from religion," the disease of persons, who becoming insane under circumstances not likely to suggest religious insanity, as their disease, during the course of their lunacy fix, among their other wanderings of mind, on some religious dogma, which they first pervert, and then incessantly rave about.

A case (Perceval's) to which we have before adverted, is then discussed, and our author proceeds to examine the cases of religious madness, given in Burrowes's work on insanity.

The first is that of a lady of the Established Church, who listens to the doctrines of Swedenborgh; is about to receive the sacrament, and

finds there is no wine in the chalice presented to her. She interprets this as poor Cowper interpreted his dream of the gates of Westminster Abbey being closed against him, and madness follows. The other examples are not unlike in character to this. What is most important is, that no one of them is the case of a person who could be fairly described as religious in any sense in which religion can be regarded as a principle regulating conduct; and we protest, we think, that the orgies of a bacchanal, or the frantic rites of a worshipper of Jaganaut might as fairly be given in evidence of true religion disordering the mind as any one of the cases cited. In Haslam's book on insanity, he thinks the cases of religious insanity are confined to those who cease to follow, as true, the form of religion in which they have been brought up. This, as a general proposition, involving as a consequence the risk of endangering the right of exercising a judgment on religious subjects, is shown by Cheyne to be untrue; but we have little doubt that a more sane exercise of the understanding is exhibited by those who seek to see what is good in the religious societies in which they find themselves placed, than by the restless spirits who seem to learn nothing from the teaching of any instructors; and we have no doubt whatever, that the statistics of religious insanity in many asylums were calculated to suggest Haslam's observation. The reception of any doctrines believed without disputation is little likely to endanger the mind. In most cases, too, it should be remembered, that without fulfilling the practical duties of life, there is not only no true religion, but a state worse than infidelity, and that a habit of disputativeness can scarcely exist without interrupting almost everything that is good. One of the evils of the circumstances in which society is now placed is, the vast multitude of sects, and the almost necessary consequence of doubtful disputations on points which would not be felt of the same interest, if they did not form the boundary walls between different denominations of Christians. We believe the best hope of a cure for this evil is the increased study of the Scriptures themselves, with the distinct recollection, that except as influencing conduct, religion

in any proper sense has no existence whatever.

An essay follows, "On the Moral Constitution of Man." We find a difficulty in fixing Dr. Cheyne's meaning in this essay. "Man's body," he tells us, "was originally formed of the dust of the ground: 'into his nostrils God breathed the breath of life, and man became a living soul.' As the man consists of body and soul, so again, the soul itself contains two principles recognized in Scripture as carnal and spiritual. The one principle connecting it as it were, with earth, the other, with heaven." Dr. Cheyne thus seems to state, that in the soul itself, as distinct from the body, is what he tells us Scripture calls a carnal principle. When Adam fell, his physical constitution was injured by eating the slow poison of the forbidden fruit: he transmitted to us a body unfit "to be a fit recipient for a soul created to reflect the image of God." "Through the injury sustained in the first instance by the physical constitution of man, we," says Dr. Cheyne, may "conceive that his mental constitution was injured, and his judgment and affections became depraved. Every fresh inroad which is made in the mind—every instance of amentia, delirium, or insanity—is connected with superadded disorder of body." "We never saw a case of mental derangement, even when it was traceable to a moral cause, in which there was not reason to believe that bodily disease could have been detected before the earliest aberration, had an opportunity of examination offered. Not only does every deranged state of the intellectual faculties and the natural affections depend upon bodily disease, but derangements of the religious and moral sentiments also originate in diseases of the body." We confess that we feel it much easier to reconcile with Scripture the fact of physical evil following moral guilt, than the contrary hypothesis; and we think it pretty plain, even on Dr. Cheyne's own showing, that in most cases it is the grievous misuse of mental faculties—evil originating in man's own perversion of will, and the misdirection of his affections—that disorders the bodily organization. The passage in Genesis, as far as we can regard it as bearing on the subject, surely supports this view.

The essays that follow are, "on Conscience," "on Faith," "on Love to God and Charity," "on Hope," and "on the Presence and Absence of Devotional Feeling."

The cases of monomania, which have been termed "religious madness," "are generally to be referred," says Cheyne, "to the disordered condition of the conscience, or of one or more of the 'sentiments' or 'endowments' of faith, charity, and hope."

The standard of right and wrong within us, the existence of which none deny, is called by our author the *natural* conscience. "It, like every other mental endowment, is improved by being properly exercised." "If exercised at the same time that the intellectual faculties are weak, or easily perverted, scrupulosity and inconsistency will be the consequence." From violation of its dictates, it becomes insensible. Similar results follow from diseases of the brain, or nervous system. A patient of Cheyne's, after palsy, lost all regard for truth. Several instances are given of hysterics attended with similar consequences. When the body is exhausted with fatigue, the conscience becomes less sensitive, and Cheyne quotes a celebrated humorist, who used to say that "man was not an accountable being during the prevalence of the east wind."

"Before man is born again," says our author, "his conscience may be awakened." A friend of Cheyne's was actually driven mad by the convictions of the natural conscience. He recovered, but Cheyne thinks he would never have been insane "had he been earlier aware of that Scripture, 'He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.'" "Instead of having to contend with the dark surges of despair, he might have gently floated into a haven of rest. What his case required was a spiritual physician, skilled in the administration of the elixir prepared on Calvary."

Such a case Cheyne would not call religious insanity; but by whatever name it is to be called, he tells us that an experience of forty years warrants him in saying, that "such cases are not in the proportion of one in a thousand to the instances of derangement which arise from wounded pride or disappointed ambition."

Remorse in our author's view is compatible with a sound and active condition of conscience. "Extreme scrupulosity shows it to be either unsound or in disorder, and it is of importance to distinguish between its sound and unsound state."

An unsound state of the *enlightened* conscience is, we are told, to be distinguished chiefly by the circumstance, that a belief in the atonement imparts no comfort. In such case, the conscience is unsound and unable to perform its functions, and such unsoundness is probably connected with bodily disease.

An unsound state of the *natural* conscience is distinguished chiefly from attending to the cause of compunction and next to the state of bodily health. If the distress of mind seem wholly inadequate to the apparent cause, or if it be intermitting—greater at one time than another—then it probably arises from bodily ailment. Epilepsy is often accompanied with symptoms of great mental distress, assuming the character of remorse for crimes wholly imaginary. The first stage of delirium in fever is often attended with great horror. The crime, perhaps of another, is dwelt upon by the disturbed conscience as if it were its own act; remorse and insanity follow. The life of Scott (the commentator on the Bible,) and of Cowper, supply Dr. Cheyne with instances to illustrate these propositions. In such circumstances it is Dr. Cheyne's opinion that moral or religious statements or arguments tend to promote the illusion rather than to allay it, so long as disease is unmitigated.

"Indeed," he adds, "the observation may be extended to every disordered state of the mind, which is supported either by disease of the brain or of a *distinct** organ acting on the brain. An enthusiastic person, who, as it afterwards appeared, *was himself not sane*, obtained permission to read and expound the Scriptures to lunatics who were under the care of a medical friend of ours. Our friend soon perceiving that none of his patients improved under the experiment, and that some of them became more disturbed, induced the governors of the asylum in which it was

tried, to withdraw their consent, and to exclude the enthusiast from the unpromising field of his labour."—7th Essay, p. 185.

Insanity has been produced by the strange fancy of some that their sorrow is inadequate to their guilt, a notion which seems so inconsistent with any just notions of Christianity that we are not surprised Dr. Cheyne refuses to class such diseased scrupulosity with religious lunacy. Christian faith as a principle, means nothing else, says Dr. Cheyne, than "a reverential trust in the Son of God alone for protection and salvation here and hereafter." Fanatical excitement, which leaves the patient to look to any other source of religious support, is by the terms of this definition to be distinguished from insanity from religion. The cure of nervous diseases by Prince Hohenlohe, which satisfied the patients and their friends that miracles were performed, confirmed the spurious faith, as Cheyne calls it, in which these miracles had their origin. Genuine faith is often inactive, owing to bodily disease. The sufferer, however, should remember, that while it may be weak as a sentiment, it is often strong as a principle. A man unable to join in prayer may yield his life rather than violate what he regards as the will of God. Seeming unbelief, which enthusiasts refer to Satanic agency, is often but bodily disease. It should, however, be remembered, both for the comfort of those who are disposed to bewail the deadness of their hearts on religious subjects, and for the warning of those who are too fond of preaching to their neighbours, that the only true test of genuine faith is practical obedience.

In actual derangement the sentiment of love to God is sometimes wholly obliterated, and even hatred or defiance to him is expressed. Haslam is quoted by Dr. Cheyne, for the case of a bedlamite who cursed the Almighty for creating him, and wished to go to hell that he might not be disgraced by an association with God.

Hope, the sunshine of the mind, is yet more dependant on the state of the bodily frame than even the sentiments

* We think it not improbable that this is a misprint for *diseased*.

of faith and love to God. A case is mentioned of a state of mind that seemed to be connected with some disease of the organs of assimilation, in which uniformly on alternate days, for many years, a gentleman whom Cheyne often met in society, exhibited depression and elevation of spirits, each equally remote from the golden mean.

"Those who dined with him on his low day and on his high day, might have supposed that he was acting a part on one of these. He reminded one of the pasteboard toy, such a favourite with children, which represents a weeping and a laughing countenance, as it is upright or reversed. Before he became thus afflicted there was a sudden and remarkable change, arising from entire loss of corpulency."—10th Essay, p. 144.

Hope at times utterly dies. We can make no impression on the melancholy man, because our representations are addressed to a part of the mind wholly inactive. In Melancholy, Cheyne tells us, medical, rather than moral treatment, should be adopted, and "all such cases ought, in the first instance, to pass through the hands of a physician."

The nature of our publication as well as the length to which this article has already extended, render it impossible for us to give extracts from the concluding essay—that on devotional feeling; but it affords us delight to give it unqualified praise. We never read any thing much more beautiful. Though it does not deal with actual disease of the mind, it is connected with the subject of the volume, even more intimately than some of the chapters that describe unequivocal manifestations of insanity. The reader who has an opportunity of looking at a passage quoted by Dr. Cheyne from Flavel's *Pneumatology*, will probably

envy Flavel the delight of a day in which his spirit was so elevated above itself, that it seemed to have been passed in heaven. But the condition, on which such highly excited feeling seems to be possible, is, that the animal part of our nature suffers proportionate injury. In Flavel's case, profuse bleeding from the nose came to the relief of the excited brain, or it is probable, Cheyne tells us, that apoplexy would have ensued, or may we add—insanity.

"—— We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and
madness."

Exhaustion—in cases where less grievous evils ensue—exhaustion and languor are sure to follow these rapturous emotions, and both are fatal to that peace of heart, without which happiness or health cannot exist. Dr. Cheyne quotes from the diary of a religious man, one of the entries so frequent in such memorials:—"Much sweetness of prayer this morning; in the afternoon was sunk and depressed; seemed a poor, miserable, useless wretch." Such instances might be multiplied to any extent; and it is discreditable to the surviving friends that such entries, private—if any thing can be said to be private—should ever be published.

But we must conclude, and cannot do better than quote the closing words of our author:—

"In concluding, we would remark, that while of most men neither the soul nor the body could bear a very long continuance of a highly devotional frame of mind, yet, when the affection of the Christian to his God is benumbed, his language ought to be, 'I will wait upon the Lord' at every appointed season, mindful of that promise, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.'"

A.

DUBLIN

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXI. NOVEMBER, 1843. Vol. XXII.

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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.
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VOL. XXII.

THE LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT XII.—A FRAGMENT OF CHATEAU LIFE—THE “OUVERTURE
DE LA CHASSE.”

I WISH any one would explain to me why it is, that the tastes and pursuits of nations are far more difficult of imitation than their languages or institutions. Nothing is more common than to find Poles and Russians speaking half the tongues of Europe like natives. Germans frequently attain to similar excellence; and some Englishmen have the gift also. In the same way it would not be difficult to produce many foreigners well acquainted with all the governmental details of the countries they have visited—the policy, foreign and domestic; the statistics of debt and taxation; the religious influences; the resources, and so forth. Indeed, in our days of universal travel, this kind of information has more or less become general, while the tastes and habits, which appear so much more easily acquired, are the subjects of the most absurd mistakes, or the most blundering imitation. To instance what I mean, who ever saw any but a Hungarian dance the mazourka with even tolerable grace? Who ever saw waltzing except among the Austrians? Who ever beheld “toilette” out of France? So it is, however. Some artificial boundary drawn with a red line on a map by the hand of Nesselrode or Talleyrand—some pin stuck down in the chart by the fingers of Metternich—decides the whole question, and says, “Thus far shalt thou dance and no farther. Beyond this there are no *patés de perigord*. Here begin pipes and tobacco—there end macaroni and music.” Whatever their previous tastes, men soon conform to the habits of a nation, and these arbitrary boundaries of the gentlemen of the red tape, become like nature's own frontiers of flood or mountain. Not but it must have been somewhat puzzling in the good days of the consulate and the empire to trim one's sails quick enough for the changes of the political hurricane. You were an Italian yesterday—you are a Frenchman to-day: you went to bed a Prussian, and you awoke a Dutchman. These were sore trials, and had they been pushed much farther, must have led to the most strange misconceptions and mistakes.

Now, with a word of apology for the digression, let me come back to the cause of it—and yet why should I make my excuses on this head? These loiterings of mine are as much in the wide field of dreamy thought, as over the plains and valleys of the material world. I never promised to follow a regular track, nor did I set out on my journey bound, like a

king's messenger, to be at my destination in a given time. Not a bit of it. I'll take "mine ease in mine inn." I'll stay a week—a fortnight—ay, a month here if I please it. You may not like the accommodation, nor wish to put up with a "settle and stewed parsnips." Be it so. Here we part company, then. If you don't like my way of travel, there's the diligence, or, if you prefer it, take the extra post, and calculate if you can how to pay your postilion in kreutzers—invented by the devil, I believe, to make men swear—and for miles, that change with every little grand duchy of three acres in extent. I wish you joy of your travelling companions—the German who smokes, and the Frenchman who frowns at you; the old *Vrau* who falls asleep on your shoulder, and the "*Bonne*" who gives you a baby to hold in your lap. But why have I put myself into this towering passion? Heaven knows it's not my wont. And once more to go back, and find, if I can, what I was thinking of—I have it. This same digression of mine was apropos to the scene I witnessed, as our breakfast concluded at the chateau.

All the world was to figure on horseback. The horses themselves no bad evidence of the exertions used to mount the party. Here, was a rugged pony from the Ardennes, with short neck and low shoulder—his head broad as a bull's, and his counter like the bow of a Dutch galliot: there, a great Flemish beast, seventeen hands high, with a tail festooned over a straw "bustle," and even still hanging some inches on the ground—straight in the shoulder, and straighter in the pasterns—giving the rider a shock at every motion, that to any other than a Fleming would lead to concussion of the brain. Here stood an English thoroughbred, sadly "shook" before, and with that tremulous quivering of the fore-legs that betokens a life of hard work; still with all his imperfections, and the mark of a spavin behind, he looked like a gentleman among a crowd of low fellows—a reduced gentleman, it is true—but a gentleman still. His mane was long and silky; his coat was short and glossy; his head finely formed, and well put on his long, taper, and well-balanced neck. Beside him was a huge Holsteiner, flapping his broad flanks with a tail like a weeping ash—a great massive animal, that seemed from his action as if he were in the habit of ascending stairs, and now and then got the shock one feels when they come to a step too few. Among the mass there were some "Limoussins"—pretty, neatly-formed little animals, with great strength for their appearance, and showing a deal of Arab breeding; and an odd Schimmel or two from Hungary, snorting and pawing like a war-horse. But the staple was a collection of such screws as every week are to be seen at Tattersall's auction, announced as "first-rate weight-carriers, with any fox-hounds—fast in double and single harness, and believed sound by the owner." Well! what credulous people are the proprietors of horses! These are the great exports to the Low Countries, repaid in mock Vandykes, apocryphal Rembrants, and fabulous Hobbimas; for the exhibition of which, in our dining-rooms and libraries, we are as heartily laughed at, as are they for their taste in matters equine; and in the same way exactly as we insist upon a great name with our landscape, or our battle, so your Fleming must have a pedigree with his hunter. There must be dam to Louisa, and own brother to Rat-catcher and Titus Oates, that won the "Levanter handicap" in—no matter where. Oh dear, oh dear! when shall we have sense enough to go without Sneyders and Ostade? and when will Flemings be satisfied to ride on beasts which befit them—strong of limb, slow of gait, dull of temper, and not over-fastidious in feeding; whose parentage has had no registry, and whose blood-relations never were chronicled?

Truly, England is the land of "turn out." All the foreign imitations of it are most ludicrous, from Prince Max of Bavaria, who brought back with him to Munich a lord-mayor's coach, gilding, emblazonry, wigs, and all, as the true type of a London equipage—down to those strange, merry-andrew figures, in orange plush breeches and sky-blue frocks, that one sees galloping after their masters along the Champs Elysées, like insane comets taking an airing on horseback. The whole thing is absurd: they cannot accomplish it, do what they will—there's no success in the endeavour. It is like our miserable failures to get up a *petit diner*, or a *soirée*. If then French, Italians, and Germans fail so lamentably, only think I beseech you of Flemings—imagine Belgium *à cheval*. The author of *Hudibras* discovered years ago that these people were fish—that their land life was a little bit of distraction they permitted themselves to take from time to time, but that their real element was a dyke or a canal. What would he have said if he saw them on horseback?

Now I am free to confess that few men have less hope to win the world by deeds of horsemanship than Arthur O'Leary. I have ever looked upon it as a kind of presumption in me to get into the saddle. I have regarded my taking the reins as a species of duplicity on my part—a tacit assumption that I had any sort of control over the beast; I have appeared to myself guilty of a moral misdemeanour—the "obtaining a ride under false pretences." Yet when I saw myself astride of the "roan with the cut on her knee," and looked around me at the others, I fancied that I must have taken lessons from Franconi, without knowing it, and even among the moustached heroes of the evening before, I bore myself like a gallant cavalier.

"You sit your horse devilish like your father; he had just the same easy *degagée* way in his saddle," said the old colonel, tapping his snuff-box, and looking at me with a smile of marked approval; while he continued in a lower tone, "I've told Laura to get near you, if the mare becomes troublesome: the Flemings, you know, are not much to boast of as riders."

I acknowledged the favour as well as I could, for already my horse was becoming fidgetty. Every one about me thinking it essential to spur and whip his beast into the nearest approach to mettle, and caper about like so many devils, while they cried out to each other—

"Regardez, Charles, comment il est vif ce 'Tear-away.' C'est une bete du diable. Ah, tiens—tiens, vois donc 'Albert.' La voila c'est 'All-in-my-eye,' fils de 'Charles Fox,' frere de 'Sevins-de-main'——"

"Ah, marquis, how goes it?—Il est beau votre cheval."

"Oui, parbleu; he is frere ainée of 'Kiss-mi-ladi,' qui a gagné le handicap à l'île du dogs."

And thus did these miserable imitators of Ascot and Doncaster, of Leamington and the Lorn, talk away the most insane nonsense, which had been told to them by some London horse-dealer as the pedigree of their hackneys.

It was really delightful amid all this to see the two English girls, who sat their horses so easily and so gracefully—bending slightly with each curvet, they only yielded to the impulse of the animal as much as served to keep their own balance. The light but steady finger on the bridle, the air of quiet composure, the *pose*, uniting elegance with command. What a contrast to the distorted gesture, the desperate earnestness, and the fearful tenacity of their much-whiskered companions. And yet it was to please and fascinate these same pinchbeck sportsmen, these girls were

then there. If they rode over every thing that day—fence or rail, pool or bank—it was because the *chasse* to them was less *au cerf* than *au mari*.

Such was the case. The old colonel had left England because he preferred the channel to the Fleet. The glorious liberty which Englishmen are so proud of, would have been violated in his person had he remained. His failing, like many others, was that he had lived, “not wisely, but too well;” and in short, however cold the climate, London would have proved too hot for him, had he stayed another day in it.

What a deluge of such people float over the Continent; living well and what is called “most respectably;” dining at embassies and dancing at courts; holding their heads very high too—most scrupulous about acquaintances, and exclusive in all their intimacies. They usually prefer foreign society to that of their countrymen, for obvious reasons; few Frenchmen read the Gazette—I never heard of a German, who knew any thing about the list of outlaws. Of course they have no more to say to English preserves, and so they take out a license to shoot over the foreign manors; and though a marquis or a count are but “small deer,” it’s the only game left, and they make the best of it.

At last the host appeared, attired in a scarlet frock, and wearing a badge at his buttonhole—something about the shape and colour of a new pennypiece. He was followed by above a dozen others, similarly habited, minus the badge; and then came about twenty more, dressed in green frocks, with red collars and cuffs, a species of smaller delfies, who, I learned, were called “Aspirants,” though to what they aspired, where it was, or when they hoped for it, nobody could inform me. Then there were piqueurs, and grooms, and whippers-in, without number—all noisy and all boisterous; about twenty couple of fox hounds giving tongue, and a due proportion of the scarlet folk blowing away at that melodious pipe—the *cor de chasse*.

With this goodly company I moved forward, “alone but in a crowd;” for unhappily my want of tact as a sporting character the previous evening had damaged me seriously with the hunting youths, and Mademoiselle Laura showed no desire to accept the companionship her worthy father had selected for her. No matter, thought I, there’s a great deal to see here, and I can do without chatting in so stirring a scene as this.

Her companion was the Comte D’Espagne, an admirable specimen of what the French call “Tigre;” for be it known that the country, which once obtained a reputation little short of ludicrous for its excess of courtesy and the surplusage of its ceremony, has now, in the true spirit of reaction, adopted a degree of abruptness we should call rudeness, and a species of cold effrontery we might mistake for insolence. The disciples of this new school are significantly called “Young France,” and distinguished for length of hair and beard—a look of frowning solemnity, and mock pre-occupation, very well-fitting garments, and yellow gloves. These gentlemen are sparing of speech, and more so of gesture. They give to understand that some onerous deed of regeneration is expected at their hands—some revival of the old spirit of the nation. Though in what way it is to originate in curled moustaches and lacquered boots, is still a mystery to the many; but enough of them now. Of these was the Comte D’Espagne.

I had almost forgotten to speak of one part of our *cortège*, which should certainly not be omitted. This was a wooden edifice on wheels, drawn by a pair of horses at a brisk rate at the tail of the procession. At first it

occurred to me that it might be an ambulant dog-kennel, to receive the hounds on their return. Then I suspected it to be a walking hospital for wounded sportsmen; and certainly I could not but approve of the idea, as I called to mind the position of any unlucky chasseur in the event of a fall, with his fifteen feet of "metal main" around him; and I only hoped that a plumber accompanied the expedition. My humanity, however, led me astray. The pagoda was destined for the accommodation of a stag, who always assisted at the *chasse*, whenever no other game could be started. This venerable beast, some five and twenty years in the service, was like a stock piece in the theatres, which, always ready, could be produced without a moment's notice. Here was no rehearsal requisite: if a *prima donna* was sulky, or a tenor was drunk—if the fox wouldn't show, or the deer were shy—there was the stag, perfectly prepared for a pleasant canter of a few miles, and ready, if no one was intemperately precipitate, to give a very agreeable morning's sport. His perfections, however, went farther than this: for he was trained to cross the high road at all convenient thoroughfares, occasionally taking the main streets of a village, or the market-place of a bourg, swimming whenever the water was shallow enough to follow him on horseback, and giving up the ghost at the blast of a grand maitre's bugle, with an accuracy as unerring as though he had performed at Franconi's.

Unhappily for me, I was not fated to witness an exhibition of his powers; for scarcely had we emerged from the wood when the dogs were laid on, and soon after found a fox.

For some time the scene was an animated one, as every Fleming seemed to pin his faith on some favourite dog—and it was rather amusing to witness the eagerness with which each followed the movements of his adopted animal, cheering him on, and encouraging him to the top of his bent. At last the word—away! was given, and suddenly the dogs broke cover, and made across the plain in the direction of a great wood, or rather forest, above a mile off. The country, happily for most of us—I know it was so for me—was an open surface of gentle undulation, stubble and turnips the only impediments, and clay soft enough to make a fall easy.

The sight was so far exhilarating, that red coats in a gallop have always a pleasant effect; besides which, the very concourse of riders looks well. However, even as unsportsmanlike an eye as mine could detect the flaws in jockeyship about me—the fierce rushings of the gentlemen who pushed through the deepest ground, with a loose rein, flogging manfully the while; the pendulum motions of others between the mane and the haunches with every stride of the beast. But I had little time for such speculations—the hour of my own trial was approaching: "the roan" was getting troublesome, the pace was gradually working up her mettle, and she had given three or four preparatory bounds as though to see whether she'd part company with me, before she ran away, or not. My own calculations at the moment were not very dissimilar—I was meditating a rupture of the partnership too. The matrix of a full-length figure of Arthur O'Leary, in red clay, was the extent of any damage I could receive, and I only looked for a convenient spot, where I might fall unseen. As I turned my head on every side, hoping for some secluded nook, some devil of a hunter, by way of directing the dogs, gave a blast of his brass instrument, about a hundred yards before me—the thing was now settled: the roan gave a whirl of her long vicious tail, plunged fearfully, and throwing down her head and twisting it to one side, as if to have a peep at my confusion, away she went. From having formed one of the rear-guard, I now closed

up with the main body—“aspirants,” all through whom I dashed like a catapult, and notwithstanding repeated shouts of “Pulbin, sir!—hold back! etc,” continued my onward course; a few seconds more, and I was in the thick of the scarlet coats, my beast at the stretch of her speed, and caring nothing for the bridle. Amid a shower of javelins that fell on me like hail, I sprung through them, making the red ones black with every stroke of my gallop. Leaving them far behind, I flew past the grand maitre himself, who rode in the van, almost upsetting him by a side spring, as I passed a malediction reached me as I went, but the forest soon received me in its dark embrace, and I saw no more.

It was at first a source of consolation to me, to think that every stride removed me from the reach of those, whose denunciations I had so unfortunately incurred—grand maitre, chasseurs, and aspirants—they were all behind me. Ay, for that matter, so were the dogs and the piqueurs, and, for aught I knew, the fox with them. When I discovered, however, that the roan continued her speed, still unabated, I began to be somewhat disconcerted. It was true the ground was perfectly smooth and safe: a long *allée* of the wood, with turf-shorn close as a pleasure-ground. I pulled and saved the bit, I jerked the bridle, and performed all the manual exercise I could remember, as advised in such extremities, but to no use. It seemed to me that some confounded echo started the beast, and incited her to increased speed. Just as this notion struck me, I heard a voice behind cry out—“Do hold in—try and hold in, Mrs O'Leary!” I turned my head, and there was Laura, scarce a length behind, her thoroughbred straining every sinew to come up. No one else was in sight, and there we were, galloping like mad, with the wood all to ourselves.

I can very well conceive why the second horse in a race does his best to get foremost, if it were only the indulgence of a very natural piece of curiosity to see what the other has been running for; but why the first one only goes the faster, because there are others behind him, that is a dead puzzle to me. But so it was; my ill-starred beast never seemed to have put forth her full powers till she was followed. “*Vite à terre*,” as the French say, was now the pace, and though from time to time Laura would cry out to me, to hold back, I could almost swear I heard her laughing at my efforts. Meanwhile the wood was becoming thicker and closer, and the *allée* narrower and evidently less travelled; still it seemed to have no end or exit. Scarcely had we rounded one turn, when a vista of miles would seem to stretch away before us, passing over which, another, as long again, would appear. After about an hour's hard galloping, if I dare form any conjecture as to the flight of time, I perceived with a feeling of triumph that the roan was relaxing somewhat in her stride, and beginning to wince, by an up-and-down kind of gait, what sailors call a fore-and-aft motion, that she was getting enough of it. I turned and saw Laura about twenty yards behind: her thoroughbred, dead beat, and only able to slink along at that species of lobbing canter, blood cattle can accomplish under any exigency. With a bold effort I pulled up short, and she came alongside of me, and before I could summon courage to meet the reproaches I expected for having been the cause of her runaway, she relieved my mind by a burst of as merry and good-tempered laughter as ever I witnessed. The emotion was contagious, and so I laughed too, and it was full five minutes before either of us could speak. “Well, Mr. O'Leary, I hope you know where we are,” said she, drying her eyes, where the sparkling drops of mirth were standing for I assure you, I don't.”

"Oh, perfectly," replied I, as my eye caught a board nailed against a tree, on which some very ill-painted letters announced, *la route de Bouvigne*—"we are on the high road to Bouvigne, wherever that may be."

"Bouvigne," exclaimed she, in an accent of some alarm—"why, it's five leagues from the chateau; I travelled there once by the high road. How are we ever to get back?"

That was the very question I was then canvassing in my own mind, without a thought of how it was to be solved. However, I answered with an easy indifference—"Oh, nothing easier—we'll take a caleche at Bouvigne."

"But, they've none?"

"Well, then, fresh horses."

"There's not a horse in the place—it's a little village near the Meuse, surrounded with tall granite rocks, and only remarkable for its ruined castle, the ancient schloss of Philip de Bouvigne."

"How interesting!" said I, delighted to catch at any thing which should give the conversation a turn—"and who was Philip de Bouvigne?"

"Philip," said the lady, "was the second or third count, I forget which, of the name. The chronicles say that he was the handsomest and most accomplished youth of the time. No where could he meet his equal at joust or tournament; while his skill in arms was the least of his gifts—he was a poet and a musician. In fact, if you were only to believe his historians, he was the most dangerous person for the young ladies of those days to meet with. Not that he ran away with them, '*sur la grande route*.'"—As she said this, a burst of laughing stopped her—and it was one I could readily forgive, though myself the object of it. "However," resumed she, "I believe he was just as bad. Well, to pursue my story, when Philip was but eighteen, it chanced that a party of warriors, bound for the Holy Land, came past the castle of Bouvigne, and, of course, passed the night there. From them, many of whom had already been in Palestine, Philip heard the wondrous stories the crusaders ever brought back of combats and encounters, of the fearful engagements with the infidels, and the glorious victories of the cross. And at length, so excited did his mind become by the narrations, that he resolved on the spot to set out for the Holy Land, and see with his own eyes the wonderful things they had been telling him.

"This resolution could not fail of being applauded by the rest, but by none was it met with such decided approval, as by Henri de Bethune, a young Laegois, then setting out on his first crusade—who could not help extolling Philip's bravery, and above all his devotion in the great cause, in quitting his home, and his young and beautiful wife—for I must tell you, as indeed I ought to have told you before—he was but a few weeks married to the lovely Alice de Franchemont, the only daughter of the old Graf de Franchemont, whose castle you may see the ruins of, near Grande Fontaine."

"I would assent," said she, "and she went on. Of course, you can imagine the dreadful grief of the young countess, when her husband broke to her his determination. If I were a novelist, I'd tell you of tears and entreaties—and sighs and faintings—of promises and pledges—and vows, and so forth—for, indeed, it was a very sorrowful piece of business—and she didn't at all fancy passing some three or four years alone in the old keep at Bouvigne, with no society—not one single friend to speak to. At first, indeed, she would not hear of it—and it was only, at length, when Henri de Bethune undertook to plead for him—

for he kindly remained several days at the chateau, to assist his friend at this conjuncture—that she gave way, and consented. Still, her consent was wrung from her against her convictions—and she was by no means satisfied that the arguments she yielded to, were a whit too sound; and this, let me remark *en passant*, is a most dangerous species of assent, when given by a lady—and one she always believes to be something of the nature of those Catholic vows, which are only binding while you believe them reasonable and just.”

“Is that really so?” interrupted I. “Do you, indeed, give me so low a standard of female fidelity as this?”

“If women are sometimes false,” replied she, “it is because men are never true—but I must go on with my tale. Away went Count Philip, and with him, his friend de Bethune. The former, if the fact were known, just as low-spirited, when the time came, as the countess herself. But, then, he had the double advantage, that he had a friend to talk with, and make participator of his sorrows—besides, being the one, leaving, not left.”

“I don’t know,” interrupted I at this moment, “that you are right there; I think that the associations which cling to the places where we have been happy, are a good requital for the sorrowful memories they may call up. I’d rather linger around the spot consecrated by the spirit of past pleasure, and dream over again, hour by hour, day by day, the bliss I knew there—than break up the charm of such memories, by the vulgar incidents of travel, and the common-place adventures of a journey.”

“There, there I differ from you completely,” replied she. “All your reflections and reminiscences, give them as fine names as you will, are nothing but sighings and repinings for what cannot come back again: and such things only injure the temper, and spoil the complexion—whereas—but what are you laughing at?”

“I was smiling at your remark, which has only a feminine application.”

“How teasing you are! I declare I’ll argue no more with you. Do you want to hear my story?”

“Of all things—I’m greatly interested in it.”

“Well, then, you must not interrupt me any more. Now, where was I? You actually made me forget where I stopped.”

“You were just at the point where they set out, Philip and his friend, for the Holy Land.”

“You must not expect from me any spirit-stirring narrative of the events in Palestine. Indeed, I’m not aware if the *Chronique de Flanders*, from which I take my tale, says any thing very particular about Philip de Bouvigne’s performances. Of course, they were in accordance with his former reputation: he killed his Saracens, like a true knight—that, there can be no doubt of. As for Henri de Bethune, before the year was over, he was badly wounded, and left on the field of battle—where some said he expired soon after; others averring that he was carried away to slavery. Be that as it might, Philip continued his career with all the enthusiasm of a warrior and a devotee, a worthy son of the church, and a brave soldier—unfortunately, however, forgetting the poor countess he had left behind him, pining away her youth at the barred casements of the old chateau; straining her eyes from day to day, along the narrow causeway that led to the castle—and where no charger’s hoof re-echoed, as of old, to tell of the coming of her lord. Very bad treatment you’ll confess—and so, with your permission, we’ll keep her company for a little while. Madame la Comtesse de Bouvigne, as some widows will

do, only became the prettier from desertion. Her traits of beauty, mellowed by a tender melancholy, without being marked by grief too deeply, assumed an imaginative character, or what men mistake for it."

"Indeed!" said I—catching at the confession.

"Well, I'm sure it is so," replied she. "In the great majority of cases, you are totally ignorant of what is passing in a woman's mind. The girl that seemed all animation to-day, may have an air of deep depression to-morrow, and of downright wildness the next—simply by changing her *coiffure* from ringlets to braids, and from a *bandeau* to a state of dishevelled disorder. A little flattery of yourselves, artfully and well done, and you are quite prepared to believe any thing. In any case, the countess was very pretty, and very lonely.

"In those good days, when gentlemen left home, there were neither theatres nor concerts, to amuse their poor neglected wives; they had no operas, nor balls, nor *soirées*, nor promenades. No; their only resource was to work away at some huge piece of landscape embroidery, which, begun in childhood, occupied a whole life, and transmitted a considerable labour of back ground, foliage, &c., to the next generation. The only pleasant people in those times, it seems to me, were the *jougleurs* and the pilgrims; they went about the world, fulfilling the destinies of newspapers—they chronicled the little events of the day, births, marriages, deaths, &c.—and must have been a great comfort on a winter's evening.

"Well, it so chanced, that as the countess sat at her window one evening as usual, watching the sun go down, she beheld a palmer coming slowly along up the causeway, leaning on his staff, and seeming sorely, tired and weary——

"But see," cried Laura, at this moment, as we gained the crest of a gentle acclivity; "yonder is Bouvigne, it is a fine thing even yet."

We both reined in our horses, the better to enjoy the prospect, and certainly it was a grand one. Behind us, and stretching for miles in either direction, was the great forest we had been traversing; the old Ardennes had been a forest in the times of Cæsar; its narrow pathways had echoed to the tread of Roman legions. In front was a richly cultivated plain, undulating gently towards the Meuse, whose silver current wound round it like a garter; the opposite bank being formed by an abrupt wall of naked rocks of grey granite, sparkling with its brilliant hues, and shining doubly in the calm stream at its foot. On one of the highest cliffs, above an angle of the river, and commanding both reaches of the stream for a considerable way, stood Bouvigne; two great square towers, rising above a battlemented wall, pierced with long loop-holes, stood out against the clear sky; one of them, taller than the other, was surmounted by a turret at the angle, from the top of which something projected laterally like a beam.

"Do you see that piece of timber yonder?" said Laura.

"Yes," said I; "It is the very thing I've been looking at, and wondering what it could mean."

"Carry your eye downward," said she, "and try if you can't make out a low wall, connecting two masses of rock together; far, far down; do you see it?"

"I see a large archway, with some ivy over it."

"That's it; that was the great entrance to the 'Schloss;' before it is the fosse—a huge ditch cut in the solid rock, so deep as to permit the water of the Meuse, when flooded, to flow into it. Well, now, if you'll look again, you'll see that the great beam above hangs exactly over that spot. It was one of the rude defences of the time, and intended, by means of an iron basket, which hung from its extremity, to hurl great rocks and stones upon

any assailant. The mechanism can still be traced, by which it was moved back and loaded; the piece of rope which opened the basket at each discharge of its contents was there not many years ago. There's a queer, uncouth representation of the *panier de mort*, as it is called in the *Chronique*, which you can see in the old library at Rochepled. But here we are already at the ferry.

As she spoke we had just reached the bank of the Meuse, and in front was a beautifully situated little village, which, escarped in the mountain, presented a succession of houses, at different elevations, all looking towards the stream. They were mostly covered with vines and honeysuckle, and with the picturesque outlines of gable and roof, diamond windows and rustic porches, had a very pleasing effect.

As I looked, I had little difficulty in believing that they were not a very equestrian people, the little pathways that traversed their village being inaccessible, save to foot-passengers, frequently ascending by steps cut in the rock, or rude staircases of wood, which hung here and there over the edge of the cliff in any thing but a tempting way; the more so, as they trembled and shook with every foot that passed over them. Little mindful of this, the peasant might now be seen leaning over their frail barriers, and staring at the unwonted apparition of two figures on horseback, while I was endeavouring, by signs and gestures, to indicate our wish to cross over.

At last a huge raft appeared to move from beneath the willows of the opposite bank, and by the aid of a rope fastened across the stream, two men proceeded slowly to ferry the great platform over.

Leading our horses cautiously forward, we embarked in this frail craft. "Will you please now to tell me, Mr. O'Leary," said Laura, in the easy tone of one who asked for information's sake; "what are your plans here? for up to this moment I only perceive that we have been increasing the distance between us and Rochepled."

"Quite true," said I; "but you know we agreed it was impossible to hope to find our way back through the forest. Every *allée* here has not only its brother, but a large family, so absolutely alike, no one could distinguish between them; we might wander for weeks without extricating ourselves."

"I know all that," said she, somewhat pettishly; "still my question remains unanswered—what do you mean to do here?"

"First place," said I, with the affected precision of one who had long since resolved on his mode of proceeding; "first place, we'll dine."

I stopped here to ascertain her sentiments on this part of my arrangement. She gave a short nod, and I proceeded—

"Having dined," said I, "we'll obtain horses and a caleche, if such can be found, for Rochepled."

"I've told you already there are no such things here; they never see a carriage of any kind, from year's end to year's end; and there is not a horse in the whole village."

"Perhaps then, there may be a chateau near, where, on making known our mishap, we might be able——"

"Oh, that's very simple as far as you're concerned," said she, with a saucy smile; "but I'd just as soon not have this adventure published over the whole country."

Ha! by Jove, thought I, there's a consideration completely overlooked by me; and so I became silent and thoughtful, and spoke not another word, as we led our horses up the little rocky causeway towards the Toison D'or. If we did not admire the little auberge of the "Golden

Fleece," truly the fault was rather our own, than from any want of merit in the little hostel itself. Situated on a rocky promontory on the river, it was built actually over the stream, the door fronting it, and approachable by a little wooden gallery, along which a range of orange trees and arbutus were tastefully disposed, scenting the whole air with their fragrance. As we walked along, we caught glimpses of several rooms within, neatly, and even handsomely furnished; and one salon in particular, where books and music lay scattered on the tables, with that air of habitation so pleasant to look on.

So far from our appearance in a neighbourhood thus remote and secluded creating any surprise, both host and hostess received us with the most perfect ease, blended with a mixture of cordial civility, very acceptable at the moment.

"We wish to dine at once," said I, as I handed Laura to a chair.

"And to know in what way we can reach Rochepied," said she; "our horses are weary, and not able for the road."

"For the dinner, mademoiselle, nothing is easier, but as to getting forward to-night—"

"Oh, of course, I mean to-night—at once."

"Ah, voila," said he, scratching his forehead in bewilderment; "we're not accustomed to that, never. People generally stop a day or two; some spend a week here, and have horses from Dinant to meet them."

"A week here!" exclaimed she; "and what in heaven's name can they do here for a week?"

"Why, there's the chateau, mademoiselle, the chateau of Philip de Bouyigne, and the gardens terraced in the rock—and there's the well of St. Sevres, and the *Ile de Notre Dame aux bois*—and then there's such capital fishing in the stream, abundance of trout."

"Oh, delightful, I'm sure," said she, impatiently; "but we wish to get on; so just set your mind to that, like a worthy man."

"Well, we'll see what can be done," replied he; "and before dinner's over, perhaps I may find some means to forward you."

With this he left the room, leaving mademoiselle and myself *en tête-à-tête*. And here let me confess, never did any man feel his situation more awkwardly than I did mine at that moment, and before any of my younger and more ardent brethren censure me, let me at least "show cause" in my defence. First, I myself, however unintentionally, had brought Mademoiselle Laura into her present embarrassment; but, for me, and the confounded roan, she had been at that moment cantering away pleasantly with the Comte D'Espagne beside her, listening to his "*flatteries*," and receiving his attentions. Secondly, I was, partly from bashfulness, partly from fear, little able to play the part my present emergency demanded, which should either have been one of downright indifference and ease, or something of a more tender nature, which indeed the very pretty companion of my travels might have perfectly justified.

"Well," said she, after a considerable pause; "this is about the most ridiculous scrape I've ever been involved in. What will they think at the chateau?"

"If they saw your horse when he bolted—"

"Of course they did," said she; "but what could they do? The Comte D'Espagne is always mounted on a slow horse, he couldn't overtake me—then the maitres couldn't pass the grand maitre."

"What," cried I, in amazement; "I don't comprehend you perfectly?"

"It's quite clear, nevertheless," replied she; "but I see you don't know the rules of the 'chasse' in Blandera."

With this she entered into a detail of the laws of the hunting field, which more than once threw me into fits of laughter. It seemed, then, that the code decided that each horseman who followed the hounds should not be left to the wilfulness of his horse, or the aspirings of his ambition, as to the place he occupied in the chase. It was no momentary superiority of skill or steed—no display of jockeyship—no blood that decided this momentous question. No, that was arranged on principles far less vacillating and more permanent, at the commencement of the hunting season, by which it was laid down as a rule certain, that the grand maitre was always to ride first. His pace might be fast or it might be slow, but his place was there. After him came the maitres, the people in scarlet, who, in right of paying double subscription, were thus costumed and thus privileged; while the aspirants in green followed last, their smaller contribution only permitting them to see so much of the sport as their respectful distance opened to them; and thus that indiscriminate rush, so observable in our hunting fields, was admirably avoided and provided against. It was no headlong piece of reckless daring—no impetuous dash of bold horsemanship; on the contrary, it was a decorous and stately canter, not after hounds, but after an elderly gentleman in a red coat and a brass tube, who was taking a quiet airing in the pleasing delusion that he was hunting an animal unknown.

Woe unto the man who forgot his place in the procession; you might as well walk in to dinner before your host, under the pretence that you were a more nimble pedestrian. Besides this, there were subordinate rules to no end—certain notes in the *cor de chasse* were royalties of the grand maitre; the maitres possessed others as *their* privileges, which no aspirant dare venture on. There were quavers for one, and semiquavers for the other; and in fact a most complicated system of legislation comprehended every incident, and I believe every accident of the sport, so much, that I can't trust my memory as to whether the wretched aspirants were not limited to tumbling in one particular direction, which if so, must have been somewhat of a tyranny, seeing they were but men, and Belgians.

"This might seem all very absurd and very fabulous, if I referred to a number of years back; but when I say that the code exists still, in the year of grace, —'43, what will they say at Melton or Grantham? So you may imagine," said Laura, on concluding her description, which she gave with much humour, "how manifold your transgressions have been this day; you have offended the grand maitre, maitres, and aspirants in one coup; you have broken up the whole order of their going."

"And run away with the bells of the chateau," added I, "*pour comble de hardiesse!*"

She did not seem half to relish my jest, however; and gave a little shake of the head, as though to say—

"You're not out of *that* scrape, yet."

Thus did we chat over our dinner, which was really excellent; the host's eulogy on the Meuse trout being admirably sustained by their merits; nor did his flask of *Haut Brion* lower the character of his cellar. Still no note of preparation seemed to indicate any arrangements for our departure; and although, sooth to say, I could have reconciled myself wonderfully to the inconvenience of the Toison D'or for the whole week if necessary, Laura was becoming momentarily more impatient, as she said—

"Do see, if they are getting anything like a carriage ready, or even horses; we can ride, if they'll only get us animals."

As I entered the little kitchen of the inn, I found my host stretched at ease in a wicker chair, surrounded by a little atmosphere of smoke, through

which his great round face loomed like the moon in the grotesque engravings one sees in old spelling-books. So far from giving himself any unnecessary trouble about our departure, he had never ventured beyond the precincts of the stove, contenting himself with a wholesome monologue on the impossibility of our desires; and that great Flemish consolation, that however we might chafe at first, time would calm us in the end.

After a fruitless interrogation about the means of proceeding, I asked if there were no chateau in the vicinity where horses could be borrowed?

He replied, "No, not one, for miles round."

"Is there no *maire* in the village—where is he?"

"I am the *maire*," replied he, with a conscious dignity.

Alas! thought I, as the functionary of Givét crossed my mind, why did I not remember that the *maire* is always the most stupid of the whole community.

"Then I think," said I, after a brief silence, "we had better see the curé at once."

"I thought so," was the sententious reply.

Without troubling my head why he "thought so," I begged that the curé might be informed that a gentleman at the inn begged to speak with him for a few minutes.

"The Pere José, I suppose?" said the host, significantly.

"With all my heart," said I; "José or Pierre, it's alike to me."

"He is there in waiting this half-hour," said the host, pointing with his thumb to a small salon off the kitchen.

"Indeed," said I; "how very polite the attention; I'm really most grateful."

With which, without delaying another moment, I pushed open the door and entered.

The Pere José was a short, ruddy, astute-looking man of about fifty, dressed in the canonical habit of a Flemish priest, which, from time and wear, had lost much of its original freshness. He had barely time to unfasten a huge napkin which he had tied around his neck, during his devotion to a great mess of vegetable soup, when I made my bow to him.

"The Pere José, I believe," said I, as I took my seat opposite to him.

"That unworthy priest," said he, wiping his lips and throwing up his eyes with an expression not wholly devotional.

"Pere José," resumed I, "a young lady and myself, who have just arrived here with weary horses, stand in need of your kind assistance." Here he pressed my hand gently, as if to assure me I was not mistaken in my man, and I went on: "We must reach Rochepied to-night; now will you try and assist us at this conjuncture? we are complete strangers."

"Enough, enough!" said he. "I'm sorry you are constrained for time. This is a sweet little place for a few days' sojourn. But if," said he, "it can't be, you shall have every aid in my power. I'll send off to Poil de Vache for his mule and car. You don't mind a little shaking," said he, smiling.

"It's no time to be fastidious, Pere; and the lady is an excellent traveller."

"The mule is a good beast, and will bring you in three hours, or even less." So saying he sat down and wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper, with which he despatched a boy from the inn, telling him to make every haste. "And now, monsieur, may I be permitted to pay my respects to mademoiselle?"

"Most certainly, Pere José; she will be but too happy to add her thanks to mine for what you have done for us."

"Say rather, for what I am about to do," said he smiling.

"The will is half the deed, father."

"A good adage, and an old," replied he, while he proceeded to arrange his drapery, and make himself as presentable as the nature of his costume would admit.

"This was a rapid business of yours," said he, as he smoothed down his few locks at the back of his head.

"That it was Père—a regular runaway."

"I guessed as much," said he. "I said so, the moment I saw you at the ferry."

The padre is no bad judge of horse-flesh, thought I, to detect the condition of our beasts at that distance.

"There's something for me," said I to Madame Guyon. "Look yonder! See how their cattle are blowing! They've lost no time, and neither will I: and with that I put on my gown and came up here."

"How considerate of you, Père; you saw we should need your help."

"Of course I did," said he, chuckling. "Of course I did. Old Gregoire, here, is so stupid and so indolent that I have to keep a sharp look out myself. But he's the maire, and one can't quarrel with him."

"Very true," said I. "A functionary has a hundred opportunities of doing civil things, or the reverse."

"That's exactly the case," said the Père. "Without him we should have no law on our side. It would be all *sous la Cheminée*, as they say."

The expression was new to me, and I imagined the good priest to mean, that without the magistrature, respect for the laws might as well be up the chimney.—"And, now, if you allow me, we'll pay our duty to the lady," said the Père José, when he had completed his toilette to his satisfaction.

When the ceremonial of presenting the Père was over, I informed Laura of his great kindness in our behalf, and the trouble he had taken to provide us with an equipage.

"A sorry one, I fear, mademoiselle," interposed he with a bow. "But I believe there are few circumstances in life when people are more willing to endure sacrifices."

"Then monsieur has explained to you our position," said Laura, half blushing at the absurdity of the adventure.

"Every thing, my dear young lady, every thing. Don't let the thought give you any uneasiness, however. I listen to stranger stories every day."

"Taste that Haut-Brion, Père," said I, wishing to give the conversation a turn, as I saw Laura felt uncomfortable, "and give me your opinion of it. To my judgment it seems excellent."

"And your judgment is unimpeachable in more respects than that," said the Père, with a significant look, which fortunately was not seen by mademoiselle.

Confound him, said I to myself; I must try another tack. "We were remarking, Père José, as we came along that very picturesque river, the Chateau de Bouvigne—a fine thing in its time, it must have been."

"You know the story, I suppose?" said the Père.

"Mademoiselle was relating it to me on the way, and indeed I am most anxious to hear the *denouement*."

"It was a sad one," said he slowly. "I'll show you the spot where Henri fell—the stone that marks the place."

"Oh, Père José," said Laura, "I must stop you—indeed I must—or the whole interest of my narrative will be ruined. You forget that monsieur has not heard the tale out."

"Ah! *ma foi*, I beg pardon—a thousand pardons! Mademoiselle then knows Bouvigne?"

"I've been here once before, but only part of a morning. I've seen nothing but the outer court of the chateau and the *fosse du traitre*."

"So, so; you know it all I perceive," said he, smiling pleasantly. "Are you too much fatigued for a walk that far?"

"Shall we have time?" said Laura: "that's the question."

"Abundance of time. Jocot can't be here for an hour yet at soonest. And, if you allow me, I'll give all the necessary directions before we leave, so that you'll not be delayed ten minutes on your return."

While Laura went in search of her hat, I again proffered my thanks to the kind Père for all his good nature, expressing the strong desire I felt for some opportunity of requital.

"Be happy," said the good man, squeezing my hand affectionately; "that's the way you can best repay me."

"It would not be difficult to follow the precept in your society, Père José," said I, overcome by the cordiality of the old man's manner.

"I have made a great many so, indeed," said he. "The five-and-thirty years I have lived in Bouvigne have not been without their fruit."

Laura joined us here, and we took the way together towards the chateau, the priest discoursing all the way on the memorable features of the place, its remains of ancient grandeur and the picturesque beauty of its site.

As we ascended the steep path which, cut in the solid rock, leads to the chateau, groups of pretty children came flocking about us, presenting bouquets for our acceptance, and even scattering flowers in our path. This simple act of village courtesy struck us both much, and we could not help feeling touched by the graceful delicacy of the little ones, who tripped away ere we could reward them; neither could I avoid remarking to Laura on the perfect good understanding that seemed to subsist between Père José and the children of his flock—the paternal fondness on one side, and the filial reverence on the other. As we conversed thus, we came in front of a great arched doorway, in a curtain wall connecting two massive fragments of rock. In front lay a deep fosse, traversed by a narrow wall, scarce wide enough for one person to venture on. Below, the tangled weeds and ivy concealed the dark abyss, which was full eighty feet in depth.

"Look up, now," said Laura, "you must bear the features of this spot in mind to understand the story. Don't forget where that beam projects—do you mark it well?"

"He'll get a better notion of it from the tower," said the Père. "Shall I assist you across?"

Without any aid, however, Laura trod the narrow pathway, and hastened along up the steep and time-worn steps of the old tower. As we emerged upon the battlements we stood for a moment, overcome by the splendour of the prospect. Miles upon miles of rich landscape lay beneath us, glittering in the red, brown, and golden tints of autumn,—that gorgeous livery which the year puts on ere it dons the sad-coloured mantle of winter. The great forest, too, was touched here and there with that light brown, the first advance of the season; while the river reflected every tint in its calm tide, as though it also would sympathize with the changes around it.

While the Père José continued to point out each place, or mark or note in the vast plain, interweaving in his descriptions some chance bit of antiquarian or historic lore, we were forcibly struck by the thorough inti-

macy he possessed with all the features of the locality, and could not help complimenting him upon it.

"Yes, *ma foi*," said he, "I know every rock and crevice, every old tree and rivulet for miles round. In the long life I have passed here, each day has brought me among these scenes with some traveller or other; and albeit they who visit us here have little thought for the picturesque, few are unmoved by this peaceful and lovely valley. You'd little suspect, mademoiselle, how many have passed through my hands here, in these five-and-thirty years. I keep a record of their names, though, in which I must beg you will kindly inscribe yours."

Laura blushed at the proposition which should thus commemorate her misadventure; while I mumbled out something about our being mere passing strangers, unknown in the land.

"No matter for that," replied the inexorable father. "I'll have your names—ay, autographs, too!"

"The sun seems very low," said Laura, as she pointed to the west, where already a blaze of red golden light was spreading over the horizon: "I think we must hasten our departure."

"Follow me, then," said the Père, "and I'll conduct you by an easier path than we came up by." With that he unlocked a small postern in the curtain wall, and led us across a neatly-shaven lawn to a little barbican, where, again unlocking a door, we descended a flight of stone steps into a small garden terraced in the native rock. The labour of forming it must have been immense, as every shovel-full of earth was carried from the plain beneath; and here were fruit-trees and flowers, shrubs and plants, and in the midst a tiny *jet d'eau*, which, as we entered, seemed magically to salute us with its refreshing plash. A little bench, commanding a view of the river from a different aspect, invited us to sit down for a moment. Indeed, each turn of the way seduced us by some new beauty, and we could have lingered on for hours. As for me, forgetful of the past, careless of the future, I was totally wrapped up in the enjoyment of the present, and Laura herself seemed so enchanted by the spot, that she sat, silently gazing on the tranquil scene, and apparently lost in delighted reverie. A low faint sigh escaped her as she looked; and I thought I could see a tremulous motion of her eyelid, as though a tear were struggling within it: my heart beat powerfully against my side. I turned to see where was the Père. He had gone. I looked again, and saw him standing on a point of rock far beneath us, and waving his handkerchief as a signal to some one in the valley. Never was there such a situation as mine—never was mortal man so placed. I stole my hand carelessly along the bench till it touched hers, but she moved not away—no, her mind seemed quite pre-occupied. I had never seen her profile before, and truly it was very beautiful. All the vivacity of her temperament calmed down by the feeling of the moment, her features had that character of placid loveliness which seemed only wanting to make her perfectly handsome. I wished to speak, and could not. I felt that if I could have dared to say "Laura," I could have gone on bravely afterwards,—but it would not come. "Amen stuck in my throat." Twice I got half-way and covered my retreat by a short cough. Only think what a change in my destiny another syllable might have caused! It was exactly as my second effort proved fruitless, that a delicious sound of music swelled up from the glen beneath, and floated through the air—a chorus of young voices singing what seemed to be a hymn. Never was any thing more charming. The notes, softened as they rose on high, seemed almost like a seraph's song—now raising the soul to high and holy thoughts—now thrilling within the heart with a very ecstasy of delight.

At length they paused, the last cadence melted slowly away, and all was still—we did not dare to move—when Laura touched my hand gently and whispered:—

“Hark! there it is again:” and at the instant the voices broke forth, but into a more joyous measure. It was one of those sweet peasant-carolings which breathe of the light heart and the simple life of the cottage.

The words came nearer and nearer as we listened, and at length I could trace the *refrain* which closed each verse.

“Puisque l’herbe et la fleur parlent mieux que les mots
Puisque un aveu d’amour s’exhale de la rose,
Que le ‘me n’oublie pas’ de souvenir s’arrose,
Que le laurier dit Gloire! et le cyprès sanglots.”

At last the wicket of the garden slowly opened, and a little procession of young girls, all dressed in white, with white roses in their hair, and carrying bouquets each in their hands, entered, and with steady step came forward. We watched them attentively, believing that they were celebrating some little devotional pilgrimage, when, to our surprise, they approached where we sat, and with a lowly courtesy, each dropped her bouquet at Laura’s feet, whispering in a low silver voice as they passed—“May thy feet always tread upon flowers.”

Ere we could speak our surprise and admiration of this touching scene, for it was such, in all its simplicity, they were gone, and the last notes of their chant were dying away in the distance.

“How beautiful, how very beautiful,” said Laura; “I shall never forget this.”

“Nor I,” said I, making a desperate effort at I know not what avowal, which the appearance of the *Peré* at once put to flight. He had just seen the boy returning along the river side with the mule and cart, and came to apprise us that we had better descend.

“It will be very late, indeed, before we reach Dinant; we shall scarcely get there before midnight.”

“Oh, you’ll be there much earlier; it is now past six; in less than ten minutes you can be *en route*. I shall not cause you much delay.”

Ah, thought I, the good father is still dreaming about his album; we must indulge his humour, which after all, is but a poor requital for all his politeness.

As we entered the parlour of the *Toison D’Or*, we found the host in all the bravery of his Sunday suit, with a light-brown wig, and stockings, blue as the heaven itself, standing waiting our arrival. The hostess, too, stood at the other side of the door, in the full splendour of a great quilted *jupe*, and a cap, whose ears descended half way to her waist. On the table in the middle of the room, were two wax candles, of that portentous size that we see in chapels. Between them there lay a great open volume, which at a glance I guessed to be the priest’s album. Not comprehending what the worthy host and hostess meant by their presence, I gave a look of interrogation to the *Père*, who quickly whispered—

“Oh, it is nothing; they are only the witnesses.”

I could not help laughing outright at the idea of this formality, nor could Laura refrain either, when I explained to her what they came for. However, time passed—the jingle of the bells on the mule’s harness warned us that our equipage waited; and I dipped the pen in the ink and handed it to Laura.

“I wish he could excuse me from performing this ceremony,” said she, holding back; “I really am quite enough ashamed already.”

"What says mademoiselle?" inquired the Père, as she spoke in English. I translated her remark, when he broke in—

"Oh, you must comply; it's only a formality, but still every one does it."

"Come, come," said I, in English; "indulge the old man; he is evidently bent on this whim, and let us not leave him disappointed."

"Be it so, then," said she; "on your head, Mr. O'Leary, be the whole of this day's indiscretion;" and so saying she took the pen and wrote her name, "Laura Alicia Muddleton."

"Now, then, for my turn," said I, advancing; but the Père took the pen from her fingers, and proceeded carefully to dry the writing with a scrap of blotting paper.

"On this side, monsieur," said he, turning over the page; "we do the whole affair in orderly fashion, you see; put your name there, with the date, and the day of the week."

"Will that do?" said I, as I pushed over the book towards him, where certainly the least imposing specimen of calligraphy the volume contained, now stood confessed.

"What a droll name," said the priest, as he peered at it through his spectacles. "How do you pronounce it?"

While I endeavoured to indoctrinate the father into the mystery of my Irish appellation, the maire and the mayoress had both appended their signatures on either page.

"Well, I suppose now we may depart at last," said Laura; "it's getting very late."

"Yes," said I aloud; "we must take the road now; there is nothing more, I fancy, Père José?"

"Yes; but there is, though," said he laughing—

But at the same moment the galloping of horses and the crash of wheels were heard without, and a carriage drew up in the street—down went the steps with a crash—several people rushed along the little gallery till the very house shook with their tread. The door of the *salon* was now banged wide, and in rushed Colonel Muddleton, followed by the count, the abbé, and an elderly lady.

"Where is he?"—"Where is she?"—"Where is he?"—"Where is she?"—"Where are they?" screamed they in confusion, one after the other.

"Laura, Laura," cried the old colonel, clasping his daughter in his arms, "I didn't expect this from you."

"Monsieur O'Leary, vous êtes un——"

Before the count could finish, the abbé interposed between us, and said:—

"No, no! Everything may be arranged. Tell me, in one word, is it over?"

"Is what over?" said I, in a state two degrees worse than insanity; "Is what over?"

"Are you married?" whispered he.

"No: bless your heart—never thought of it."

"Oh the wretch!" screamed the old lady, and went off into strong kickings on the sofa.

"It's a bad affair," said the abbé, in a low voice; "take my advice—propose to marry her at once."

"Yes, *parbleu!*" said the little count, twisting his moustaches in a fierce manner; "there is but one road to take here."

Now, though unquestionably but half an hour before, when seated beside the lovely Laura in the garden of the chateau, such a thought

would have filled me with delight, now, the same proposition, accompanied by a threat, stirred up all my indignation and resistance.

"Not on compulsion," said Sir John; and truly there was reason in the speech.

But, indeed, before I could reply, the attentions of all were drawn towards Laura herself, who from laughing violently at first, had now become hysterical, and continued to laugh and cry at intervals; and, as the old lady continued her manipulations with a candlestick on an oak table near, while the colonel shouted for various unattainable remedies at the top of his voice, the scene was anything but decorous,—the abbé, who alone seemed to preserve his sanity, having as much as he could do to prevent the little count from strangling me with his own hands—such, at least, his violent gestures seemed to indicate. As for the priest, and the maire, and the she maire, they had all fled long before. There appeared now but one course for me, which was to fly also. There was no knowing what intemperance the count might not commit, under his present excitement. It was clear they were all labouring under a delusion, which nothing at the present moment could dispel. A nod from the abbé and a motion towards the open door decided my wavering resolution. I rushed out, over the gallery, and down the road, not knowing whither, nor caring.

I might as well try to chronicle the sensations of my raving intellect, in my first fever of boyhood, as convey any notion of what passed through my brain for the next two hours. I sat on a rock beside the river, vainly endeavouring to collect my scattered thoughts, which only presented to me a vast chaos of a wood and a crusader, a priest and a lady, veal cutlets and music, a big book, an old lady in fits, and a man in sky-blue stockings. The rolling of a carriage with four horses, near me, aroused me for a second, but I could not well say why, and all was again still, and I sat there alone.

"He must be somewhere near this," said a voice, as I heard the tread of footsteps approaching; "this is his hat. Ah, here he is!" At the same moment the abbé stood beside me.

"Come along, now; don't stay here in the cold," said he, taking me by the arm. "They're all gone home two hours ago. I have remained to ride back the nag in the morning.

I followed without a word.

"*Ma foi!*" said he, "it is the first occasion in my life where I could not see my way through a difficulty. What, in heaven's name, were you about? What was your plan?"

"Give me half an hour in peace," said I, "and if I'm not deranged before it's over, I'll tell you."

The abbé complied, and I fulfilled my promise—though, in good sooth the shouts of laughter with which he received my story caused many an interruption. When I had finished, he began and leisurely proceeded to inform me that Bouvigne's great celebrity was as a place for run-a-way couples to get married; that the inn of the Golden Fleece was known over the whole kingdom, and the Père José's reputation wide as the archbishop of Ghent's; and as to the phrase, "*sous la Cheminée*," it is only applied to a clandestine marriage, which is called a "*Marriage sous la Cheminée*."

"Now I," continued he, "can readily believe every word you've told me, yet there's not another person in Rochepied would credit a syllable of it. Never hope for an explanation. In fact, before you were listened to, there are at least two duels to fight—the colonel first, and then D'Espagne. I know Laura well—she'll let the affair have all its éclat

before she will say a word about it; and in fact, your executors may be able to clear your character—you'll never do so, in your lifetime. Don't go back there," said the abbé, "at least for the present."

"I'll never set eyes on one of them," cried I, in desperation; "I'm nigh deranged as it is—the memory of this confounded affair——"

"Will make you laugh yet," said the abbé. "And now good-night, or rather good-by—I start early to-morrow morning, and we may not meet again."

He promised to forward my effects to Dinant, and we parted.

"Monsieur will have a single bed," said the housemaid, in answer to my summons.

"Yes," said I, with a muttering, I fear very like an oath.

Morning broke in through the half-closed curtains, with the song of birds, and the ripple of the gentle river. A balmy air stirred the leaves, and the sweet valley lay in all its peaceful beauty before me.

"Well, well," said I, rubbing my eyes, "it was a queer adventure; and there's no saying what might have happened had they been only ten minutes later. I'd give a Napoleon to know what Laura thinks of it now. But I must not delay here—the very villagers will laugh at me."

I eat my breakfast rapidly, and called for my bill. The sum was a mere trifle, and I was just adding something to it, when a knock came to the door.

"Come in," said I, and the Père entered.

"How sadly unfortunate," began he, when I interrupted him at once, by assuring him of his mistake; that we were no run-a-way couple at all, had not the most remote idea of being married, and in fact owed our whole disagreeable adventure to his ridiculous misconception.

"It's very well to say that *now*," growled out the Père, in a very different accent from his former one. "You may pretend what you like, but," and he spoke in a determined tone, "you'll pay my bill."

"Your bill," said I, waxing wroth. "What have I had from you—how am I your debtor? I should like to hear."

"And you shall," said he, drawing forth a long document from a pocket in his cassock. "Here it is." He handed me the paper, of which the following is an accurate copy:—

Noces de Mi Lord O'Leary et Mademoiselle Mi Ladi de Muddleton.

	Francs.	Sous.
Two conversations—preliminary, admonitory, and consolatory .	10	0
Advice to the young couple, with moral maxims interspersed .	3	0
Soirée, and society at wine .	5	0
Guide to the Château, with details artistic, and antiquarian .	12	0
Eight Children with flowers, at half a franc each .	4	0
Fees at the Château .	2	0
Chorus of Virgins, at one franc per virgin .	10	0
Roses for Virgins .	2	10
M. le Maire et Madame "en grande tenue" .	1	0
Book of Registry, setting forth the date of the Marriage——		

"The devil take it," said I; "it was no marriage at all."

"Yes, but it was though," said he. "It's your own fault if you can't take care of your wife."

The noise of his reply brought the host and hostess to the scene of action; and though I resisted manfully for a time, there was no use in prolonging a hopeless contest, and with a melancholy sigh, I disbursed my wedding expenses, and with a hearty malediction on Bouvigne, its château—its inn—its Père—its maire—and its virgins—I took the road towards Namur, and never lifted my head, till I had left the place miles behind me.

THE LOVERS OF MONTMORENCY. LES AMANS DE MONTMORENCY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF COUNT ALFRED DE VIGNY.

Ye spirits who know all, were they unhappy,
 In these three days reserved, these three last days?
 You saw them both depart, one grave and young,
 One young and joyous—a most careless slave
 Hung to the right arm of her dreaming lover,
 As is a vase unto a shrine, and balanced
 The while she walked, by his elastic shoulder,
 Like Judah's harp upon the willow bough—
 Smiling, her eyes upraised, his hand in hers,
 So went she, counting trees on the road side;
 Pausing behind that she might pluck some flower,
 And then returning, bounding thro' the dust,
 She stayed him by the coat, embraced him, laid
 Her blossom on his hair, and sang and talked
 Of all the passers by, and that rich vale
 Like a broad carpet spreading at her feet,
 A velvet carpet shining still, and changing,
 Sown o'er with silver house and golden spire,
 Like playthings which we purchase for a child,
 And fling at hazard o'er the chamber floor.
 Thus, as to please her, at her feet were scattered
 Jewels all brilliant and most multiplied,
 In form of flock or village, whose roofs wore
 Hues blue or rosy, and trees ranged in line,
 And flowers opening beneath the water;
 White walls, and most dark groves, and deep green lakes,
 And twisted oaks, which at the heart yawned open.
 She saw all this, and it seemed made for her.
 She was a child, and sported like a child,
 Loving, and proud, and lovely; and 'twas thus
 They went on foot till they reached Montmorency.

They passed two days of love and harmony,
 Song and embraces, voice and lip united,
 And looks commingled and most happy sighs,
 Two moments and two centuries for them.
 By night was heard their music—and by day
 They lay them down to sleep—their souls abandoned
 To their divine caprices—their repasts
 Were rare, unnoted; they beheld them not.
 They went forth, led by chance, unbound by hours,
 From field to wood, from wood to habitation;
 So gazing always, leaving chanted airs
 To die, and sudden paused as if enchanted;
 For ecstasy had dazzled at the last
 Their souls, as flame doth dazzle our eye—
 Shaken, they staggered, and the third eve come,
 In their intoxication they saw nothing
 Saving their own eyes' mutual fires—and nature
 Her confused picture did unroll in vain
 Around the brows beloved, behind the hair,
 Those dark and blue eyes saw traced in each other.
 They sank down seated—beneath trees—it might be,
 They knew not—the sun nigh unto be born

Or be extinguished—they but saw the light
 Was pale, and the air soft, and earth all love.
 A feeble murmuring had filled their ears
 With a vague music, like to the seas' sound,
 Forming a tender converse, faint, confused,
 Which both these heard and none will e'er hear more.
 The light wind said in its most gentle tone,
 "Troubled by love, I moan beneath the moss."
 The tufted larches murmured as they moved,
 "The night's seducing perfumes fling we round ;
 We know that perfume is the secret speech
 Which burning love doth summon from the foliage ;"
 And stooping to the hills the sun said also,
 "With all my floods of light and sheaves of gold,
 In transport I reply to your soul's transports,
 For fire is my language to speak love."
 And gentle odours did the flowers exhale,
 Even as did the sunbeams a mild ardour—
 You had thought silvery and timid voices
 Together issued from the velvet leaves ;
 And in a concord of harmonious sound,
 All seemed to rise in choir to the skies,
 And then grew distant, gliding o'er the plains,
 Within the magic hollow of the mountains,
 And earth beneath them gently palpitated,
 Like ocean's billows or a lover's heart,
 And all that lived, in one high orison
 Accompanied their own, which said—"I love thee."

And yet, it was to die those two came there—
 Which of the children spake of it the first ?
 How rose death 'mid embraces, and what ball
 Those two hearts traversed with a wound unequal
 But sure—and from their joined lips what farewell
 Flowed with their flowing blood, their parting souls ?
 Who shall reply ? Most happy whose death-pang
 Was earliest ended in beloved arms,
 Happy, if neither murmured at his pain,
 If neither said, "*How hard it is to die,*"
 If neither made an effort to arise
 And live, and fly from whom he was to follow ;
 Abjuring death and maddened by its throes,
 Repulsed from him the worshipped homicide.
 Happy the man if he did yield his soul,
 Not having heard that woman's agony—
 Long cries and deep sobs and shrieks sharp tho' soft,
 We calm upon our knees or in our arms
 For a light sorrow ; but, by death forced forth,
 May bid blaspheme and wring the hands and hide
 Within them the pale brow and bitter heart,
 And shed the blood to cast it up 'gainst heaven—
 But who shall know their end ?

On the poor walls
 Of the small inn which saw their obsequies,
 Where for an hour they came to rest, and folded
 The wing in shelter to repose for ever,
 On the old yellow paper, their mean covering,
 We read lines written in two characters,
 A madman's verses, lacking rhyme and metre ;
 Above—alone—an unconnected word,

Demand without reply, unsolved enigma,
 Question on death ; three names upon a table,
 A knife had graven deeply. This of them
 Was all remaining, with the joyous tale
 The coarse girl told—" They had forgotten nothing."
 The servant had some trifle, which she shows,
 Following their traces, step by step—and God?
 They had no thought of God, such are our times.

It was in the summer of 1830, I believe, that the young pair who inspired the poet with the above lines, arrived at the Cheval Blanc, at Montmorency. They passed two days as he has described—the third, missed in their usual wanderings, their chamber door was opened, and they were found dead—the discharged pistols beside them. Both were extremely young, and the girl very beautiful.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

Composed on seeing the grave of a young sailor, who had been shipwrecked, and was unknown, in a churchyard close to the seashore.

"Tears for the weary ones who keep
 Long watch beneath the sun ;
 But sorrow not for those that sleep—
 Their heritage is won."—FRANCES BROWN.

Perhaps a tender mother's mournful eye
 Is oft-times fix'd upon the deep blue wave,
 Fill'd with dark tears of fond anxiety,
 For him who sleeps within this foreign grave.

Perhaps—perhaps each home returning sail
 Brings light to eyes from weary watching dim,
 And hearts beat quick, and trembling lips grow pale,
 When the dread query comes—" Does it bring *him* ?"

Perchance his name—his dear familiar name
 Is utter'd oft, without one boding tear,
 And watchers in their fervency exclaim,
 " Ere summer gilds the hills he will be here !

" Ere summer's breath brings back the roses bloom,
 Ere summer's stars in midnight's sky shall burn,
 Ere the glad butterfly shall burst the gloom
 That wraps her now—the rover will return !"

Weep not for him—the stormy strife is o'er,
 The " bubbling cry" is hush'd, the tempest past,
 The sea-tost mariner has reach'd the shore,
 Where worn and weary hearts will rest at last !

Weep not for him—he lies in sweet repose—
 His lullaby the murmurs of the main ;
 But give, oh ! give thy hearts best tears to those
 Who watch for his return, and watch—in vain !

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

CROWN FEDERALISM.—THE LATE BRITISH COLONIES IN AMERICA.

Πολλὰ δὲ καὶ ἄλλα ἴσι καὶ νῦν ὄντα καὶ οὐ χροῖον ἀμνηστούμενα καὶ οἱ ἄλλοι Ἕλληνες οὕτως ἀρδῶς οἴονται: οὕτως ἀνυλαίπυρος τοῖς πολλοῖς, ἡ ζήτυσις τῆς ἀληθείας, καὶ ἰπὶ τὰ ἱερῆμα μᾶλλον τρέπονται.—Thucydides, b. i. c. 20.

It was remarked by Leland, that Ireland had never a philosophical historian. The period which has elapsed since that observation was made, has done nothing to remedy his complaint. The Clio of Irish history still holds a magic-lantern, of which the light is little, but the magnifier large: through it slide after slide is passed, exhibiting distorted and exaggerated, but, at the same time, fleeting and evanescent pictures of the crimes and miseries of departed ages. Sir Richard Musgrave, on the one hand, having kindled the torch of his history at the fire of Scullabogue, cast a lurid glare upon the wickedness and barbarism of the Celts. Mr. O'Connell, on the other part, has, more recently, disinhumed the buried recollection of Saxon cruelty and oppression, that their putrid remains, by causing a moral miasma, may pollute the political atmosphere, and make it a fit medium to propagate the contagion of Repeal.

From the productions of these compilers, written, though they be, in the style of the *proces verbal* of an executioner, one valuable inference may be drawn, one important conclusion may be deduced, viz.:—that the history of Ireland, whilst she was united to England by that peculiar species of federalism, which was formed by the connecting link of the crown, is a record of alternate periods of despotism or anarchy, of the convulsion of passion, or of the paralysis of despair.

But it is not Ireland alone that exhibits the disastrous consequences of such a connection; the experiments made in the European dominions of the Spanish monarchy, in Castile, Arragon, Catalonia, Biscay, and the Netherlands; in the kingdoms of England and of Scotland; in the British-American colonies, prove that it causes

either servile submission or bloody resistance to the sovereign authority; and that the only means by which states so related can continue free, is an incorporating union, or a complete separation.

As the menace of American power has been used, and the influence of American names has been employed to aid the recoil of European civilization, which the repeal of the union would certainly produce, we purpose in this paper to glance at the constitutional history of the United States; and it will be seen incidentally, that to the opinions of Tyler and Van Buren, and to the form of government they advocate for the British Islands, is opposed the authority of Washington, Franklin, Madison, Hamilton, Morris, Adams, and every other name illustrious in the revolutionary history of America; not excepting the apostle of anarchy, Jefferson, himself.*

The *quo warranto* proceedings, in the reign of James II., against the chartered rights of the Americans, the tradition of despotism which the line of Stuart received from the Spanish branch of the house of Austria, as the means of assailing freedom, destroyed the union of the colonies,† “which was generally known, and had been frequently avowed to be essential to their safety, their greatness, and their prosperity, long before the late revolution, or the claims of the British parliament, which produced it,” and left them equally exposed to internal oppression and foreign force, to the tyranny of Andros, which they experienced, and the cruelty of Kirk, which they narrowly, but fortunately, escaped.‡ The revolution of 1688 restored representative government to the colonies; and, although the former intimate union among them was not

* God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion (i. e. a rebellion for the purpose of cancelling debts). Jefferson's Letter to Colonel Smith, November, 1787. Jefferson's Letters, vol. ii. p. 268.

† Kent's Commentaries on American Law, vol. i. p. 203.

‡ Hutchison's History of Massachusetts.

revived, yet there are instances to be found of associations for their safety. A congress of governors and commissioners was occasionally held to make arrangements for the more effectual protection of the internal frontiers; and one of these assembled at Albany in 1722; but a more interesting congress was held there in the year 1754.

The British dominions in America, at that period divided into eleven separate states, exclusive of Georgia and Nova Scotia, were exposed along the whole line of their frontier to the attacks of hordes of Indian warriors, the most cruel and treacherous of the human race, and of the army of the hostile colony of Canada; thus having combined against them the skill of civilized and the craft of savage man. The English inhabitants, though numerous, were scattered over a vast tract of country; and if some of their towns were thickly inhabited, their settlements in the country were at a great distance from each other. The Indians, from their migratory habits, were perfectly acquainted with all the lines of communication, the number of the population, and their means of defence; but the English knew little of the immense forests by which they were surrounded, and which covered from observation the red man, until the moment he began to discharge the rifle, or to use the tomahawk; and supplied to him, in the event of defeat, a sure place of refuge. In each of the colonies nothing of importance could be transacted without the consent of their respective assemblies, and it was impossible to unite them in any plan of general defence; they appeared insensible to impending danger, when an immediate junction became necessary for their common safety. A cotemporary writer said,* "that it was easy to conceive that a large body of men, part of them regular troops, (the French army in Canada,) with the assistance of the Indians scattered through the continent, upon the back of all the British settlements, might reduce a number of disunited and independent

colonies, though much superior to them in point of numbers, and easily break a rope of sand."

The instinct of the savage and the wisdom of the philosopher alike revolted from a form of government which induced such results; and at the instance of the Indians,† who openly upbraided the English for their divisions and indolence, a congress of deputies from the different colonies was, by the order of the lords of trade, appointed to meet the chiefs of the six nations at Albany, in 1754, to concert a scheme of common defence. The legislature of Pennsylvania, although they did not like to treat out of the province, agreed to the recommendation of the governor, to appoint the speaker, Mr. Norriss, Mr. Secretary Peters, and Dr. Franklin, to act as their commissioners. On the road to Albany, Dr. Franklin projected and drew up a plan for the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be important for defence and all other general purposes. At New York he consulted on the subject Mr. James Alexander, and Mr. Kennedy, two gentlemen of great experience and knowledge in public affairs; confirmed in his opinion by their approbation, he laid his proposal before the congress. It was then discovered that several other commissioners had formed similar plans. A committee was therefore appointed to examine and report on the various proposals, and after investigating them, they preferred the scheme of Dr. Franklin. By this plan was proposed a general council of delegates, to be triennially chosen by the provincial assemblies, and a president-general to be appointed by the crown.‡ In this council, subject to the immediate negative of the president, and the eventual negative of the king in council, was the right of war and peace in respect to the Indian nations, and the confederacy was to embrace all the existing colonies from New Hampshire to Georgia. The council were to have authority to make laws for the government of new settlements, upon territories to be purchased from the

* History of the British Dominions in North America from 1497 to 15, 16. London: Strahan. 1772.

† Ibid. p. 22.

‡ Memoir of the Life and Writings of B. Franklin, LL.D., by his Son, vol. i. p. 203.

Indians, to raise and build forts, and even to equip vessels of force to guard the coast, and to protect trade upon the ocean, as well as the lakes and rivers. They were likewise to make laws, to lay and levy imposts, duties, and taxes, for these necessary purposes.* This plan was recommended to the crown and the various legislatures, for the following "reasons and motives":—

"The commissioners from a number of the northern colonies being met at Albany, and considering the difficulties that have always attended the most necessary general measures for the common defence of the country, or for the annoyance of the enemy, when they were to be carried through the several particular assemblies of all the colonies or councils, and the several branches of the government not on terms of doing business with each other—others taking opportunity, when their concurrence is wanted, to push for favourite laws, powers, or points, that they think at other times could not be obtained, and so creating disputes and quarrels; one assembly waiting to see what another will do, being afraid of doing more than its share, or desirous of doing less, or refusing to do anything, because its country is not at present so much exposed as others, or because another will reap more immediate advantage; from one or other of which causes, the assemblies of six (out of seven) colonies applied to, had granted no assistance to Virginia when lately invaded by the French, though purposely convened, and the importance of the occasion earnestly urged upon them—and considering that one principal encouragement to the French, in invading and insulting the British American dominions, was the knowledge of our disunited state, and our weakness arising from want of union; and from hence different colonies were at different times extremely harassed, and put to great expense, both of blood and treasure, who would have remained at peace if the enemy had cause to fear the drawing on themselves the resentment and power of the whole—the said commissioners, considering the present encroachment of the French, and the mischievous consequences that may be expected from them, if not opposed by our force, came to a unanimous resolution, *That an union of the colonies is absolutely necessary for their preservation.*

"The manner of forming and establishing this union was the next point.

"When it was considered that the colonies were seldom all in equal danger at the same time, or equally near the danger, or equally sensible of it; that some of them had particular interests to manage, with which an union might interfere; and that they were extremely jealous of each other: it was thought impracticable to obtain a joint agreement of all the colonies to an union, in which the expenses and burthen of defending any of them should be divided among them all; and if even acts of assembly in all the colonies could be obtained for that purpose, yet as any colony on the least dissatisfaction might repeal its own act, and thereby withdraw itself from the union, it would not be a stable one, or such as could be depended on: for if only one colony should, on any disgust, withdraw itself, others might think it unjust and unequal, that by continuing in the union, they should be at the expense of defending a colony which refused to bear its proportionable part, and would therefore one after another withdraw, till the whole crumbled into its original parts; therefore the commissioners came to another resolution, viz.: *That it was necessary the union should be established by act of parliament.*

"It was proposed by some of the commissioners to form the colonies into two or three distinct unions; but, for these reasons, that proposal was dropped, even by those who made it:—

"I. In all cases where the strength of the whole was necessary to be used against the enemy, there would be the same difficulty in degree to bring the several unions to unite together, as now the several colonies, and consequently the same delay on one part, and advantage to the enemy.

"II. Each union would be separately weaker than when joined by the whole, obliged to exert more force, be oppressed by the expense, and the enemy less deterred from attacking it.

"III. Where particular colonies have to the Indian trade and land; or being less exposed, being covered by others, as *selfish views*, as New York with regard New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maryland; or have particular whims and prejudices against warlike measures, as Pennsylvania, where the Quakers predominate; such colonies would have more weight in a partial union, and be better able to obstruct and oppose the measures necessary for the

* Kent's Commentaries on American Law, vol. i. p. 203.

general good, than when they are swallowed up in the general union.

"It was also thought, that by frequent meetings together of the commissioners or representatives of the colonies, the circumstances of the whole would be better known, and the good of the whole better provided for; and that the colonies by this connection would learn to consider themselves, not as so many independent states, but as members of the same body; and therefore be more ready to afford assistance and support to each other, and to make diversions in favour of even the most distant, and to join cordially in any expedition for the benefit of all against the common enemy."*

"Its fate," says Dr. Franklin, "was singular; the assemblies did not adopt it, as they all thought there was too much *prerogative* in it; and in England it was judged to have too much of the *democratic*. I am still of opinion that it would have been happy for both sides, if it had been adopted. The colonies so united would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves, and there would have been no need of troops from England; of course the subsequent pretext for taxing America, and the bloody contest it occasioned, would have been avoided."†

The war commenced, the British government having been left to defray the expenses of offensive operations, each state depended on its own resources for individual defence, and relied on its own strength for its peculiar protection. Events rapidly demonstrated the dreadful consequences of the folly of those colonies which refused to combine to be free, and unite to be safe. The disaster of the Great Meadows, after which Colonel Washington had to capitulate, on conditions of surrendering his artillery and prisoners to the French, and to agree not to build any more establishments on that place, or beyond the mountains (Alleghany), for the space of a year, was followed by the defeat at Monongehala, the most terrible reverse, considering the numbers engaged, that ever was suffered by British soldiers, one half of the army and

two thirds of the officers, including the commander, General Braddock, having been slain.‡

Pennsylvania and Maryland, aroused at last from their apathy, had appropriated money for their defence; but not inclined to unite to Virginia or to each other in any concerted measure, they were contented to expend their substance in fortifying their own borders. If a more liberal policy had been adopted, if these colonies had smothered their local jealousies, and looked only to their common interest, they might by a single combined effort have driven the French from Ohio, and remained quiet during the remainder of the war. There being no hope of such a result, it was foreseen by the Virginians, that the most strenuous exertions would be requisite to defend their long line of frontiers against the inroad of the savages. Colonel Washington repaired to his head-quarters at Winchester; a few only were stationed there, the regiments being dispersed at different parts in the interior, so situated as to afford the best protection to the inhabitants. The enemy were on the alert; scarcely a day passed without new accounts of depredations and massacres by the Indians. The scouting parties and even the forts were attacked, and many of the soldiers and some of the best officers killed; so bold were the savages, that they committed robberies and murders within twenty miles of Winchester, and serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of that place. The feelings of the commander (Washington), deeply affected by the scenes he witnessed, and his inability to extend relief, are vividly portrayed in a letter to the governor:—

"Your honour may see," said he, "to what unhappy straits the distressed inhabitants, and myself, are reduced. I am too little acquainted, sir, with pathetic language, to attempt a description of the people's distresses, though I have a generous soul, sensible of wrongs and swelling for redress. But what can I do? I see their situation, I know their danger, and I participate in their

* Life and Writings of Franklin. Albany Papers, pp. 1 to 4.

† Memoir of the Life of Franklin, vol. i. p. 202.

‡ The Writings of General Washington. By Jared Sparks. Vol. i. p. 67. Boston: Andrews. 1839.

sufferings, without having it in my power to give them further relief than uncertain promises. In short, I see inevitable destruction in so clear a light, that unless vigorous measures are taken by the assembly, and speedy assistance sent from below, the poor inhabitants that are now in forts must unavoidably fall, whilst the remainder are flying before the barbarous foe. In fine, the melancholy situation of the people, the little prospect of assistance, the gross and scandalous abuse cast upon the officers in general, which is reflecting on me in particular, for suffering misconduct of such extraordinary kind, and the distant prospect, if any, of gaining honour and reputation in the service, cause me to lament the hour that gave me a commission, and would induce me at any other time to resign, without hesitating a moment, a command from which I neither expect to reap honour nor benefit; but, on the contrary, have an almost absolute certainty of incurring displeasure below, whilst the murder of helpless families may be laid to my account here. The supplicating tears of the women and the moving petitions of the men melt into me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided it would contribute to the people's ease."^{*}

The trade of Britain with the colonies being then very valuable, and yielding support to many thousands in England, it became necessary for the ministry to make a vigorous effort against the French in America; and the rapid conquest of Canada, by General Wolfe, demonstrated how feeble was the power, which for so long a period caused such wide-spread misery in the British settlements.

A few years after the conquest of Canada, the cause which, in every instance, in states with independent legislatures united by the crown, induced despotism or separation, commenced its disastrous operation in the British empire. The colonies declined or neglected to protect themselves, and the government of England considered it to be unreasonable that they should enjoy the advantages derived from her fleets and armies, without contributing to the funds for their support. America could not submit to be taxed by the

British parliament, without forfeiting her freedom. England could not remedy American injustice without violating colonial rights. A crisis had, in fact, occurred which rendered despotism or separation inevitable.

"In 1774, at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin, a congress assembled at Philadelphia to resist the claims of England; and on the 11th of June, 1776, congress undertook to digest and prepare articles of confederation. But the business was attended with so much embarrassment and delay, and notwithstanding these states were still surrounded by the same imminent danger, and were contending for the same illustrious prize, that it was not until the 15th of November, 1777, the congress could so far unite the discordant interests and prejudices of thirteen distinct colonies as to agree to articles of confederation. And when those articles of confederation were submitted to the states legislatures for perusal and ratification, they were declared to be the result of impending necessity, and of a disposition to conciliate; and that they were agreed to, not for their intrinsic excellence, but as the best system which could be adapted to the circumstances of all, and, at the same time, to afford any tolerable prospect of general assent.

"These celebrated articles met with still greater obstacles in their progress through the states. Most of the legislatures ratified them with a promptitude which showed their sense of the necessity of the confederacy. But Delaware did not accede to them until the year 1779, and Maryland explicitly rejected them. The refusal of Maryland, so long persisted in, gave encouragement to the enemy, injured the common cause, and damped the hopes of the friends of America at home and abroad.

"The difficulties which impeded the framing and adopting the articles of confederation, even during the presence of a common calamity, and which nothing, at last, but a sense of common danger could surmount, form a striking example of the mighty force of local interests and discordant passions, and teach a monitory lesson for moderation in political councils.

"Notwithstanding the articles of confederation conferred upon congress, (though in a very imperfect manner, and under most unskilful organization,) the chief rights of political supremacy, the

^{*} Writings of General Washington, vol. i. pp. 79, 80.

jura summa imperii, by which our existence as an independent people was bound up together, and known and acknowledged by the nations of the world; yet, in fact, they were but a digest, and even a limitation, in the shape of a written compact, of those undefined and discretionary sovereign powers, which were delegated by the people of the colonies to congress in 1775, and which had been freely exercised and implicitly obeyed. A remarkable instance of the exercise of this original, dormant, and vague discretion, appears on the journals of congress, the latter end of the year 1776. The progress of British arms had at that period excited the most alarming apprehensions for our safety, and congress transferred to the commander-in-chief, for the term of six months, complete dictatorial power over the liberty and property of the citizens of the United States, in like manner as the Roman senate in the critical times of the republic, was wont to have recourse to a dictator, *ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*. Such loose and undetermined power as the congress originally possessed, was absolutely incompatible with any notion of liberty. Though it was exercised, in the instance we have referred to, and in other strong cases, with the best intentions, and under the impulse of irresistible necessity, yet such an irregular sovereignty can never be durable. It will either dwindle into insignificance, or degenerate into despotism.

"Almost as soon as it was ratified, the states began to fail in a prompt and faithful obedience to its laws; as danger receded, instances of neglect became more frequent, and before the peace of 1783, the inherent imbecility of the government had displayed itself with alarming rapidity. The delinquencies of one state became the pretext or apo-

logy for those of another. The idea of supplying the pecuniary exigencies of the nation from requisitions on the states was soon found to be altogether delusive. The national engagements seem to have been entirely abandoned. Even contributions for the ordinary expenses of government fell almost entirely upon the two states that had most domestic resources. Attempts were very early made by congress, and remonstrances the most manly and persuasive to obtain from the several states the right of levying, for a time, a general impost, for the exclusive purpose of providing for the discharge of the national debt. It was found impracticable to unite them in any provision for the national safety or honour. Interfering regulations of trade, interfering claims of territory, were dissolving the friendly attachments, and the sense of common interest, which had cemented and sustained the union during the arduous struggle of the revolution. Symptoms of distress, and marks of humiliation were rapidly accumulating. It was with difficulty that the attention of the states could be sufficiently exerted to induce them to keep up a sufficient representation in congress to form a quorum for business. The finances of the nation were annihilated.* The whole army of the United States was reduced to eighty persons, and the states were urged to provide some militia to garrison the western posts. In short, to use the language of the author of '*Federalism*,' each state, yielding to the voice of immediate interest or convenience, successively withdrew its support from the confederation, till the frail and tottering edifice was ready to fall on our heads, and to crush us beneath its ruins."†

Yet this scheme of government, composed of independent parliaments and

* The evil effects which had sprung from local prejudices are strongly described in a letter from the greatest financier in the states, to General Washington. "It is useless," says Mr. Morris, "at this period to examine into the causes of our present unhappy situation, unless that examination would be productive of cure for the evils which surround us. In fact, these causes have long been known to such as would open their eyes. The very consequences of them were foretold, and the measures execrated by some of the best friends of America; but in vain; an obstinate partiality for the habits and customs of one part of the continent, has predominated in the public councils, and too little attention has been paid to others. To criminate the authors of our errors would not avail; but we cannot see ruin staring us in the face, without thinking of them. It has been my fate to make ineffectual opposition to all short enlistments, to colonial appointments of officers, and to many other measures I thought pregnant with mischief, but these things either suited with the genius and habits, or squared with the interest of some states that had sufficient interest to prevail, and nothing is now left but to extricate ourselves the best way we can."—Writings of Washington, vol. iv. p. 237.

† The passages above are quoted verbatim from Chancellor Kent's Commentaries on American Law, vol. i. pp. 210, 211, 212, and 216. A book of the same authority in America as Blackstone's in England.

common executive, "for the congress was not a legislative assembly, nor a representative assembly, but only a diplomatic assembly,"* it is proposed, in the event of the repeal of the union, to introduce into the British Islands. A form of government which produced despotism in war and anarchy in peace, which caused national perfidy and individual guilt, "by which mutual confidence received a deadly wound, and the morals of the people were severely impaired."†

The effects of separate and independent legislatures, and a common executive having been exhibited in anarchy, bankruptcy, and rebellion.‡ At the suggestion of Colonel Hamilton a convention was held to remedy the evils of their existing institutions, and the present constitution of America was the result of their labour. General Washington, as president of the convention, thus reported to the president of congress:—

"In Convention, September 17th, 1787.

"Sir—We have now the honour to submit to the consideration of the United States in congress assembled, that constitution which appears to us most desirable. The friends of our country have long seen and desired that the power of making war, peace, and treaties, that of levying money and regulating commerce, and the correspondent

executive and judicial authorities should be fully and effectually vested in the general government of the union; but the impropriety of delegating such extensive trusts to one body of men is evident. Hence results the necessity of different organizations.

"It is obviously impracticable, in the federal government of these states, to secure all the rights of independent sovereignty to each, and yet provide for the interest and safety of all. Individuals entering into society, must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest; the magnitude of the sacrifice must depend as well on the situation and circumstances, as on the object to be attained. It is at all times difficult to draw with precision the line between those rights that must be surrendered and those which may be reserved; and on the present occasion this difficulty was occasioned by a difference among the several states as to their extent, situation, habits, and particular interests.

"In all our deliberations on this subject, we kept steadily in our view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American, the consolidation of our union, in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, and perhaps our national existence. This important consideration, seriously and deeply impressed on our minds, led each state in convention, to be less rigid on points of inferior magnitude, than might have been otherwise expected; and thus the constitution which we now present is the result of a spirit of

* Adams' Defence of the constitution of the United States, p. 263. London: 1786.

† Grimshaw's History of the United States, p. 198. Philadelphia: 1822. How with such a government were the states of America able to achieve their independence? By the infatuation of England.

"Had we formed," wrote General Washington to the president of the congress, "a permanent army in the beginning, which, by a continuation of the same men in the service, had been capable of discipline, we never should have to retreat across the Delaware in 1776, trembling for the fate of America, which nothing but the infatuation of the enemy could have saved. We should not have remained all the succeeding winter at their mercy, with sometimes scarcely a sufficient body of men to mount the ordinary guards, liable every moment to be dissipated, if they had only thought proper to march against us. We should not have been under the necessity of fighting at Brandywine with an unequal number of raw troops, and afterwards of seeing Philadelphia fall a prey to a victorious army. We should not have been at Valleyforge with less than half the force of the enemy, destitute of everything, in a situation neither to resist nor retire. We should not have seen New York left with a handful of men, yet an overmatch for the main army of these states. We should not have found ourselves this spring so weak as to be insulted by five thousand men, unable to protect our baggage and magazines, their security depending on a good countenance and a want of enterprise in the enemy; indebted for our safety to their inactivity, enduring frequently the mortification of seeing inviting opportunities to ruin them pass unimproved for want of a force the country was completely able to afford, and of seeing the country ravaged, our towns burned, the inhabitants plundered, abused, murdered with impunity for the same cause."—Writings of Washington, vol. vii. pp. 162, 163.

‡ The rebellion in Massachusetts, headed by Daniel Shay, broke out in 1786.

amity and that mutual deference and concession, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensably necessary.

"That it will merit the full and entire approbation of every state is perhaps not to be expected; but each will doubtless consider that had her interest been alone consulted, the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable or injurious to others; that it is liable to as few exceptions as could reasonably have been expected, we hope and believe; that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country which is so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness, is our most ardent wish.

"With great respect we have the honour to be, sir, your excellency's most obedient and humble servants,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON,
"President.

"By the unanimous order of the Convention.

"To his Excellency the President of Congress."

Of this convention every character distinguished in the revolutionary struggle was a member, with the exception of Jefferson, who was then ambassador at Paris; and even he, notwithstanding his anti-social principles, was coerced to admit the necessity of the measures it adopted. How far the constitution answered to the anticipations of its founders may be inferred from two events, one in war, and another during a time of profound peace; each of which nearly shattered the union into fragments. It is true, a narrative of these incidents is beyond the legitimate scope of this article; but if the federal constitution has not succeeded—if, even at present, it indicates the impracticability of working, the instant the motion of its machinery is increased, an argument may be deduced from it against a form of government, in which its peculiar evils would be aggravated; for we may infer the centrifugal force of nations united by an executive, when we know how feeble is the centripetal power of federal states with a supreme legislature.

The approach of the termination of the European contest left the war, on the part of the Americans, equally without an object as without hope. To such a height did discontent rise, even among the democratic party,

who had been the most violent supporters of the war, in consequence of the direct or excise taxes, that government was obliged to do something indicating a disposition to recede from the inveterate system of hostility they had hitherto pursued. In the end of March, a message from the president to congress recommended the repeal of the non-importation act, and, in pursuance of the recommendation, a bill soon after passed both houses by a large majority, repealing both the embargo and the non-importation act. This decisive approach to pacific measures awakened sanguine hopes, through the union, of reviving trade and a speedy termination of hostilities; but they were soon undeceived by a proclamation of the British government, which declared the ports of New York as well as those of the southward in a state of blockade.

But the discontent of the northern states had now risen to such a height as seriously threatened the dissolution of the Union. The two states of Massachusetts and New England continued to refuse to send their contingents to the army, and the governor of the former, thus addressed the state legislature in the beginning of the year. "If our conduct to both belligerents had been equally impartial, all the calamities of war might have been avoided. We had assumed the character of a neutral state; but had we not violated the duties imposed by that character? Had not every subject of complaint against one belligerent been amply displayed; and those against the other palliated or concealed." At a subsequent period of the same year, the same state of Massachusetts took a still more decisive measure. Openly asserting their inherent right to frame a new constitution, they resolve to appoint delegates to confer with the delegates of New England, on the subject of their grievances and common concerns.

Peace in 1814 preserved the integrity of the Union.*

The fabric, which courage and love of liberty had founded, and wisdom had reared, seemed now about to be shattered to pieces. A fiscal quarrel gave birth to the United States, a fiscal quarrel was on the point of resolving

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. x. pp. 710, 711.

them into their primitive elements, and, perhaps, of sowing among them the seeds of irreconcilable hatred. The heavy duties which, partly to encourage domestic production, but much more to retaliate upon England for the exclusion of American grain, had of late years been imposed upon British manufactures, were the cause of the dissension. Possessed, as America is, of boundless tracts of fertile uncultivated land, the policy of her seeking to become a manufacturing power may be doubted. The consequences which her tariff laws produced were near proving fatal to her strength and happiness. The northern states received from them a problematical benefit; but to the southern states they were a severe evil, unmitigated by a single advantage. To the latter states they doubled the price of articles of the first necessity; while, at the same time, they depreciated the value of southern produce. This situation of things could not exist without giving rise to complaints, and, ultimately, to resistance. In Virginia, Georgia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and other parts to the southward of the Chesapeake, remonstrances against the tariff, couched in the strongest language, were repeatedly voted in the houses of assembly and great public meetings, and were addressed to Congress. The anger of the remonstrators was further excited by counter-resolutions from the northern states, calling for additional restrictions. Still, especially, as the president was known to be unfriendly to heavy protecting duties, it was hoped that some change would be made, which would remove or lighten the oppressive weight under which the southern states were suffering. This hope, however, was destroyed by the tariff of 1832, for though the law enacting the tariff introduced some trifling modifications, it left unaltered all that was objectionable to the people of the south.

South Carolina did not vent its anger in words alone. It proceeded to take steps, which showed how much it was in earnest. In October its legislature passed an act for the calling a convention of the people of the state, to take into consideration the tariff laws, and the system it would be proper to adopt on this momentous occasion. The payment of taxes already began

to be refused. The convention, which consisted of nearly two hundred members, met on the 19th November, 1832, and sat daily, till the 24th, when it adjourned.

The convention acted with a promptitude and boldness which demonstrated that those who created it, were resolved to run all risks rather than submit. It passed, by one hundred and thirty-six votes against twenty-nine, "An ordinance to nullify certain acts of the congress of the United States, purporting to be laws laying duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities." "The tariff laws," said this ordinance, "are unauthorized by the constitution of the United States, and violate the true meaning and intent thereof, and are null, void, and no law, nor binding on this state, its officers, or citizens; and all promises, contracts, and obligations, made or entered into, with the purpose to secure the duties imposed by said acts, and all judicial proceedings which shall hereafter be had in affirmance thereof, are, and shall be held utterly null and void." The constituted authorities were strictly prohibited from enforcing the payment of duties, and the state legislature was called upon to pass such acts as were required to give full effect to this ordinance. Appeals to the supreme court of the United States were forbidden; all persons holding office were to take an oath to obey and execute the ordinance; and lastly, it was declared, that, in the case of the general government committing any act of hostility against South Carolina, or harassing its commerce, "the people of this state will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connexion with the people of the other states, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent states may of right do."

The legislature of South Carolina manifested equal vigour. It gave entire sanction to the ordinance, and passed a variety of laws for putting it into effectual operation, and punishing all who dared to contravene it. In case of hostility arising from these measures it authorized the governor to call on the whole military force of the state, to raise volunteers and to

purchase ten thousand stand of arms. Two hundred thousand dollars were voted for the purchase of arms and ammunition; and various taxes were imposed to cover the increased expenditure. The governor, on his part, solemnly pledged himself to support and uphold the sovereign authority of the state. Nor, when the South Carolinians were threatened with the resentment of the general government, did their spirits quail. The proclamation of the president treating their resistance as rebellion, and threatening them with coercion, was met by a counter proclamation, which breathed defiance. War now seemed inevitable: the state, which had thrown down the gauntlet, was determined not to recede; and the president, on his side, though avowedly adverse to protecting duties which caused the strife, expressed his firm resolution to avail himself of all the means in his power to put down opposition. Yet, notwithstanding the danger to which the Union would be thus exposed, there were not wanting those who were eager to brave it. They sturdily maintained that it was not consistent with the honor or well understood interest of the country to make concessions to a state which was in arms against the government; that it was not right to sacrifice great and acknowledged principles of national policy to considerations of merely temporary expediency; and that the question of the relative pretensions of the Union and the state governments, which, they coolly remarked, must in all probability, at one time or other, be settled by the sword, could never be brought to that fearful test under circumstances more propitious to a correct

decision of it. Fortunately for the peace of America more prudent counsels prevailed; a bill for modifying the tariff, and ultimately reducing the duties to a proper standard, was brought into congress by Mr. Clay, one of the representatives of Alabama. It was strenuously opposed by the partizans of the manufacturing interest, and gave rise to vehement debates. In spite, however, of the utmost exertions of its opponents, it passed the house of representatives on the 26th February, 1833, by one hundred votes against eighty four, and the senate, on the 1st March, by 29 against 16. As soon as it was passed the convention of South Carolina again assembled to take it into consideration. A report on the subject was made by a committee of that body. Its language was temperate and conciliatory; and on the grounds that the concessions were satisfactory, it recommended the revocation of the nullifying ordinance.

Congress, therefore, could only maintain the integrity of the Union by an abandonment of the power of government; and had to establish a precedent, if not a principle, that a state legislature by a menace of physical force, can abrogate the laws of the supreme authority of the United States. It requires no inspiration to foresee, that, though this fleet of nations may sail under the same flag, as long as they drift in a current, or are impelled by a trade wind, the first political storm will cause them to commence separate and independent navigation, and the violence of the hurricane or the horrors of the tornado.

Hinton's History of the United States, vol. i. pp. 498, 499. London: 1834.

SPENSER'S IRISH RESIDENCE.

BY A DREAMER.

"Was from the shepherd's simple mood,
 The whispers mild of Mulla's reed,
 Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
 To grace Eliza's golden way:
 From fabled Fairy's latest store
 A rich romantic robe he bore;
 A veil with visionary tracings hung,
 And o'er his Virgin Queen the fairy texture hung."

THOMAS WARTON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the hosts of tourists armed with pencil and pen, and assailing us in every accessible quarter of the land, that have of late sought their quarry in Ireland, we have looked in vain for a volume merely descriptive of our remarkable places, and which, omitting details of scenery that have been furnished to us a hundred times already, would confine itself to spots hallowed by the efforts of genius—the places where our "godlike men" lived and died. William Howitt, in the sister island, has done his office gently and well; he has visited her old halls, and battle-fields, and other scenes of historical and poetical interest, having set before him objects such as we describe, and in consequence has produced one of the most interesting books of the day, which has been re-

ceived with a blessing from every lover of English literature.

We want some William Howitt in Ireland. Not that we hereby mean to assert the equal capabilities of our Escher "friend" for description in the Isle of Saints; rather from a little experience on this score we should anticipate his failure; but we do want and wish for a visitor of a similar stamp, who, Irish born and Irish bred, will regard us with national interest, and will bring to his task those peculiar feelings of appreciation which almost seem denied to Englishmen. As our eye glances over the large circle of our own *co-littérateurs* in this Magazine, it falls upon more than one whom we could proudly bid to the work, with the consciousness that it would be well done at their hands; but, dear

public, they are, one and all, modest men and women, and their names shall continue unmentioned by us, despite the temptation to the contrary. There *was* One (alas! that we must number him among the past-aways,) who was peculiarly fitted for such writing; one who united the skill of an antiquary with the fine feelings of a poet, and relieved the dryness of historical detail by playful wit and unaffected pathos; one who possessed the virtues of an Irishman's heart without the errors of his head; one——but you have already guessed him, reader, and will know that we have been understating the truth, when we name for you the name of *Cæsar Otway*!

It has been a fancy of ours, perhaps a vain one, that a volume, which would thus associate Ireland with reminiscences of a purely literary caste, would not only elevate our country in the estimation of other nations, but would contribute essentially to an end scarcely less desirable—the affording men of all opinions and feelings something to think of in common. Surely, in our unhappily divided state, some such harmony of feeling, which might become the opening to still further agreement, is a devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation. Literature is the meeting-place for all classes of thinkers; and here we should have nothing to pain or trouble any, while we should find in abundance enough to interest all. Again we say, we want some *William Howitt* in Ireland.

And for subjects, they are on all sides. To begin with the metropolis: there is *Glasnevin*, with its recollections of *Tickell*, *Addison*, *Parnell*, and the rest of that brilliant circle which there met; there is *Swift's* birthplace in *Hoey's-court*,* and his tomb in *St. Patrick's*; there is 12, *Dorset-street*, where *Sheridan* first saw the light, and *Aungier-street*, where his biographer, *Thomas Moore*, was born. And how many a one—even the admirer of her poetry—passes 20, *Dawson-street*, without thinking of *Mrs. Hemans*; yet in that house the “falcon-hearted dove” folded its wing and fell asleep, and in the vaults of *St. Anne's church*, hard by,

her mortal remains are laid. Should you not like too, reader, mine, run out for half-an-hour to *Templeogue*—catch our good editor in his undress—and behold with your own veritable eyes, his unwearied manufactory of “*Tom Burkes*,” “*O'Learys*,” and “*University Magazines*,” in full process of working? And then——

“Halloo, Harry, what are you at? You need not stare or frown so horribly at us; we have not yet said aught *mal-a-propos* concerning you. I' faith, man, we'll not praise you, if you don't like it; nor were we going to do it——”

“Proceed, sir, mind your own business, and let me attend to mine. Pray, don't meddle with what does not in the least concern you.”

Ay, ay, reader, we are forbid to tell the secrets of the printing-house, you perceive; and the hint is one we cannot choose but take; so now, *revenons a nos moutons*. Should you object that the places we have mentioned are isolated spots, full of interest indeed, and well fitted for remembrance, but unconnected with the works of the respective writers, and possessing less attraction from being undescribed in their books, we have our answer ready. While we are disposed to controvert your judgment in great measure, and rather assert the greatness of claims so purely personal, we shall, for the avoidance of argument, proceed to tell you of places which have been shadowed forth to the admiration of the world. Two, at once, recur to us, *Lissoy*, in *Westmeath*, the scenery of the “*Deserted Village*” of *Goldsmith*; and *Kilcolman Castle*, in the county of *Cork*, the residence of *Edmund Spenser*, where his “*Faerie Queene*” was written. We have chosen the latter for the subject of our present paper.

If we cannot claim *Spenser* as our own, so far as birth and blood are concerned, we can assert a well-founded right to the fairest flowers of his genius, for they have grown, almost all of them, on the Irish soil. And not only was his lovely Land of Faery called into being on our shores, and moulded, and fashioned, and peo-

* This has lately been taken down, and we cannot discover that any drawing of it exists.—ED.

pled with its bright and living inhabitants amongst us; but likewise our mountains, and glades, and rivers were transported thereunto, and made a very visible part of the Poet's luxuriant creation. It has been a delight of ours to wander over those portions of country which have been so consecrated, and identify them with the descriptions a jealous memory has treasured up; and the little map which we furnish will enable our reader to go with us in our narrative, and understand the better some extracts from the poetry of Spenser, which it will be a delight to us to quote.

We do not mean here to enter into a critical examination of the "Faerie Queene," or the other works of our author; the labour is un-needed, for it has been frequently done already. Perhaps there is no poetry which so entirely removes us from the actual material world; and instead of its noisy clamour and mournful realities, presents us with visions of peaceful and tranquil beauty, and the lavish treasures of an imagination that appears inexhaustible. All our Poets have delighted themselves in these writings; Shakspeare, in the "Passionate Pilgrim," has left us his record in the following sonnet:

If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the
brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee
and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the
other;
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly
touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human
senses;
Spenser, to me, whose deep conceit is
such
As, passing all conceit, needs no de-
fence:
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious
sound
That Phoebus' lute, the Queen of
Muses makes;
And I, in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
When as himself to singing he be-
takes.
One God is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee
remain.

Sir Walter Scott speaks somewhere of "my Master, Spenser;" Byron se-
lected his stanza for revival, and in

its rich and sweeping cadence found means for giving utterance to thoughts that oft times wring the heart that reads them. Wordsworth has two favourite volumes—and what are they? The story of her of the willow ditty, uncomplaining, ever-loving Desdemona; and of the lovely lady, whose angel's looks "made a sunshine in the shady place," the heroine of the "Faerie Queene."

Two shall be names pre-eminently dear,
The gentle lady, married to the Moor;
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

What a line of divine melody is that last one,

"Heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb!"

In every deed we should esteem the man a dolt and a clod who loved not the poem even for the sake of that single harmonious verse.

When Sir James Mackintosh was invited by some London booksellers to superintend a republication of the early English Poets, he remarked that the biography of Spenser would be attended with no ordinary difficulties, on account of the absence of ascertained details. The poet's birthday is unknown, but the year is fixed at 1558; his worldly circumstances at his decease have been differently stated, some asserting that he died in London, in abject poverty; others indignantly denying this. His writings, too, have been made matters of controversy. According to many, there were other six books of the "Faerie Queene" written, which were lost through the carelessness of a servant, on their way to England for publication. We deem the story most improbable, and are satisfied that the six books we possess, with the fragments of a seventh, are the whole of Spenser's writings on this head. The poet always journeyed to London himself with his manuscript poems, and had not long returned from the publication of the second three books of the "Faerie Queene," when the rebellion of Tyrone broke out, which ushered in his death in the year following.

While these difficulties are acknowledged by us, we must confess our disappointment that something less meagre has not been given us of the Irish life of our poet. Twelve years, and they

his best ones, were spent at his residence of Kiloolman. Here he was visited by the chivalrous Raleigh; and commemorated that visit in a poem that the world will not suffer to die. Here those writings were chiefly composed which give him a place next to Milton and Shakspeare. Here the bright hours of his marriage, a live-long summer's day, sweetly glided by. And here, too, the great misery of his life overtook him, (does not it frequently flow from the same source as our chiefest joy?) and hence he was driven, a homeless wanderer, never more to know peace or security until he found the shelter of the grave.

We must, however, make a brilliant exception. In the "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen," by the Rev. James Wills, we have found the best memoir of the author of the "Faerie Queene," with which we are acquainted, and we have looked into a great many. The reader will find in our number for January, 1841, justice done to this able work, and the greater part of the biography of Spenser extracted. We must take heed, for our own sakes, lest we follow too closely in the wake of Mr. Wills; our object will help us, which is not so much to give a life of our author, as rather to offer our readers some fragments of his poems which relate to Ireland, and accompany them with a few words of running commentary, for connection's sake. We shall only supply the thread, on which to string the pearls.

It was in the month of July, 1580, that Spenser, then, in his twenty-seventh year, first trod Irish ground. Lord Grey, of Wilton, in that month came over lord deputy, and the future poet accompanied him as secretary; an appointment which, it is thought, he owed to the influence of the Earl of Leicester and Sir Philip Sidney. The government of Lord Grey was vigorous and energetic in repressing the discontented spirit which had, previous to his arrival, shown itself in an appeal to arms by the inhabitants of Munster; but through court intrigues and the colling of his enemies, he was recalled, after two years. The fifth book of the "Faerie Queene," containing the legend of Arragon, or of Justice, is in fact a history of Lord Grey's Irish administration; and the "View of the State of Ireland" was subsequently

written by Spenser, for the vindication of the measures of his noble patron. We may imagine the following sonnet accompanied the presentation of the former work to Lord Grey. It stands in our copy without note or comment, but is addressed

To the most renowned, and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey, of Wilton, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, &c.

Most noble lord, the pillar of my life,
And Patron of my Muses' pupillage;
Through whose large bountie, poured
on me rife
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe live, bound yours by vas-
salage;
(Sith nothing ever may redeeme, nor
reave
But of your endlesse debt, so sure a
gage;)
Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to
receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I
leave
Of all the rest that I am tyde to ac-
count;
Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse
did weave
In savage soyle, far from Parnasso
mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearned
loome,
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your
favourable doome.

In the second book of the "Faerie Queene" we find a portrait of this personage. His shadow appears in the mirror of Merlin, to the daughter of King Ryence.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
Into her father's closet to repayre;
For nothing he from her received apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre;
Where when she had espyde that mir-
hour fair,
Herself awhile therein she vawd in
vaine,
That arraising of the pictures rare,
Which thereof spoken were, she gan
to againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to herselfe
pertaine.
But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
Imperious Love hath highest set his
throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and
prone
So thought this mayd (as maydens use
at that tyme)

Whom fortune for her husband would
allot,
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinfull
blott;
Yet wot her life at last must lincke in
that same knott.

Eftsoones there was presented to her
eye
A comely knight, all armed in complete
wize,
Through whose bright ventayle lifted
up on hye
His manly face, that did his foes agrise,
And friends to termes of gentle truce
entize,
Lookt forth, as Phoebus' face out of the
east
Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth
arise,
Portly his person was, and much in-
creast,
Through his heroicke grace and honor-
able gest.

His crest was covered with a couchant
bownd,
And all his armour seemed of antique
mould,
But wondrous massy and assured sound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphers
old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did win :
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crowed little ermelin,
That deckt the azure field with her
fayre pouldred skin.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
And liked well.

There are various doughty deeds of
this warrior elsewhere narrated, which
as foreign to our purpose, we shall
omit. Turn with us now, kind
reader, to the "Legend of Artegall,"
contained in the fifth book of the
"Faerie Queene." You may read
without pause, the thirteen opening
stanzas of the first canto; they relate
to the hapless condition of the Ladye
Irena, her tears and her troubles—
tears, alas, that have not yet ceased to
flow down, and troubles that to the
present hour are convulsing her bo-
som. For Irena is Ireland; and she
sends her supplication across the main
to Gloriana, the Queen of Faery, the
great and good Elizabeth of England,
beseeching her to come over and help
her. Artegall is the personification of
equity and right government; and this is
the boon poor Irena looks for, and hopes

to receive at her sister's hand. With
this preliminary you may now proceed,
remembering only that our ear is pain-
fully acute, and will scan, whether we
will or not, each tone and word, you
make; think, then, of Hamlet, and do
not mouth these fine verses as do the
players:

Though vertue then were held in highest
price,
In those old times of which I do in-
treate,
Yet then, likewise, the wicked seede of
vice
Began to spring; which shortly grew
full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants
did beat:
But evermore some of the virtuous
race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient
base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull
ranckness did deface.

Such first was Bacchus, that with fa-
rious might
All th' east before untam'd did over-
ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establist
right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly for-
donne;
There Iustice first her princely race be-
gonne.
Next Hercules, his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equal conquest
wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club
subdued,
The club of Iustice dread with kingly
powre endued.

And such was he of whom I have to
tell,
The champion of true Iustice, Artegall,
Whom (as ye lately mote remember
well)
An hard adventure, which did them be-
fall,
Into redoubted perille forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed dame
Whom a strong tyrant did uniaustly
thrall,
And from the heritage which she did
clame,
Did with strong hand withhold; Gran-
torto was his name.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faerie Queene her way ad-
dresse,
To whom complayning her afflicted
plight,

She her besaught of gracious redresse ;
 That souveraine queene, that mighty em-
 peresse,
 Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants
 pore,
 And of weak princes to be patronesse,
 Chose Artigall to right her to restore ;
 For that to her he seem'd best skill'd in
 righteous lore.

For Artigall in iustice was upbrought.
 Even from the cradle of his infancie,
 And all the depth of rightfull dome was
 taught
 By faire Astroea, with great industrie,
 Whilst here on earth she lived mortallie,
 For, till the world from his perfection
 fell
 Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
 Astroea nere mongst earthly men did
 dwell,
 And in the rules of iustice them in-
 structed well.

Whiles through the world she walk'd in
 this sort,
 Upon a day she found this gentle
 childe,
 Amongst his peeres playing his childish
 sport ;
 Whem seeing fit, and with no crime de-
 fide,
 She did allure with gifts and speeches
 milde
 To wend with her ; so thence him farre
 she broughte
 Into a cave from companie exile,
 In which she noursled him, till yeares he
 raught,
 And all the discipline of iustice there
 him taught.

There she him taught to weigh both
 right and wrong
 In equal balance with due recompence,
 And equity to measure out along
 According to the line of conscience,
 Whenso it needs with rigour to dis-
 pense :
 Of all the which, for want there of man-
 kind,
 She caus'd him to make experience
 Upon wylde beasts, which she in woods
 did find,
 With wrongfull powre oppressing others
 of their kind.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him
 taught
 In all the skill of deeming wrong and
 right,
 Untill the ripenesse of man's yeares he
 aught ;
 Thus even wilde beasts did feare his
 awful sight,
 And men admyred his over ruling
 might ;

Ne any liv'd on ground that durst with-
 stand
 His dreadfull heart, much lesse him
 match in fight,
 Or bide the horror of his wreakful hand,
 Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely
 brand :

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded
 more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
 And earnest search, where it was kept
 in store
 In Jove's eternall house, unwist of wight,
 Since he himselfe it us'd in that great
 fight
 Against the Titans, that whylome re-
 belled
 Gainst highest heaven ; Chrysaor it was
 bright ;
 Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
 Well prov'd in that same day when Jove
 those gyants quelled.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with adamant amongst the
 same,
 And garnisht all with gold upon the
 blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it took his name,
 And was of no lesse virtue then of fame :
 For there no substance was so firme and
 hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave whereso it
 came ;
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward ;
 But wheresoever it did light it throughly
 shard.

Nor when the world with sin 'gan to
 abound,
 Astræa, loathing longer here to space
 'Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth
 she found,
 Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd
 her race ;
 Where she hath now an everlasting
 place,
 'Mongst those twelve signes which right-
 ly we do see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke
 to enbrace ;
 And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
 And next herself her righteous ballance
 hanging bee.

But when she parted hence she left her
 groome,
 An yron man, which did on her attend,
 Always to execute her stedfast doome,
 And will'd him with Artigall to wend,
 And doe whatever thing he did intend :
 His name was Talus, made of yron
 mould,
 Immoveable, resistless, without end,
 Who in his hand on yron flae did hould ;
 With which he threshet out falsehood,
 and did truth unfould.

He now ment with him in this new in-
quest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to
neede,
Against that pryncell tyrant, which op-
prest.
The faire Irena.

"Thanks, kind friend! Your voice
is sweet and melodious, and its tones
most pleasant to our ears." There is
an adventure of Sir Artegall's detailed
a little further on, which we shall ask
you to read for us also; his single
combat with the lusty Pollente, and
victory over him. Pollente we take,
for reasons of our own, to be Gerald,
Earl of Desmond; who was in rebel-
lion against Elizabeth at the time
of Lord Grey's appointment to the
chief authority in Ireland, and per-
ished miserably in consequence. His
prodigious wealth and power would am-
ply bear out such an appellation. His
lands extended one hundred and fifty
miles in the south of the kingdom,
stretching from sea to sea, and com-
prising the greater portion of the coun-
ties of Waterford, Cork, Kerry, and
Limerick. We read of his being able
to bring together, by his summons, six
hundred cavalry and two thousand foot-
men; and of these nearly five hundred
were gentlemen, of his own kindred
and surname. His castles were nu-
merous, and scattered over this large
tract of country in well-chosen places
for its defence and protection; and it
is curious that attached to one of them
is a tale of blood, not unlike what you
will find Spenser describing. Last
ever sailed on our Irish Rhine, as
Inglish styled the Blackwater in the
county of Cork? Well, if you have
not, the greater your disgrace, for a
steamer would have taken you "up"
it for a single shilling. A few miles
above the sea, on a bold cliff over-
hanging one of the deepest parts of
the river, stand the battered remains
of the Earl's castle of Strancally. At-
tached to this stronghold is a murder-
ous device, which we had often pre-
viously heard of, but never till then
beheld. The solid rock has been pierced
with a large well-like aperture com-
municating with the river; and the
neighbouring peasants will tell you,
that the unvary, when decoyed within
the castle, were tied hand and foot,
and flung down the Murder Hole—the
rapid river hurried by, and soon car-

ried away their gasping shrieks, and
the Dead told no tales. We have every
respect for these local traditions, and
esteem them in a thousand instances
most valuable guides; notwithstanding
we place no faith in the present
horrible legend, which is wholly at
variance with the received character
of the Earl of Desmond. It may be
that these things were told of him even
in Spenser's day; and it is certain that
about the close of the year 1570, his
castle of Strancally was taken by the
Earl of Ormond, the President of
Munster—a capture which could be
easily transferred to the poet's hero,
Sir Artegall. Now for the tale:—
Artegal has encountered Dony, the
attendant dwarf of the Lady Florimell
(and sweet honey-flower she was, who
is hastening to his mistress' bride), but
finds the cruel Saccaria of the castle
holding the passage of the river before
him; the chivalrous knight indignantly
declares his resolve to join combat with
the tyrant:—

As he now was upon the way,
He chaunst to meet a dwarf in hasty
course;
Whom he requir'd his forward bent to
stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse,
Loth was the dwarf, yet did he stay
perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to
tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and sponde
to Marinell.

For this was Dony, Florimell's own
dwarf,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard
whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattered
scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did
fear;
But of her health, when Artigall did
heare,
And safe return, he was full-ly glad,
And ask't him where and what her
bridal shere
Should be solemnised; for if time he
had,
He would be there, and honour to her
spousall add.
"Within three daies," quoth he, "as I
do heare,
It will be at the castle of the strand;
What time, if naught me let, I will be
there

To do her service, so as I am bond.
 But in my way a little here beyond
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keeps a bridge's passage by strong
 hand,
 And many errant knights hath there
 fordonne,
 That makes all men for feare that pas-
 sage for to shenne."

"What wister wight," quoth he, "and
 how far hence
 is he, that doth to travellars such
 harmes?"
 "He is," said he, "a man of great de-
 fence;
 Expert in battle and in deedes of armes;
 And more emboldened by the wicked
 charmes,
 With which his daughter doth him still
 support;
 Having great lordships got and goodly
 farmes
 Through strong oppression of his peere
 extort;
 By which he still them holds, and keepes
 with strong effort."

"And dayly he his wrongs increaseth
 more;
 For never wight he tells to passe that
 way;
 Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage penny
 pay,
 Else he doth hold him backe or beat
 away.
 Thereto he hath a groome of evill guise,
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth
 bewray,
 Which pels and pils the poore in pitious
 wise;
 But he himselfe upon the rich doth ty-
 rannize."

His name is right Pollente, rightly so,
 For that he is so puissant and so strong,
 That with his powre he all doth over go,
 And make them subject to his mighty
 wrong;
 And some by sleight he eke doth under-
 fong;
 For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding
 long;
 And in the same are many trap-fals
 pight,
 Through which the rider downe doth
 fall through oversight."

And underneath the same a river flowes,
 That is most swift and dangerous, deepe
 withall;
 Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
 All destitute of helpe doth headlong
 fall;
 But he himselfe through practise usuall

Leapes forth into the flood, and there
 assails
 His foe confuseth through his redaine
 fall,
 That horse and man he equally dimalis,
 And either both them drownes, or tray-
 terously slaies."

Then doth he take the spoile of them at
 will;
 And to his daughter brings, that dwells
 thereby,
 Who all that comes doth take, and
 therewith fill
 The coffers of her wicked treasury;
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped up
 so by
 That many princes she in wealth ex-
 ceedes,
 And purchast all the country lying ny
 With the revenue of her plenteous
 needes.
 Her name is Munera, agreeing with her
 deedes."

"Now by my life," says he, "and God
 to guide,
 None other way will I this day betake;
 But by that bridge wheereas he doth
 abide
 Therefore me thither lead."

The conflict is described with great
 spirit. It straightway followed, and
 continued long, and, for a while, with
 doubtful issue; at length the bright
 Chrysaor smote through mail and head-
 piece, and the Sarazin's decapitated
 trunk was tumbled into his own river,
 while his bleeding features Artegall set
 up on a lofty pole, to terrify mighty
 men that are given to oppression. We
 may find the parallel for this also in
 the history of the unfortunate Geral-
 dine, who was hunted down by his
 enemies in a small glen in the county
 of Kerry; his gallows-glasses were all
 slain, and his own head being struck
 off, was sent over to England, a bloody
 gift to the queen, by whose order it
 graced, or disgraced, the old London
 bridge for many weeks.

The difficulties of Lord Grey's ad-
 ministration in contending against the
 enemies of his sovereign, were not
 lessened by his having many enemies
 at the English court, who sought in
 every possible way to work out his
 political ruin. Vague rumours were
 spread abroad of his cruelty and op-
 pression of the Irish people; he was
 accused of having put to death several
 against whom neither treason nor any
 other offence was proved, and even in

the case of the guilty to have employed treachery and deceit against them rather than the just influence of the laws. The queen was persuaded by these insinuations, and in the summer of 1582 recalled the lord deputy, who had scarcely completed his second year of government. With this event the fifth book of the "*Faerie Queene*" concludes; and the poet there enters at large into the facts of the case. Artegall is summoned away to Faerie Court, and on his way thither meets with two ill-favoured hags;—"superannuated vipers," as my Lord Brougham would compare them—whom he knows to be Envy and Detraction. These are painted by Spenser in language that makes the grisly creatures live before you; every hue and feature of their vile countenances is preserved—their slaving lips, their tireless tongue, their foul and claw-like hands. We remember nothing in Dante or Milton, that surpasses in power this masterly personification of these abstract qualities; our limits alone forbid our extracting the fifteen or twenty stanzas of which it is composed. In the two following the poet speaks of Artegall's procedure in the land of his sojourn, and his going away with his task unfinished:

During which time that he did there
 remayne,
His study was true iustice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busy
 paine,
How to reform that ragged common-
 weale:
And that same yron man, which could
 reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that
 realme he sent
To search out those that us'd to rob
 and steale,
Or did rebell 'gainst lawfull govern-
 ment;
On whom he did inflict most grievous
 punishment.

But, ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of iustice he was forced to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right
 way,
In which he was that realme for to
 redresse:
But envie's cloud still dimmeth virtue's
 ray!
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her,—there left in
 heavinesse.

Spenser accompanied Lord Grey, on that nobleman's return to England, and arrived to benefit by a great political scheme, then devised for attaching Ireland more securely to the British crown. This was, what has been called the Plantation of Munster. On the attainure of the Earl of Desmond, his vast possessions were, by act of parliament, vested in the queen and her heirs; and the project now set on foot was the partition of these forfeitures into manors and seigniories, to be given to English Protestants, who would at once colonize and garrison the country. The wisdom of this counsel is apparent, and after the lapse of two centuries and a half, its efficacy is still visible. Another woman is seated on England's throne, and if the hour of need should ever steal upon her gracious majesty, VICTORIA—which God avert!—she has no more stalwart defenders of her crown and dignity than the descendants of those very men her royal predecessor introduced. The conditions of the grants of land were very carefully drawn up, and as well from their political importance, as from our poet's having come under their operation, we deem the following abstract interesting. We take it from Smith, the historian of Cork:—

All forfeited lands to be divided into manors and seigniories, containing—12,000, 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000 acres each, according to a plot laid down. The undertakers to have an estate in fee-farm, yielding for each seigniorie, of 12,000, for the first three years, £33 6s. 8d. sterling, viz., from 1590 to 1593, and from Michaelmas, 1593, £66 18s. 4d. sterling, and rateably for every inferior seigniorie, yielding upon the death of the undertaker, the best beast as an heriot. To be discharged of all taxes whatsoever, except subsidies levied by parliament. Bogs, mountains, &c., not to be included, till improved, and then to pay one halfpenny for each English acre. Licence to the undertakers to transport all commodities, duty free, into England for five years. That none be admitted to have more than 12,000 acres. No English planter to be permitted to convey to any mere Irish. The head of each plantation to be English, and the heirs female to marry none but of English birth; and none of the mere Irish to be maintained in any family there. Each freeholder, from the year 1598, to furnish one horse and horseman, armed. Each principal undertaker for

12,000 acres, to supply three horsemen and six footmen, armed; and so rateably for the other seigniories; and each copy-holder, one footman armed. That for seven years to come, they shall not be obliged to travel out of Munster, upon any service; and after that time, no more than ten horsemen and twenty footmen out of one seignior of 12,000 acres, and so rateably; and such as serve out of Munster, to be paid by the queen.

That the queen will protect and defend the said seigniories, at her own charge,* for seven years to come. All commodities brought from England for the use of the same seigniories, to be duty free, for seven years.

As regarded the peopling of these large tracts, the following regulations were laid down:—

For a seignior, containing 12,000 acres, the gentleman was to have for his own demesne 2,100 acres. Six farmers, 400 acres each. Six freeholders, 100 acres each; and lands to be appropriated for mean tenures (of 50, 25, 10 acres) 1,500 acres; whereon thirty-six families, at least, must be established. The other seigniories of 8,000, 6,000, and 4,000 acres, were laid out in the same manner in proportion. Each undertaker was to people his seignior in seven years.

These articles received the royal signature on the 27th of June, 1586. Among the undertakers for land, we find the name of our poet set down for a grant of 3,028 acres in the northern part of Cork county. This was obtained for him from the queen through the interest of the Earl of Leicester, Lord Grey, and Sir Philip Sidney, his steadfast friends and patrons. There were associated with him the following:—

	Acres.
Sir Walter Raleigh.....	42,000
Arthur Robbins, Esq.....	18,000
Fane Beecher, Esq.....	12,000
Hugh Worth, Esq.....	12,000

	Acres.
Arthur Hyde, Esq.....	11,766
Sir Thomas Norris.....	6,000
Sir Richard Beacon.....	6,000
Sir Warham St. Leger...	6,000
Hugh Cuff, Esq.....	6,000
Thomas Say, Esq.....	5,775
Sir Arthur Hyde.....	5,774
Edmund Spenser, Esq...	3,028

The child of the Muses last in the list; and put off with the least portion!

The tract of ground of which the Poet was thus made proprietor will be better understood, so far at least as its locality, by a reference to our little map than by any verbal description. It was a wild and lonesome banishment at best for one, who had lived much in courts, and in companionship with the rich and high-born. Mountains on all sides shut in the retreat, and in the midst of the long and level plain between them stood a strong fortalice of the Earl of Desmond, which was to be the poet's residence, Kilcolman castle.† Hard by the castle was a small lake, and a mile or two distant on either side a river descended from the hills. In position likewise it was insecure, forming as it did the frontier of the English line of defence in the south; and the contiguous hills affording lurking places for the Irish kerns, whence they poured down in multitudes to plunder. In the insurrectionary warfare that shortly succeeded, these mountain passes became the scene of many a skirmish; and the first object of the commander of the English forces, when he heard of any partial outbreak, was to send off a detachment of light armed troops to occupy them in the name of the queen.

Notwithstanding the loneliness and perilous locality of the royal grant, Spenser seems to have hailed with delight the boon which conferred on him independence for the first time. How wearisome the life of a suitor to the heart that is proud from the con-

* Smith adds here the pithy note:—"This article was not performed." We shall see in the sequel how heavily this want of faith was visited on Edmund Spenser.

† Renny on the Blackwater, about a mile from the Mulla's junction with that river, is considered by many as another of Spenser's houses; and there is near it a tall cliff overhanging the river, which goes by the poet's name, and an aged tree, under which he is said to have written his verses. A son of Spenser's, who married Miss Nagle, of Monanimy, certainly occupied Renny; but we are inclined to disbelieve the rumour that the poet himself lived there.

consciousness of its own superiority; yet all humble in its pride even from its knowledge of man's littleness and weakness. And then how mournful that these intellectual treasures should be scorned, as they so often are, and trampled on, merely because their owner is lacking in this world's raiment! None felt the misery of a dependency-state more keenly than Edmund Spenser, and no other has described it in such speaking language:

Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court, to sue for land
Twist,
That few have found, and mannie one
hath mist!

Full little knowest thou, that hast not
Tide,

What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good dayes, that might be better
spent;

To waste long nights in pensive discontent;

To speed to day, to be put back to-morrow;

To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;

To have thy prince's grace, yet want
her peeres;

To have thy asking, yet waite mannie
yeeres;

To fret thy scule with crosses and with
cares;

To eate thy heart through comfortlesse
dispaire;

To fawne, to crouche, to waite, to ride,
to ronne,

To spend, to give, to want, to be un-
dome;

Unhappie night, borne to disastrous
end,

That doth this life in so long tedious
spend!

This servitude was now concluded, and the poet was to return to the land of his former sojourn, a free and comparatively rich man. He appears besides to have formed a partiality for Ireland; he speaks of it sometimes as a "goodly" land, and in his prose treatise describes it as "a most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven." Accordingly every drawback was overlooked: Hope led him forward with eager glance, and bade him look down the vista of bright years to come—the sunshine of which

should atone for the darkness and gloom of his life's morning. His poetry, which had been previously of a pastoral cast, became now imbued with the wildness of the sylvan solitudes around him: wood nymphs and fauns were inhabitants he could summon up at will, and with them the hill-tops about him were peopled. Such names of places and things, as his musical ear pronounced inharmonious, were exchanged for others which quaint fancy suggested, and which read more sweetly in his tender verse. He sang sweet strains of the bridal or separation of his rivers; told how their stern sires, the mountains, oft-times forced their unwilling inclinations and brought about a union which the water nymph detested; and how sometimes she, in her faithful attachment to the one she loved, effected her end, by a circuitous course, or even sought beneath the earth's surface the waters dear to her bosom. Before imagination so vivid the iron desolateness of Kileeshinny vanished, and in its stead a fairy world arose to gladden the eyes of the dreamer with its "bowers of blisse," and enchanted palaces, and magnificence more gorgeous than the luxuries of Iod.

The Ballyhowra hills, which formed the northern boundary of the poet's retreat, appeared in this new world under the feigned title of the Mountains of Mole, while the highest of them, which like Parnassus has a double summit, was dignified by the name of "Father." Sometimes Spenser seems to have extended the name of Mole to the entire range of hills which run along the northern and eastern limits of the county of Cork, and divide it from Limerick and Tipperary. In one place he speaks of a river rising from the Mole, and thence styled by him Molanna; which undoubtedly takes its origin from the Tipperary hills. The plain in which his castle stood was re-baptised in Helicon, by the name of Armulla Dale. Of his two streamlets, one was suffered, for a special purpose, to retain its original name of Bregoge, i. e. false or deceitful—

Bregog Hight.

So hight because of his deceitful traine, a

Possibly this stream was so called by the Irish, because of its running dry in

And the other, the Arbeg, was specially appropriated to himself by the name of Mulla. In a verse of the *Eerie Queen*, which we have over and over again repeated, until it now hammers like the "sough, o' an auld sang," he fondly speaks of his river:—

And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

But let us give the whole passage. Take once more his works in hand, my reader; the book lies open where you were reading last to me about Artegall and his return to Faery Court. You must now go back to the eleventh canto of the fourth book: ah, you have it—it opens readily there, I warrant you! That eleventh canto contains the marriage festival of Thámesis and Medua, or, if it please you better, the Thames and Medway rivers. The pleasant floods of all England were summoned to the bridal; and the nymphs that dwell in the sea-king's hall, a thousand fathoms deeper than plummet ever sounded, the fair Nereids, were not forgotten. And Erin, dear Erin, sent she not her children to the glad meeting? Of course she did; not one was left at home that was worthy the invitation.

Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were; Sith nobler famous than the rest they are, And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdom here.

Why should they not likewise in love agree,

And joy likewise this solemne day to see? They saw it all, and present were in place;

Though I them all, according their degree,

Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race;

read the savage countries through which they pass.

There was the Liffy rolling down the lee;

The sandy Slane; the stony Anbrion;

The spacious Shennagh spreading like a sea;

The pleasant Boyne; the strong fruitful Bann;

summer, its source being no doubt an intermittent spring. It is curious to compare with this a passage in the prophet Jeremiah (xv. 18); where an emblem of deception is found in the same occurrence—"Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail?"

Swift Awniduff, which of the English man Is cald de Blacke-water; and the Liffar deep; Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran; Strong Allo, tumbling from Slewlogher steer;

And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

Then came, hand in hand, three nearly allied nymphs, most fair to look upon, with a likeness that beseemeth so close a kindred, yet with something of a beauty peculiar to each. All who have ever seen them will be glad to meet again the Three Sisters:—

The first, the gentle Shure that making way,

By sweet Clonmell, adorne rich Waterford;

The next, the stubborn Newre whose waters gray

By faire Kilkenny and Rossepointe boord;

The third, the goodly Barrow which doth hoord

Great heaps of salmons in her deepe bosome;

All which, long sundered, doe at last accord

To loyne in one, ere to the sea they come;

So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

And for the last of the goodly company:—

There also was the wide embayd Mayre;

The pleasant Rondon grownde with many a wood;

The spreading Lee that, like an inland fayre,

Encloseth Corke with his divided flood;

And hateful Oure late stained with English blood;

With many more whose names no tongue can tell.

All which that day in order seemly good

Did on the Thames attend, and waited well

To doe their dueful service as to them befell.

Most of the descriptions here given would answer for the present day.

The Shannon still spreads itself like

adorned to meet the great lord, and

which to evidence the same of 1769?

an inland sea;* the Allo will be seen in our map "tombling" from the heights of Slievelogher, where also appear the Awniduff and Mulla in their proper places. The wide embayed Mayre or Kenmare river, is the western boundary of the county of Cork. The Bandon has its woods yet unharmed, as every one knows who has visited the demesne of Castle Bernard; and the Beautiful City is still embraced by the loving arms of the Lee. Now let us have the pleasant tale of the Bregoge's love for the "shiny" Mulla—a song which Spenser tells us was listened to by Raleigh, during his visit to Kilcolman in 1589. Read on now from the poem of *Colin Clout*:—

Of my river Bregog's love I soong,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and ever will, so
long
As water doth within his bankes appeare.

Old father Mole (Mole hight that moun-
tain gray
That walls the northside of Armulla
dale);
He had a daughter fresh as floure of
May,
Which gave that name unto that plea-
sant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nimph, which of that water course
has charge,
That, springing out of Mole, doth run
downe right
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth
at large,
It giveth name unto that ancient citie,
Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old;
Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth
and pitie
To travellers, which it from far beheld.
Full faine she loved, and was belov'd full
faine

Of her one brother river, Bregog
hight,
So hight because of this deeseitful
traine,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win
delight.
But her old sire more carefull of her
good,
And meaning her much better to pre-
ferre,
Did think to match her with the neigh-
bour flood,
Which Allo bright, Broad-water called
farre;
And wrought so well with his continuall
paine,
That he that river for his daughter
wonne:
The doure agreed, the day assigned
plaine,
The place appointed where it should be
doone.
Nath'lesse the nymph her former liking
held;
For love will not be drawne, but must
be ledde;
And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got her first to
wedde,
But for her father, sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she
went,
And eke from far observed, with jealous
eie,
Which way his course the warie Bregog
bent;
Him to deceive, for all his watchfull
ward,
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his streame he
shar'd,
That, whilst the one was watcht, the
other might
Passe unespide to meete her by the way;
And then, besides, those little streames
so broken
He underground so closely did convaye,
That of their passage doth appear no
token,
Till they into the Mulla's water slide.
So secretly did he his love enioy;

* Elsewhere Spenser borrows an image for the wavering tide of battle, from the contest between the sea and river waters of the Shannon:—

Like as the tide, that comes from th' ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And, overruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other source;
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
His borrowed waters forst to re-disburse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine;
Thus did the battell varie—

Faerie Queene, book iv. canto iii.

Yet not so secret, but it was desoride,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
 Who, wondrous wroth, for that so foule
 despight,
 In great revenge did rollo down from his
 hill
 Huge mightie stones, the which encum-
 ber might
 His passage, and his water courses spill.
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattered all to
 nought ;
 And lost among those rocks into him
 rold,
 Did lose his name : so deare his love he
 bought.

The rivers here mentioned flowed
 past Spenser's castle—the Bregog on
 the east, at the distance of a mile, the
 Mulla on the west, about two miles.
 Both rise, as the poet sings, in the
 Mole mountain ; they spring from
 wells in glens about a mile and a half
 asunder, on opposite sides of *Corring-
 las*, the highest mountain in the range.
 The Bregog proceeds in a winding
 course to the south-west, and falls into
 the Mulla a mile above the town of
 Doneraile : it is a very inconsiderable
 stream, forcing itself with difficulty
 among the rocks with which its chan-
 nel is encumbered ; and like many
 mountain rivulets, is dry during the
 summer heats. When we saw it in
 the course of the present year its bed
 was a mass of dusty sand.

The Mulla rises on the remote side
 of the hill from the Castle of Kilcol-
 man ; but has a more northerly head
 in Annagh bog (five miles from Anster's
 birthplace, Charleville)—which per-
 haps in strictness should be deemed its
 source. Spenser, in the foregoing
 passage, describes it as “ springing out
 of Mole.” It proceeds to Buttevant,
 and receives a branch a little above
 that town at Ardskeagh ; it thence winds
 away towards Kilcolman, and meets
 the Bregog near Doneraile. Direct-
 ing its course thence, it turns to the
 south, and flows through a deep ro-
 mantic glen to Castletown Roche, after
 which it enters the Blackwater at
 Bridgetown Abbey. It is now called
 the Awbeg ; in contradistinction from
 the Awmore, or Avenmore, one of
 the names of the Blackwater.

In his noblest nuptial hymn—the
 noblest save one, and that one sung by
 inspired lips—the poet again refers to
 his favourite stream, and calls on it
 to do honour to his bride. Let us read

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you the passage in “ Epithalamion : ”
 it is not very long ; the “ rushy lake ”
 is that close to Kilcolman Castle :—

Ye nymphes of Mulla, which with care-
 ful heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to
 feed ;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe
 excell ;)
 And ye likewise which keepe the rushy
 lake,
 Where none doo fishes take ;
 Bynd up the locks the which hang scat-
 tered light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror
 make,
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,
 That when you come whereas my love
 doth lie,
 No blemish she may spie,
 And eke, ye light-foot mayds, which
 keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountayne use to
 towre ;
 And the wylde wolves, which seek them
 to devoure,
 With your steele darts doe chase from
 coming neer ;
 Be also present here,
 To helpe to decke her, and to helpe to
 sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and
 your eccho ring.

Be not wearied, good friend, with
 our Songs of the Streams ; for we have
 not yet done with thee, or with them,
 or with Spenser. Fairest sight in
 creation are these rivers, whether
 small in their childhood, and found
 far among the mountains ; or in rich
 manhood, sweeping through the open
 plains ; or joining the ocean at last in
 slow and exhausted old age—lovely
 are they at all times ! And of the
 hymn of thanksgiving, which nature
 sends forth from her many-toned voice
 mounting up to her Creator's throne,
 the burden is borne by the rivers.
 The songs of the birds may be sweet
 and powerful, but they are also broken
 and perishing ; taken up of a sudden, and
 passing away and leaving behind them
 no trace of their being ; but the an-
 them notes of the streams are ever-
 lasting. They were listened to six
 thousand years ago by the world's grey
 fathers ; and on—on—on—ever since
 has that voice of praise been continually
 murmuring. The former are types of
 the adoration of man ; but the latter
 image forth the choral strains of
 heaven.

And poets have all loved the rivers!
Need we mention to you the banks of
the Doon, or the braes of Yarrow, or
the lonely retirements of the Duddon?
And here are the streams by which
Edmund Spenser walked in his glory,
dreaming bright dreams of hope and
blessing, and murmuring as he walked
their margin a music sweeter than
their own. Turn we once more to-
gether to the Faerie Queene; let these

ποταμῶν ἡγεῖν πρὸς τὰς

be once more sought out, and we shall
bid them adieu, and for ever.

If you will kindly glance over our
little map, you will perceive that the
Mulla has a neighbouring stream, to
the east, the Funcheon, and that in
one point it makes a considerable ap-
proach towards it. Now trace the
Funcheon towards its source, and you
will discover that it is thereabouts
joined by a little brook, the Brack-
bawn (or, as Spenser calls it, the Mo-
lanna), which issues from what we
have denominated Arlo Hill. About
these we have now to tell you. Though
our poet only himself published six
books of the Faerie Queene, he left
behind him two cantos of "Mutabilitie,"
which appear to be portions of a
seventh, and in them introduced some-
thing more of the scenery of his Irish
residence; and there is a beautiful
allegory in the first of these two can-
tos, so beautiful as to make us feel
more heavily still the loss of its con-
clusion. The great Jove having ef-
fected his conquest of heaven, and
hurled thence his aged sire, Chronos,
finds notwithstanding one goddess to
resist his claims—the Titaness, Muta-
bility. She pleads so strongly before
him, and makes so solemn an appeal to
Nature against the claims of certain to
admission in the heavenly councils,
that a convocation of all the gods is
summoned upon Arlo Hill. At which
convocation all who cannot controvert
the impeachments of the Titaness, are
to be for ever degraded:—

Eftsoones the time and place appointed
were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and
earthly wights,
Before great Nature's presence should
appeare,
For triall of their titles and best rightes;
That was, to meet, upon the highest
hights

Of Arlo Hill (who knows not Arlo Hill?)
That is the highest head, in all men's
sights,
Of my old father Mole, whose shepherd's
quill
Renowned, hath with hymnes fit for a
rurall skill.

Arlo Hill is now hight Galtee More; it is the loftiest of the eastern range of hills which Spenser called Mole, as Corringlas is of the western. We have the name preserved to us in one of its well-wooded defiles, the glen of Aharlow, through which a stream of the same name flows; the poet in his View of the State of Ireland speaks of Arlo as a place which needed a garri-son, and we fear the taint of suspicion has not yet been removed from it—the glen is in our day a secure retreat for the "boys of Tipperary."

But to this hill they all came, and certes Mutability made out a right good case for herself, showing that much was hers which Jove claimed for his own. She adduced the earth and her tenants, man in the first place, and after him the inferior creation; then the clouds and air, the ocean, the rivers, lakes, and seas. She bade the seasons pass in procession before the judge, and then the twelve months of the year; after these came the beautiful Hours, the glad some Day, and dark deep-browed Night. And lastly Life and Death—Life, the young lusty one, and Death, the grim shadow came, closing the pageant, and proclaiming that all things alike were subjected to Mutability. Notwithstanding, judgment was given against her; for Dame Nature, the president, proved that these alterations are in themselves only transitory—that renovation soon succeeding declares a force superior to Mutability—and that so far as the Immortals were concerned, her power was vain, since the very nature of their being exempted them from her jurisdiction. Thus was Jove confirmed in his seat.

But you will say, we have forgotten our rivers. By no means; we are proceeding to them surely, though perhaps circuitously. This hill of Arlo was once a favourite haunt of the goddess Diana, and in the waters of that little stream, Molanna, she full often refreshed herself, when wearied with the chase. Why those pleasant streams are deserted, the following

legend will abundantly declare; let us begin at the beginning:—

Whylome when Ireland flourished in
fame
Of wealth and goodnesse, far above the
rest
Of all that beare the British Islands'
name,
The gods then used, for pleasure and
for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them
best:
But none of all therein more pleasure
found
Than Cynthia, that is souveraine queene
proiest
Of woods and forests, which therein
abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more
than most on ground.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her
game,
(Either for chase of beasts with hound
or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus'
flame,
Or bathe in fountains that do sweetly
flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales
belowe,)
She chose this Arlo; where she did re-
sort
With all her nymphes enranged on a
rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft
consort;
For with the nymphes the satyres love
to play and sport:

Amongst the which there was a nymph
that hight
Molanna: daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright:
Unto whose bed false Bregog whilome
stole
That Shepheard Colin dearly did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well
knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so
shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull than
shee;
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no
man see.

For first she springs out of two marble
rocks,
On which a grove of oaks high-mount-
ed growes,
That as a girland seemes to deck the
locks
Of some faire bride, brought forth with
pompons showes
Out of her boure, that many flowers
strowes;

So through the flowry dales she tum-
bling downe,
Through many woods and shady coverts
flowes,
That on each side her silver channell
crowne,
Till to the plaine she come, whose val-
leyes she doth drowne.

In her sweet streams Diana used oft,
After her sweatie chase and toilsome
play,
To bathe herselfe; and after, on the
soft
And downy grasse her dainty limbes to
lay
In covert shade, where none behold her
may,
For much she hated sight of living
eye:
Foolish god Faunus, though full many
a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphes
in privity.

No way he found to compasse his de-
sire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire;
So her with flattering words he first
assaid;
And, after pleasing gifts for her pur-
vald,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from
the tree,
With which he her allured and betraied
To tell what time he might her lady
see
When she herself did bathe, that he
might secret bee.

Thereto hee promist, if she would him
pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with
a better;
To weet, that whereas shee had out of
measure
Long loved the Fanchin, who by nought
did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get
her
To be his love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her
debter
For many more good turnes then he
would tell;
The least of which this little pleasure
should excell.

The simple mayd did yield to him
anone,
And eft him placed where he close
might view
That never any saw, save only one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's
hew.

Then, as her manner was on sunny
day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her,
drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing
her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbs, for Jove a
likely pray.

And as with Actæon, so now the god-
dess detected the lurking beholder.
Abashed and enraged, she starts from
the guilty brook in company with her
maidens, and the foolish Fawn is cap-
tured. What sufficient punishment
can be devised for such prying wick-
edness? They mock and scorn him,
pluck him by the nose and tail, and
pull his goat's beard; while the guilty
culprit can only hang down his head
and wear the image of a mome. At
last some propose to clothe him in the
skin of a stag, and, giving him a small
life-chance, hunt him with their
hounds; but Diana has resolved not
only to wreak her vengeance on him
but on whomsoever aided him in his
guilt. Poor Nymph Molanna is dis-
covered:—

But Cynthia's selfe, more angry than
the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in
sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome
iest:
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphes, or other close
consort,
Him thither brought, and her to him
betraid.
He, much afeard, to her confessed short
That 'twas Molanna which her so be-
wraid.
Then all at once their hands upon Mo-
lanna laid.

But him (according as they had de-
creed)
With a deeres-skin they covered, and
then chast
With all their hounds that after him
did speed;
But he, more speedy, from them fled
more fast
Than any deere; so sore him dread
aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill out-
cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would
have brast;
That all the woods and dales, where he
did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud re-echo to
the skie,

So they him follow'd till they weary
were;
When, back returning to Molann'
again,
They, by commandment of Diana,
there
Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus,
for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves passe through a
pleasant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin she herselfe doe
wed,
And, both combined, themselves in one
faire river spread.

Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious
brooke;
In whose sweet streame, before that
bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbs she
tooke;
Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke
All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountaine, which doth
overlooke
The richest champion that may else be
rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thou-
sand salmon hid.

Them all, and all that she so deare did
way,
Thenceforth she left; and parting from
the place,
Thereon an heavy haplesse curse did
lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was
wont to space,
Shou'd harbour'd be, and all those
woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoile that
coast around.
Since which, those woods, and all that
goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and
thieves abound;
Which too, too true that land's indwel-
lers since have found.

And Cynthia's curse yet cleaves to
Tipperary; and among all the shires
of Ireland it holds a detested pre-
eminence in crime, for Arlo Hill is
daily trodden by the human wolf—the
intended or actual assassin.

But we must now return to the
personal history of our gentle poet,
which we have too long postponed in
our lingering over his sweet strains.
Spenser had scarcely established him-
self in his new abode when he lost
one of the kind friends through whom
it had been procured for him. The

grant of Kilcolman was made in the latter end of June, 1586; in the October following, Sir Philip Sidney, that "flowre of chivalrie," received his death-wound before Zutphen, in Guelderland. This accomplished scholar, who was a congenial companion of the poet's, as well as a kind patron, was deeply mourned for by him; and "Astrophel, a pastorall elegie," the germ of Milton's *Lycidas*, gives utterance to deep and well-founded grief for Sidney's loss. Three or four other laments followed; and some critics have even ascribed the discontinuance of the *Faerie Queene* to this sad origin—an explanation, in our judgment, more fanciful than warranted by fact, for now it was that the poet's mind was seriously occupied in the composition of this his greatest work.

Nearly three years glided over, unmarked by aught of moment; but they did not pass in vain for Edmund Spenser. Many of his best minor poems were at this time written; and the *Faerie Queene*, begun long before in England, but laid aside, was completed as far as the end of the third book. In the summer of 1589, Sir Walter Raleigh, who had just returned from a voyage to Portugal, visited the poet at Kilcolman. This meeting has been mentioned by Spenser, in a well-known passage in the poem of *Colin Clout*, which is needless to quote. Thomas Campbell's remarks on this interview, though somewhat flowery, are worth transcribing:—

"Spenser has commemorated this interview, and the inspiring influence of Raleigh's praise, under the figurative description of two shepherds tuning their pipes beneath the alders of the Mulla; a fiction with which the mind, perhaps, will be much less satisfied than by recalling the scene as it really existed. When we conceive Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh, in a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the enterprise of the discoverer of Virginia, and the genius of the author of the *Faerie Queene* have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The fancy might be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the genius of the country hovered, unseen, over their meeting, casting his first look of regard

on the poet that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on the maritime hero, who paved the way for the colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

The result of this visit was the return of our poet to England, in Raleigh's company; and soon after the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* were published, with a dedication to the sovereign, and an explanatory introduction, addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh. We have every reason to believe that the work was warmly welcomed. In fact, apart from its poetical merit, it was skilfully constructed to suit the spirit of the age. Under the thin veil of allegory the noblest personages of the court were described; and the great Gloriana herself was shadowed forth as only a type of the Queen of England. If Elizabeth's was the age of adulation, few could flatter so skilfully as Edmund Spenser; and in the very honour he sought, there was the delicate consciousness that he deemed his offering not unworthy of acceptance. How can we else than admire his presentation of the poem to the queen, so free is it from all servility and meanness; and yet the appreciation of the honour expected is fully expressed in it, for he desired his "labours to live with the eternitie of her fame!"

A pension of fifty pounds a year was conferred on the fortunate poet from the royal bounty; and his bookseller now found his name so high as to think it a prudent speculation to collect in a volume his miscellaneous poetry. But Spenser had to quit all this applause, and return to his lonely castle—soon, however, to be lonely no longer, as he now felt in love, and after a three years' wooing of a proud beauty was happily married to her on the eleventh of June, 1594. In the year following "*Colin Clout's come home again*" appeared—a poem in which, resuming a name he had formerly employed in the "*Shepherd's Calendar*," he describes what he had witnessed in the court of Elizabeth, and his own journey back to Kilcolman; in this also, as we have mentioned before, Raleigh's visit to him was recorded, and to that gallant knight the poem was inscribed.

About the same time he published a collection of sonnets, which he styled "*Amoretti*," referring to his courtship; and which serve to mark a new era in his compositions. He now takes the ground of an amatory poet, and even here occupies the highest place. The passion of Spenser is deep, and sometimes even voluptuous; but it is, notwithstanding, always refined and lofty. His love is human, yet never of the earth, earthy. You read in it the pride of possession, which says of the dear one, "my love, my dove, my undefiled!" and never intrude therein low thoughts, low images, or low desires. The imagination of the poet is holy, and hallows his human feelings; no where is profounder passion delineated, but it is passion unassailed and untainted, upon which the very eye of the noonday sun may not be ashamed to rest. Some men cannot read the Song of Solomon, and such will turn away from the marriage-hymn of Spenser (for a hymn it is in the loftier sense of the word;) but those who confess themselves

Not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,

will peruse both the one and the other, and take to themselves no wickedness from either. And we are very sure Spenser had that book of Canticles wide-spread before him as he wrote; since the coincidence in thought, and frequently in words, abundantly warrants the assumption.

In old days, long ago, in his youth, Spenser had loved, and loved tenderly. His vows were slighted, for he was then poor and nameless; and some village coquette, whom he calls Rosalind, cast from her the precious love of the writer of the *Faerie Queene*. We have Spenser now a married man, and are glad to know he found in his Elizabeth abundant recompense for the loss of Rose Lynde—as Todd makes out the name. The poet seems never tired of declaring the fulness of his joy; his pictures are of almost more than earthly blessedness; the solitude of his old castle walls was now lighted up by the smiles of a lovely woman, and soon children crept round his knees, and the cup of his happiness was filled to overflowing.

He visited London once more, in 1596, to superintend the publication of the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the *Faerie Queene*, which he had now completed. At this time, also, he presented to the queen the MS. of his prose work on Ireland; a work, which, whatever its faults, is a remarkable production—remarkable for the carefulness of its compilation, its knowledge of the country, and a variety of valuable suggestions respecting the government of the country by the English. He returned to Kilcolman with many tokens of the queen's favour; amongst which was his appointment to the shrievalty of Cork for the year 1597. The rebellion of Tyrone and the *sugan* Earl of Desmond broke out in the month of October; and one of the first places that fell into the hands of the insurgents was the Castle of Kilcolman; Spenser and his wife escaped with their lives, but his youngest babe (Ben Jonson says "newborn") and all his property perished in the burning castle. They reached London in safety; and on the 16th of January, 1598, in King-street, Westminster, in a humble lodging-house died the poet of the *Faerie Queene*.

Kilcolman Castle is now a ruin, and a fast-perishing one. There are no signs about it that any of the things we have been telling once occurred within its walls: the very traces of the fire have been washed out by the elements, and the memorials of the poet's ruin have passed away along with the tokens of his joy. But Mulla flows past it, even as it did then; and the everlasting hills still keep their watch over the stern old building. When we saw it last, we took a sweet pleasure in climbing up the slippery stairway of stone, which is yet perfect, and thinking that Raleigh and Spenser often went it up and down together. And there was a deep-recessed window, with a stone seat on either side, and a view from it of a far-spreading tract of champaign country; and we pictured for ourselves the poet (as old Aubrey in his *Lives* has written him), a little man, wearing short hair, with laced shirt collar and cuffs, seated on one of those chairs, and opposite him his Elizabeth, with those *fayre* golden tresses he so much loved. It was a

lovely evening in the autumn of the year, and the sun was now westering his course towards the remote hills; and that young couple sat there, watching with unspeaking rapture the magnificent Sun's going down. And the declining rays glistened on the surface of a small calm lake near them, and further off were multiplied in the waters of a winding river, which sparkled in them like burnished steel or silver. Then, like a thick black curtain, darkness was slowly drawn over their prospect; and after a little while we heard the tones of the evening hymn, and a low calm voice pleaded humbly in prayer; and soon after all sounds ceased, and the inmates of the castle were hushed in repose. Then succeeded an hour or two of stillness, and after that was borne to us on the night wind the tramp of a thousand feet; and louder they grew and yet louder, and they drew near that lonely building. And rude knocking was heard at its gate; and the passage was forced in; and lights flared up on all sides; and there were shrieks, and groans, and commingling cries of men engaged in deepest battle. And savage numbers prevailed, and the supplication for mercy was met by the sweep of the broadsword, or the thrust of the skein, or the low short laugh of derision. And the tumult grew lesser, and

the cries died away, and then all was hushed in the silence of death.

Then we had a vision of a rough and stormy ocean, and a struggling bark was wildly contending on it with the mad tempest; and there were terrified fugitives crouching low on her deck, and looking with eager eyes towards a blue low-lying shore they were with difficulty approaching. And then the scene changed to a plainly-furnished room in an inferior street, and the wanderers were there and knew of their safety; but the strong man's cheek was flushed with disease, and fever was feeding on his strength, and his head was sick, and his heart was broken.

And then in a gorgeous aisle of an ancient minster we saw a crowd to assemble, and a grave was dug, and a long procession issued from a low-arched door near at hand, and proceeded towards the grave. And the nobles of the land were there; and poets read their eulogies of the deceased, and cast the verses and the pens that indited them into the pit. And then there was the rumbling of earth upon the coffin-lid—and the hollow thumping of the sexton's spade—and suppressed sobs and tears—and the dying away of departing footsteps. Dust and ashes! and—our dream was ended.

A LEAF FROM THE BERLIN CHRONICLES.

"In this yeere walked alsoe ye diuel publicklye upon ye streets of Berlin, went toe funeralls, and bore himselfe sorrowfullye, &c."—*HARTTII MICROCOSMICON BEROLINENSE.*

"The prince of darkness is a gentleman."—*SHAKESPEARE.*

IN the year one thousand five hundred and fifty-one, used to appear in the streets of Berlin, chiefly in the dusk of the evening and at night, a man of a comely presence, and genteel to look upon. He wore a fair doublet with a border of sable, wide trunk-breeches, and slashed shoes, and, for head-gear, a certain full-padded barret-cap of satin, with a red feather. His manners were engaging and of great propriety; he had courteous greetings for all he met, but particularly for the ladies and young maidens, to whom, withal, he had an elegant way of saying such prettily-worded and obliging things as no mortal could resist. "Donna!" so would he frame his speech to a matron of condition, "if there dwell in your fair breast a wish yet ungratified, deign but to command your liege subject and slave, to the end he may do his poor utmost in its furtherance." Then, to the young damosels and spinsters generally, he would say with a benign, fatherly air, "Now may the heavens but find you a husband as nearly worthy as our imperfect nature will admit to possess so much beauty and virtue." No less abundant in civility was he towards the men; so that it was no more than was natural that the fascinating stranger became a general favourite, to whose aid every one in Berlin was too happy to fly, when, as sometimes happened, he stood in great distress at one of the broad street-gutters of their town, and for his life could not get over. For, notwithstanding for the rest he was a fine man, well-grown, and of goodly proportions, he had withal unfortunately a lame leg, and went with a crutch. Now if any one, on these untoward occasions, reached him a hand, so it was that he sprang with his friendly helper a matter of six Flemish ells,

bating a trifle, from the ground, and came down again twelve good paces at the other side of the gutter. It cannot be denied that this astonished the people a little; and indeed a sprained ankle or knee was commonly enough the cost at which the good folks of Berlin had to purchase the pleasure of rendering these little services to their interesting guest. However, he was so evidently grieved to the heart at such accidents, and consoled with the sufferers in so feeling a manner, that it was impossible to be angry with him; nay, you were even constrained to dissemble your pain, and to force a smile while suffering the torment of the rack, if you would in any wise set him at ease, or stem the flood of his self-upbraidings.

As, nevertheless, it was necessary in some measure to account for the little eccentricity above described, which was perhaps the only drawback upon the perfection of his breeding, and which, like a speck on gold, was the more unseemly for the brightness it tarnished, our stranger revealed that he had, previous to the misfortune of his lameness, been principal dancer to the King of Hungary; and that now, if, by the charitable help of his neighbours, he was at any time put in the way of making ever so small a display of agility, immediately came the spirit of his former art, like a possession of the—no matter who—upon him, and, forgetting time, place, and, he was sorry to say, the company he was in, away he was sure to go with a bound into the air, as were he at the same moment still dancing before Apostolic Majesty.*

If any dubious thoughts had risen in the minds of the good people of Berlin, they were fully set at rest by this explanation—it was so natural.

* The emperor of Austria is styled "His Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesty," the last as being King of Hungary.

The ladies thought more pity of his lameness than ever, and there were no bounds to their sympathy with the Queen of Hungary and all the young princesses, to say nothing of the ladies of honour, and fair aristocracy of that realm in general, that had lost such a principal dancer. As for the common people, they delighted more and more in the stranger, and were wonderfully tickled to see now a town's-councillor, now a dignitary of the church, now this, now that other worshipful personage, take the harlequin leap with him, and show a light pair of heels in spite of themselves. And indeed it was in some sort not undelectable (had you felt that it was quite right) to behold how men of weight, and who occupied space in the public eye, after an improvised saltatory exhibition and *tour de force* of this kind, would walk on (if haply they limped not), making efforts more than human, to maintain an air of unembarrassed dignity, and to look as if nothing particular had happened, and as if the little boys were not grinning at them.

Jocund and cheerful of mood, however, as our stranger for the most part appeared, he had now and then strange humours enough, under the influence of which he would present himself to his adoptive fellow citizens under an aspect somewhat unusual and terrifying. For so it was, that he would go about the streets at night, and knock at the house doors, and when the people opened, there stood he in white corpse-clothes, and lifted up such a doleful wailing, such unearthly howls and cries, as were never heard by Christian ears, at least in Berlin, which was ever a well-ordered and soberly-disposed town. Whereat, as was natural, the people were much troubled in their minds, and passed the remaining part of the night in agitation and dismay, not knowing what to think. And some there were who, combining in their reflection these ghastly freaks of the stranger, with what was reported of his Hungarian origin, fell upon doubtful cogitations whether he were not, at bottom, a vampire, and could not sleep for very fear. But on the following day again was he all apologies, and

would beseech his good neighbours that they would not take ill of him that which he was constrained to do, in order to remind himself and them of the mortality of this poor body, and of their immortal souls, of the welfare of which it behoved them ever to be mindful, and to use their best endeavours for the same. And so would he weep a little, which people found uncommonly touching.

There was no funeral, of high or low, in Berlin but our stranger attended it, followed the corpse with reverent steps,* and bore himself so exceedingly sorrowfully, that for downright sobbing and crying of well-a-day, he could not join in the psalms that were sung. But if, on such melancholy occasions, he gave himself up wholly to compassion, and to a disconsolateness that put to shame the very chief mourner, and filled with the bitterest feelings of envy and despair the bosoms of the professional *saulies*, so was he also, on the other hand, all enjoyment and satisfaction at the weddings of the good burghers, which in those days were held with great state and festivity at the town-hall; here he was wont to show that he could sympathize in the joy as well as in the grief of his neighbours; and, as at a funeral he often out-mourned the nearest relations of the defunct, so at a marriage it sometimes seemed that his happiness went beyond that of the very bridegroom. At such festivals he sang, in a clear, agreeable voice, songs in every variety of mode, played on the lute, danced for hours together with the young bride and the young maidens, on the sound leg, managing the lame one itself with an infinity of dexterity and grace, so that it seemed, if anything, rather a beauty than a blemish. Withal, he behaved himself in all respects with the greatest decorum and suitability. But what was best of all, and what made our stranger always welcome to a wedding party was, that he always made bride and bridegroom the handsomest presents of gold chains, buckles, and other such-like costly gear.

It could not be but that the piety, virtue, bountifulness, and good man-

* It is an equivocal attention when the "divel" goes to a man's funeral. See to this effect, vol. xvii. p. 221, of this Magazine (No. XCVIII. February, 1841).

ners of the stranger, should fill the whole town of Berlin with their fame, and at length come to the most serene hearing of Electoral Highness itself. The exalted personage who at that time governed Brandenburg was of opinion that such an estimable man as he of whom all these stories were told would surely be a great ornament to his court, and sent a message to the stranger, to ask if he would not like to receive some appointment that would attach him to the same. To which gracious communication, however, the stranger returned an answer, in vermillion letters, on a sheet of parchment an ell and a half in breadth, by the same in length, that he tendered most submissively his unworthy thanks for the proffered high honour, but prayed his "sacred and most serene lord" graciously to accord him permission to abide in that tranquil sphere of private life, which was so entirely and in all respects congenial to his disposition. Berlin, he added, he had chosen before many other cities for his abode, because he had nowhere else found such delightful worthy people, so much honourable faith and sincerity, and so much taste for refined and graceful manners, which were things altogether after his own heart, and in his own way.

The Elector and the whole court were lost in admiration of the beautiful language in which the letter of the stranger was couched; and with that there was an end of the matter.

At this juncture it came to pass that the honourable wife of worshipful Master Town's-councillor Walther Lütkins showed herself for the first time in a hopeful way, and old Barbara Roloffin, the midwife, prophesied that the comely dame, who was health and good spirits personified, would, without any manner of doubt, be brought to bed of a lovely boy; in consequence, Master Walther Lütkins was a right glad and hopeful man.

The stranger, who had been at Master Lütkins' wedding, was in the habit since that time of now and then calling at the house; and thus it came to pass, that once dropping in unexpectedly in the dusk of evening, he stood, before either of them was aware, face to face with Barbara Roloffin.

The moment old Barbara looked

upon the stranger, she uttered a cry of joy, and it was as if on a sudden the deep furrows and complicated wrinkles of her face unfolded themselves into smoothed plumpness, as if the bloodless lips and cheeks bloomed out into rosy freshness, as if, in short, youth and beauty, long departed, were returning to take up their abode anew in that old crazy frame. "Ah! blessed sight," cried the hag. "Ah! fair, fair fall the day! and do I behold the squire's own worship here bodily where I stand? Eh! take my fairest greeting, fair sir." And with that she had well nigh sunk at the stranger's feet. The eyes of the latter seemed to flash fire, and he gnashed out at the old woman some wrathful words, which none present understood, but at the utterance of which she, wan and wrinkled as before, drew back with a low whimpering cry into a corner.

"My dear Master Lütkins," said now the stranger to the town's-councillor, "look you well to it, and be on your guard, that no bad business happen in your house, and, in especial, that all turn out well, and be of prosperous issue, as regards the *accouchement* of your precious wife. That old Barbara Roloffin is in no wise so skilful in her craft as you may very possibly suppose. I know her long, and can avouch that many a mother and child have ere now perished under her hands."

Both Master and Dame Lütkins had felt, during all that had passed, very uncomfortable and queer in their minds, and conceived no slight suspicion against Barbara Roloffin (especially when they thought how strangely the old creature had altered in the presence of their guest) as one that to all appearance was given to the practice of something not unlike the black art. Accordingly they forbade her ever to cross the threshold again, and looked out for another midwife. At this, old Barbara waxed exceeding ireful, and was heard to threaten that Master Lütkins and his dame should sorely rue the affront and wrong they had put upon her.

Dame Lütkins' time came, and all Master Walther's joyful expectation was changed into bitter grief and disappointment, when, instead of the promised "lovely boy," he was presented by his wife with a frightful changeling. The thing was as brown as a chestnut,

had horns, great globose eyes, no nose, its mouth was wide and like a beast's, with a white mis-grown tongue, and of neck there was not a trace; the head was planted between the shoulders, the body was puffed and wrinkly like a toad's, the arms were appended to the loins, and no crane ever had a longer or a thinner pair of legs.

Master Lütkins, at sight of this "delicate monster," made sore plaint, and bemoaned himself in a piteous manner. "Oh just heaven!" cried he, "what am I, unlucky town's-councillor, to make of such a son? Is it any way possible that this my heir should ever tread in his father's respected footsteps? Was ever a chesnut-coloured town's-councillor before heard of? Was ever a town's-councillor seen that had horns on his head?"

The stranger comforted poor Master Lütkins, as well as it was possible to do. A good education, he urged, would do wonders. Notwithstanding the little stranger was certainly, as to externals, a rank dissenter, yet he doubted not that it had a very orthodox stomach and brains, which were, after all, the essential points. Further, he would venture to say, it glowered around it very sagaciously with its globose eyes, and that in the forehead between the horns, there was room for a great deal of wisdom. He did not see why the infant Lütkins might not yet one day stand before the world, a worthy successor to its father. "Town's-councillors, esteemed Master Lütkins," proceeded he, "have been *done* brown ere now, if none were exactly born of that colour; and as to—but enough—your offspring, if he come not to the honours that sit so becomingly on his sire, may yet attain others; if no town's-councillor, he may yet turn out at least a good doctor, a learned professor, a wise clerk: and you may trust me, who have in my time had not a little to do with the learned order, that such a horribly ill-favoured visage, so far from being prejudicial, is oftentimes a great advantage, gaining for its possessor the credit of being twice as learned as he is, and consequently redounding infinitely to his honour and consideration."

What effect the consolatory discourses of our stranger had upon Master Walther Lütkins, this true his-

tory specifieth not; but certain it is, that they did by no means abate his ire against old Barbara Roloffin, to whom in his heart he could not but ascribe his misfortune, especially when he heard that she had sat on the door step from the moment his wife was put to bed, and when Dame Lütkins herself declared with floods of tears, that all the time of her pains she had had old Barbara's withered features before her eyes, and could not, strive as she would, get quit thereof.

Unhappily, Master Lütkin's suspicion, strong as it was, would not serve as the ground of a judicial process; it was enough subjectively, or for Master Walther, but it was not enough objectively, or for the Judge. However, it was so ordered (for murder will out) that, soon after, not only this, but all the atrocities of Barbara Roloffin were brought, with the most conclusive evidence, to the clear light of day. It came to pass, namely, that, some time after these occurrences, there arose one day, about noon, a great storm, and that the wind blew with a force that nothing could resist. Just at the moment that the gale came on in its greatest fury, sweeping the streets of everything but the solid pavement, Barbara Roloffin, as it was disposed, was making such haste as her old limbs were capable of to some woman then in child-bed, when on a sudden, in the sight of several people who were looking out of the windows of their respective houses—for all in the streets had fled to the nearest shelter, and there was not a soul in Berlin unhoused but the hag herself—she was snatched up, as if by some invisible hand, and hurried away whirling like a great cockchafer, through the air, over the house tops and church steeples, and dropped without hurt or harm, on a green meadow before the walls of Berlin.

Now was there no room left for doubt of the infernal arts of old Barbara Roloffin: Master Lütkins hesitated no longer to come forward with his complaint, and the old woman was attached bodily, and put in prison. Being brought to trial, she denied everything stubbornly, as might be expected of so depraved a soul. Being asked if she had not flown in the air, she made answer, no, but had been blown away by the wind, as the judge him-

self (he being also an old and frail wizened body) might have been, in her place ; whereupon she was desired, towards men of worship, to use more reverence in her speech, and not to permit herself a supposition, as though his judge's lordship might peradventure have been in her place, who was but a base midwife. Unto which she made rejoinder, that she did not use the supposition that he had been in her place as a midwife, but in her place as one that walked on the street, adding further, that she had herself seen the judge's worship so walk, by this token that he also had at that same time, hand in hand with "the squire," (so she named the stranger) flown or leaped into the air, if not wholly so high as she was accused of doing, yet in any wise higher than it was customary in Berlin to do ; and yet had nobody, for this, fallen on the unworthy suspicion that his worship was a witch. And upon this being asked, how the judge's worship could be a witch, seeing none were such but old women, she made reply, evasively, and altogether from the purpose, that professionally she esteemed such to be old women, who were past bearing.

As nothing could be got out of her by oral questioning, it was determined at length to have recourse to the application of the mechanic powers, and to administer to her *the question* (emphatically so called), in its extremest urgency. And now, not being able to endure the pain, she relaxed from her obstinacy, and confessed all that was required of her ; namely, that being of a long time in league with the accursed fiend, she had wrought, and up to that day did work, all manner of flagitious deeds of sorcery ; that it was true she had bewitched Dame Lütkins, and by her incantations had conjured into the place of the true Christian infant that abominable mis-born imp ; and that, moreover, in concert with two witches of Blumberg, whose necks the "squire" (being tired of) had some time since wrung, she had slaughtered and cooked many christened children, in order to cause dearth in the country.

Her guilt being thus by her own confession fully established, this execrable woman was adjudged, as a witch, to be burnt alive in the new market-place. Hither, when the day appointed

for the execution arrived, she was conducted, amid an innumerable concourse of people, and made to ascend the pile erected for her in the middle. She had on a fair pelisse of fur, which she was bid lay aside, that it should not be consumed with her body ; but of this she seemed to make little account, and would by no means conform to that which was desired of her, saying that the hangman's knaves should bind her to the stake, clothed as she was ; in which humour finally she was indulged, and so it was done.

The pile was lighted, and burned up at all the four corners, when it was observed that the stranger stood among the crowd, and, towering gigantic over all around, glared on the witch with motionless blazing eyes. The thickening volumes of smoke went whirling up, the flames rushed from every side towards the old woman as if they had been living things, leaping, and crackling, and streaming up with a savage roar, until they had caught the garment in which she had wrapped herself, ravening like wolves for the quick flesh within ; but at this she shrieked, in a voice that made the blood of all that heard it run curdling to their hearts, "Ha! Satan! Satan! keepest thou thus the league thou struckest with me? Help, Satan! help! my time is not yet out!"

All eyes followed the direction of those of the hag, which were bent with a frenzied gaze on the spot where the stranger had stood. But he stood there no more : nobody had seen him go, yet he was gone — vanished — as if that portly form, the observed of all observers, the cynosure of Berlin, had been an optical illusion of the *Fata Morgana* sort. Some there were who said, afterwards, that they had seen him disappear, and that he did not wane off by little and little, into grey mist and thin air, tapering gradually into dimness and invisibility, like a ghost at the approach of daylight, but vanished at once, became extinct, non-extant, negative, in a moment ; went out, in short, like a candle when you *blow* it out. And as the candle leaves a smoke, so did he ; for there was seen to hang for a moment over the place where he had stood, a thin dark vapour, which, as the people gazed upon it, seemed to condense and take the form of a monstrous bat.

More and more palpable became the unclean shape to all eyes ; it shot first whirring up to a great height into the air, then, stooping like a falcon on the pile, it laid hold on the pelisse of the old woman, and bore her aloft and away therein, soaring higher and farther till it was lost to the eye, while on the ear still came a doubtful sound from above, as of far off, eldritch laughter.

The multitude stood with blanched cheeks, and hearts faint and sick with dread ; the glad sunshiny world around them seemed converted into a huge devil's phantasmagory, where were gibbering spectres and wily fiends, in wait for their simple souls. Who could be sure, from henceforth, that

the oldest familiar face that greeted him in his daily walks, was not a mere specious mask, behind which some guileful demon chuckled over his approaching destruction ? For it was but too manifest that the civil stranger whom they had made so much of, was no other than the devil himself, who must certainly have had some shrewd mischief hatching against the good souls in Berlin, when for such a length of time he conducted himself in such a Christian-like and neighbourly way, beguiling with his hellish craft Master Walther Lütkins, and many other wise men and judicious women.

So great is the power of the devil, against whose craft the good powers keep us all in grace.

TO SPRING.

BY THE REV. M. VICARY.

And thou art come again, sweet spring !
 Clothing with verdure every field. The flower
 From winter free'd rejoices in thy hour,
 That breathes new life on every sleeping thing.
 Flits fairy-like the insect's gossamer wing
 Along the rippling stream, or breathed bower ;
 Unnumbered songsters lays of gladness pour,
 Thee, season of love, and melody, welcoming.
 All nature wakes, and winter's wide domain
 Is now from vale to hill resigned to thee :
 So death, though o'er the mind it comes with pain,
 And binds with icy chain—the bond—the free,
 Shall vanish, never to recur again,
 Before the spring of immortality.

VIEWS AND ANTICIPATIONS OF ROMANISM.—THE JESUITS.*

A STATE paper of much importance has recently emanated from the court of Rome. It is the address of Cardinal Pacca, pronounced "at the solemn opening of the academy of the Catholic religion"—an address which derives authority from the circumstances under which it was spoken, but far higher authority from its contents, and from the well-known character of the speaker. "It is to be regarded," observes the editor of the *Journal des Debats*, "as an *exposé* of the ideas of the court of Rome on the subject of Catholicism in the different states of Europe, and as a *résumé* of its views and expectations. Under other forms of language, politics constitute its substance. Independently of the interest due to the subject, the address derives high consequence from the exalted position, the age, the abilities, of Cardinal Pacca—from the part he has played in the great affairs of Europe, and from his consummate experience." "We do not expect," continues the journal, "that the dean of the sacred college should be less than ultramontane; but it is good that governments should know that Rome has renounced no one of its pretensions. Let them reflect that they are warned."

Let the states of Europe consider themselves warned! The memento no one will think uncalled for, who reflects upon the indifference of governments to the progress of political schemes, which cover themselves with the name of religion, and concern themselves only with the inculcation and development of principles. Our times, if not "out of joint," exhibit some aspects of which the characteristics are very uncommon. There are many thinkers to be found in the people of every country. England, although not having her fair proportion of them, is not altogether destitute. Principles have honour paid to them in every civilized region. But it is a very remarkable peculiarity of our age, &c., a peculiarity strikingly

evidenced in our country, that the thinkers who concern themselves with principle abide among the people, that those upon whom the responsibility of governing is laid, bow down before the ascendancy of facts. If it were not so, the warning and the menace of the Parisian journalist would have been uncalled for, and would be especially out of place in the lands where it is now most seasonable—England and France.

"Rome has renounced no one of her pretensions!" "It is good that governments should be warned" of this truth. It is not a little surprising that governments should have become regardless of it. We confidently affirm that, since the erection of modern Romanism into a power, it has never been guilty of an act which could justly be said to imply an abandonment of its high pretensions. Governments, in their embarrassments, may have thought it convenient to put away the remembrance of them; statesmen may have found it for their interest to conceal—or in their indifference, may not have understood, the principles and the purposes of the court of Rome—they may have accepted also evidence, which, in other cases, they would have refused, that those dangerous principles and ambitious purposes were foregone and changed—but, in behalf of Romanism, we contend, that it never made itself responsible for the erroneous conceptions of sovereigns or states—that, in the warfare of diplomacy, it never stooped to the employment of a stratagem which it could not justify by its acknowledged code of morals—that it never deceived a political party, whether government or people, which ought not to charge on its own precipitancy, wilfulness, or culpable ignorance, the guilt of its betrayal. So much has been of late years written and spoken against the duplicity of Rome, that we feel bound to make this acknowledgment in her favour.

To return to our subject—there is

* Views and Anticipations of Romanism. Address of Cardinal Pacca, and of the Belgian Archbishop and Bishops, Les Jésuites. Par MM. Michelet et Quinet.

something of commanding interest in the office assumed by Cardinal Pacca, or rather by the church of which he appears in this instance the organ—that of influencing national interests in every part of the Christian or civilised world. It is, truly, a phenomenon little less than marvellous, to see a state such as that of Rome, not only attempting, but succeeding in the attempt, to exert an influence over foreign countries. It is (one would say) feeble and disorganised—the people without love or respect for their rulers—the rulers altogether incapable of quelling or controlling the factions which threaten their overthrow—helpless in themselves—existing by a precarious dependance on a power, which, if exerted against them, they are unable to resist—and which, even by withholding its protection and support, could seal their destruction. In such adverse circumstances the court of Rome maintains a haughty port, cherishes ambitious purposes, and instead of thinking to prolong a precarious existence by concentrating its energies within the narrow limits of its more especial jurisdiction, seems to dilate in a consciousness of universal dominion, and meditates or conducts great enterprizes within, or against, all countries upon the face of the earth, while it knows well, that even within its own “States of the Church,” its authority is ill-assured and feeble.

And thus it has been ever. The policy of papal Rome and that of pagan have strongly resembled each other. Both have been aggressive. To distract and defeat their enemies abroad, rather than contend against them upon the Italian soil, is found to be as prudent a device in modern times as it was when, under the generalship of Africanus, it had a successful issue in the destruction of Carthage. It is not to be wondered at that Rome should persist in a tactique through which many a triumph has been attained, but it is scarce less than wonderful to find the nations against which it has been employed, persevering in the policy or the impolicy which has conspired to its success. *Romanism is vulnerable in its creed—in its creed only*; and while it is contriving the disturbance and dismemberment of states, through agencies so subtle while they are weak, so peremptory when

strong, that it is thought no more than clemency to connive at them, or prudence to take them into alliance, the central principle of the false creed is suffered to remain in the obscurity with which it is artfully covered—the “veiled prophet” is permitted to prosecute his ambitious enterprises, and to gather around his banner multitudes who would abhor and renounce their merciless leader, if it were given them to look upon his deformity.

It is a confirmation of these views that, where Romanism has been at liberty to embody her principles in act, her authority is prostrate or declining,—that where she is so held in check, that she can be cruel only in speculation, she is rising into power. In Spain and Portugal her wand is broken—her strength is gone. In Italy her dominion is maintained by foreign aid. In Belgium, in France, in England, she seems preparing—such are the flattering signs of the times—to resume her ancient ascendancy.

In speaking of the state of Spain and Portugal, Cardinal Pacca places no restraint upon the eloquence of his sorrow and indignation. He had many years since feared that calamity was to come upon these once favoured countries—that the relative condition of Spain and Africa was to be reversed; the latter restored to the faith for which it had been once illustrious, and Spain re-plunged into barbarism and infidelity. He wished that such thoughts had been dreams, not visions—had belonged rather to poetry than prophecy:—

“But, alas,” he continues, “the melancholy state of religious affairs in Portugal and Spain recalled to me these sad presentiments, and I feared that the fatal day was come, when the faith would abandon these realms, once so catholic and faithful. I have seen on the coasts of Africa valiant France setting up again in triumph the standard of the cross, re-erecting altars, converting profane mosques into temples dedicated to the Lord, and constructing new churches; whilst on the opposite shore they despoil in Spain holy altars, tear down or deliver to the flames edifices set apart for divine worship. I have seen, in Africa, a holy and venerable pastor surrounded by zealous priests, not only received with acclamations and enthusiasm by catholics, but respected, venerated, by infidels, by Bedouins, and Arabs; whilst in unhappy Spain they

were cited *before the tribunals of laymen*, faithful pastors constrained to undergo unjust judgments, cast into prison, or banished from their sees, and in the very house of the Lord august ministers of the sanctuary cruelly slain at the foot of the holy altars, in hatred of the catholic religion.

"I have seen on the coasts of Africa, in Algiers, received as angels from heaven the daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul, the venerable sisters of charity who, armed only in their gentleness, their modesty, their tender solicitude for the afflicted, awakened admiration and enthusiasm in the hearts of infidels, and disposed them to accept the light of the gospel, and embrace a religion which inspires and cultivates so many virtues. And on the opposite shore, in Spain, the virgins dedicated to God were driven forth from their sacred asylums, and deprived of all resources necessary for the sustenance of life.

"Would not all this seem to announce, as I have said, and to cause fear for Spain, that the fearful moment is at hand when God, in his justice, wills to convey elsewhere the light of the faith and to fill up the fatal menace, which the Saviour made to the Jews, in the words cited by St. Matthew — 'The kingdom of heaven shall be taken, to be given to another people, to bring forth fruits thereof.'"

Such is the state of Spain—the country to which Rome committed especially the defence of her church. The cardinal, who laments over it, consoles and encourages himself by the more cheering prospect presented by the condition of England.

"I cannot behold without sorrow this situation of the Catholic Church in those two kingdoms (Spain and Portugal)—where it was formerly so flourishing. It is with very different feelings that I shall now consider what is passing in another country, where for several centuries, it had been groaning under the most rigorous and tyrannical persecution. There the unfortunate Catholics were denied even the consolation of a free exercise of their worship; not only was that worship not tolerated, but it was even proscribed under the severest and most cruel penalties. At present, through a marvellous change, new temples and magnificent cathedrals are to be seen rising in those very same regions, in honour of God—convents and monasteries are being built for the religious of both sexes—and a beneficent and generous hospitality is tendered to the priests of foreign nations, whom the persecu-

tion of their native country has struck. It is easily seen that I am adverting to England. These facts are most consoling. Yet, we must not flatter ourselves as some persons already do, that the sect denominated Anglican is already on the point of expiring. It is quite true that it is daily losing some ground, abandoned as it is by innumerable sectarians, who have already fallen into complete incredulity—and by many others, who, enlightened by the divine grace, are returning to the bosom of their mother, the Catholic church, which has not ceased to love them with tenderness. Nevertheless, that Anglican church is an edifice, which, however impaired and tottering as it seems to be, rests on two firm props, the power of the aristocracy and the opulence of the clergy.

"So long as the great lords of that country shall be permitted to distribute to their brethren, children, and nephews, the opulent revenues of the episcopal manse, and of the rich benefices, amounting annually to £6,000,000, or 32,800,000 Roman scudi, it is vain to flatter ourselves that that sect will disappear. But if the Lord continues to bless the zeal and labours of our clergy in England, the Protestant pastors will soon be abandoned by the larger portion of their flock. It is not long ago, that the Protestant rector of a parish in Ireland had no other parishioners but his wife, children, and maid-servant. At all events, that which the Anglicans call defection, and which we call conversion, will force the government to reflect seriously. In other times it might have been feared, that it would but serve to render persecution more violent—but in the present state of Europe, none but results favourable to the cause of the Catholics can be expected from it.

"England, therefore, yields us consolation amidst the sorrows of the church."

We are not disposed to envy to his eminence this transitory consolation. The condition of the church in England is certainly not that which we could wish—but our reliance upon truth and on the English character is such that we can read the predictions and menaces of foreign and domestic enemies without dismay. It is true that the public mind is much disturbed and alarmed on subjects of surpassing interest—true, also, that elements in the Church of England which had been held in combination now show themselves distinct and separated—but we are persuaded that this state of

things will not be of long endurance, or of a fatal issue. No, we are given to see great principles on their trial, tested by every agency, in every form in which a scrutiny can be applied. The Catholic principle which respects authority, antiquity, union—the Protestant principle which would be the safeguard of liberty, and would insist on maintaining the right of private opinion, because a paramount duty is involved in it—these, from causes which it is not necessary to enumerate—have been placed for a time in a state of apparent antagonism; but it is not in the nature of things that they can long remain so. By character and constitution they are allies. They are of the same origin, they have the same end and object, and it is not to be supposed that they can long be held in estrangement from each other.

But it is a curious subject of alarm by which the prudent cardinal's expectations are dashed. The wealth of the Church of England, and its connection with the aristocracy of the country, he imagines, will retard, if not prevent, its overthrow. What a comment on the clamours raised against the church as a system which can never prove serviceable for any good until it is released from its mundane opulence. We do not, of course, mean to deny, that wealth may be abused—that revenues may be ill distributed, and that evil consequences may result from a mal-administration of funds in any system or organization, secular or religious. We are not re-opening a question which we think has, for some time been closed, respecting the wealth of the church, or attempting to prove (a work of supererogation) that the revenues of the Anglican church are not more than moderate; but we think it well to direct attention to the fact that economists in England and Romanists abroad and at home—the Cardinal is one of many—have preferred the same complaints against the church—the complaint that it is wealthy—and that the Romanist remonstrants assign as the ground of the objection, that this wealth and splendour of which they complain, increase the difficulties in their assaults upon an institution they would destroy, and diminish the hopes which they would gladly entertain of seeing it speedily overturned.

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Among the compensations for which the cardinal expresses a deep sense of thankfulness, the state of religion in Flanders also holds a high place. After enduring so many novercal governments, and in which the faith might often have been wrecked, it is not marvellous that a devoted son or servant of the Church of Rome should regard with very deep satisfaction the present estate of the priesthood in Belgium. To them, it can scarcely be disputed, the chief authority in the land has drifted. The sovereign appears to hold his throne on sufferance—the so-called representatives of the people are, in point of fact, delegates of the clergy, and even that department in the state which seems exempted from their direct control, is reached and governed through their influence. Such has been the issue of the Belgian revolution. Liberals and Romanists joined in the experiment. Liberals were impatient of the mild control of Holland, or else expected to achieve for themselves higher distinctions or larger emoluments in the scramble consequent upon a dismemberment of the empire. They have realized, to their great detriment, the old story of the horse and the deer—the unwelcome intruder upon their pastures has been chased away, but the deliverance has been accomplished at a cost and a sacrifice that infinitely outpaid it. The government of Romanism was a bad exchange for that of Holland, and in removing the one, Belgian liberalism has established the other in authority—

“Non equitem dorso, nec frenum depulit ore.”

But appearances are often deceptive, and even cardinals may, in some rare instances, be deluded by them. Belgium, although at this moment a dependancy, through its priests, on the Church of Rome, is not held by a tenure which promises permanence. The prostrate party is somewhat refractory. In forming an alliance with liberalism, the clergy of Rome were under the necessity of enacting tolerance, and a latitude was so long given to thought and expression, that freedom of speech and publication has, in some sort, become domesticated in Belgium. In consequence, books—and the range is not very extensive of those which Romanism would not pronounce “bad books”—swarm thick as

Egyptian plagues, enlarging the number of the liberal party, and confirming their prejudices. And so it fares, that, while Cardinal Pacca is congratulating himself, and thanking heaven for the triumphant aspect of his church in Belgium, the prelates of that favoured land are remonstrating in tones of indignation and dismay, against the diffusion of pestilent opinions through their flock, and are evidently eager for a return of the pious times when they could protect good Catholics against all intellectual poison by committing to the flames prohibited books and the authors of them.

Nor in France are matters in that state of security and repose which Cardinal Pacca imagines. On the contrary there is now pending a conflict between the Jesuit party and the University of Paris, or more properly, perhaps, the patrons of secular education generally, which may put Romanism in jeopardy, and which seems big, whatever its issue may be, with mighty consequences.

"*Les Jésuites*, par MM. Michelet et Quinet," consists of a series of discourses delivered by the eminent and able writers whose names they bear, in the course of the past summer, in Paris, on the character, the objects, and the practices of the institute of Loyola. The interest excited by these lectures during the period of their being delivered was extreme, and the avidity with which they were sought on their appearance in a printed form, may be judged of from the fact that the course was not concluded till the month of July, and before the end of August they appear to have gone through three editions.

The following extract from a discourse of M. Quinet, who in lectures on the literature of the south of Europe, felt it a part of his duty to consider the Jesuit institute in its effects upon human society, will show the spirit in which the subject of Jesuitism is taken up. To the initiated it may serve also to show more in the character of the antagonist parties than meets the eyes of the superficial.

"Why, say they, speak of the Society of Jesus, in a course of lectures on the literature of the south? What connexion have things so different with each other? I must have been very unfortunate, and must have lost my time strangely, if you have not

already perceived that indissoluble connexion in all its full extent. At the end of the sixteenth century, popular intelligence in Spain, and still more in Italy, became decidedly dwindled. Writers, poets, artists, disappeared one after another; instead of the vigorous, audacious generation which had departed, the new men languished in a deadly atmosphere. It was no more the heroic innovations of a Campanella or a Bruno; it was honied verse or insipid prose, spreading around, as it were, the heavy odour of a sepulchre. But while all of national genius was decaying, we see a little society, that of the Jesuits, which, growing perceptibly, and insinuating itself through every pore of these decaying states, nourishes itself with the remnant of vitality in the heart of Italy; gathers strength and size from the substance of this great divided body; and when so great a phenomenon appears in the world, when it predominates over all other intellectual occurrences, and is their influencing spirit, one must not speak of it! When I encounter, directly, in my subject, so powerful an institution, one that reacts on every mind; one which comprises, which sums up the whole system of the south, I must turn away my eyes and pass on! What, then, remains to do? To restrict one's self within the study of some sonnets, or of some of the amatory mythology of these ages of decline? Agreed—but in spite of all this the question will not escape us; for, after having studied these nothings, it will be incumbent on us to show the deleterious influence which has called them into being; and all the difference resulting from our postponing the discussion of Jesuitism will be to invert the order of our proceedings, and to place at the end what should have been at the commencement. The examination of the death of a people, is, if one would seek the cause of it, as important as the examination of their lives. But at least, add they, might you not show the effect without the cause—the literature and the policy, without their governing principle—Italy without Jesuitism—the dead without the living? No, I cannot; and, moreover, I will not.

"What! shall I by attentive observation see southern Europe consuming away amid the formation and the development of this establishment—languishing, dying under its influence; and, while I am here especially occupied with the people of the south, shall I not say what occasions the decay?—(murmurs.) Shall I tranquilly see my own country invited to an alliance for which others have so dearly paid, and shall I not say, beware? Others have tried the experiment for you—the most diseased nations

of Europe, those who possess the least credit and authority, those who seem the most abandoned of God, are those where the society of Loyola has established itself!—(*murmurs, cries, shuffling of the feet; the voice drowned for some minutes.*) Do not risk this descent, example shows its dangers; do not sit under this shade, it has benumbed and poisoned Spain and Italy during two centuries—(*tumult, cries, hisses, and applause.*) I ask if from these general facts I am not to draw the obvious conclusions, what becomes of all real information on such subjects? But here, again, my astonishment is redoubled. For what order, for what society is this strange privilege demanded? Whom is it here wished to place beyond the reach of discussion or observation? Is it haply the existing clergy of France? or one of those peaceful and modest communities which need protection against an intolerant majority? No; it is a society which (we shall examine afterwards whether justly or not) has been at different epochs expelled from every state of Europe; which the pope has himself condemned; which France has cast from her bosom; which has no existence in the eyes of the state, or rather, which is considered as dead in law in our country. And it is this nameless wreck which hides itself, disguises itself, and grows great, (*en se reniant,*) which we are not to study, to consider, to analyse in its origin and in its past course. It is admitted that all other orders have had their periods of decline, of corruption: that their spirit has been adapted to particular epochs, after which they have been forced to give place to others; just as political societies, states, nations, which have had their day and their appointed duration; and the Jesuitical society is the only one of which, without a species of risk, we may not show the meannesses, mark the phases of decline, the signs of decrepitude; it is blasphemy to compare its periods of prosperity with its days of decline, since that would be attributing to it the vicissitudes common to all other institutions. To question its unchangeableness is almost an effort of courage. Where would this path conduct us? Is it that of the France of July?—(*applause.*) Nevertheless, I will say my whole mind. Yes, in this boldness there is something which pleases and attracts me; it seems to me now that I comprehend, that I bring out the grandeur of this society better than all its apologists. They would wish me not to speak of it; and I pretend, on the contrary, that this society has been so powerful, its organization so ingenious and so full of vitality, its influence so long continued

and so universal, that it is impossible not to speak of it, when considering the period of the revival of literature with reference to its poetry, arts, morals, politics, and institutions. I maintain that after having seized upon the substance of all the south, it has remained during a century the sole living thing in the bosom of those departed societies. Even at this moment divided into shreds, trampled on, crushed by so many solemn edicts, to come to life under our eyes—half lift itself and speak dictatorially, while scarcely risen from the dust; to provoke, to menace, again to fling the gauntlet at intelligence and good sense; those are not the acts of a narrow genius or a timid courage. If the world, after having extirpated Jesuits, will let them again seize on it, they do well to try; and if they succeed, it will be one of the greatest miracles of the modern world. At all events, they follow their law, the condition of their existence, their destiny. I blame them not, they obey their characters. All would be well, if, on the other side, all were true to theirs. Yes, this reaction, notwithstanding the intolerance which it boasts of, does not displease me; the future would profit, if all did their duty; that is to say, if science, philosophy, and human intelligence provoked and appealed to at length should accept this great challenge. Perhaps we were inclined to slumber in the possession of a limited number of ideas, without dreaming of increasing them. It is well that the truth should from time to time be disputed; it incites man to make new acquisitions therein. If he has no fears for his heritage, he not merely does not augment it, but he lets it decrease. They accuse us of having been too bold. I will take some blame to myself; only I will say, that instead of having been too bold, I begin to fear that we may have been too timid. Compare, in fact, for one moment, the instruction in our country, and that in the universities of the despotic northern governments. Is it not in a Catholic country, in a Catholic university at Munich, that Schelling has, during thirty years, been unfolding, with an increasing audacity, the idea of this new Christianity, of this new church, which at once transforms the past and the future? Is it not in a despotic country that Hegel, with still more independence, has revived all the inquiries relative to dogma? And then it is not alone theories and mysteries which are freely and philosophically discussed. It is, moreover, and on every occasion, the letter of the Old and New Testament to which they apply the same disengaged spirit of high criticism as to Greek and Roman philology."

We are far from questioning the validity of the eloquent professor's defence, or from denying that an exposition of the character of Jesuitism was pertinent to his subject, although that subject was literature. At the same time, we are persuaded, that had the spirit which animated the order of Loyola been laid to rest, or were its material organization less formidable than it is, neither of those distinguished men who hold the chairs of history or literature in Paris, would have hazarded the opposition or the inconvenience of provoking a discussion to which they did not appear to be directly and forcibly called. The truth is, evidently, that the power of the Jesuits at the present day, their projects, their schemes, compel attention to their past history, to the spirit and genius of their institution. As matter of speculation and science, such a subject would certainly be one of very deep interest; but were its interest of a purely antiquarian or speculative character, it would not have called forth the eloquence of MM. Michelet and Quinet. These bold men cite the Jesuitism of the present day to answer not merely for the wrongs it inflicted in past times upon society, but those which at this moment it meditates. They expose its avowed principles, and purposes, and acts, that they may arouse the reasonable apprehensions of their country and age against the most formidable danger by which both are threatened.

As matter of abstract inquiry, we scarcely know any subject of more exciting interest than that of the Jesuit

institution—how is the interest enhanced when its past is regarded as a light which warns of a very menacing future! The Jesuit order has not, perhaps, had the calm sentence of philosophy pronounced upon it. All who have written upon its merits, or its demerits, have written like partizans—all have written like persons who feared its power, who hated it, or who sheltered behind it; but however divided opinions may have been among advocates or accusers, the common feeling of humanity seems to have been pronounced in the astounding fact, that all countries in which the Jesuits had obtained a settlement—many a country or community in which they were at first welcomed with love and devotion—some, wherein they were from the first suspected—have come at length to the same judgment, and that an adverse one. The Jesuits have suffered expulsion from places in which they had had opportunities of developing their principles and manifesting their character, in *thirty-seven distinct instances*. "It is not," writes the Abbé du Pradt, "the facts in detail which it is important to prove, it is the spirit of those facts; when the one is known, we know the others, and can only look for the same results from the same causes. A detailed history of the Jesuits would occupy an immense space, more than what the history of a great state would demand. One single trait, a trait unique in the annals of the world, one trait belonging alone to the history of Jesuitism, is the subjoined* list of the expulsions the Jesuits have undergone

* List of the expulsions endured by the Jesuits:—

From Saragossa in	1555	From Bohemia,	1618
— the Valteline in	1566	— Moravia,	1619
— Vienna,	1568	— Naples and the Low Coun- }	1622
— Avignon,	1570	tries,	
— Antwerp, Segovia, Portugal,	1570	— China and India,	1622
— England, ... 1579, 1581, and	1586	— Malta,	1634
— Japan,	1587	— Russia,	1676 and 1823
— Hungary and Transylvania,	1588	— Savoy,	1729
— Bordeaux,	1589	— Portugal,	1759
— all France,	1594	— Spain, the 2d of April, ...	1767
— Holland,	1596	— Kingdom of the Two Sic- }	1767
— the city of Tournon,	1597	lies, 3d Nov.	
— Bearn,	1597	— Duchy of Parma, 8th Feb.	1768
— England again in	1601	— Isle of Malta again, 22d }	1768
— the same,	1604	April,	
— Dantzic and Thorn,	1606	— Rome and all Christendom,	1768
— Venice,	1606 and 1612	Partial or general expulsions, 37.	
— Kingdom of Amara or Japan,	1613		

throughout the world. What then has been the nature of that society which has constrained all countries and all governments alike to expel it? Thirty-seven expulsions undergone by one single religious body! What! the thirty-nine monastic orders cited above have not drawn upon themselves, collectively, one similar mark of disapproval—it is a privileged stamp reserved for Jesuitism alone.”

That a society like that of the Jesuits should continue to exist, against which humanity seemed so unequivocally to protest, and that it should appear, notwithstanding so many shocks and disasters, to be gathering strength for new efforts to attain dominion over mankind, is one of those rare phenomena which the least curious among reflecting men might naturally desire to investigate. It seems almost to realise the idea which ascribed to the original particles of matter such a consistency as rendered them imperishable and unchangeable; indicating, that wherever a solitary Jesuit survived, his order lived in him, and he became, as it were, a kind of insoluble and infrangible centre, around which an order reconstructed itself anew. It is a marvellous story—that of the fortunes of Jesuitism; not of its fortunes only, but of its bold and subtle devices, the artifices by which it baffled power, the disguises under which it escaped detection, the deceits and equivocations by which it evaded the authority to which it pretended unqualified submission and obedience.

The order of Jesuits was thrown up into existence, the reader need not be informed, in the age of mighty productions, the era of the Reformation. Luther and Loyola were the action and reaction of that time of giants. These two men issued forth into the world out of the same system—the Catholic Church—a church, in their day, fallen into a state of chaos, where a true faith was yet preserved, but amidst, and often underneath, fictions by which it was opposed or superseded. The limits of the church were extensive enough to comprehend within them great parties representing the spirit of the times, and strongly discriminated from each other. There were the Reformers, who upheld the sovereign authority of Scripture, and, in comparison with its pure word and

the light by which faithful men studied it, held all human authority in disesteem. These would reduce the faith and discipline of the church to the standard which should be set up by Scripture and right reason. There was, if such a term may be employed, the ecclesiastical aristocracy, who would uphold the right and authority of general councils, and would insist that whatsoever these august assemblies changed should be reformed at their decree, that whatsoever they declared fixed should remain, at their command, unaltered. And there were the advocates of that mighty monarchy, the papal power, who insisted, that the claims put forth on the part of the chair of St. Peter—claims of universal dominion over all estates, spiritual and temporal, should be acknowledged just and legitimate. For centuries the principles thus represented, had been at issue. Popes, and councils, and reformers, had been contending for their respective ends. Controversy, and war, and persecution, had been their instruments. In the age of the Reformation, the struggle became gigantic; and, after a crisis of interest unequalled in human history, the aspect of society became changed, and the condition of the church essentially altered. The Church of Rome emerged from the struggle, with its ancient forms, *and a new faith*. The Reformers separated, bearing with them *the faith of primitive and apostolic times*, and holding this faith amidst forms which bore not the stamp of so venerable an antiquity.

In effecting this mighty change, the influence of Loyola was not less effective than that of Luther. If Protestantism had its champion in the Reformer, the Jesuit is, not less plainly, the architect of modern Romanism. The Council of Trent was the instrumentality through which the transformation of the Church of Rome was effected, and the agency which directed the change was Jesuitism. It was a change vast in its nature and its consequences. It constituted the bishop of Rome an absolute monarch. It annulled the privileges of all orders, communities, individuals, in his communion; and it had the prospective effect of prohibiting for ever the assembling together of those great assemblies, which, in old times, in the primitive and

the middle ages, constituted the legislature of the Catholic Church. The Council of Trent was the first general council in which Jesuits were present to take a part; and they so availed themselves of the privilege indulged to them, that the church was never afterwards able to assemble another.

It is sometimes not less instructive than surprising, to observe the principle on which premises and conclusions become paired together. An instance in point presents itself, in comparing the systems of the Reformers and the Jesuits—or, it may be said, of Loyola and Luther. The latter must be regarded as a champion of individual freedom—the former the chosen defender of absolute authority. According to Ignatius, there was to be but one active and efficient volition upon earth—all human faculties and powers were to bow in unresisting subservience to the Papal will: in Luther's system there was a provision for that right of private judgment which is utterly incompatible with Papal rule, and which has been described as inseparable from, if not constituting the very essence of, Protestantism. Such is the contrast exhibited by the two systems—the one representing liberty as a right, which it is a religious duty to guard inviolate: the other maintaining as its first and greatest commandment, a servitude and submission, which, to render its nature unequivocal, is designated by the name of a "*blind obedience*." Such are the contrasted systems—a despotism and a democracy: and the freedom of thought, and act, and speech vindicated by the Reformers is found to co-exist with a religious dogma which condemns as a most pestilent error, the idea that the will of man *can be free*, while the servility enforced by the Jesuit is rendered the more conspicuous by the doctrine from which it is extorted, the doctrine which constitutes the central principle of the Jesuit religion—namely, that which asserts the unrestricted freedom of human will. This is the doctrine which the Jesuit party has ever employed as its main argument against the Reformers—spontaneous consciousnesses of the human heart became its allies in the controversy, and wherever it prevailed, it required that the emancipated will, free in the light of reason, by the providence of God, should be

prostrated, so as to lie still, or to move, only at the command of a human being, invested with (what must ever be regarded as a) superhuman authority. Thus did the policy of this subtle order convert the very prejudices of the human heart, in favour of liberty, into agencies by which liberty was abolished; and thus did it insure for itself the services of devoted adherents, in whom the passive and unscrupulous submission of a slave is reconciled with the enterprize and enthusiasm of the free.

The interests of Jesuitism were very materially served, by a rule which might seem, to the unobservant, prejudicial to the order which could enforce it. A Jesuit could not accept ecclesiastical promotion. The dignities of the church glittered for him in vain. He must lay down his ambitions at his entrance into the order. A two-fold advantage was derived from this self-denying ordinance. It constrained every member of the body to identify himself with his order. "He was," as an eloquent writer observes, "walled up in it"—

"Nactus es Spartam, exorna,"

was, as it were, oracularly proclaimed to every votary; and it is not rash to affirm, that every votary, with few exceptions indeed, to the utmost of his abilities obeyed the injunction. He could not entertain an ambitious dream, without comprehending his order in the vision. To become illustrious, he must have fame in his society, and must contribute to the exaltation of the body with which he is associated for life. The rule had another good effect. It facilitated the access of Jesuits to the confidence of the great. In choosing a confessor, it was something to feel assured, that the reward of spiritual direction was not to be a mitre or a cardinal's hat; that a rival, or an enemy, or even the court of Rome itself, could not employ such bribes in purchasing secrets of the confessional; and that the self-denying son of Loyola could not be an encroacher, at least in his own person, upon his penitent's ecclesiastical patronage. Thus was the order doubly benefited: fortified within, by securing the devoted attachment of its members—facilitated in its enterprizes by the

ready access it achieved for its chosen ministers into "the chambers of princes."

It is not, perhaps, matter of surprise, that such a society, in all its difficulties, should have found protectors; that when persecuted in one direction, it should be befriended in another. Such was its fortune. It won and wearied out, successively, the friendship of every Roman Catholic state or people; and when it had exhausted the benevolence of all, and had seen Rome herself yield to the indignant remonstrances of all Roman Catholic Europe, it sought shelter, and found it, for a time, from the despot of Prussia—from the autocrat of Russia—escaping from the condemnation of the faithful, and the censure and sentence of the Infallible, to the tainted mercies of a schismatic and an atheist. Russia, to be sure, soon saw reason to repent of her hospitality, and by a very summary process, chased her intriguing guests away. Prussia was more tardy in awakening to a sense of her imprudence. We shall not enlarge upon what it has already cost her, or on the amount of evil she may yet have to suffer from her too haughty and unreflecting confidence.

In Russia, however, during the days of their dispersion, the Jesuits had their most honourable abode; and it is a curious coincidence, that the protection and hospitality offered at the time when they were condemned and dissolved by a papal bull, was withdrawn, when, perhaps, it was no longer needed, in the year after that in which the order was restored by Pius VII., at the desire, as his bull expressed it, of all the churches.

It is not to be imagined that the bull of Pius VII. preceded the *formation* of that order of Jesuits which seems now to aim at universal dominion. Clement XIV. had "scotched the snake, not killed it." His bull had the effect of *rusticating* the order; of sending it, as it were, into temporary retreat; but Jesuitism was of a character far too audacious and self-dependent to yield to the command of any being, however exalted, an obedience by which its interests would be preju-

diced, and to which no absolute necessity constrained it.

A history of the Jesuits, during the forty years eclipse of the order, in the interval between the publication of the bulls of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) and Pius VII., would have an interest not less deep and lively, than that of the most prosperous period of the order; nor would it be less instructive. We dare not enter upon it in our present number, but we only postpone an intention which we hope hereafter that we may be enabled to execute. It may be truly affirmed, that in their most disastrous days the Jesuits never abandoned the purpose, or the expectation, of again attaining power, and that since the date of their formal restoration, they have devoted themselves to the prosecution of every enterprise which held out to them a prospect of advancement. They have not laboured or hazarded in vain, but, on the contrary, through their own exertions, and owing to the supineness of those who ought to have counteracted them, they are now, perhaps, if not the most powerful body, the body most to be feared, in the civilized world.

There is not, at this moment, a country in Europe in which the Jesuits have not acquired power to direct and govern the policy of the Church of Rome. Pius VII. engaged them to row in the bark of the church: through their own arts and energies they have possessed themselves of the helm also. "In Austria, Silesia, in Prussia, in Hanover, in Holland, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in France, they are carrying on their projects with success."* "They are active in Portugal, and keep alive the fast-dying-out embers of popery in that and the Spanish kingdom."† Are they less enterprising or less to be feared in Great Britain?

But it may be asked—why are the Jesuits to be dreaded? Does any man in this age fear that they will employ assassins—that they will canonize the murderers of kings—or that they will vitiate the minds of young persons entrusted to their care by profligate practices or maxims? The age, it may be said, forbids a recur-

* The Jesuits, by E Dalton.—p. 249.

† Ibid.

rence to the iniquities of less enlightened times ; it protects all reasonable men against the apprehension of them. We are well aware that arguments of this character have their weight with many—but, we are not ashamed to confess, they have no weight with us. We admit willingly that no body of men, prudent as the Jesuits are said to be, will daringly affront public opinion ; but we believe public opinion may be influenced and altered ; and so long as we see an order declaring itself to be religious, calling itself by the name of the blessed Saviour, exerting itself by every artifice and endeavour to acquire a control over education, and at the same time renouncing no one of those abominable principles which caused it to be regarded, in the day of its strength, as the common enemy of man—we are little assured by its abstinence from crimes which the law would punish, that it may not become again equally injurious in its effects upon society, as it was when it provoked the resentment of every country in Europe. So long as Jesuitism teaches the doctrine of equivocation, and professes to abase the spirit of man into blind obedience to any earthly ruler—so long as it thus exalts the interests of an order above the instincts of the human heart and the plainest principles of moral conduct, we must condemn it—and wherever it acquires power, we must continue to fear that its power will be exercised for evil.

We must conclude—and for a conclusion will borrow the words in which

M. Michelet warns the people of France, and through them, we may add, warns every country where free institutions and habits of confidence and generous credulity can be turned to evil account, by those who avail themselves of liberty to establish despotism :

“ You have,” writes M. Michelet, addressing the Jesuits of France, “ forty thousand pulpits, which you cause to speak either willingly or per force. You have a hundred thousand confessionals, whence you influence entire families. You hold within your grasp that which is the influencing spirit of the family (and of the world !), you hold the mother—the child is but an accessory. What choice is left to the father when she rushes in distractedly, when she flings herself into his arms, crying out, ‘ I am damned ! ’ You are certain that the following day he will yield up his son to you. Twenty thousand children in your seminaries ; two hundred thousand just now in the schools which you direct ; millions of women, who act only as you will.

“ And we, what are we as opposed to this great power ? A voice, and nothing more—a voice to cry out to France. She is now warned, let her do as she will ; she sees and feels the net in which it was thought to take her while she slumbered. One farewell word to all loyal hearts—to all, laymen or priests (and may those latter, from the depths of their bondage, hearken to a free voice !)—let them aid us with brave words or silent sympathy ; and let all united bestow a blessing from their hearts and from their altars on the holy crusade we are beginning for God and for liberty ! ”

TWO OR THREE TRANSLATIONS BY WILLIAM DOWE.

SONG OF HARMODIUS.

FROM THE GREEK.

LIKE Harmodius' and Aristogeiton's, my blade
 Entwined with the myrtle shall be :
 Oh ! they struck down the Tyrant of Athens, and bade
 The laws of their country be free !

Harmodius the dear, thou art not in the grave !
 In the far Happy Isles of the West
 Thou art now, where the Chiefs, Diomedes the Brave,
 And Achilles the Swift-footed rest.

Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton, my blade
 With the leaves of the myrtle I'll twine :
 The Tyrant Hipparchus, O Pallas, they laid
 In gore at the base of thy shrine !

Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the Twain
 In honour eternal shall be :
 Oh ! they struck down the Tyrant to earth, and again
 Bade the laws of old Athens be free !

ODE TO TELEPHUS.

HORACE.

How far removed from Inachus of old
 Is Codrus, fearless for his realm to die ;
 The race of Eacus ; and the battles rolled
 Round consecrated Troy ;—
 These you descant upon ; but, how to buy
 A cask of Chian for the banquet-joy ;
 Who is to find a house, and bid
 The bath be warmed ; and when I may be rid
 Of the dull sense of this Pelignian cold,
 You have not told :
 Hollo ! bring quick a flowing bumper, boy !
 For the new moon this bumper—prithee, pour
 Another out for Midnight !—and one more
 For—for—my friend the Soothsayer ! Soh, hold !
 Three cups for every man ; or if it be
 More to his wishes, three times three :
 The rapture-stricken Bard who takes delight
 In the odd-numbered Muses nine,
 Shall shout for bumpers nine—the frenzied wight !
 The Sister-Graces nude,
 In beautiful conjunction trine,
 Fearful of quarrels rude,
 Seem to forbid more than three cups of wine.

But I must rave ; give way ! 'tis my desire :
 Where is the music of the Phrygian flute ?
 Why is the pipe hung mute—
 Hung up all mutely by the unstricken lyre ?
 Hold boy ! I hate those niggard handfuls ; strew,
 Strew showers of gorgeous roses round about !
 And let old Lycus hear our revel-rout,
 And his young wife, ill-sorted, hear it too !
 Ah, Telephus, sweet Telephus, beware !
 For thee warm Chloe sighs ; she sighs for thee,
 With thy thick-flowing hair,
 And brilliant as the star of waning day :
 Alas ! for me,
 Glyceria's love, my friend, with secret care,
 Slowly consumes my heart and soul away.

THE DEATH OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BERANGER.

In the Romance of the Rose, we're told
 That Pepin's son, who began to dread
 His apotheosis scarce would hold,
 To Turpin, his old court-bishop, said :
 " The Winter of age comes weak and cold ;
 " Hast nought that may yet restore my Spring ?"
 " Oh, yes," answered Turpin, " God save the King !"

" Nay, Prelate, these useless words, I'm sure,
 " Have been sung or said for a length of time."
 Said the Bishop : " I've got an infallible cure—
 " 'Tis the heart of a maiden in her prime ;
 " Her age twenty years, her virginity pure ;
 " My Liege shall grow young, I'll bet any thing,
 " And the country be rescued : God save the King !"

Now, by a decree of Charlemagne,
 A price on the treasure was duly set :
 They sought her in England and France and Spain ;—
 'Tis thought that with us she is sought for yet :
 The curates sought again and again :
 " This Christian prince," did they piously sing,
 " Will double the tithes : God save the King !"

Turpin himself one day found one
 Exactly to suit the monarch's case ;
 But a monk, with haughty air and tone,
 Escorted her off before his face.
 " What ! reverend sir—no respect for the throne ?"
 " *Vobiscum pax !* 'tis a settled thing :
 " The Church before all : God save the King !"

A lawyer, expecting a seat on the Bench,
 Found—far away from the capital town—
 By the rarest of chances, the looked-for wench,
 And claimed her there, on the part of the Crown.
 " *Halte-la !*" said a baron ; " who dares to trench
 " On rights that still to our order cling ?
 " All for the nobles ! God save the King !"

"I'll be a duke," cried a little page,
 Who found in a place of no resort
 A maid of the requisite virtue and age ;
 And he hurried off with his prize to court.
 The people stared at every stage,
 And, loyally loving, they helped to bring
 The maid with *Te Deums* : God save the King !

Now, when she was come to the monarch's sight,
 "What the foul fiend have we here?" he cried.
 Saint Clovis ! Saint Hubert ! the woman's a fright !
 "Pah ! I'd rather die !" and his majesty died ;
 And his son reigned in his stead, as was right :
 And Turpin came with the priests to sing :
 "Let us bury him nobly : God save the King !"

SONG OF THE COSSAQUE.

BRANCO.

COME on, best friend of the Cossaque ! my noble steed, come on !
 The Northern trumpet calls to war the horsemen of the Don.
 Untiring in the foray still, undaunted in assault,
 Let carnage follow in thy course that scorns a laggard halt.
 What though no gold be found upon thy housing and thy rein,
 These by my sword shall yet be won on many a battle plain.
 Then toss thy mane with scornful neigh, and fly, my gallant horse !
 To trample down the pride of kings and nations in thy course !

Peace flies afar, and leaves to me no guidance but thy own :
 The centenary ramparts old of Europe are o'erthrown.
 Then bear me on to where the wealth of palaces and domes
 Is spread in gorgeous glory round, and all the Arts have homes.
 Return to quaff of rebel Seine, whose violated banks
 Have twice beheld thee in her stream refresh thy gory flanks ;
 And toss thy mane with scornful neigh, and fly, my gallant horse !
 To trample down the pride of kings and nations in thy course !

Princes, and priests, and nobles, as within some fortress wall,
 By roused-up millions leaguered round, and tottering to their fall,]
 Invoke our Scythian mastery, and thus would crawl and cower
 As serfs themselves, could they but still uphold their tyrant power.
 Yes, all shall crouch when I but couch this dreaded Ukraine spear ;
 And Cross and Crown fall broken down before my swift career.
 Then toss thy mane with scornful neigh, and fly, my gallant horse !
 To trample down the pride of kings and nations in thy course !

I saw a giant Phantom stand colossal in the sky,
 And, pleased, upon our bivouac fires was fixed his warrior eye :
 "My reign commences once again !" 'twas thus I heard him say,
 While pointing with his battle-axe to Western lands away.
 King of the conquering Huns, all hail thy shadowy port and crest !
 Behold ! a son of Attila obeys thy stern behest.
 Then toss thy mane with scornful neigh, and fly, my gallant horse !
 To trample down the pride of kings and nations in thy course !

All Europe's ancient glories spread from furthest shore to shore,
 And all the Knowledge which has power to be her guard no more,
 Shall be destroyed amid the dust that yet shall rise and roll
 Up from thy hoofs, as on we speed to our destructive goal.

Efface, efface, nor cease thy race, till Desolation draws
 A veil o'er manners, records, fanes, and palaces and laws,
 Then toss thy mane with scornful neigh, and fly, my gallant horse!
 To trample down the pride of kings and nations in thy course!

ORIENTAL E.

VICTOR HUGO.

One day the Sultaun Achmet said
 To Julia, the gay Granadine:
 I'd forfeit all my realms, sweet maid,
 Ever to keep Medina mine;
 And I would gladly barter free
 Medina for the love of thee.

Then be a Christian, Star of Kings!
 All pleasures are beneath a ban,
 And held as interdicted things,
 When shared with a Mohammedan:
 I really cannot hazard crime;
 Sin is enough, my dear Sublime!

By all the pearls that brightly deck,
 And thus more brilliantly reveal
 The beauty of thy snowy neck,
 I'll do it, an thou'lt let me kneel,
 And take these neck-lace pearls to be,
 While I do pray, my rosary!

BEAUTY.

LAMARTINE.

BEAUTY! celestial secret, ray divine,
 Bright emblem, say, what mystic source is thine?
 Why art thou ever so beloved—ah! why
 Still turns to thee the fond pursuing eye?
 Why springs the loving heart to thy appeal,
 As to the stone the sympathetic steel—
 Clings to thy shadow with enduring ties,
 Burns in thy presence, in thy absence dies?

A first, or haply a fifth element,
 Diffused beneath or in the firmament,
 Thy power exists in various things that are:
 It draws our steadfast gazing to a star,
 To the blue vault, the ever-moving seas,
 The bending rivers, and the gracious trees.

Whether, more vivid still, thou dost reveal
 The impress of thy universal seal
 In breathing nature, where thy presence lies
 In the terrific lion's blazing eyes;
 On the proud steed's tempestuous mane, and flings
 A glory o'er the eagle's rushing wings,
 And smoothes the shade that undulating moves
 Adown the necks of thy peculiar doves;—

Or whether in the human aspect,—this
 Thy own best mirror and thy masterpiece—
 With thy supremest power thy fingers trace,
 Chiefly on woman's fascinating face,
 That delicate ray of mingled grace and pride
 From which the melting eye turns half aside ;—
 None know thy secret—all obey, adore,
 And joy and tears are thine for evermore.
 Ah ! this same impulse seems, in good or ill,
 A revelation of our instinct still.
 Perhaps of God himself some image thou,
 Beaming at times through mortal form below ;
 Perhaps the soul to which such form is given
 Hath shaped it by its archetype in heaven ;
 Modelled its glory by the parent beam
 Of the All-Fair, All-Good, and All-Supreme.

Wherever Beauty, graceful or superb,
 Glows in the sky, a figure, or an herb,
 My heart, for love and admiration born,
 Turns there, as to a ray the eye will turn ;
 There broods and rests delighted—there bestows
 Part of itself, commingling as it glows.

I often have reproached myself for these
 Too vivid thoughts, too sudden sympathies ;
 These instincts of a glance, these quick intents
 Raised from impressions into sentiments ;
 And often have I said : Perhaps in heaven
 Such leanings of the heart are unforgiven.
 The eye, the heart, will own the magic touch ;
 Is it a crime to love the Beautiful too much ?

—

—

Bright and clear, and full of life,
 Thy art thou ever so beloved—
 Still turns to thee the fond pursuing eye,
 As to the stone the bird of paradise
 Burns in thy presence, and the burning eye
 Burns in thy presence, and the burning eye

A first or happy fifth of years,
 Diffused beneath or in the firmament,
 Thy power exists in various things that we
 It draws our eyes to it, and we are drawn,
 To the light, the love, the joy, the pain,
 The living river, and the living rain

Thy light more vivid, thy love more true,
 Thy power more strong, thy joy more pure,
 To draw our eyes to thee, and we are drawn,
 To the light, the love, the joy, the pain,
 The living river, and the living rain,
 The living river, and the living rain

ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE landlady paused for a moment at the door, laid her finger upon her brow, thought for a minute or two, and then having settled her whole plan to her own satisfaction, descended to the door at which Mr. Dry of Longsoaken was making sundry inquiries regarding the personage for whose address he had in the first place applied to herself, and whom he evidently had not found out in his perambulations of the town. A part of what he said was heard by the hostess as she descended, so that she had a full clue to what was going on, and advancing towards him with a low, smart courtesy, she said—

"The dinner's quite ready, sir; and I have been thinking since you were gone, that I shall be able to-morrow morning to get you the address of the gentleman you wanted, for a man will be here with eggs who used to supply him, I know."

Mr. Dry looked up with a well-satisfied air, saying, "That is providential, Mistress Green."

"White, sir, White," said the landlady, dropping another courtesy, "my name is White, not Green—a different colour, sir, but it all comes to the same thing. Shall I call the young lady to dinner. It is in this room, sir."

"I will go myself, Mistress White," said Dry; and he was advancing towards the stairs, when the landlady, in a low and confidential whisper, added—

"Poor thing, she is very wild indeed. I went up just now to see if she wanted any thing; and she is quite astray, thinking that she was here not long ago, and fancying that she knows all about the place. It's a sad thing to see a poor creature in such a state."

"Alack, alack, and so it is," rejoined Mr. Dry, "but it's God's will, Mrs. White, and so we must submit."

"Ah, sir, that's very true," answered the good hostess, "but yet one can't

help pitying the poor girl. You are sure she is not dangerous, sir?"

"Quite sure," answered Mr. Dry: "it is only to herself. But if she were left alone to do what she wills, I would not answer for it, that you would not very soon find her in the Humber."

"Oh, she must be looked to, sir—she must be looked to," replied the landlady. "Those are sad, dangerous cases. I remember right well when Jonathan Birkett, at Burton—he was my husband's second cousin, poor, dear man—went mad and hanged himself——"

"I will hear that story after dinner," said Dry in return, pushing past her, and opening the door of the room in which Arrah Neil was seated. But the good landlady had gained her point, having fully convinced Mr. Dry that she believed the poor girl whom he had brought thither to be perfectly insane; and her manner during the meal, which followed immediately after, served to confirm the worthy gentleman in that supposition, without at all inducing Arrah herself to imagine that her new friend had any doubt of her sanity.

Though the days had gone by when as an universal custom the landlord and his guest sat down together at the same table, and if the traveller presented himself at any other hours than those of the host's own meals, he was likely to remain hungry till the master of the house chose to eat, yet in all cases he who supplied the fare and he who received it were still much more intimately mixed up at meal times than in the present day, when the duties of the hostly office are done by deputy; and the landlord is intent upon any other cares but hospitable ones.

In the present instance, good Mrs. White remained in the room with her maid, who acted the important part of waiter; and ever and anon she meddled

busily with the dishes, commended the viands to the jaws of her guests, vaunted the excellence of the ale, strong waters, and wine, which her house afforded, and when not thus employed upon matters connected with her own immediate vocation, took part in the conversation of those who sat at table, with great freedom and satisfaction.

Towards Arrah Neil her tone was of that tender and kindly character, which might well be attributed by Mr. Dry to compassion for the mental affliction under which he had declared her to be suffering, and by the poor girl herself to interest in her fate and situation. But the good landlady was watching eagerly the whole conduct of her male guest, and endeavouring with all the skill which is afforded by long dealings with many of our fellow-creatures, to extract some information from all she saw regarding his intentions and objects. She perceived that the worthy man of Longsoaken was as tender upon her whom he called his ward as was consistent with his sanctified exterior, that he often whispered a word to her with a smile which contorted his harsh and wizened features into any thing but a pleasant expression, and that he made a point of helping her himself to every thing which he thought dainty; and, from these and various other signs and indications, Mrs. White was led to ask herself, "Does the old hypocrite seek her for a wife or a paramour?" and she internally added, "I'll spoil the game for him, that I will."

But notwithstanding her internal resolutions, the good landlady remained perfectly civil and attentive to Mr. Dry, and guided by tokens, which were not to be mistaken by one of her experience, as to his fondness for certain creature comforts of existence, she at length produced some clear and brilliant liquid, the produce of the Dutch still, in a large flat-sided black bottle, and persuaded him to drink what she called a small glass thereof, though, to say the truth, the measure was very capacious. When he had drank it, he set down the glass again; and looking up in Mrs. White's face, observed—

"It is very good indeed, madam, and may be permitted for the support of our poor, weak bodies after a long ride in such bleak and disconsolate weather."

"Take another glass, sir," said the

hostess, who stood at the end of the table with the bottle still in her hand.

"On no account—on no account, Mistress White," replied her guest; "we may use such things discreetly, but by no means go into excess. I would not for the world—don't talk of it."

There are two ways however of understanding that same injunction, "don't talk of it," which those who have been accustomed to read the book of human nature find no great difficulty in applying properly, and in this instance, as in many others, Mrs. White saw that it meant "don't talk of it, but do it without talking," and therefore replying, "Oh, sir, it's very weak: it's so old, 'tis scarcely stronger than water," she poured the glass full as it stood at Mr. Dry's elbow, while he turned round to say something to Arrah Neil on his other side.

The worthy gentleman took not the slightest notice of this proceeding; but looking up in Mrs. White's face, he said—

"And so you think, ma'am, that you will be able to get me Master Hugh O'Donnell's right address by to-morrow morning?"

"I am certain of it," replied the landlady, who thought there was no great harm in a little confidence whatever might be the result.

Arrah Neil looked down in silent thought, and then raised her large, bright eyes with an inquiring look in the landlady's face; while Mr. Dry, as if in a fit of absentness, took up the glass, and sipped nearly one half of the contents before he recollected what he was about. He then, however, set it down suddenly, and inquired—

"Pray can you tell me, if Mr. Twigg the drysalter is now in Hull? A God-fearing and saintly man, Mrs. White, who used to hold forth to the edification of a flock that used to assemble at the tabernacle in Backwater-alley."

"Oh dear, yes, sir; he is in Hull," answered Mrs. White. "I saw the good gentleman only yesterday."

"Then I will go and see him presently," answered Mr. Dry. "Humble-minded folks may always profit much of godly conversation; and to do him but justice, he is always ready to use his spiritual gifts for the benefit of others." Thus speaking, Mr. Dry, after contemplating the glass for a

moment, seemed to come to the conclusion, that there was no use of leaving in it the little that remained, and accordingly he tossed it off with a sudden motion of the hand, and then set it resolutely down upon the table again, as if defying the landlady, the Hollands, or the devil, to tempt him to drink another drop.

The fiend and women, however, have generally more than one way of accomplishing their object, and consequently Mrs. White, after having pronounced an eulogium on the graces of Mr. Twigg and his friend Master Theophilus Longbone, the hemp-merchant, who was likewise an acquaintance of her guest, she set down the bottle carelessly by Mr. Dry's side, and retired into a little room, with a glass-window towards the passage, so constructed as to afford a view of the door of the house, with all those of the chambers on the ground-floor, and also of the foot of the stairs.

Here she remained for about half an hour, while sundry persons came in and out, spoke to her or to some of her attendant satellites; paid money, received change, brought in goods for sale, amongst which it may be as well to record six pairs of very fine pigeons in a basket, or applied for small quantities of cordials, which sometimes they drank upon the spot, sometimes carried away in a vial bottle.

At length the door of the room in which Mr. Dry had eaten his dinner opened, and that worthy gentleman appeared, holding Arrah Neil by the arm, and looking at her with a somewhat inflamed and angry countenance, from which Mrs. White augured that he was about to say something harsh and bitter to his fair companion. She prepared accordingly to interfere, fully resolved to protect the poor girl at all risks, even if she were obliged to call in the aid of magistrates, town-council, and governor himself; although, to say the truth, she had no great love or reverence for any of the party now dominant in Hull.

Mr. Dry, however, uttered not a word, but led his poor victim up to her chamber—made her go in—and, locking the door, took out the key. Mrs. White smiled, as with quick ears she heard the various steps of this process, but sat quite still, at what we shall now call the bar, and marked the

movements of Mr. Dry, as he descended and stood for a moment in the passage, those movements being somewhat peculiar, and indicating an internal perturbation of some sort. His back, indeed, was turned towards the worthy hostess, as he looked out of the door leading into the street; but she perceived, that with his feet somewhat apart, he first rested on his heels, then upon the sole, then upon his heels again, his body gently swaying backwards and forwards, and his hands in his breeches-pocket. Mrs. White had seen such oscillations before in other men; and, when Mr. Dry made up his mind to the course he was to pursue, and walked straight out into the street, she herself hastened into the eating-room, where the first object that she examined was the black bottle, which being held up to the light, exhibited a deficiency of at least one-half.

"Ay, the beast is well nigh drunk," said Mrs. White, speaking to herself; "but that's a small matter, if he does no more than get tipsy now and then. I'll warrant he'll be in a fine state when he comes home from Master Twigg's. He's just such another as himself; and they sit there, and drink, and cant, till they all go home crying or quarrelling, as if they were the most unhappy men in the world. Well, religion is a good thing in its way, and drink is a good thing; but they don't do mixed, any how."

Thus saying, she carried off the black bottle, placed it in its own peculiar receptacle, and then calling a girl whom she named Nancy to take her place in the bar, she walked quietly up to the room of Arrah Neil. It may be recollected by the reader that Mr. Dry had carefully locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; but Mrs. White was not a person to be frustrated by such a simple proceeding, for putting her hand to her girdle, from which hung a ponderous bunch of variously formed pieces of iron, she selected one from the rest, which being insinuated into the keyhole, instantly turned the lock, and gave her admission to the chamber without the slightest difficulty.

Arrah Neil started up with a look of joy, brushing away some drops that

had gathered in her eyes, and exclaiming; "Oh, I am so glad!"

"What, poor soul," cried Mrs. White, "you thought he had shut you up so that nobody could get to you? But I am not such a fool as to be without a master-key in my own house; so that if any other be lost I can always open a door. What has the old man been saying to you, my dear, and what made him look so cross?"

"Oh," cried Arrah Neel, "he has been saying things I do not understand; and then he asked if I would marry him, and said, that if I would, I should have all his money at his death; but I told him, that if he had all the wealth in the world, I would sooner die."

"Ay, that's what made him cross," cried the landlady. "Men do not like such words as that, my dear. However, you did very right, for the sooner you let the old hypocrite know your mind, the better. He's a deep old villain, though, or I am mistaken. I saw you looked at me when he mentioned Hugh O'Donnell. Do you know any thing about him? Do you recollect the name?"

"Yes, I do," replied Arrah Neel. "I am sure I have heard it often; but it must be long ago.—Who is he?—What is he?"

"Nay, that I can't tell," answered Mrs. White. "I recollect him here, I think, in my husband's time; and I have seen him once or twice about, since then, in the streets of the town, and in the market. But I know nothing of him, except that he is a good sort of man, I believe. One sees such a number of people in a town like this! He's got a ship, I believe, and trades to Ireland."

"To Ireland," said Arrah Neel. And then suddenly breaking off, she added, "I wish I could get away. Cannot you let me out while he's gone?"

"Oh, that I can, my pretty lady," answered the hostess; "and you shall go away whenever you like. I won't stop you. But, I think, it will be a great deal better for you to stay a while, and see what all this comes to. We may find out something that may clear up the whole business; and, besides, what would you do if you were away? Without money you would be

in a sad plight, and, I dare say, he does not let you have any in your pocket?"

"I have two crown-pieces," replied Arrah Neel; "and with that I am sure I could get to Annie Walton and her brother."

The widow shook her head with a sad smile. "Tis a small sum to begin the world with," she said, "and talk alone. Besides, they might overtake you. No, no, poor thing, leave it to me to settle some plan for you. I will answer for it, he shall not take you away from here, let him do what he will; and in the mean time I will set my wits to work to find out the whole of this story. But now let me hear who is this Annie Walton and her brother? Come, sit down by me, and tell me all you can recollect since the times we were talking of this morning. It may help me to find out the rest, and that's the great point."

Arrah Neel mused; not that she had any hesitation in relating to her companion all that her own memory served to recall, for it is not those who have had few friends that are suspicious, but those who have had friends that have proved false. She had too rarely met with the voice of kindness and sympathy, not to yield her ear to it willingly, especially when it came from one who was linked to the sad, but sweet recollections of the past. She had lived so long in a dream, however—a dream from which nothing but the most important scenes and figures had stood forth in full light; that much was confused and indistinct; and she felt that she could but relate it as it presented itself to remembrance, which, she feared, might afford but a faint and misty image to a stranger. It was with the good widow's first question then that she commenced in making her reply. "Annie Walton," she said, "I wonder you have never heard of her, she is so kind and so good; every one knows her by her benefits."

"Ay, but if I understand right, my poor young lady, she lives a long way off on the other side of Coventry," replied the hostess, "and while wicked doings travel on horseback, the report of good ones trudges a-foot. Like the waggoner's cart, it may be richly loaded, but is long in coming."

"Well, then," answered Arrah Neil, "she is Lord Walton's daughter, sister of kind Charles Walton, who is now Lord. The old man died two years ago, and the lady long before that. However, they have always been good to me and to my poor old grandfather ever since we went to live at Bishop's Merton. 'Tis a long while ago now, and between the time when I was here and the days I first recollect there, there seems a sort of gap, as if we had lived somewhere else. But I remember well our first arriving there, and going with my grandfather to look at two or three cottages, till at length he chose one just out of the town, upon the green, by the old church."

"Were you then quite alone with him as you went from Hull?" asked the landlady.

"Quite;" answered Arrah Neil. "There was no one with us, and we lived there quite alone, and all the morning my grandfather used to teach me all he knew, and to make me read and write many an hour, and copy things out of books, and explain to me about different countries. I often thought it wearisome, for it used to keep me from thinking of things that were past, and from trying to bring back to mind, people and places that seemed to cross my sight in haste and disappear again, like the motes that we see in the sunshine, which are lost as soon as they get into the shade. But he was a good, kind, old man, and every body loved him. The boys used to gather round him on the green at evening close, and listen to the stories he used to tell of the wars in Ireland; and Lord Walton, from whom he hired the cottage, was very kind, too, and often used to stop and talk with him as he went by and Charles, the young lord, too, and Miss Walton did the same. I used very often to go up to the house, too, and spent many a happy day there, and they were all very good, though I sometimes fancy that on account of my strange ways, and because I often fell into fits of thought, they thought I was somewhat weak in mind; but if I could have seen this house, it would soon have brought my brain right. But, as I was saying, they were always very kind to me; and Charles Walton would spend many an hour at the cottage and listen to my grandfather's tales."

"Ay," said the hostess, "he was an old soldier, but he did not understand all the arts of war."

Arrah Neil looked up in her face with an inquiring air, but good Mrs. White only shook her head, and the poor girl proceeded. "Charles Walton was away in strange countries for a long time, and then again he went to the wars; but whenever he came back, he used to visit us, though he grew graver and more thoughtful as he became older, than he was when he was a youth and I was a child, and I began to feel somewhat afraid of him—no, not afraid, for he was always kind Charles Walton to me, but I felt timid when he spoke to me. However, his father died, and he became lord of all the country round; and he had much to do and was often away. About that time, this man, who is now here in Hull, began to come sometimes to the house, but my grandfather could not bear him; and though he treated him civilly, because he was now in great power in the little town, and every one seemed to do just as he bade them, and all were afraid of him, yet he was always cold and distant to him. One day, however, this Ezekiel Dry came in while he was out, and he took me by the hand and began to say things I did not understand, as he did to-night; and I tried to go away; but he would not let me. Just then, my grandfather came in, and immediately there were high and threatening words, and my grandfather struck him with the staff he carried, and knocked him down upon the ground; then taking him by the arms, he cast him out of the cottage like a dog. After that he did not come again for many months, and in the winter my poor old grandfather was taken ill, and remained ever after feeble and sickly; and when he used to hear of the doings of the parliament against the king, it always made him worse, and he used to speak rash words, I fear; and once or twice he wrote letters, and sent them off by a man that sometimes came to see him, and he received answers, too, which he burned as soon as he had read them. So it went on, till one day this summer, the man Dry came with a number of soldiers, when my grandfather was very ill in bed, and said they had a warrant against him as a malignant who was plotting treason against the parliament, and they

dragged him away in spite of all I could say, though I told them it would kill him. Lord Walton was absent then, and Dry would fain have prevented me from going with my grandfather, but one of the soldiers was kinder than the rest and said I should go to tend the poor old man. They put us in a cart and carried us along, and day by day he grew weaker, till at length, at Devizes, he died. Before his death, however, just when his eyes were turning dim, he whispered to me, 'Go back quick to the cottage, Arrah, and in the back-room, behind the bed, you will find a bundle of letters and other things which will tell you all about yourself—I cannot,' and he said no more."

"Did you find them? Did you find them?"—cried the landlady, eagerly.

"No," answered Arrah Neil, "for when I got back to the cottage it had been stripped of every thing, and I, too, had been robbed of all I had taken with me by the soldiers on the road. One of them said that my gown was pretty, and he would have it for his wife; so I gave it to him for fear he should take it by force."

The good hostess had mused, paying little attention to the last few words, but at length she exclaimed—"He has got them, young lady! He has got these letters, depend upon it: ay, and he knows more of you than any of us. You must find means to get them back again. That is the only thing to be done."

"Alas! how can I," cried poor Arrah Neil. "I am a mere prisoner, and unable to do any thing for myself.

Oh, if I could but escape I should be content."

"Nay, nay, be not so impatient," said Mrs. White; "you shall escape in good time—I give you my word for that; but let us first find out all that we can, for I have a notion that your fortunes are better than they look, or else this man would not be so eager to keep you in his hands. You were no granddaughter of old Sergeant Neil's, that I can tell you; and you may turn out a great lady after all. I am sure your poor mother looked and spoke like one of the best of the land; and I do not see why you should not have your rights as well as another."

"A great lady!" said Arrah Neil, in a musing tone, and with a melancholy shake of the head; "there is but one reason I should like to be a great lady, and that is to show my gratitude to those who have been kind to me."

"And a good reason, too," replied the landlady. "So you must not miss your chance, my dear."

"Dame White, Dame White," cried a voice from below.

"Hark! they are calling me," said the hostess, and opening the door, she exclaimed, "here am I, what do you want with me, Nancy?"

"Here are a heap of folks want to see you directly," screamed Nancy, from the bottom of the stairs.

"I must go, my dear," said the widow, turning to Arrah Neil, "but I will be back with you directly;" and thus saying, she left her. But poor Arrah was disappointed in regard to the length of her absence, for more than an hour passed, and the door gave admission to no friendly face.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE is upon the Yorkshire coast, somewhat to the south of Flamborough Head, a small retired bay, not above a quarter of a mile broad, but deep in relation to the width; for the distance from each of the projecting headlands from which it is formed to the innermost part of the bay is nearly three-quarters of a mile. This little natural haven is furnished with a sandy shore, and surrounded by steep rocks at all points but that where it is united with the ocean, and at the mouth of a short narrow valley, which leads with

a rapid ascent to the top of the cliffs above. Were it not that it is so difficult of access from the land side, and that the water therein is somewhat shallow, it might form an excellent port, sheltered from almost all winds. But these circumstances have rendered it less frequented than it might be; and though a few boatmen's cottages are now built upon the shore, it is but little known, and, at the time I speak of, was without any vestige of human habitation, and rarely trodden by the foot of man.

At about three o'clock, however, of an autumnal night, a boat might be dimly discovered lying on the sandy shore, the tide being then at ebb. In it were four men, apparently sailors, two of whom were stretched sound asleep in the stern, whilst two sat talking together in low tones on the gunwale of the boat, and supplying the intervals of conversation by manifold potent whiffs of the meditative pipe. As neither the topics they discussed, nor the language that they used, would be either pleasant or edifying to the reader, we shall not pause upon their discourse, but leave them smoking and talking on, to follow two horsemen down from the entrance of the valley, as, at a slow and cautious pace, they were guided on by a youth some fifteen or sixteen years of age, who, in the hope of a proportionate recompense, took care to point out to them the various obstacles that lay in the way. Now it was a mass of rock, now a large fissure, now a sudden descent, now the course of the little brawling stream, somewhat swelled by the rain which had fallen in the early part of the night. But all these difficulties were at length overcome—though the one said to the other, that it put him in mind of the Pass of Roncesvalles—and the other replied, "As much like Roncesvalles, my good friend, as a Cheshire cheese is to the Peak of Derby. But, pray recollect your taciturnity, it will not do to break out now. There is the boat, I see;" and advancing over the sand, he spoke a few words to one of the men who was awake, who replied with the common and significant answer made by Englishmen on so many different occasions of "All's right, sir."

The other man, in the meanwhile, roused up their two companions, and the horsemen dismounted from their beasts, and put the bridles into the hand of the youth who had served them as a guide. The one who seemed to be the principal personage of the party, seemed to add a piece of money to that which he placed in the lad's palm, saying, "Mind you lead them back carefully, and he will give you the same when you deliver the horses to him in good condition."

The young man thanked him warmly, and promised all manner of care. The two cavaliers having placed them-

selves in the stern of the boat, it was easily pushed off into the sea, which was there calm and tranquil; and the sailors springing in, took to their oars, and pulled away towards the mouth of the bay.

Speedily the little boat began to show that all was not quite so smooth beyond the point; tossing up and down as they approached the open sea, and labouring with the eddies produced by the contending wind and tide amongst the scattered rocks which stood out from the headland. When they had once issued forth upon the bosom of the wide ocean, they found a heavy sea running, and the wind directly contrary to the course they wished to steer, so that but little way was made, notwithstanding the sturdy strokes of the rowers, and day began to dawn before they were a mile from the bay.

The first light of the morning showed them, what they had not before perceived, a small cutter lying at anchor, still at the distance of a mile and a half, or two miles; and as they appeared likely to be some hours before they reached her, the one gentleman whispered to the other, "Let us give these poor fellows some relief, Barecolt. You take one oar, and I can take another, and then those who rest can relieve the other two, after a while."

"With all my heart, mon colonel," replied Captain Barecolt, "though this water work is neither your trade nor mine."

The proposal of Lord Beverley was soon propounded to the men, and gladly enough adopted; but still a considerable time elapsed before they reached the little cutter, which hoisted sail, and put to sea, as soon as they were on board.

The morning was fair, with a strong wind blowing, not the most favourable that could be conceived for the course which they were destined to pursue, but still not directly contrary, and they made their way slowly on through the dashing billows at the rate of some three or four miles in the hour. Lord Beverley and his companion, Barecolt, walked the deck, speaking little to each other, or to the rest, and the peer keeping a watchful eye upon the loquacious captain, to make sure that he did not give way to

his talkative propensities in favour of the skipper, or any of the mariners of the ship. It was evident that the two passengers were perfectly unknown to their shipmates, both from the manner in which the latter examined them when they came on board, and from the fact of Lord Beverley, whenever he did speak, conversing with Barecolt in French, and addressing the master of the vessel in broken English. The persons of the two gentlemen also were disguised, as far as mere clothing went. Barecolt, for his part, was dressed in a sober-coloured grey suit, with a buff belt, and a black hat and feather. The whole was in very good keeping, except in respect of certain red ribands which his taste for finery could not forbear from applying to various parts of his dress; and he might have well passed for a respectable French citizen somewhat given to the juice of the grape, and not very affluent in his circumstances. The earl was habited more richly, but in a very different style from that of an English cavalier; and although the pointed beard was still in fashion in England, he had sacrificed that ornament of the human countenance to bring himself to the likeness of certain young French nobles, who, at that time, were labouring zealously to exclude beards from fashionable society—and who had so far succeeded, that not long after, one of the old French court who adhered to the custom of nature and his ancestors, was known by the name of “the man with the beard.” This change had made a very great difference in his appearance, which he had increased by dying his hair and moustache of a darker hue, so that none but those who knew him intimately would have recognised him without very close inspection.

After sailing on for about two hours, making their way slowly from the English coast, which, however, was still seen rising in long lines above the waters, a large vessel was perceived bearing direct towards them, with all sails set, while a fleet, apparently of fishing boats, were coming up upon the other tack.

The master of the schooner seemed to pay but little attention to either; but Lord Beverley felt some anxiety and not a little impatience to ascertain the character of the large vessel, as a

ship named the Good Hope, laden with ammunition, money, and stores, had been daily expected on the coast for the last fortnight, and he had been directed by the king to instruct the officers on board, if he met her in his passage, on no account to trust themselves in Hull, the governor of which had openly declared for the parliament. The master, however, continued to walk up and down the opposite side of the deck, merely giving a casual glance to the other vessel, till the earl crossed over and inquired if he knew the ship that was approaching.

“She is a king’s ship,” replied the man, with a sort of dull taciturnity, which sailors sometimes affect towards landsmen, especially if they are of a different nation.

“But is it the Good Hope,” demanded the earl. “If so, I am commanded to board her.”

“It looks like her,” replied the captain, continuing his walk; “but we shall soon know, and then you can do as you like.”

Ere many minutes were over, the captain pronounced the vessel to be the Good Hope; and as they approached somewhat nearer, a signal was made, upon which the cutter brought to, and the boat being lowered, the only one which she possessed, the earl proceeded to the other ship, taking with him our good friend, Captain Barecost, rather, (to use a familiar expression,) to keep him out of harm’s way, than for the pleasure of his society.

Although signals had been made and answered, it was evident that the people on board the large vessel viewed the approach of the little boat with some suspicion, believing, as the earl found, that the object was but to detain them till some larger force arrived. There were several persons at the gangway, watching eagerly the approach of the visitors, and not a little puzzled did they appear by the appearance of the earl and his companion, when the boat ran alongside. The earl looked up and smiled, for he recognised not a few of those who stood upon the deck above, as personal acquaintances of his own, and faithful servants of the king.

With a slow step, however, and a grave face, he climbed the vessel’s side; but when once he stood upon the deck, removed from the eyes and ears of the boatmen, he stretched out a hand to

two gentlemen, who stood on either side, saying—

“Welcome, Pollard!—Welcome, Berkeley! You have been long looked for.”

“By my life! the Earl of Beverley!” cried Colonel Ashburnham, who stood beyond. “Why, oons! man!—who would have known you in that black wig?”

“My own hair, I assure you,” replied the earl. “Do not libel it, Ashburnham; there is not an hair on my head that is false. But I can stay only a moment, for I am bound for France, on the king’s service; and I have it in command to tell you on no account to venture into Hull. Sir John Hotham holds with the parliament, has driven the king away from his gates, and as a new convert to treason, is likely to make a merit of any violent act. You must give me your news, however. Tell me what succour you bring to the king, and what support you find in Holland.”

“To France!” said Ashburnham, thoughtfully. “I wish to heaven you would give me a passage, Beverley; for his majesty can do without me for a time, and I can serve him better there than here. I was but now casting about in my mind which way I should get across as soon as I landed.”

“That is easily done,” answered the earl. “But you must make haste—I can stay for no packing: for to say truth, I love not the look of all this fleet of boats, some of them well nigh as big as our cutter there; and, mark you!—there are two large vessels just appearing round the point.”

“Well! I am with you in a moment,” replied Colonel Ashburnham; “and as for news, I will tell you all as we sail along.”

Thus saying, he descended for a moment to the cabin, while the earl remained upon deck, and gathered from the gentlemen, who stood round, the tidings that they brought from Holland. The colonel, however, was somewhat longer than Lord Beverley could have desired, as he watched with no unreasonable apprehensions the nearer approach of the boats, and the growing distinctness of three large vessels, as they came scudding along with a fair wind from the side of Hull.

“Ashburnham! Ashburnham!” he

cried at length, “on my life, I can stay no longer. Every minute is full of danger.”

“Here I am!” cried Colonel Ashburnham. “I have been only securing my papers;” and the moment after he appeared upon the deck, with two large leathern bags in his hand, which were cast into the boat; and with a brief farewell to those on board, and a recommendation to make all sail, the earl descended the ship’s side, followed by his friend. The sailors were ordered to pull back as fast as possible to the ship; and, whispering to his new companion, to forget him as the Earl of Beverley, and merely to know him as a French officer, with whom he had casually become acquainted, the earl introduced Barecolt to him as Captain Jersval, an officer from Brittany.

Whatever conversation they might have had, if time and opportunity had served, was cut short by the evident signs of an enemy’s approach, displayed both by the boats and the ships which they had seen. Signals that the cutter did not understand, and could not answer, were made by the larger ships; and before the earl and his companion were half way from the Good Hope to his own vessel, the former was in full sail away, and a shot was fired across the bows of the latter, as a notification to lie to.

The rowers plied their oars with all the vigour and activity which the necessity of the case required, but it was in vain. Ere they had reached the ship’s side, the master had quietly hauled down his colours as sign of surrender.

“This is infamous,” cried Ashburnham. “The cowardly vagabond!—What’s to become of us now?”

“Faith! we must take our chance,” replied the earl; “perhaps we may prevail upon him yet to make sail. At all events I must destroy some letters I have on board; and perchance I may escape unknown, even if I be taken into Hull; for I do not think that Hotham and I ever met.”

“I have no such luck,” answered Ashburnham: “he knows me as an old enemy—a thing not so easily forgotten as an old friend. But I will not spoil your fortune, Beverley. Remember, we never met before, *mon colonel*, and if this good gentleman would take my advice,” he added, turn-

ing to Barecolt, "he would follow the same plan, which is the only way for safety, depend upon it."

"Oh! I will be strangely ignorant," replied Barecolt; "but I thought I heard you talk of papers in those bags, sir. The sea is a more quiet place at the bottom than at the top."

"Right! Right!" cried Colonel

Ashburnham. "Hand me that grappling iron, my man," he continued, speaking to one of the sailors. The man obeyed, and fastening one of the leathern bags he had brought with him to the hook of the iron, Colonel Ashburnham pitched them both into the sea together, just as the boat ran alongside of the cutter.

THE NAVY—THE LIFE OF KEPPEL.*

THE memoirs of our great naval commanders are always favourite works, and it seems at once natural and just to hail them with applause. They record the lives of those whose names are written in the most spirit-stirring pages of our later history, and whose genius and devotion have made the navy of England the mighty power which it is—the sure protector of our homes, the defender of all our interests. But it is not to the sentiment of patriotism alone that we are to attribute the universal popularity of these books. They have other attractions, quite as influential with most readers: they abound in incident, action, and variety—in the moving accident by flood and field—telling of danger, and war, and far-off lands—combining with the sober truth of history something very much resembling the fascination of romance. Above any thing they are endeared to us by the solid worth of those genuine heroes whose actions they commemorate; and this last—a main cause of the deep impression they have made—brings before us a most striking fact, and one of which the service may well be proud, that all the naval leaders whose memoirs we have, Anson, Howe, Nelson, Collingwood, Pellew, and others, however they may differ in temperament or in the order of their talents, resemble each other in one well-marked feature, a manifest elevation of natural character.

Lord Keppel is worthy of being classed with the great men we have named. It was not his good fortune to have been chief in command in any general action attended with decided results, but he is well known to have been a thorough seaman, and a most gallant and distinguished officer—one of the stamp of Hawke, and Howe, and Nelson. The share he had in Hawke's action with M. de Conflans would alone entitle him to the honours of a memoir. He was the pupil of Anson; the instructor and maker of Duncan; the contemporary, we had almost said the rival, of Howe; and the favoured friend of Saunders, De Saumarez, and Brett. Besides these points of interest, the length of time over which his services extend, and their prominence, whether at sea or as First Lord of the Admiralty, connect his name so intimately with the history of the navy, that his memoirs cannot but be regarded as a very valuable accession to that department of our literature.

The honourable and reverend author of the work before us begins it with a pedigree of the Keppel family, which he details at somewhat greater length than is likely to please the reading public. We take from this treasury of pride just enough for our purpose. Viscount Keppel was descended from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Guelderland: his ancestors were, we are assured, Knights of Jerusalem so far

* The Life of Viscount Keppel, Admiral of the White. By the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel. 2 vols. Colburn; London. 1842.

back as the year 1101; and his great-grandfather, Oswald van Keppel, Lord of Voorst, had, according to the Dutch genealogists, sixteen quarterings of nobility. Passing from the middle ages of the pedigree, we arrive at a well-known era of modern history, the Revolution. Arnold Joost van Keppel, Lord of Voorst, came over with the Prince of Orange to England in 1688; and William, on his accession to the throne, created him Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury, and Earl of Albemarle. He was one of the Dutch favourites so talked against in those days, had great influence with the king, was his constant companion, and was entrusted by him with affairs of consequence. Bishop Burnet thus describes him:—

“About this time the king set up a new favourite—Keppel, a gentleman of Guelder, who was raised from a page into the highest degree of favour that any person had ever attained about the king. He was now (1695) made Earl of Albemarle, and soon after Knight of the Garter; and by a quick and unaccountable progress, he seemed to have engrossed the royal favour so entirely that he disposed of every thing in the king's power. He was a cheerful young man, that had the art to please; but he was so much given to his own pleasure, that he could scarce subject himself to the attendance and drudgery that was necessary to maintain his post. He had never yet distinguished himself in any thing. He was not cold or dry, as the Earl of Portland was thought to be, who seemed to have the art of creating many enemies to himself, and not one friend; but the Earl of Albemarle had all the arts of a court, was civil to all, and procured many favours.”

Lord Albemarle was, however, something more than a courtier. He was distinguished in King William's campaigns, and served in high station under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. King William was constant in his affection for him: when dying he left him his seat of Loo, in Holland, beside an estate and money: the only bequest he gave away from the Prince of Nassau, who was his heir. This first Earl of Albemarle was succeeded by his son, William Anne, deriving the second name from the queen, who was his god-mother. He was early made a

lieutenant-general, and served with that rank at the battle of Dettingen. He had a command under the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, and at Culloden he led the front line of the army, and his division bore the brunt of the action. His character has been sketched by Walpole:—

“His figure,” says the sarcastic Horace, “was genteel, his manner noble and agreeable; the rest of his merit, for he had not even an estate, was the interest my Lady Albemarle had with the king, through Lady Yarmouth, and his son Lord Bury, being the duke's favourite. He had all his life imitated the French manners till he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman, not from partiality for his own countrymen, for he conversed as little with them. If good breeding is not different from good sense, Lord Albemarle, who might have disputed even that maxim, at least knew how to distinguish it from good nature. He would bow to his postilion while he was ruining his tailor.”

This last Earl of Albemarle married Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and their second son, Augustus, the subject of our memoir, was born the 25th of April, 1725. He was sent to Westminster school, and from that he entered the navy, going out as a midshipman on board the *Oxford*, frigate, in 1735. He was for two years off the coast of Guinea, and three in the Mediterranean. The family papers tell, what, from his after-life we can well believe, that at this period he applied himself with a remarkable diligence to his studies, and acquired a theoretical and practical knowledge of navigation, and a proficiency in marine surveying, subsequently most useful to him. It was thus that he laid the foundation of his future character; for it was his acquirements and good conduct, far more than his high connections, which gained him the confidence of the distinguished men with whom he served.

On his return from the Mediterranean, in 1740, he was appointed to Anson's ship, the *Centurion*, destined for that celebrated voyage, not more remarkable for its disasters than for its final success. Howe made his first trip, as a midshipman, in the same squadron, but did not, like Keppel,

share all its adventures. He was on board the *Severn*, the Hon. Captain Legge, and that ship, being much injured by storms, refitted at Rio Janiero and went back to England.

We shall refer, for a moment, to this voyage, both as it forms a memorable epoch in the life of Keppel, and because it exhibits, in many respects, the state of the navy at that period. The voyage arose out of a war with Spain, known by the name of "The War of the Merchants." Differences had arisen between our traders in the West Indies and the Spaniards of South America, and the popular feeling in England compelled Sir Robert Walpole to deviate from his pacific policy and declare war against Spain. He sent out a double expedition, one squadron to the West Indies, the other to the South Seas, and they were to co-operate across the isthmus of Darien; the main object being to harass the Spaniards in the West Indies, the South Sea, and the Manillas, the quarters from whence she derived her best resources. The plan was good, but he was not felicitous in the very first step of its execution, the choice of commanders. He could not, perhaps, at that time, have found in all England a person better fitted for his purpose than Anson, and accordingly the expedition to the South Seas, which was entrusted to him, notwithstanding its most lamentable misfortunes, was, to a very great extent, successful. The West India expedition was committed to the two-fold care of Admiral Vernon and General Wentworth, and Walpole ought to have known enough of the peculiar difficulties of a joint command, not to have given it to men who, whatever were their other qualities, were alike remarkable for defects of temper. Sinollett, who was an assistant-surgeon in their fleet, and an eye-witness of their conduct, compares them, in his *Roderick Random*, to Cæsar and Pompey. "The one," he says, "would not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal; so that between the pride of the one and the insolence of the other,

the enterprise miscarried." Their attack on Carthagena, and their whole expedition was, as might have been expected, a failure. The sufferings and fatalities in Anson's voyage arose mainly from the defective state of the navy at that time—from want of medical knowledge, want of ventilation, and from their imperfect acquaintance with navigation. These circumstances rendered any thing like a lengthened voyage almost surely fatal: and so it was from the days of Drake up to the time of Cook, who, as is well known, first brought into general use precautions against that great plague, the disease of scurvy, and reduced to a regular system the treatment for the preservation of the health of seamen. Up to that period the scurvy may be said to have killed off, it is hardly an exaggerated expression, whole crews. Admiral Hosier, some sixteen years before Anson, was sent with a squadron to the West Indies, with a similar object, that of intercepting the Spanish galleons. He appeared twice before Porto-Bello and Carthagena, having replenished his crews at Jamaica—twice were these crews, of six men of war, almost all destroyed by that fatal plague, the scurvy, and the unhappy Admiral himself, commemorated in the well-known ballad, died of a broken heart. Sir Francis Drake left England with five ships, and having lost or left behind him all the others, returned to England after an absence of two years and ten months, with only his own ship and a crew of about fifty men, out of a hundred and sixty. Anson sailed with six men of war and two store-ships: two, the *Severn* and the *Pearl*, parted from him early in the voyage: * of the others, his own, the *Centurion*, was the only one that reached England again, the rest being lost, broken up, or burned, and the small residue of their crews being all gathered into the *Centurion*. Of 510 persons whom Anson brought with him from England in the *Centurion*, 292 died within the first year, and of the whole number only 130 ever returned to Eng-

* The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Keppel, usually so accurate, says, (vol. i. p. 19,) that out of all the ships of which Anson's squadron was formed, the *Centurion* alone returned to the British shores. This is an oversight. The *Severn* and *Pearl*, shattered by storms, refitted at Rio Janiero and got back to England.

land. These appalling fatalities, almost uniformly occurring, arose, as we have said, from the disease of scurvy, aggravated by want of ventilation; and yet it is a most singular circumstance that, for a hundred and forty years before the sailing of Anson's squadron, there was known* and practised a treatment for scurvy similar to that which now renders it unknown on the longest voyages.

It is a further proof of the slowness with which the most useful discoveries are sometimes adopted, that although Anson's voyage established, by a very often-repeated experience, the sanatory powers of vegetable acids, and especially of lemon-juice, in cases of scurvy, still they remained unattended to for the space of about thirty years more, when Cook brought them into use, and made, in the *Resolution*, a voyage of three years and eighteen days, through every climate of the globe, with the loss of only one man, and he died of a disease which had nothing to do with scurvy. With a view of making his practice more public, Cook described all the particulars of it in a paper published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1756. His method was from about that period pretty generally adopted; but that form of vegetable acid which is the easiest and surest specific against the great sea-plague, the scurvy, that, we mean, of citric acid, was not made use of for a good while after, and was first issued to vessels in the navy in the year 1793, in the ships under Rear Admiral Gardner, and at his request; and again, it was not until the year 1797 that it was ordered by the admiralty to be supplied generally to the whole navy. Citric acid is a sure preventive of the once fatal disease; but it is only so when cleanliness and ventilation are attended to. In the recent voyage of Captain, now Sir George, Back, the scurvy re-appeared

among the crew of the *Terror*. Every precaution had been strictly enforced, but, from the accident of the failure of his heating apparatus, the tubes of which were choked up, they were, in order to obtain a sufficient temperature, obliged to exclude ventilation, and live in an atmosphere polluted by their own breath. But when, by placing canvas tubes leading to the deck, they were enabled to procure a thorough ventilation, the sickness subsided and gradually disappeared. The want of ventilation greatly increased the mortality in Anson's squadron: happily, owing to a very late invention, this difficulty is more than ever lessened. Sir John Barrow, in his valuable "*Life of Lord Anson*,"† describes a machine, invented by Captain Warrington, of the East India Company's service, which produces a constant and complete ventilation: it is on the principle of an air-pump; the vacuum is produced in an iron chamber. On a man's turning a windlass, the foul air rushes out "with a blast as strong as that from the waste-pipe or safety-valve of a cylindrical bellows in a forge or smithy." It was tried in the Tunnel, and after using it for eighteen months Mr. Brunel reported that the number of men sent to the hospital, affected by the deleterious gases, had greatly diminished.

Another topic which has reference to the state of the navy at this period is, their imperfect acquaintance with nautical science and the use of instruments. Anson, and one of his captains, Legge of the *Severn*, were as well informed on these subjects as any men of their time, yet the voyage affords us examples of such mistakes as could hardly happen now even in merchant ships. The *Centurion*, for instance, in standing for the island of Juan Fernandez, was put into a wrong course, which brought her to the coast of Chili; and Captain Legge, after

* In 1600, Commodore Lancaster sailed from England with three other ships, on a voyage to Saldanha Bay. His own crew had three table-spoonfuls of lemon-juice every morning, and arrived in perfect health, whereas the other ships were sickly, and unmanageable for want of hands.

† Page 483. But in a little work, embracing much information, "*Statistical Reports on the Health of the Navy*," it is said that Captain Warrington's invention does not answer all purposes, although it may probably yet be made to do so. The currents it causes are too strong to be applied to the body in their direct course, and beyond their direct course their influence will not be felt. Even at present, however, it is admitted to be a most truly valuable invention.

doubling Cape Horn, steered as he thought for the island of Chiloe, but, to his surprise, found himself on the wrong side of South America, and twelve degrees out of his longitude. "The reflecting quadrant of Halley," says Sir John Barrow,* "had been in use ten years, but the limb had not been extended to the sextant; chronometers were not known. The lunar tables of Meyer, and the theory of the moon by Newton, Halley, and Flamstead, were familiar to astronomers, but had not been practically applied to the purposes of navigation." Maskelyne's tables and method of making lunar observations were not then in use, and—another instance of slowness in the application of useful knowledge—they were not adopted in the navy until after they had been for some time made use of in the East India Company's service. These circumstances serve to show the state of the navy at the commencement of Keppel's career, and the chief causes of those sufferings in which he shared. There were other reasons for the great mortality in the squadron, which were wholly attributable to the government. One was delay in dispatching the expedition. Anson's commission was dated the 10th of January, 1740, but he was not allowed to sail until the 18th of September following, and thus lost the favourable period of the year. A heavier charge relates to the equipment of the squadron. It was at first intended to send out with it a regiment of infantry, but instead of this there was a corps formed from the out-door pensioners of Chelsea Hospital, who, feeble and worn out, all perished in the voyage.

Keppel had, as we have seen, in the first years of his service applied himself with care to his profession, and he now found the fruits of his application. His knowledge, zeal, and a charm of manner, which in him we

are told was hereditary, made him a general favourite on board. The character he made and the friendships he formed on this voyage were afterwards of the greatest importance to him. His aristocratic connections had probably their usual influence in gaining him the countenance of the commodore; but Anson, who was a first-rate judge of the qualifications of a seaman, appears to have thought well of him for his own sake. He employed him in every expedition that was despatched from the *Centurion* during the whole voyage, and was ever afterwards his friend. Saunders, then a lieutenant, afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, a distinguished officer and a first lord of the admiralty, became much attached to Keppel, and at his death left him an estate and a large sum of money: and Saumarez,† Brett, Denis, Parker, Campbell, all afterwards eminent in the service, became Keppel's correspondents and steady friends.

Anson sailed from England on the 18th of September, 1740, and reached St. Catherine's, off the Brazils, on the 19th December, and going along the coast of Patagonia, arrived on the 18th of February in the roads of St. Julian's. Sickness had already appeared amongst them, yet their voyage up to this time may be considered as favourable. They weighed anchor from St. Julian's on the 27th of February, which was a Friday, and, as the author of the work before us observes, "they who partake of the superstition, common amongst seamen, against sailing on a Friday, may derive confirmation from the fact that the disasters and miseries of the voyage date from that very day." The first accident happened to the *Gloucester*, as she was getting under weigh. "From a difficulty in purchasing her anchor, she was obliged to cut her cable, and leave her bower behind; and a few days after she was

* Life of Lord Anson, pp. 84, 85.

† This was "Philip Saumarez, uncle to the late lord of that name. He was afterwards killed in Hawke's action with *Lentenduer*, with a greatly superior force. Brett, afterwards Sir Piercy, and admiral of the blue. While in command of the *Lion*, of sixty guns, he fought a very gallant action with two French men-of-war, one 64, the other 16 guns. After an obstinate engagement of several hours both ships sheered off, but the *Lion* was so complete a wreck that Brett could not follow them. Brett himself and all his officers were wounded, but none of them would leave the deck. The ships he had engaged were convoys to the Pretender, then on his passage to Scotland."—Vol. i. p. 67, note.

nearly blown up by an explosion of some gunpowder, which had been preparing in expectation of falling in with the Spanish fleet." On the 5th of March they made the land of Terra del Fuego, and on the 7th entered the straits of La Maire, with fair weather, and were carried by the rapidity of the current to their southern extremity in about two hours. On reaching the southern outlet the sky lowered, squalls arose, the tide turned furiously against them, and by the next morning they found themselves seven leagues to the eastward of the straits. From this time a succession of tremendous gales took place, accompanied with sleet and snow, and continued for a space of forty days. The ships of the squadron were driven in all directions—three of them never joined again, the *Severn*, the *Pearl*, and the *Wager*; the two former got back to England, and the third was lost. The incidents of this voyage belong rather to the life of Anson; and although the account of that voyage, once so popular, has been superseded by others, we shall refer to one or two circumstances more which are directly connected with the subject of our memoir. When above a year from England, that is in November, 1741, they took a prize, and found on board her an Irish pedlar, who had been all over Mexico with his wares, and was thrown into prison at Païta, for, we grieve to say it, some misdemeanour. On information gained from him the commodore determined to attack this place and carry off a large treasure which happened to be there. Accordingly, at ten o'clock at night the *Centurion*, being about twelve leagues from shore, brought to, the boats were manned, and a small party, of which Keppel was one, proceeded, under the command of Lieutenant Brett, to Païta. They surprised the town, and very much surprised the governor, whom it was their first object to seize; but he, who happened to have been married only some three days before, jumped out of bed and got off, leaving his bride, a young lady of seventeen, behind him. She too escaped, having been, as we are told by the faithful narrator of Anson's voyage, "carried off in her shift by a couple of sentinels." They brought off the treasure, but the governor not acceding to their

terms, the commodore directed them to fire the town. This most painful duty was performed by Lieutenant Brett and his party, in the face of about two hundred horsemen, drawn up on the hills, who stood beating their drums and looking on. The attack on Païta was not altogether unopposed. The assailants were twice fired on from a fort, and received with a body of small arms on their landing. Keppel wore on the occasion a jockey-cap, the peak of which was shaved off at one side, close to his temple, by a ball—"a circumstance which," says his biographer, "he has, with becoming modesty, suppressed in his journal."

Soon after this they fell in with the *Gloucester*, and learned that the expedition against Carthagena had failed. Anson, finding that he was no longer bound to attempt co-operating with it across the isthmus of Panama, came to the resolution, not of going back to England, which, had he pleased, he might have done, but of waiting to watch for that ship of wealth, the *Manilla galleon*, hoping that they would thus return with more of honour as well as of solid reward. The firmness with which he pursued his purpose through nearly two years more of danger and disappointment, and his final and complete success, are, perhaps, the circumstances which give the deepest interest to the narrative of his voyage. We pass over the incidents which occur between the attack on Païta and their coming up with the galleon, only observing that the *Centurion*, now their only vessel, was hove down and repaired by the Chinese in the Typa river. They were well fitted, their own carpenters overlooking the work. Thus set up, they sailed from the Typa river, with the object, as was supposed, of making for Batavia, and thence for England; but the commodore's real purpose being to return to the Pacific, and cruise for the galleons. Anson, out of his crew, amounting in all to about two hundred, had not, he says in his report to the admiralty, more than forty-five able seamen before the mast: and with this small number he was seeking to encounter two well-armed Spanish vessels of five hundred men each; such being, as he knew, their usual complement. On reaching the open sea, Anson addressed the crew,

and told them plainly that he purposed cruising off Manilla for the *two* galleons, which would soon be there, and though they were stout ships, yet if his men behaved with spirit, both, or at least one should be their prize. "This plain address," says Sir John Barrow, "was received with extreme delight, all declaring that they were resolved to succeed or perish in the attempt."

The firmness which would have dared a superior force was deeply tried by disappointment. They cruised and watched for a considerable time, but no such ships appeared. All were beginning to lose their spirits and to despair of meeting with the galleons. At length, on the 20th of June, "their eyes," says the biographer of Keppel, "were gladdened by the object of two years' anxious expectation." At five a sail was seen bearing S. E.—the *Centurion* gave chase and cleared ship.

"We naturally," says Saumarez in his journal, "concluded it must be one of the galleons, and made no doubt of seeing the other soon. At half-past seven we discerned the ship off the deck; at eleven, had her hull entirely out of the horizon. Not seeing any other ship, we began to think she had lost company by some accident, and were surprised to see her bear down to us so boldly; at half-past eleven she hauled her foresail up, brought to, and hoisted Spanish colours, and their standard at the maintop-gallant mast-head; about half-past noon we hoisted our colours, and the broad pendant at the mast-head, and fired such of the chase and bow guns from aloft as could be brought to bear, as we were then within half gun-shot; most of them did execution. The galleon immediately returned our fire with two of his stern-chasers, which he plied briskly. His shots were not ill-directed, and generally shattered our rigging. When we came abreast of the enemy, within pistol-shot, the engagement began on both sides with great briskness; our guns, during the whole time, being loaded with ball and grape-shot, made great havoc, as likewise our tops, which were full of the best marksmen, who, by the enemy's own confession, galled them extremely. Our first broadside had a good effect, both with his men and rigging; his ensign-staff, among other

things, was shot away, and the ensign set on fire, but was soon extinguished by them."

Anson, in his official report, says they were engaged for an hour and a half, within less than pistol-shot, and that fifty-eight of the enemy were slain, and eighty-three wounded. His statement of the effect of the *Centurion's* fire shows how well his men were practised. The galleon's masts and rigging were shot to pieces, and one hundred and fifty shot passed through her hull. The *Centurion* lost but fifteen killed, and sixteen wounded. The galleon having struck, proved to be *Neustra Senora de Cava Donga*, so called from the cave in the Asturias, where Palayo sought shelter with his Goths. She had on board upwards of a million and a half of dollars, besides other money. During the action Keppel's station was on the main deck—the scene of the greatest carnage; and his more immediate duty was, we are told, that of aid-de-camp to the commodore, who, pleased with his conduct, made him at once a lieutenant. They brought the galleon to China, and Keppel accompanied the commodore on a visit of ten days to Canton. When there before, Keppel had noticed the falsehoods and evasions which, he says, "the Chinese are very guilty of telling." They had now, in their intercourse with the authorities, a new experience of all these, but were at last successful, owing, it is fair to add, to the gratitude of the Chinese. A fire which threatened to destroy a great part of the city was arrested and extinguished through the exertions of Anson and his boats' crew; and the viceroy having received them in state, granted all their requests. On their return home, the *Centurion*, favoured by a fog, ran through the French fleet, and on the 15th of June, 1744, anchored at Spithead: thus terminating a voyage which had lasted three years and nine months, and "evinced," says its narrator, "this important truth—that though prudence, intrepidity, and perseverance united, are not exempted from the blows of adverse fortune yet in a long series of transactions, they usually rise superior to its power,

and in the end rarely fail of proving successful."

Keppel, as we have seen, set out on this voyage well prepared to avail himself of its advantages, and he accordingly returned not only an experienced seaman, but also a highly informed and well-trained officer. In addition to nautical acquirements, he had learned, what was then not enough attended to, the importance of discipline. He had seen the value of attention to gunnery—Anson having always had regard to this, and especially when preparing to meet the galleon, knowing that he must chiefly rely on it, he had his men continually practised. Keppel's ships were ever afterwards remarkable for their well-directed fire. Anson had also revived the practice of close fighting, and Keppel, remembering his lessons, the more perhaps because he liked them, fought his ships, when he could, within pistol-shot.

Keppel, on his return, sought for no interval of rest. As soon as the *Centurion* was paid off, he applied to the admiralty for employment, and was appointed to the *Dreadnought*, Captain the Hon. Edward Boscawen;* but did not remain there long, being given a sloop, made a commander, and sailing two days after that in charge of a convoy. He was again, at the close of this year, that in which he returned with Anson, promoted to be a post-captain; and though he thus attained this rank at the early age of twenty, his advancement excited no jealousy, being, as was well known, deserved. His name was now often brought before the public, his ship being distinguished by activity in taking prizes. He was given the *Maidstone*, a fifty-gun ship, which, while eagerly pursuing a brigantine, he had the misfortune to lose, being wrecked off the

coast of France, and with his crew made prisoners. His own account of the matter is, that "he had his fortune before his eyes, but that eagerness and a bad pilot put an end to it." The shipwreck took place off the Pelliers rocks, on the island of Noirmoutier, off the coast of Brittany, between Nantz and the isle of Diese. In justice to Keppel we shall state, in his own words, how it occurred, and an extract from a letter to Anson will enable us to do this. The letter begins with stating that he had sent off two prizes to England, and was engaged in chasing a third:

"I plied," he says, "the whole night, and in the morning, at five, I saw three sail, two of which I took by twelve o'clock; and seeing eight more coming down upon me, I chased them, when they hauled from me; but the largest of them edged down a little across me, as if to succour the rest, and appeared a very great ship, for which reason I chased her. I had an old pilot on board for Sir Peter Warren, besides my own; he said we could cut the ship off very well, and that he knew the coast. Unfortunately for me we drew very near the chase, who still appeared large. At last I got within musket-shot, and fired two or three guns at him, which he did not mind. The castle fired over me; about which time the old pilot said, 'We must haul off.' I then directed the starboard brace to be hauled in, starboarded the helm, and hauled the larboard tacks on board; which was done briskly, and without the least confusion. I then asked the man in the weather-channel what water he had; he said five fathoms, which startled me much, as I had not heard before of the shallowness of water, being so intent upon my chase; at the same time I was uneasy, unless people should have thought it was the castle I stood in fear of: so, between chase and cas-

* Boscawen, or as the sailors called him "Old Dreadnought," was the second son of the first Lord Falmouth. He behaved with great intrepidity at the siege of Carthagen. In Anson's action off Cape Finisterre he was severely wounded in the shoulder. In 1758 he commanded the naval force at the reduction of Louisbourg; and the following year, after a spirited engagement, captured or destroyed five ships of the line, part of M. de la Clue's squadron. Walpole calls Boscawen "the most obstinate of an obstinate family;" but Pitt said of him, "when I apply to other officers respecting any expedition I may chance to project, they always raise difficulties. Boscawen always finds expedients." The custom of erecting cannon as a substitute for posts before private houses in London, originated with Boscawen, who first placed them before the house now occupied by Lord Falmouth, in St. James's-square, where they still remain: he called them his "bull dogs." He died in 1761.—Vol. i. p. 77, note.

tle, my ruin has been effected. We struck upon the rocks of the Pelliers, two minutes after the man in the channel told me five fathom. I immediately directed the helm a-weather, and wore her off; and then the pilot made me luff again; and in five minutes more we struck with such violence, that every body thought that the ship would have gone to pieces. I believe the first stroke drove her starboard bow in. It now being impossible to save his majesty's ship, I directed the masts to be cut away, and began to think of saving his majesty's subjects. I sent my little four-oared boat on shore with Frenchmen, and an officer of Marines, who talked French, to beg assistance, which was given. The next day the weather was so bad that the boats could not get on board, but they took the rafts that our people were upon, which were tossing about at the mercy of the sea." —Vol. i. pp. 95, 96.

Keppel and his crew were sent prisoners to Nantz. He engaged himself in studying French; and at the end of five weeks returned to England on his parole, when he was exchanged. The loss of the *Maidstone* did not injure him in the estimation of the public. Sir Peter Warren, in a letter to Lord Anson, expressing the prevailing opinion, says, "I join entirely with you in liking Keppel's eagerness to come at the enemy, and hope he will soon get a good ship to be at them again. He was tried, as usual, by court-martial, for the loss of the ship; and on his acquittal, the admiralty, to show their approval of his conduct, appointed him to the command of a new sixty-gun ship, named after his old friend, the *Anson*."

About this time two orders were made, which, as connected with the history of the navy, it may be worth while mentioning. One was for the adoption of a regular uniform; and the other, the establishment, by an order in council, of the relative ranks of the army and navy. Up to this period there was no regulated costume for the navy, and the officers appear to have dressed according to their own fancy. Smollett, who served in the navy in these days, describes a dandy captain as dressed in a pink-coloured silk coat, white satin waistcoat, embroidered with gold, and nether garments of crimson velvet,

scarcely meeting his thin silken hose; and Keppel wore a grey coat, with red facings. Anson, who was then a leading member of the board of admiralty, expressed a desire that several officers should appear in coats of their own liking, and that a choice should be made of one for the service. This is not inconsistent with what Sir John Barrow says, in his life of Howe, as to the origin of the navy uniform—"That the king chose the blue, faced with white, from seeing the Duchess of Bedford, wife of the first lord of the admiralty, dressed in a habit in that style."

In May, 1748, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle was concluded, and peace proclaimed between France and England. The *Anson* was ordered to remain as a guard-ship; but Keppel, still wishing for active service, applied for a sea-going ship, and was given, first the *Tavistock*, and soon afterwards Anson's ship, the *Centurion*, now famed, not only for her voyage, but as being "a crack man of war." Keppel liked her build so much, that he had a model made of her in Portsmouth dock-yard, which is still in the hall of a house he once had in Suffolk.

Keppel was not yet four and twenty, and was about to be raised to a station which offered a wider sphere for his talents. He was in January, 1749, appointed to the chief command in the Mediterranean, with the rank of commodore—a high distinction for a person of his age; and what further shows the reliance placed on his judgment, he was appointed ambassador to the States of Barbary, to treat with them under circumstances of some difficulty. One of the midshipmen who joined him at this period was Adam Duncan, afterwards the lord and admiral of that name. "Duncan," says the writer of the work before us, "may be truly said to have received his professional education in Keppel's school, having served under him in the several ranks of midshipman, third, second, and first lieutenant, flag, and post-captain." Keppel had formed the highest opinion of him, but he did not live to see all his expectations realized in the victory of Camperdown. The commodore sailed from Spithead at the close of April, but the *Centurion*, springing both her

topmasts, he was obliged to put into Plymouth for repairs; and while there, met at the table of Lord Mount Edgcumbe a Mr. Reynolds, afterwards Sir Joshua, but at that time only known as a painter about the neighbourhood of Plymouth. The commodore, much struck by the artist, offered him a passage on board the *Centurion*; the offer was accepted; and thus was Reynolds, while very young, enabled, in the society of one who could appreciate his talents, to visit Lisbon, Cadiz, and, among other places, Algiers and Rome. "I had," says Reynolds, "not only an opportunity of seeing a great deal, but I saw it with all the advantages as if I had travelled as his equal." "Keppel," as his biographer remarks, "is so far identified with the success of the great painter, that it was he who first afforded him access to the works of the Italian masters; and it was his portrait which first brought him into notice." The picture referred to, and from which an engraving prefixed to his "*Memoirs*" is taken, represents him as just escaped from the shipwreck of the *Maidstone*. It was painted with great care; and being in a style of art much above any thing of that day, it made known and fully established the character of Reynolds.

As to the embassy to Algiers, it arose thus:—These pirates, so long tolerated by European states, had seized an English packet-boat, and confiscated the cargo, worth, it is said, one hundred thousand pounds, on pretence that she had not a Mediterranean pass—that is, a paper of protection, signed by the Lord High Admiral, pursuant to an order in council of the time of Charles the Second. Keppel found the Algerines disposed to make difficulties. On his arrival he anchored in the bay, within gun-shot of the palace, went on shore in his barge, and demanded satisfaction. Surprised at the boldness of his address, and rating him lowly from his apparent youth, the Dey expressed his wonder "at the insolence of the king of England, in sending him a beardless boy."

"On this the youthful but spirited commodore replied, 'Had my master supposed that wisdom was measured by

the length of the beard, he would have sent your deyship a he-goat.' The tyrant, unused to such language from the sycophants of his own court, was so enraged, that he ordered his mutes to advance with the bowstring, at the same time telling the commodore, that he should pay for his audacity with his life. The commodore listened to this menace with the utmost calmness, and being near to a window which looked out upon the bay, directed the attention of the African chief to the squadron there at anchor, telling him, that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough on board to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey cooled a little at this hint, and was wise enough to permit the commodore to depart in safety."

This anecdote is cited in the work before us from Northcote's life of Reynold's; and as Northcote, the favourite pupil of our great artist, probably had it from himself, we may regard it as authentic. The commodore eventually concluded treaties of peace not only with Algiers, but with Tripoli and Tunis, much to the satisfaction of our government. One entry in Keppel's journal, while at Algiers, is too good to be omitted:—

"Was informed by Mr. Owen, (first lieutenant of the *Centurion*) that yesterday, John Dyer, who entered at Mahon, deserted from the long boat, and fled for sanctuary to a Marabut, and turned Moor. By further information, found that he had, five years ago, turned Moor, and had a wife and family here. On which I sent to the Dey to demand that he might be sent on board the *Centurion*, to receive the punishment he incurred as a deserter, which was death. In answer to which the Dey said, 'It was contrary to his laws to give up people who turned Moors; but as he had turned backwards and forwards so often, he was neither fish nor flesh, and fit for neither of us; therefore, as the punishment on our side was death, and that of a renegade flying from his country, was death likewise, he, to split the difference, would take off his head, if I had no objection.'—Vol. i. p. 179.

To this equitable adjustment Keppel assented, wishing, he says, "to put an end to a dispute in which his majesty's honour was no ways concerned."

The peace of Aix la Chapelle was

of short duration, and was followed in 1754 by a war with France, celebrated as the "Seven Years' War." This mainly arose out of disputes respecting boundary limits in America, and America was, for a while, the chief scene of action. In the close of 1754, Keppel was directed to take the command in chief, as commodore, on the North American station. He was to co-operate with General Braddock, who had with him about fifteen hundred men. Scarcely had Keppel left England, when Lord Albemarle, his father, died, and his elder brother succeeding to the peerage, the borough of Chichester became vacant, and Keppel was returned for it without opposition. Braddock, as is well known, was defeated by the French and Indians. His men were panic-struck at the novelty of the Indian mode of fighting, and at first hardly stood, although their officers showed them the best example. Braddock, after having five horses shot under him, was shot through the lungs, and died a few days after. This engagement, the battle of Monongahela, is also memorable for having first made generally known in England the name of Washington. He acted on this occasion as the aid-de-camp of General Braddock, received four shots through his coat, and had two horses killed under him.

Whatever we have hitherto seen of Keppel has commanded all our praise, but we have now to lament his participation in a transaction, which will be for ever memorable in the history of the navy—the trial and conviction of Admiral Byng. Keppel was on his court-martial, and shares the opprobrium of having joined in that cruel verdict. To enable our readers to form a judgment on a matter so closely connected with the character of Keppel, we must bring before them a few of the leading circumstances of the story of Byng.

It was early in the seven years' war, the Duke of Newcastle was minister, Lord Hardwicke, chancellor, and his son-in-law, Anson, the leading member of the admiralty board. They were Keppel's friends. France had declared her intention of invading Hanover, and of making England itself the seat of war; her real object being to make a descent upon the island of Minorca. She succeeded in

deceiving the English ministry, who greatly excited the public by preparations against invasion, and, keeping our ships of war near home, had no fleet in the Mediterranean till very late; and yet they had received intelligence from the British consul at Gibraltar that Minorca was the place which they purposed to attack. At length, urged by the general feeling of the country, they sent out a fleet to the Mediterranean, and, very unwisely, gave the command of it to an untried admiral—Byng. When they had even done so much, they did it in such a fashion as to incur new difficulties. Had they equipped their fleet at once, and sent it promptly off, it would have been in time to have anticipated the landing of the French in Minorca, and to have strengthened and supplied the garrison of Fort Philip, one of the strongest citadels in Europe, but which had at that moment a small and insufficient garrison. Byng, before sailing, complained of the small number of his ships, and of their equipment. It so happened, that when he came up with the French, his fleet, by unexpected accessions, was quite strong enough: and we refer to these circumstances, only for the purpose of showing, that the government, conscious of negligence, had good grounds for seeking to avert inquiry from themselves, and victimizing another.

The case of Byng demands our notice, not merely from his mournful fate, or even from its connexion with the history of the service, but as showing at this, we may say, early period, the force of the democratic element of our constitution. It was in the reign of Queen Anne that popular opinion began to show any thing like the influence it has at present. The press, through the medium of pamphlets and newspapers, was feeling the secret of its power; and Bolingbroke and Swift, writing for the daily journals, established their own influence, while they showed forth the mighty power of that new engine, the opinion of the public. The pressure from without, dating from the reign of Anne, was but young in the days of George the Second, and yet we are not aware that there has ever since occurred so strong an instance of submission to the will of the people, as that presented by the fate of Byng. We

know that although eighty-five years have elapsed since that unhappy case, opinions differ about it still; and yet we cannot but think, that a careful examination of the facts would lead any man to the conclusion we have reached—that Byng was the victim to a popular clamour, with which his judge, and those to whom he appealed, sympathized too promptly. It is clear, from the express terms of the court-martial, as well as from his conduct in death, that he was a man of firm courage; it also appears, that he was an officer of very considerable acquirements; and the failure of the action off Minorca appears to have arisen from his being hampered with the fighting instructions of the day; the more so, as he had been some years before the member of a court-martial, where these instructions were strongly enforced, and a distinguished officer broke for not complying with them. This was the court-martial on Admirals Matthews and Lestock, in 1744. Matthews had led the van in Rowley's action, with the French and Spanish fleets off Toulon, Lestock the rear. Matthews, availing himself of a favourable moment, left the prescribed line, and bearing down upon the enemy, engaged them. He fought most gallantly; and had he been supported, would have gained a brilliant victory. Lestock kept out of fire, but having preserved the line, he was honourably acquitted, while Matthews was broke, and hardly escaped death. "Hence," says Clerk, in his Naval Tactics, "that sentence of the court-martial which broke Mr. Matthews, ought virtually to be considered the source of all the naval miscarriages which took place since." Matthews was ruined, as Voltaire said Byng was shot—"pour encourager les autres."

The precise circumstances of Byng's action were these:—On the 20th May, 1757, the British fleet bore down in a slanting direction on the enemy, pursuant to the fighting directions. The French, who were lying to, poured their broadsides into our ships, as they respectively came within range. The captain of the *Intrepid*, the eighth in the line, eager for action, bore down right before the wind upon his destined antagonist. In this attempt he lost his fore top-mast, and his vessel becoming unmanageable,

caused disorder amongst the ships a-stern. Byng was at this moment advised by his flag-captain to bear away himself, as Matthews had done, but he, it must be confessed very naturally, refused. Some minutes were lost in trying to repair the derangement caused by the *Intrepid*, when Byng continued his course; but it was now too late, the French having poured their broadsides into our leading ships, got off, and formed a new line far to the leeward. The admiral called a council of war, when it was unanimously resolved, "that instead of seeking another engagement, in their disabled condition, they should proceed to Gibraltar." They accordingly went there, and Byng was just ready for sea again, when he was suspended, and sent home a prisoner.

The news of the action reached England through France, and in such a form as to raise the public feeling greatly against the admiral; the ministers, at the same time, making use of every art to keep up and increase the feeling; "even," says Walpole, "descending to advertise in the *Gazette* that orders were sent to arrest Byng." On arriving in England, Byng was brought a prisoner to Greenwich; and though it was night, the cruel governor placed him in a garret, with no furniture but a deal table and a chair, the windows and the chimney being barred with iron. Every tragic omen forboded his fate. A younger brother, Col. E. Byng, hastened to Portsmouth to meet him, and was so shocked at the language he every where heard against him, that he took ill and died in convulsions. After a long imprisonment the admiral was brought to trial, Keppel being the junior member of the court-martial. The court adjudged him to be shot to death, on the ground that he had not done "his utmost," and that consequently the 12th article of war, as it then stood, imposing death in such a case, took from them all discretion, and constrained them to condemn him to death. It may be doubtful whether he had done "~~the~~ utmost," but at all events it appears from the evidence that he had done "his utmost," so that, consistently with the letter of the article, and their own convictions, they might have acquitted him. But not only public feeling and party interest were against him, but even fatalities beset his case. The

court, distrusting their own verdict, addressed a letter to the admiralty, laying before them "the distresses of their minds, that from the language of the 12th article they were constrained to condemn him to death, although his conduct was occasioned by error in judgment only," and praying that "for their own conscience' sake as well as in justice to the prisoner," their lordships would recommend him to mercy. Had the admiralty only done what they were asked, there appears to be no doubt that Byng would have been spared; but their lordships took the irregular course of writing to the king, stating that "doubt had arisen as to the legality of the sentence," and beseeching him—not to extend his mercy—but to refer the question of legality to the judges. This was the step which sealed the fate of Byng; the judges, of course, pronounced the sentence legal, and the lords made no further application. Keppel may be justly blamed for having ever joined in so strange a verdict; but it is to his credit that he, and of all the members of that court, only he, made to the last every practicable effort to save Byng. He brought in a bill in the House of Commons to release the members of the court-martial from their oath of secrecy; stating that he and other members were uneasy in their minds, and that there were matters they were desirous of making known. The bill, after much debate, passed the commons, but was thrown out in the upper house, Lords Mansfield and Hardwicke taking part against it. Keppel thus did what he could to be absolved from his oath, but until that was done could speak nothing of what had occurred. We give, in the words of Walpole, the last scene of this judicial murder:—

"Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday—a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents—villany, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances—nay, the revolutions of his fate—had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, 'Which of us is tallest?' He replied, 'Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin.' He said that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on

the coolest reflection, that he had acted for the best, and should so act again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are—came out at twelve; sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told it might frighten his executioners, he submitted—gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell."

As he sunk motionless on the deck, one of the honest-hearted sailors called out, "There lies the bravest and best officer of the navy."—Vol. i. p. 250. j

Soon after this, Keppel, in the *Torbay*, was directed to join an expedition against Rochfort, the object of which was to make a diversion in favour of the English and Prussians, at that time allies in war on the continent. Hawke had the command of the naval force, Sir John Mordaunt and General Conway of the troops. The expedition failed, and returned to England, having done nothing but exhibit the gallantry of our marine, especially of Howe and Keppel. The latter was detached by Hawke in command of a squadron on various cruising expeditions; in one of which, while engaged with a French man-of-war, he received a wound in the leg, which brought him to the deck, and appeared dangerous. The sailors came to carry him to the cockpit, but he calmly took out his handkerchief, and bound it round the wound, saying, "Stop, my lads, reach a chair; as I can't stand, I must sit. This may spoil my dancing, but not my taste for fighting."—Vol. i. p. 265.

The next service of importance in which Keppel was engaged, was the capture of Goree, by which the French were driven from their settlements in Africa. They had carried on a good trade there, under the title of the Senegal Company, had a monopoly of the gum trade, and an extensive traffic in slaves and ivory. In order to expel them from their settlements on the Senegal it was first necessary to reduce the well fortified island of Goree. Pitt, therefore, sent out a considerable force, under the command of Keppel, who had the rank of commodore. Goree is an island about a mile to the south of Cape Verd, and besides

being strongly fortified, it is defended by rocks and shoals. As our ships approached the forts they were received with a heavy fire, but Keppel, practising the lessons he had learned from Anson, would not let a shot be returned until each ship had reached her station, when the fire of our squadron was so tremendous that the Frenchmen soon ran from their quarters, and M. St. Jean, having vainly enjoined them to return, on pain of death, at length surrendered. Duncan, then first lieutenant of the *Torbay*, was wounded in this action, and a sailor in the foretop having his leg shot off, let himself down, with singular presence of mind, hand under hand, until he reached the deck.

On returning home, Keppel found the nation filled with reports of French invasion—large bodies of troops were collected along their coasts threatening a simultaneous descent on England, Scotland, and Ireland. But the elder Pitt, then minister, by a judicious disposition of our naval armaments, blockaded their vessels in their own ports, placing *Boscawen* off Toulon, while Commodore Boys kept guard at Dunkirk on *Thurot's* fleet, long destined to act against Scotland and Ireland; and assigning *Ushant*, the point of most importance, to Hawke, who, by his well-known victory over M. de Conflans, set at rest, for the time, all fears of invasion from France. No action in the last century, before the introduction of breaking the line, was attended with more decisive results, than Hawke's off *Ushant*, and there was none, of all his services, in which Keppel bore a more distinguished part. Hawke had the fortune to have in his fleet captains worthy of being his associates. Keppel, in his favourite ship, the *Torbay*, Lord Howe in the *Magnanime*, which he has made so celebrated, the Hon. John Byron, subsequently Admiral Byron, whose account of his shipwreck and sufferings is so well known, commanded the *Fame*, and Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol, had the *Monmouth*. The fleet sailed from England in the summer of 1759; there was much bad weather, and in October it became so tempestuous that they were driven three times back to England. In one of these intervals, the French fleet was joined by a squadron from the West Indies, and put to sea, with the object of capturing

a few ships, which, under the command of Commodore Duff, were moored in Quiberon bay. The news of their being at sea soon reached Hawke, and was received by his crews with acclamation. Just at this time Admiral Saunders, Keppel's friend, arrived at Portsmouth from America, where he had been acting with the gallant Wolfe. Saunders, on hearing that the French were at sea, instantly put his ship about, and, without waiting for orders, sailed out of harbour to join Hawke. He came up, unhappily, too late to share in the dangers and honours of the day, but, as Walpole well remarks, "a moment so embraced can never be accounted lost." On the 20th of November, Hawke made signal that the enemy's fleet was in sight. M. de Conflans at first formed in line, but thinking it better to avoid an engagement, he sought to train our fleet through the shoals and rocks at the entrance of the river Villaine, hoping, as he stated to his government, that while the officers well acquainted with the navigation of the coast would be safe, our ships might be destroyed. He, accordingly, put off before the wind. Hawke, observing this, directed a general chase, without regard to order, adding a characteristic comment, that "he did not intend to trouble himself with forming line, but that he should attack the enemy in his old way, and make downright work with him:—"

"The sea was running high, the wind blowing a violent gale, the coast, though familiar to the enemy, was unknown to our fleet, and beset with rocks, sands, and shallows; when it is remembered that this was a lee shore, we may form some conception of the appalling dangers that presented themselves.

"At about half-past two in the afternoon, when within three leagues of the land, the seven headmost ships, amongst the foremost of which was the *Torbay*, came up with the rear of the enemy's fleet, and immediately received the admiral's signal to engage. The order was promptly obeyed, and the action raged with fury; each ship as she came up with the enemy, poured her broadside into the sternmost ships, and then stood on for the van, leaving the rear to those that came after.

"At four o'clock, Keppel laid his ship alongside of the *Formidable*, an eighty gun ship, and one thousand men, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral De Verger. After engaging with her till he 'had silenced,' he left her to the *Resolution*,

to which ship she afterwards struck. When taken, she exhibited a dreadful scene of carnage, having two hundred men killed, amongst whom was Rear-Admiral De Verger himself."—Vol. i. p. 284.

Keppel then passed a-head to attack the *Soleil Royale*, of eighty guns, and twelve hundred men, commanded by M. de Conflans, his second, and another ship (the *Intrepid*). The two of these, after pouring their broadsides into him, declined the engagement, and bore up. "The other ship," says the *Torbay's* log-book, "came down, and seemed determined to engage us:—"

"This was the *Thésée*, one of the finest ships in the French navy, mounting the same number of guns, but of larger calibre, and carrying a hundred men more than the *Torbay*. This ship, according to Campbell, Keppel engaged 'yard-arm to yard-arm, with such impetuous fury, that he sunk her in half an hour, and the greater part of her crew perished.' Her gallant captain refusing to strike, she went down with her colours flying. That the *Thésée* sunk while thus engaged with the *Torbay*, is proved by the *Torbay's* log-book; but it is now generally believed that her disaster was occasioned by her having her lower deck ports open, which, from the violence of the gale, was attended with the most imminent danger. Owing to the same cause, the *Torbay* was in the greatest danger of a similar fate, when Captain Keppel, 'by superior seamanship, and ordering the lower port-holes to be shut, saved the ship.' 'We received,' says the log-book, 'so much water in at the lee-ports, that we were obliged to fling the ship up in the wind, when she went round.' Walpole mentions an anecdote in connexion with this event. Keppel's ship was full of water, and he thought she was sinking; a sudden squall emptied her, but he was informed all his powder was wet, 'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged, 'Very well,' said he, 'then attack again.'"—Vol. i. p. 285.

Keppel, as appears from the log of the *Torbay*, was no sooner aware of the situation of the *Thésée*, than with the generous feeling, shown afterwards by Howe on a like occasion, and often by our navy, he ordered out the boats to save as many as they could, and this though there was a heavy sea and the battle was raging still. We con-

tinue, in the author's words, his admirable account of the action:—

"Howe was a strenuous competitor with Keppel for a share in the honours of the victory. He had twice succeeded in getting alongside the *Thésée*, but was both times run foul of by some of our own ships. He began at last to despair of doing anything worthy of his name, when perceiving the *Héros* to leeward, he bore down upon her, and after a gallant engagement, compelled her to strike.

"From the beginning of the action, Sir Edward Hawke had ordered his ship, the *Royal George*, to reserve her fire until she came along side of the French admiral, the *Soleil Royale*. The pilot informed him that this could not be done without the most imminent danger of running upon a shoal. It was upon this occasion he gave the well-known answer, 'You have done your duty in pointing out the danger, you have now to obey my commands, and lay me alongside of the French admiral.' As he advanced he received the broadsides of six of the enemy's ships. The French admiral was one of the last to give him his fire, and as in the case of the *Torbay*, he showed a great disinclination for nearer contact. As the *Royal George* neared the *Soleil*, she endeavoured to make off, in which effort she was aided by the *Superbe*, who, perceiving our admiral's design, generously interposed, received the fire intended for the *Soleil Royale*, and soon after went to the bottom.

"Dark coming on the admiral made the signal to anchor.

"A violent hurricane blew during the whole night after the action. Guns of distress were to be heard amidst the roar of the tempest; but whether from friend or foe it was impossible to ascertain, and if known, the violence of the storm would have rendered it impossible to have afforded assistance to either."—Vol. i.

Next day the *Soleil Royale* and the *Héros* were seen ashore, and Hawke directed them to be set on fire—this was done. Four of the French ships were destroyed, one taken, and the rest of that great armament shattered or dispersed, "and this," as the Rev. Mr. Keppel observes, "with a stormy sea, a raging wind, a strange and rocky coast, and above all, a lee shore."

We have remarked in our notice of the life of Howe, that at the moment he was gaining the victory of the first of June, they were lampooning him

in London for avoiding the French: and on the very day that Hawke destroyed De Conflans' fleet, the mob at home burned him in effigy for the share they were pleased to attribute to him in the failure at Roohfort. The news of the victory, however, made him the most popular man in England, honours and rewards were given to him and his officers, and Keppel and Howe were appointed colonels of marines, chiefly with the object of making out for them additional remuneration. Immediately after the action, Hawke showed his appreciation of Keppel's conduct, by giving him the command of a squadron of eight sail of the line, and sending him on a cruise.

In the year after this victory, that is, in 1760, George the Third ascended the throne. England had prospered both in commerce and in war, and our government wished for peace—but France, although defeated by land and sea, and almost ruined in finance, still indulged her fatal love for arms—and Pitt, resolving to harass her along her own coasts, formed an expedition against Belleisle—he entrusted it to the joint command of Keppel, and of General, afterwards Field-marshal Studholme Hodgson, an officer who had served at Dettingen and Fontenoy as aid-de-camp to Keppel's father, Lord Albemarle—and with the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden. Keppel hoisted his pendant as commodore, on board the *Victory*, a new ship, and on his own application, had Duncan as his captain. He had eleven ships of the line, as many frigates, and there were a hundred transports for the troops. The armament was large, but it was badly equipped—great numbers of the officers were absent, and the supply of ammunition was insufficient; altogether, the arrangements were not worthy of Lord Ligonier, who then presided over the war department—that Ligonier, who, at the head of three regiments of British dragoons, and a few regiments of imperial horse, charged the whole line of French cavalry with such impetuous courage, that he overthrew all opposed to him. "Surely," says Hodgson, in a letter

of the time, "Lady Betty Germaine* is at the head of the army, and has had the impertinence to sign herself Ligonier."

Belleisle, at that time the largest European island belonging to the French, lies in the bay of Biscay, about six leagues from the main land, and was regarded as the key to the whole of the western coast of France. The chief town, Palais, is so called from the ducal castle there, which had been made the citadel, and fortified by Vauban. The expedition against Belleisle was not popular; the island, it was urged, was useless from want of harbours—worthless to France, from its poverty—and yet, from its fortifications, as well as from its nearness to the coast, so circumstanced, that it could not be taken without great loss and expense. The last of these observations, at all events, proved correct. The armament anchored off Belleisle on the 8th of April, was defeated in the first attempt at landing, and although afterwards successful, had to besiege the town of Palais, which did not surrender till the 8th of June. The reduction of Belleisle was greatly owing to the promptness of Keppel; the ammunition of the troops failing them, the commodore gave them all he could, and sent off to Plymouth for more. The ministry at home valued the conquest highly, believing it to have caused great alarm in France, and to have obliged them to send large bodies of troops to their other islands, as well as to go to great expense in preparing them for defence.

Keppel had now sixty-three men-of-war at his disposal, and his command extended along the western shores of France—a trust which, when we consider his rank in the navy at that time, conveys a high idea of the estimation in which he was held.

In the following year, 1762, France made overtures for peace, but while the treaty was pending, she entered into that alliance with Spain, known as "The Family Compact," and the negotiation with England was broken off. Pitt urged instant hostilities against both powers, but he was un-

* Lady Betty Germaine, second daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and widow of Sir John Germaine, a Dutch gentleman, and baronet, of Drayton, in Northamptonshire. She was a very eccentric character, and a great political *strigante*. Her nephew, Lord George Sackville, succeeded to her property, and took the name of Germaine.—Vol. i. p. 322, n.

fortunately opposed, and in consequence resigned. The new ministers waited till war was formally declared by Spain, and lost, by delay, important advantages. They adopted Pitt's plan, that of directing their operations against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, and the Havannah, the centre of their colonial trade and the key to their American possessions, was fixed on as the point of attack. This place was the depot for the precious metals from Mexico—and Cuba, in which it is situated, was at that time, from its trade, as well as in size, the most important of the Spanish islands in the West Indies. A large expedition was accordingly prepared, and the command of the troops entrusted to the Earl of Albemarle, assisted by his brother, General the Hon. W. Keppel. Admiral Sir George Pocock had the fleet, and Keppel, with a distinguishing pendant as commodore, was his second in command. On the 6th of June they appeared before the Havannah. The harbour is defended by strong forts, the principal one, the Moro, being inaccessible from the sea. A landing was effected under the direction of the commodore, and the Moro Castle was the first object of attack. This was attended with great difficulty: batteries had to be erected, and the earth required for the purpose had to be brought from a distance, the neighbourhood being all rock. The labour carried on under a tropical sun caused great suffering—many dropt down dead, and large numbers became ill. At length the batteries opened, and Keppel directed Captain Hervey, with four ships of the line, to cannonade the Moro. The Stirling Castle was ordered to lead, but the courage of her captain failed, and he was afterwards cashiered: the other vessels poured their broadsides against the walls of the fort, the captain of one was almost immediately killed, and the loss and damage to all our ships was great. In the midst of the action, surrounded by wounded and dying, Hervey wrote off, in pencil, on the back of one of his signals, the following note to Keppel:

"SIR—I have the misfortune to be aground. Pray send a frigate to drop

a bower off, and send the end of the cable on board here. We are luckily in a good line for our fire on the fort, but the smoke is so great, that (it) makes it impossible to see the effect we have had, or (are) likely to have; nor can we tell when the army will advance. Often duller, and ever yours,

"A. HERVEY."*

The attack, though made so gallantly, was ineffectual; but the Moro was subsequently taken, after a defence which did great honour to Velasco,† the Spanish commandant. He refused to surrender, although his men were driven from their quarters, and supported by a few adherents, he fought, sword in hand, until he received his death wound. Our loss in the expedition was great, chiefly from disease, which, had Pitt's advice been taken, might have been prevented—as the fleet would have arrived before the rainy season. Twelve ships of the line were taken in the harbour, and the prize money exceeded three millions sterling—so much of which went to Lord Albemarle and his two brothers, that it was said, "the expedition was undertaken to put money into the Keppels' pockets." Our commodore, who was conceived to have greatly assisted in the reduction of this place, was shortly afterwards made a rear-admiral, a promotion of flag officers being extended, to include him. But he earned dearly the wealth and honours gained at the Havannah, for he never thoroughly recovered an illness brought on there. On his return to England, Lord Rockingham having come into power, Keppel was made a junior lord of the admiralty—and applied himself with his habitual zeal to an examination of the state of the dockyards and shipping, suggesting many measures for rendering them more effective. Keppel's years have been hitherto so wholly engaged in active service, that we have had hardly any opportunity of referring to his relations in private life. In the year 1768, he went with his sister, the Marchioness of Tavistock, to Lisbon. This lady, whose story makes a melancholy episode in her brother's life, was one of the great beauties of her day, and had been married four years before

* Afterwards Earl of Bristol.—Vol. i. p. 355.

† The King of Spain created his son a viscount, and ordered that there should always be a ship in the Spanish navy called the Velasco.—Vol. i. p. 260, n.

to the Marquis of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse, while hunting: after his death she gave birth to a child, who was that unhappy Lord William Russell, so lately murdered in his bed. Lady Tavistock never recovered the loss of her husband, and soon afterwards fell into a decline. An incident which occurred at a consultation on her case, gives an affecting proof of the sweetness of her character. One of the physicians, examining her pulse, requested her to open her hand. "Her reluctance induced him to use a degree of gentle violence, when he perceived that she had closed it to conceal a miniature of her late husband. 'I have kept it,' she said, 'either in my bosom, or my hand, ever since my dear lord's death—and thus I must, indeed, continue to retain it, until I drop off after him into the welcome grave.'"

Lady Tavistock died at Lisbon, and her sister, Lady Caroline Adair, who had gone to attend her there, soon afterwards followed her to the grave.

In the year 1770, Keppel was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral of the Red, and again to that of rear-admiral of the Blue. The affair of the Falkland Islands, the Spaniards seizing them from the English settlers, led at this time to preparations for a war with Spain. A fleet of sixteen sail of the line was equipped, and it is another evidence of the high character of Admiral Keppel, that, though opposed to the ministry in politics, and intimately connected with the leaders of the opposition, by relationship, as well as by many other ties, he was selected by so good a judge as Lord Chatham, as the proper person to take charge of this fleet. An accommodation took place with Spain, and the expedition was given up—but it is worth while remarking that two young persons just then entered the navy, of whose names it will be for ever proud, Nelson and Pellew. The former was appointed to the *Raisonable*, the other to the *Juno*, ships which were to have been in Keppel's fleet.

Keppel appears to have been regarded with great affection by his friends. Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, who served with him in Anson's voyage, died in 1775, leaving him a legacy of £5,000 and an annuity of £1,200 a-year, and made him first in the entail of his property, in the event of his

two nieces, who were then unmarried, dying without issue.

Keppel was a strong whig; and for a navy man rather too ardent a politician. His letters are full of the animosities and personalities of party, although there could hardly be a more amiable person. In his opposition to the American war, he went so far as to declare that he would not serve against America: "he was ready," he said, "at the king's desire to do his duty, *but not in the line of America.*" Notwithstanding this, and that he voted in opposition to the minister, he was, in 1776, called on at a very critical moment to take the command of the Channel fleet. This was a new tribute to his talents and character. His friends were strongly opposed to his taking this command, chiefly on the ground, that in the event of any fatality, the ministry would be sure to throw the blame on him. His own health supplied a better reason for declining: it had been latterly failing fast, and thus, after so many years of service, he might have easily claimed the rest he wanted; but at the personal solicitation of the king, and feeling that he was called by the country, he accepted this important trust.

France had entered into treaty with our revolted colonies in America. She was also collecting a large fleet at Brest, and had marched considerable bodies of troops to the coast to threaten England with invasion. Spain, her ally, was also making preparations for war. General Burgoyne and his whole army had just been taken prisoners by the Americans, and our whole naval force at home did not at that moment amount to more than thirty-five ships fit for service. It was under such circumstances that Admiral Keppel accepted the command of the channel fleet, to which the country chiefly looked for protection. In his communications with the admiralty he suggested the adoption of 32-pounders instead of the 42-pounders then in use, stating that the lesser gun may, on board a ship, be fired much oftener, and that it might be of service when the others could not be managed at all: also, that a tier of the lesser guns would greatly ease a ship at sea. He had accordingly a lower tier of guns in the *Victory*, of 32-pounders, and ever since first-rates have carried such guns on their lower decks. Admi-

ral Campbell* volunteered to go with him, as flag-captain.

A very long time elapsed before Keppel actually received his commission. At length, however, he hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, and with a fleet of twenty ships of the line, besides frigates, sailed down the channel. On nearing his station, he fell in with two French frigates, and felt thus early the difficulty of the position in which he stood. He was led to suspect that their purpose was to reconnoitre his fleet. War had not been declared—and, as his biographer observes, some misgiving appears to have occurred to him, lest his detaining these ships should lead to a declaration of war on the part of the French, and supply unfriendly ministers with a pretext for denouncing him as the cause of it. We cannot think that when matters had gone so far there was anything of the kind to be apprehended, and at all events his instructions must, we presume, have enabled him to see his duty: if, however, such a doubt occurred to him, he formed the true decision—that was, to act in the dilemma as seemed most for the interest of his country. He therefore directed a chase, and the frigates were both brought into his fleet. They had papers on board, which made him acquainted with the fact—that the French had thirty-two sail of the line, besides frigates in Brest roads, and compelled him to a step, which probably cost him more pain than any other of his life—that was to return to England. His secret instructions enjoined him, if he found the force at Brest superior, to return to England. This he did, anchoring off St. Helen's on the 27th of June. Had he forgotten the warning fate of Byng, and disobeyed instructions, he had no reason to rely on the support of government, and not much to count on a very decided victory; although even at that time, and

with twenty ships against thirty-two, the thought of defeat never, we are sure, occurred to him, or to any man in his fleet. Much as the service had advanced, he could not in those days reckon with perfect confidence on the skill of his respective captains, and our tactics were not such as often to lead to decided results.

Returning home under such circumstances he was pretty sure of encountering a good deal of unpopularity. The government took no direct notice of the proceeding; but the journals in their interest ascribed his conduct to the worst of motives, and threatened him with a court-martial. Keppel, at this trying moment, acted with great forbearance. He took no notice of their calumnies, did not criminate the government, but applied himself in silence to the reinforcement and equipment of his fleet, and in but a few days was again at sea with a fleet of thirty sail of the line, besides frigates. The day before he weighed from Portsmouth, the French fleet put to sea. It was commanded by the Count D'Orvilliers, assisted by the Duc de Chartres. This prince, afterwards the Duc d'Orleans, the *égalité* of the revolution, having not long before met Rodney, (then Sir George,) in France, mentioned that he was soon to have a command in the fleet, and to be opposed to his countryman, Keppel, and then asked, with an insulting air, what he supposed would be the consequence of their meeting? "That my countryman," said Rodney, "will take your royal highness home with him to learn English."† On the 23d of July the French fleet was discovered about three leagues off. At first they seemed willing to bring on a general engagement, but having found out the increase of our force, they were soon seen attempting to escape under a press of sail. Upon this Keppel, who had just formed into line of battle, threw out the signal

* Campbell had been flag-captain to Hawke, in the action of Ushant, and brought home the news of the victory. He was a petty officer on board the *Centurion*, in the voyage round the world, and was originally an apprentice in a Scotch coaster. With the exception of the master and himself, (who was exempt by his indentures,) the crew of this vessel were pressed into the navy. One of the poor fellows, the mate, a married man, wept bitterly at the prospect of separation from his family. Campbell asked, if he would be accepted in his place? "Ay, my lad!" was the reply. "I would rather have a boy of spirit, than a blubbering man."—Vol. i. p. 290. n.

† Vol. ii. p. 37, n. when the author adds, "In the action of the 27th of July, the Duke of Chartres retired into the hold of his ship, and refused to come on deck until the engagement was over."

for a general chase. For four days we vainly endeavoured to come up with them. At day-break, on the 27th of July, they were seen about three miles to windward. The ships of our fleet having pressed on so eagerly, were much scattered and separated by good distances from each other. At about ten o'clock the French fleet was on the starboard tack, in a very perfect line of battle a-head; and "Keppell," says Jervis,* in his private journal, "had tacked his fleet together by signals very successfully." The wind soon after shifted, and some farther time was taken up in evolutions. At about half-past eleven, Keppel made the signal for battle. Our van passed down the French line, receiving their fire, and Keppel, having resolved to place himself alongside the French Admiral, reserved his broadside for him, and received the fire of six different ships before he returned a shot. In this, he reminds us of Nelson, at Trafalgar; who, in the same ship, the Victory, had fifty men killed or wounded, and his mizen-mast and steering-sails shot away before he fired a single gun. When our admiral had gained his station, such was the effect of his Victory's fire, that two or three port-holes of the Bretagne, D'Orvillier's ship, were knocked into one, and the French seamen were driven for a time from their guns. The Victory then passed on, and engaged six others in succession. The cannonade continued for about two hours, the French directing their fire chiefly against the masts and rigging, with the object of disabling our ships, in which they, to some extent, succeeded. Keppel having passed the rear of the enemy was enabled to see the position of his fleet, which the smoke had for a time concealed. Sir Robert Harland, who led one division, had with some of his ships tacked, and was standing towards the enemy, with, as Jervis expresses it, "a manly sail;" many of the ships had got out of action—some dropping to leeward, and apparently employed in repairing their damages. Sir Hugh Pallisier's ship, the Formidable, had left her station, and notwithstanding repeated signals,

did not come into line for the rest of the day. At about two the admiral made the signal to veer, and then standing towards the enemy made the signal for the line of battle a-head. Considerable time passed in evolutions, and the enemy dropping to leeward, formed their fleet again in line of battle. Keppel then tried to form his line again with the object of renewing the battle, but before each ship had got into her station the day had closed. The admiral remained with his fleet in line of battle, eager for the morning, hoping that he had his foe before him. During the night, which was very dark, the French showed no lights, except a few rockets, and three lights were so placed, as to lead the English to infer that they belonged to the three French admirals. Daylight came at length, and with it much sorrow to all our crews, for the French fleet, excepting only three sail, was off, being barely visible from the mast-heads of our ships. They had, favoured by the night, escaped: and, to deceive the English, had left three of their best sailers, to make a show with their lights, on their station of the evening before. Orders for chase were given, but the enemy being near his own shores, the attempt was vain; and Keppel resolved to return to England. In this he exhibited his accustomed judgment. Had he been desirous of display, he might have paraded his fleet off Brest; but thoughtful of other interests than his own, he left a few men of war to protect the trade, and returned home to put into immediate repair a fleet, on which, at that period, the safety of England, in great measure, depended.

Few of our naval battles have been so much the subject of criticism as that we have been describing, known by the name of "Keppel's Action off Brest." It has been said that he lost his chance of a victory by not *passing through* the enemy's line.† The author of the work before us alleges many reasons why this could not have been done; but there is one so very sufficient, that we really marvel at the observation having ever been made, es-

* Afterwards Lord St. Vincent, he, as Captain Jervis, commanded the Foudroyant, in the action we are describing. The Rev. Mr. Keppel cites his private journal.—Vol. ii. p. 39.

† Admiral Ekins' Naval Battles.—Cited, vol. ii. p. 53.

pecially by a naval writer, and a seaman. The movement was not known at the time, or until four years afterwards, when, that is in 1782, John Clerk, of Eldin, brought out his "Essay on Naval Tactics," and announced for the first time the principle of breaking the line. It was first applied on the 12th of April of that year, by Rodney, when he gained his brilliant victory over the French, and in the interval of these dates, that is between Keppel's action in 1778 and Rodney's, in 1782, there were no less than eight general actions (in three of them Rodney commanded), all conducted on the principle of Keppel's, and all, like most of the old engagements, with indecisive results.

Again, it is said that Keppel ought to have attacked the French in the night. The plan of a night action was, we believe, first suggested by Lord Howe, and submitted by him to the commanders of his fleet, in council, previous to his action of the first of June, and after consideration, given up. Nelson undoubtedly said, that if he fell in with the French fleet by night, he would engage them immediately; but this, as Keppel's biographer observes, was twenty-seven years after the action off Brest, and when great improvements had been made in all respects. Keppel's claims in regard to the action off Brest can only be determined by a consideration of the principles of warfare then known, and, to decide our view, it may be enough to observe, that the great naval characters of the period, including Hawke, Jervis, Rodney, agreed in holding that all that could have been done was done, and that no previous commander had exhibited more of skill, energy, gallantry, and judgment.

Soon after the fleet had returned to England, Sir Hugh Palliser feeling that his conduct had become a subject of observation, prepared his own statement of it, which he called on Keppel to sign. This he declined,

and thereupon Palliser published his version in the newspapers, and having made a series of charges against his commander, appealed to the admiralty to have him tried by a court-martial. To this the lords of the admiralty thought proper to assent; but Keppel, while he expressed his willingness to meet inquiry, represented strongly the irregularities of directing a court-martial against the commander-in-chief of the fleet on charges made by an inferior officer, under the peculiar circumstances in which his accuser stood. The proceeding became the subject of discussion in both houses of parliament, and a remonstrance against it, signed by Hawke and a number of other admirals, was presented to the king. Ultimately the court-martial was proceeded with, and Keppel was tried for his life on charges very similar to those made against Byng. He was indeed in the very circumstances of Byng, but with this difference, that having by well-known services for a period of forty years made the highest character with the country, the general feeling of the public rose strongly against the ingratitude of allowing, for a moment, the shadow of imputation against him. He was accompanied on the occasion of his trial by a train of distinguished friends, Royal Dukes, the high nobility, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and a great number of naval officers. The royal standard was displayed from the starboard mizen shrouds of the ship on board which the proceeding took place, in token that an admiral was to be tried. After a protracted investigation, in the course of which every commander in the fleet was, without any deference to the rules of evidence,* placed under a wide and strict examination, Admiral Keppel was fully and honourably acquitted.† The admiral's health had been for some time past much shattered, and the excitement inseparable from a court-martial was no doubt injurious to him, but some

* A question being objected to by Mr. Hargrave, a counsel in the case, Admiral Montague, one of the court, exclaimed, "we care not a sixpence for the law in this case. We come to do justice."

† Erskine was one of Keppel's counsel on the trial, and received for his attendance, two bank notes of £500 each, a fee which his narrow circumstances did not at the time permit him to decline. He had been but a few months called to the bar, and this was the first case which brought him into notice. Having been in the navy, his knowledge of sea phrases and details rendered it a favourable opportunity.—See vol. ii. p. 220.

of the results gave him the highest gratification. The investigation made it plain to every one, that in the action off Brest he had done all that gallantry and experience could have attempted. He became the most popular man in England; there were public rejoicings throughout the country on his acquittal; London was twice illuminated; he received the thanks of both houses of parliament; addresses from all parts of the kingdom; the freedom of the city of London; and what perhaps pleased him most of all, he had a marked triumph over these lords of the admiralty who had so very promptly placed him on his trial. Having addressed a very able letter to the king strongly reflecting on their conduct, he resigned his commission as commander-in-chief and struck his flag. The appointment was offered to most of the officers fit for active service, and declined. At length Sir Charles Hardy, a good officer, but rather too old for the duty of such a trust, was prevailed on to accept it. This circumstance tells strongly against the management of the navy at the time, whether the blame be attributed to the negligence of Lord Sandwich, first lord of the admiralty, or to the minister, Lord North. Were there no want of confidence, we cannot imagine a more desirable command than that of the channel fleet just then. Spain had declared war, and joining with France, their combined fleets of sixty-five sail of the line appeared off Plymouth. Booms were placed across the entrance of the harbour and vessels sunk there, and alarms were spread along the coast*—alarms unthought of now, and we wonder while we read them, so securely have we learned to trust in that great arm of our power, the navy. Honours and fame awaited the victor of that hostile fleet, and had there not been something wrong in the state and management of the service, the government would have been

at no loss for a person to accept the chief command in the channel.

Keppel made many suggestions for the improvement of our navy. It was he who recommended the adoption of copper bottoms to ships of war, and he strongly urged the establishment of marines as a separate corps—a corps of which we have now so much reason to be proud. He took, in all that related to the service, a very active part in the House of Commons, but seldom spoke on other subjects. On the resignation of Lord North and the formation of the Rockingham administration, in 1782, Keppel became a member of the cabinet, was appointed first lord of the admiralty, promoted to the rank of admiral of the white, and raised to the peerage by the title of Viscount Keppel and Baron Eldon, taking the latter title from his seat in Suffolk. Lord Rockingham's administration was terminated, as is well known, in hardly more than two months, by his death. He was succeeded by Lord Shelbourne; but the friends of Lord Rockingham not liking that appointment, resigned, except the Duke of Richmond and Lord Keppel. The conduct of the latter in not going out with his friends has been much canvassed, and the writer of his memoirs defends him at considerable length; but the main grounds of his justification are sufficiently put forward in a note in an unpublished journal of Horace Walpole, by the late Lord Holland, and given by him to our author. It is as follows:—

“Walpole calls Keppel's conduct ‘dubious,’ but his motives were avowed and correct, and he acted up to them. He gave his reasons for not resigning; and his friends who did resign never complained of them; and when those reasons ceased, he followed their example, fulfilled his intentions, and resigned before the termination of Lord Shelbourne's ministry. He consequently returned to the admiralty on the forma-

* General Lloyd, author of “The History of the Seven Years' War,” being at Boulogne, and well informed of the proceedings of the French, embarked on board a neutral ship, and landed at Portsmouth. He immediately proceeded to the house of the governor, who, it being Sunday, was at church. He instantly sent for him, and having previously known him, accosted him thus: “What have you to do at church? Have you a mind to have the church knocked down about your ears? Don't you know that a French and Spanish fleet of nearly sixty sail of the line is at sea, and that an invasion of England is contemplated?”—*Memoirs of the Count de Dumas*.—Note of the Translator.—Cited, vol. ii. p. 245.

tion of the Coalition Administration in 1783."

In the Whig compact, called the "Coalition Administration," of which the Duke of Portland was the head, Keppel again presided at the admiralty. It was at this period that a number of magnificent donations were made in aid of the state, and especially with a view of strengthening our marine. The Rev. Mr. Keppel claims this as an indication of the confidence of the public on his relative's being once more made first lord of the admiralty. The gifts, however, were made without reference to persons or party, and came chiefly from those who would much rather have had every department of the government in other hands. Sir James Lowther, for example, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, presented to the king a seventy-four gun ship, rigged, manned, victualled, and ready for sea, altogether at his own expense. Great as was the public confidence in Keppel, it certainly did not extend to those who acted with him, and it at no time exceeded that which was reposed in Lord Howe, who it was well known would be, and in a very little time was, his successor. The coalition ministry, unpopular from the first, held together for some six months, when, defeated on Fox's India bill, it was broken up, and Keppel from that time ceased to take part in public affairs. His health having been long impaired, he was ordered, as the only hope of recovery, to pass a winter in the south of Europe. He accordingly proceeded to Naples, but deriving no benefit from his stay there, returned in the following spring to England, where, on the 2nd of October, 1786, he closed a life which had been, almost every day of it, devoted to the service of his country.

On looking back to the career of Keppel, we are most of all struck by the fact, that in making so great a character, he owed nothing to fortune. Had he been taken from before the mast, he could not have earned each step of his rank more fairly. He lost by shipwreck one of the first frigates he commanded, was made a prisoner, gained as leader no brilliant victory, and the only occasion on which London was illuminated

for him, was on his acquittal when tried for treachery and incompetence. Other heroes have their names coupled with ever memorable conquests, and besides their genius and valour may be said to have had what is phrased "good fortune." Keppel, their peer in grade, classed by long consent of the profession with its first ornaments, gained his coronet, and what is more, his fame, not in consequence of good fortune, but by solid acquirements and sterling qualities in despite of it. This gives a new character to the memoir of his life, and clothes it with a moral of universal application.

In closing our paper, we are bound to acknowledge our obligations to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Keppel. No more accomplished naval writer has appeared before the public, and few have combined in the same degree, the pure style of a scholar with the knowledge as well as the experience of a seaman; for he has served for years in the navy. His volumes bear ample testimony to his acquaintance with the details, the interests, and the history of the service, and abound, as our references show, with most pleasing illustrations of characters connected with it. While we give the praise he merits, we must qualify it with what is to the full, as just.—There is rather too much of a political tone in the work, and the standard life of a great naval character ought to be as nearly as possible free from this: that, however, may pass, for it is nowhere offensive. But more important is our objection that the work is far too large. One volume, somewhat thinner than either of his two would have made the work more popular than it ever can be as it is. He may in a future edition leave out much of the correspondence without loss of interest, reduce his interminable account of the court-martial, spare us the Speaker's speeches on giving thanks to Keppel, and nearly all about debates in parliament, and cancel the full-drawn copies of instructions which no one will ever read. Let him do this, and a little more, and we shall then have as well written, as engaging, as instructive, and as popular a book of naval biography as ever issued from the press.

IRELAND AND ITS RULERS.*

IRELAND has long been in the condition of a man labouring under a troublesome and complicated disease, which has been rendered dangerous by the quackery which attempted to cure it. Her real evils were far from being deeply-seated or irremediable, but they have been made truly formidable by the mistakes of the conceited mountebanks who prescribed for her. A fertile soil, navigable rivers, commodious and sheltered harbours, a genial climate, and a position upon the globe most happily adapted for commerce with the east and west, in the hands of a people of extraordinary quickness and energy, and favoured by the protecting marine of the greatest empire on the face of the earth, have failed to secure for Ireland the advantages, either social or national, which would, assuredly, have long since been realized by almost any other civilized race of men. Why is this? Partly because of the national temperament, which disposes our people less to accumulate than to enjoy; partly, because of those differences of race and creed, which discriminate, and range off into hostile factions, those whose united efforts might otherwise have been combined for their common good. We are, comparatively poor and miserable, because we have not only been indifferent to our real interests, but more intent upon annoying each other, than upon objects which might contribute to the national improvement. Papist and Protestant, native and sassenach, these are the spell-words of that unhallowed incantation by which our poor country has been turned from a land of prosperity and peace, into one of adversity and discord. And the question for the statesman is, by what means, compatibly with the security and the well-being of the nation at large, an efficacious remedy for the evils flowing from this unhappy state of things is to be found?

The writer, whose pages are at present before us, and to which this paper

will have reference, is one of those clever, flippant speculators, whose abilities are rated at the very highest by themselves, and who are never prevented, by any distrust of their powers, from pronouncing, *ex cathedra*, upon questions the most difficult and complicated, and respecting which, a wise reserve would well become more capable inquirers. The whole state of Ireland, past and present, is open to his exploring glance, and for every evil, both moral and political, by which it has at any time been afflicted, he has, or would have had, an infallible specific. "Fools," we are told, "rush in where angels fear to tread." And ready reckoners in politics, like the present writer, whose presumption is the only guarantee of their competency, are furnished with pointed and antithetical prescriptions for every imaginable disease under which the body politic may labour, compared with which the regular physician must hide his diminished head, as one whose antiquated theories are thrown completely into the shade by the new lights of his more imposing rival.

The designation is a happy one by which he characterises the "*extreme gauche*" of the repeal party. He calls them "the Finn ma Coul school of Irish politics." In return, we would characterise that to which he belongs as the Della Cruscan. It is one in which sound is substituted for sense, and glitter of antithesis for depth of thought or weight of argument. The "*speciosa vocabula rerum*" constitutes the thin disguise with which that party conceals their hollow plausibilities. Commonplace, in a holiday dress, tricked out in sentimental liberalism, is the ordinary habit in which writers of this class "fret and strut" their hour upon the stage of public life, inflated with all the self-importance of those who are puffed up with half knowledge. They are great finders of "mares' nests," and advertise their discoveries with a char-

* Ireland and its Rulers since 1829. Part First. London: Newby, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square. 1843.

latan pomposity and absurdity, which too frequently, with those who either are incapable, or dislike the trouble of thinking for themselves, accredits their pretensions.

Our readers must pardon us if we advert with bitterness to these mischievous empirics ; as our conviction is, that by no class of men have more evils been inflicted upon Ireland. They have, unhappily, possessed address and plausibility enough to procure a practical acceptance for their recommendations ; and measure after measure has been adopted at their instance, which wisdom would have set aside, and which experience very soon proved to be either mischievous or delusive. It was a happy phrase of O'Connell's when he designated a young chief secretary in this country as a "shave-beggar." The allusion was to the tyro barbers, who qualify for their calling by practising, gratis, upon the chins of the pennyless, who cannot afford to pay them their fee. These latter willingly run the chance of a little accidental blood-letting from the temerarious operator, for the sake of getting a clean riddance of their hirsute appendage, which is sometimes felt as an intolerable inconvenience. But in this case, it is their own free choice to submit to the operation, the risk of which is more than compensated by its benefit. No such option is permitted to us. To the blood-letting we must submit, while we are inwardly conscious that we shall never enjoy the promised advantage. In truth, the emptiness of such projectors as the present writer may be said fairly to represent, is in exact proportion to their pretensions. And when, in this world of ours, impudent pretension has to contend with modest ability, it is sure to bear the palm. To how many hundreds will the miserable stuff, which we read with indignant scorn, appear clear and convincing argument ; and how many, even of our practical statesmen, will give a ready acceptance to views and to principles, when dressed up in the plausible generalities of the superficial thinker, which, if carried into practical operation, would only aggravate, ten-fold, the peculiar evils under which we labour, and do a fearful amount of damage to the empire at large.

As we have already intimated, of

Ireland it may be said, that two nations struggle in her womb. And it is very true that the convulsions by which we have been disturbed, have arisen from the strife between them. The mountebank who can see thus far, without seeing either higher or farther, imagines that he prescribes a perfect remedy when he says, "Come, let us all be unanimous." The philosopher, who has been confirmed in the belief of a wisely superintending Providence, is not satisfied with merely contemplating the naked fact. He asks himself *why* it is that things in this country have been so ordered. Is it a mere accident that an English interest has been established in Ireland, and that English laws and English institutions have been made to supersede the barbarous usages which before prevailed? If he should be satisfied that, upon the whole, wise and good purposes have been answered by the annexation of the one country to the other, he will modestly and reverently pursue the inquiry, and endeavour still further to discover how the advantages of British connexion may be still more improved, and the further benefits which may possibly be derivable from a still closer identification of the two nations.

In Ireland, not only have two nations been at variance, *but two sets of principles have been at issue.* This latter, or latent, fact is but too often overlooked by those who are sufficiently clear-sighted to see the former ; and who are, accordingly, led to attempt an adjustment of the dispute by a compromise between the combatants, which, end how it may, must still for ever keep them divided ; and who never think of recommending a course by which the better system must ultimately supersede the worse, and the internal cause of strife and disunion being thus removed, that state of repose would be produced which could alone be permanent or even desirable.

Let us look at this antagonism in some of its earlier stages, when British was contending with Brehon laws and usages. Can any one doubt the advantages which have been derived from the manner in which the former have been made to supersede the latter ? Does any wise man lament that the one system, with all its rude and barbarous adjuncts, has become

obsolete, and that the other continues to prevail; thus, in that important particular, identifying as one a people who were before so miserably divided? No. Looking back upon events, we all see that it was providentially ordered that darkness and barbarism should give way to light and civilization; that there was a moral law by which the one should decrease, and the other should increase. But what would have been the sapient policy of the quidnunc or the mountebank, if such an animal existed at the time, when the strife was at its highest? He would recommend a compromise between the systems; and thus not only arrest the civilizing influences which were on their march, but stereotype into an incorrigible permanency the waning barbarism which was upon its departure. Nor would the strife be even then extinguished. Whatever remained of the one system would still be at internal war with whatever was permitted of the other; and any concord which might result, would be rather that of constrained and unnatural accommodation, than of spontaneous and harmonious agreement.

Here the experiment has been made, and the success has been complete. The Brehon law has disappeared—clanship and chieftaincy have been superseded by magisterial authority—and the Pale embraces the whole of Ireland. Is this a course of things which we would willingly have reversed? Could we easily reconcile ourselves to any project by which the better system would be let or hindered, or its progressive development prevented? Assuredly not. And may we not derive a light from what has been accomplished already, by which we should be securely guided respecting much that may be hoped for in future? As far as the nations are yet divided, it is, we may be sure, from an antagonism of principles—the one or the other of which must ultimately prevail. Our wisdom would be to discover which it is most desirable should prevail, and to take especial care that by no narrow or perverse policy the expansion and prevalence of the better principle be counteracted.

How do the nations now stand related to each other? They are no longer in the relation of master and slave. They are no longer in the

relation of conqueror and conquered. Every disabling statute has been repealed, and the Irish Roman Catholic has taken an erect and independent attitude, and been received within the portals of the constitution. He stands differenced from his brother Protestant, or his brother Englishman, only in the article of religion.

We are not here to dispute about creeds; but we must be permitted to advert to the *political fact*, that the majority of the people of this country are under the influence of a superstition which perverts or obstructs the influence of the Gospel. Judging from analogy, what would be the duty and the interest of a wise and righteous government in such a case? To make an alliance with that superstition, by which it might be confirmed in its pernicious ascendancy, in the hope that, by the aid of its priests, the people might, in civil matters, be rendered more obedient? No. The wise and the righteous ruler will seek by no disabling statutes to restrain the free profession of religious opinion; but neither will he extend his aid to give a permanency to a degrading superstition beyond that to which it may be providentially predestined. He will abstain cautiously from all intermeddling with it. He will let it alone; thus leaving it to the operation of those natural causes, by which, in an age and country like our own, it is divinely ordered that the circle of light should gradually gain upon the circle of darkness. He will take care to secure for that enlightened establishment, which has been incorporated with the state, all its proper advantages. He will use his best endeavours that its offices are filled by none but those who are likely to reflect credit upon them; and that its divine commission is divinely executed, in that spirit not only of earnestness and zeal, but of peace and love, in which it was said, "Go, preach the Gospel to all nations." He will take care that the education of the rising generation shall be, as far as possible, under their influence, and that as much as possible may be done to aid in the inculcation of the lessons they are commanded to teach, by authority, by encouragement, and by example. Acting thus, he will best contribute to the development of that better system over which

it is his privilege to preside, while he has the satisfaction of witnessing the gradual decay of that antagonist system to which it was opposed, until it melts from a substance to a shadow, and, finally, "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaves not a wreck behind." It is our fixed persuasion, that if this course were pursued, the Brehon has not been more completely superseded by British law, than would popery, as it is at present professed, by that mild and enlightened form of scriptural Christianity which is enshrined in the articles and the forms of the Church of England.

Whether this course has ever been pursued, the reader needs not to be informed. The writer before us rejoices in the liberalism by which it was set aside. The following is his *résumé* of the merits of Lord Stanley, when chief secretary of Ireland:—

"He was the first Irish minister who smote the orange party to the ground. Lord Wellesley and Mr. Plunket had failed in the attempt to crush the orangemen. In putting an end to the orange processions, and vigorously directing the whole force of the executive against those illegal societies, he accomplished one of the greatest advantages that Ireland has received.

"He was the first Irish minister who took means to prevent the packing of juries. Lord Morpeth and Sir Michael O'Loughlen only trod in the route which Lord Stanley had struck out.

"He established the system of national education on a wise and equitable basis, and boldly confronted the unreasoning bigotry of the fanatical clergymen of both religions. By this measure he extinguished the system of proselytizing, that had been the bane of society in Ireland.

"He was the first Irish minister who grappled with the evil of an overgrown church establishment, and though he did not go so far as was desirable, he considerably reduced the number of Protestant bishops, and brought the establishment within more reasonable dimensions.

"Perhaps more than any other minister he devoted his attention to the physical resources of the country. Under his auspices the Irish board of works was established—the means of intercourse between various parts of the country were improved and enlarged, and the Shannon navigation was taken up by government.

"He was the first Irish minister who

did not allow the Irish bench or bar to bully him. When Baron Smith's conduct was brought before parliament, the speech of Mr. Stanley was read with dismay by the Irish judges 'of the right sort.'"

We will not dwell upon the painful topics which this extract suggests, nor do we cite it for any other purpose than that of showing the animus of this writer, as well as the spirit of the legislation which has prevailed for the last twenty years.

With respect to the orange processions act, as that is upon the point of expiring, it will not be necessary to say many words. It was exclusively confined to the assemblages of the loyal, who were thereby prevented from the customary demonstrations on the days consecrated to the memory of those events to which we owe the security of our religion and liberty. We do not deny that it was regarded with mortification by one party, and with an insolent and malignant joy by the other; and so far the writer before us is justified in panegyrising its noble author. But Lord Stanley himself may now be of opinion that his act would have been quite as effectual, if it had been less exclusive, and that he would not have less deserved the character of an enlightened statesman, if its provisions and penalties had been directed against *all processions, of whatever party*, which had a tendency to create disturbance.

With respect to the jury arrangement, the instances are, alas! too numerous and too flagrant in which it has worked ill. We believe that no honest man of any party will now be found to say, that partizanship has not prevailed in the jury-box to a degree unknown before; and that offenders notoriously guilty of the most atrocious crimes have escaped the due reward of their deeds, because of an accomplice who refused to consent with his brother jurors in bringing in a righteous verdict.

The national education system, for which Lord Stanley is again lauded, is now very different from what he intended it should be. It has failed miserably, in that important particular for the sake of which chiefly it was established—namely, as a means of united education; and all the evils have been realized which those who objected to it predicted as its inevitable conse-

quence. The efficient control of the education of the country has been taken out of the hands of the clergy of the Church of England, and transferred to those of the clergy of the Church of Rome. With what effect for the peace of the country, and the security of British connexion, let the present agitation for the repeal of the union tell. The Romish priests are almost to a man repealers. One of the ablest of their prelates is an avowed and determined repealer; and has declared it his fixed intention to congregate the children of his communion into his chapels, *and to suspend all other instruction*, until they shall have been taught by his priests to resent as a national indignity what is called the baleful act of union. Is this, or is it not, sowing dragons' teeth? From such instruction and such instructors what prospect is there of tranquillity or order? Yet such are the hands into which the system for the training of the youthful generation in the way they should go has been placed! And for a system thus pregnant with the seeds of irremediable evil, the noble secretary for the colonies is be-praised, as one who was above the narrow notions which prevailed before his day, and who saw beyond the hood-winked mortals who had consented to leave the education of the people as much as possible in the hands of the established clergy!

We perceive that some wretched national schoolmasters, who attended at repeal meetings, have been dismissed. But if nothing further be done, this is mere mockery. Will their patrons, the popish priests, by whom they were appointed, be deprived of their power? If not, nothing has been done. It is idle to pretend to dislike the fruit, while we persist in culti-

vating the tree. In all this, we fully acknowledge that a writer who hates the Established Church, and who regards it as a monster grievance, must see much to commend. To such a man, the injurious contumely with which its clergy have been regarded must be a matter of supreme delight. But we doubt whether the noble lord to whom he is indebted for this high satisfaction, just now regards his finished work with the same unmixed complacency. He cannot but see that it has worked ill—at least very differently from what he intended; and our belief is, that, with his present experience, the noble lord would be as slow to commit himself to such a measure, as those for whose especial behoof it was intended are eager to avail themselves of it as an instrument by which the work of faction, in its worst form, may be more effectually done, than by any other which could be placed in their hands.

Nor could it be said, when this measure was passed, that the people were slow to avail themselves of the advantages of the more scriptural schools. The contrary was the fact. We have looked with some care into documents which throw a light upon this subject which cannot mislead; and we find, that from 1811 to 1824, the increase in the number of schools in which scriptural instruction was not given, was something less than three-fold—that in schools of a scriptural character, something more than thirteen fold. So utterly baseless was the assertion—so perseveringly and unscrupulously made—that the Romanist population were unwilling to receive instruction in schools in which the Bible was read.* We grant that the Romish priests were very adverse to

* "About twenty years ago, the Scriptures, as we were led to believe, were not read in so many as six hundred schools in Ireland; while at present, as we have ascertained and stated in our second report, they have found their way into 6,056 daily schools, independent of 1,945 Sunday schools—in all into above 8,000 schools."—*Letter of J. L. Foster and J. Glassford, appended to ninth report on education.*

The reader will see that the above (600 into 8,000) shows that scriptural schools had increased thirteen-fold. In the second report on education we find the following:—

"The following table exhibits a comparison of the state of education, as it appeared to the Commission in 1811, and as it stood in 1824, according to the returns made to us:—

"Total number of schools, at the close of the year 1811, 4,690; 1824, 11,823."
 ¶ A proportion, the reader will see, of about 1 to 2½, while the proportion in scriptural schools, taking them at the close of 1811, 600—1824, 8,000—in as one to a little

such schools ;—adverse, we will grant, in proportion to the eagerness of the people to avail themselves of them. We will grant also, that the Socinian, the infidel, the kiln-dried popish gentleman, whose religious faith had evaporated, leaving a residuum of bitter political hatred behind, which delighted to manifest itself in virulent hostility towards the Established Church, were all in ecstasy at a project which promised them so many unexpected advantages. But the great mass of the poor Roman Catholic people were perfectly indifferent about it, and would, if let alone, have been well content to continue the attendance of their children at the various schools, whether under the Hibernian School Society, the Kildare-place Society, or the Association for Discountenancing Vice, where they had been receiving a good education. Yet such was the time chosen for the change of system, of which it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that it was like placing the children of Valentine under the tutelage of Orson !

The next ground for eulogy of the noble lord is, his sweeping suppression of Irish episcopal sees. It was certainly a bold measure. Perhaps the noble lord himself does not now regard it as a very wise one. It has, undoubtedly, been felt by the establishment as “a heavy blow, and great discouragement.” For the adversaries of the establishment it has gratified hatred, without propitiating discontent ; but to the poor, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, who lived in the neighbourhood of the suppressed sees, and who constantly benefitted by episcopal bounty, it has been regarded, we believe, as an unmixed evil. Let any one ask, in the neighbourhood of Ferns, whether there is any great rejoicing that the episcopal palace has become the house of a burly and substantial farmer ? Let any one visit the district of Killala, and he will hear with what poignant grief the poor Roman Catholics speak of the good man, whose Christian liberality was

ever ready to supply their wants, and from whose charitable door the poor were never sent empty away. But what is all this to that hatred of the Saxon, that hostility to an heretical establishment, which a Romish priesthood cherish at their heart's core, and which, if writers like the present do not sympathize with, they can regard with considerable indulgence ? *That*, we acknowledge, was fully gratified by what was done, and which was regarded but as an instalment of what was to follow. Anthony Blake chuckled with delight—Doctor Murray ejaculated pious gratitude—MacHale, the roaring Typhon of the west, was loud in his expressions of ferocious satisfaction, that a shock had been given to the Anglican heresy which it could not long survive. If it was any part of Lord Stanley's policy to gratify or to multiply such feelings, his measure has been attended with the desired success. But if, as we believe, he would repudiate such an intention, he must decline the eulogy of his too complimentary admirer.

To pursue the idea of the two nations, or rather the two sets of principles, which are in a state of moral antagonism, Lord Stanley's acts, when connected with a Whig administration, had been to weaken the ascendancy of the higher and better principles, which were destined in the end to prevail, and to strengthen the resistance of their opposites by imparting to them a factitious vigour, by which their natural decay must be sensibly retarded. It was, as if a physician, by feeding a disease for which nature had provided an appropriate remedy, sought to baffle the *vis medicatrix* of the constitution. Popery, with Maynooth for its source, and the National Board at its back, thus employing the wealth of Protestantism for the furtherance of its ends, is very different from Popery when left to its own resources ; and whatever thus augments its power of resisting the inroads of light and knowledge, must defeat, *pro tanto*, the objects which the enlightened statesman

more than 18. Thus schools increase in less than a three-fold proportion ; scriptural schools in more than a thirteen-fold.

The increase of scholars in the general schools was pretty much in correspondence with the increase of schools :—“Scholars in 1811, 200,000 ; in 1824, 560,549,”—not quite three times as many, but more than two-and-a-half times.

and the true Christian should have most at heart, namely, the gradual spread of a pure scriptural faith through all classes of the people.

Let us hope that Lord Stanley is now a wiser man, and that the exhibitions which the popish clergy have recently made of ferocious anti-Anglican antipathies, will not encourage him to favour any further measures by which their power would be increased, used, as doubtless it would be, for the dismemberment of the British empire.

The principal object of the writer before us is to recommend the payment by the state of the Roman Catholic priests—and that, not in any stinted measure, but upon a large and liberal scale, such as he conceives must attract into the service of that church a very different class of persons from those by whom the priestly office is at present filled. What could a British minister propose to himself by consenting to such an act? To retard the fall of a sinking superstition, whose very plunges and contortions at the present moment would indicate that it is very near to its latter end? Is that his business? Is it his business to prevent the scriptural illumination which exists amongst us from producing its due effect upon priestly tyranny, which has its foundation in spiritual darkness? Is it his business thus to prove his indifference to truth and falsehood—or rather his preference for falsehood, when by its means he may hope to accomplish some political object, or gain some temporal end? We greatly err, if it is not already felt in high places that there has been somewhat too much of this. Experience must have been lost upon ministers, if it has not proved to them that every attempt which has, as yet, been made to gain political advantages, by giving countenance and endowment to the priesthood of a hostile creed, has ended in disappointment. What has been the result of the experiment of Maynooth, from which far wiser men than the present writer confidently expected great things? Will any one pretend that the predictions of its founders have been fulfilled, and that it has given to the peasantry of Ireland a peace-loving, unpolitical, anti-jacobinical clergy? So far from it, that its warmest advocates now give it up, as a system which has wrought, and which must work great evil. Even

the present writer feels that it is not to be defended as it is, while he strangely imagines, or pretends to imagine, that the defect is in the smallness of the endowment, which does not attract into the service of the establishment a higher class of professors than those who at present fill its chairs. Only let large and liberal salaries be given, he says, and you will have eminent men embracing the vocation of tutors in the Romish college, by whom the minds of the rising priesthood will be far better instructed than they are, or can be, under the present system. Indeed! men of greater intellectual power are not likely to be enslaved by the dogmas of popery; and if they merely *pretend* to embrace these dogmas, like too many of the continental professors, for the sake of the emoluments, the case would only be made worse. Superstition would thus be placed under the guidance of infidelity, and the result would be an envenomed Jacobinism, compared with which all former religious bigotry would have a character of mildness and toleration.

But priests of a different stamp from the present race are also to be recruited into the service of popery, by a higher scale of remuneration than they at present enjoy. Our fixed conviction is that the thing is impossible. The class at present filling the office of priests are the class from whom that office would be filled under any imaginable change of circumstances by which their temporal condition might be improved. That there is not a higher class of men amongst them at present does not arise from any want of emolument. Their average income is greater, considerably, than that of the clergy of the Established Church. But even granting that some few amongst their gentry might be induced to take holy orders, what could their influence effect amidst the mass of insolent vulgarity and ignorance by which they would be surrounded? We remember well the late Dr. Everard, titular archbishop of Cashel. He was as refined and polished in his manners, as he was mild and gentle as a theologian, and his heart's desire was to maintain a cordial intimacy with the clergy of the establishment who were his neighbours. But how was this regarded *by his own subjects*? He was denounced and vilified by the

more zealous amongst them, exposed to public scorn and contumely, and so worried by the continual strife and turmoil in which he was kept, that his life became a burden to him, and he died, we believe, of a broken heart. Poor encouragement this to a *gentleman* to enter into holy orders in the Romish church in Ireland!

No; the mass to be operated upon is too large ever to be sensibly affected by the very few refined and enlightened individuals who would become Irish Roman Catholic priests, in the event of any augmentation of their present endowments. No such project should for a single moment be entertained. To be misled by the analogy of popery as it prevails upon the Continent, would be to fall under a gross delusion. There it is not viewed in contrast with such a system as the Church of England. There it does not encounter the light by which its unsoundness might be detected. And yet even there, let any one who has attended the meetings of the British Association, or become intimately acquainted with the scientific amongst the Romish professors abroad, say, whether infidelity does not frequently mask itself under the visor of orthodoxy, and hold precisely the same relation to the Romish superstition, which the philosophers of heathen times held with respect to the prevailing religious belief, which they outwardly countenanced while they inwardly despised? If this be so upon the Continent, how much more would it be the case in Ireland? We repeat, a more utterly groundless project than that of raising the character of popery in this country, by improving the condition of its professors, never was proposed. The utmost amount of any thing that could be done would be to perch an ant-hill of respectability upon a mountain of vulgarity; to add to a bushel of infuriate bigotry a grain of gentleness and toleration. It would resemble an attempt to convert a dung-hill into a bed of perfume, by drenching it with a few bottles of Eau de Cologne.

But there is another question. Supposing the government willing to give, would the Romish clergy be willing to take a stipendiary allowance? The present writer hints that all their expressed reluctance is mere make-believe, and that it could be easily

overcome, if the temptation was sufficiently great, and if government took care not to stipulate for any services in return, which might cause them to be regarded with suspicion by their flocks. In all this he may or may not be right. The matter is to us so utterly indifferent, that we do not even give it a passing thought. It may even be that their eagerness for the golden prize is in exact proportion to the vehemence with which all desire of it is disclaimed. But there is a passage in the work before us in which the writer threatens them, in case they should prove refractory, with a large departure of the better classes from their faith, to which we would invite particular attention. Having observed that by means of a liberal state-provision their character would be raised, and that their influence would extend beyond the limits of their own communion, he proceeds:—

“They may affect to despise such ends—they may pretend to disregard the Protestants, their feelings and tastes; but if their contempt be real, and not pretended, then they are short-sighted, and do not clearly understand their own position—no! nor the position of catholicism in Ireland. *The growing race of catholics in an age of reading and inquiry, will care little for the high-toned pretensions of a body of men not so well educated as themselves—their superiors only in the extent of their claims.* A well-taught and refined catholic laity will not have much deference for mere church pretensions. Thus there may be gradually developed a class of opinions more dangerous to catholicity than openly avowed Protestantism, or than the most daring philosophy. It is far harder for the ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome to deal with a spreading spirit of contemptuous indifference, amongst their nominal adherents, than with the propagation of a schism that courts the light of day.”

Now we tell this clever politico-polemic that that is precisely the process that is going on at present, and which, despite any thing that can be done to prevent it, must go on until the religion of Rome gives way to the religion of the Gospel. “The growing race of” Romanists, who are miscalled “Catholics, in an age of reading and inquiry,” *will* become gradually emancipated from the spiritual thralldom in which they were held; even although

much may be done, by unwise liberality on the part of the state, to give a superadded plausibility to a glozing system of error, and thus retard a consummation so devoutly to be desired.

Let our rulers look to this, and not be deceived by delusive plausibilities, which we are firmly persuaded are regarded with inward scorn by those who use them. They are employed either by sceptics, who look upon all religions as so many different aspects of error, and who flatter themselves that they would insure religious peace by establishing, by means of temporal endowments, a kind of equilibrium between them; or Jesuit Romanists, who know full well that no such effects as they predict would be produced, but who confidently hope that the influence of their order would be materially increased by the possession of increased emoluments, no matter with what view they might be conferred. The British statesman would deserve impeachment who suffered himself to be deceived by them. Let him hold steadily on, securing its due advantages, and giving its required protection, to the venerable establishment confided to his care, and he will have done all that he is required, or even authorised, to do for the moral improvement of the people. Let all who list have the privilege of dissenting from it. Let nothing, even for one moment, be thought of which could interfere with their perfect religious freedom. Only let there be no bounty given to dissent, nor let any thing be said or done which could imply a culpable indifferentism on the part of our rulers.

Dissent is often the purifying element by which the establishment itself is kept in order; it is often the condiment by which the salt of the earth is prevented from losing its savour. In how many instances would laxity, or latitudinarianism, or a sluggish indifference prevail, to extinguish within our establishment the seeds of spiritual life, if not counteracted by the homely energy, the rough vigour, the salutary irregularities, by which, in one form or another of dissent, torpidity is awakened, error counteracted, and a recurrence to scriptural standards compelled? But it may be added, dissent, to be thus effectual,

must be *free* dissent—dissent which is no trading speculation upon emoluments—dissent which is *really* a reaction from the abuses which it indicates, and which, when those abuses are corrected, will purge away and disappear. All other dissent is simulated or factious; and the wisdom of the statesman will appear in a cautious abstinence from all intermeddling with it. He will suffer it to find its own level, and either to sink or to rise with the enthusiasm or the indifference of its votaries. Voluntaryism is its proper element, within which it may be safely suffered to disport at large. Any endowment of it will not only taint its nature, and interfere with its proper efficacy as the salutary corrector of a diseased establishment, but will give a fixedness and a permanency to schismatical forms of religious belief, which would not otherwise very long survive the causes which had called them into existence. It would resemble the injudicious tampering of the quack, by whom, very frequently, an acute disease is converted into a chronic. No. In such a country, and under such an establishment as ours, we would say, the “laissez faire” policy is that which should be used towards all dissent, of whatever denomination. But with respect to Popery that is emphatically true. It is beyond the competency of human power to change the *kind* of animal which the Romish priest must be, in a country in which liberalizing influences of every kind are at work as they are in Ireland. Whatever change may be wrought in his temporal condition, his habits, tastes, leanings, propensities, sympathies, and antipathies, will remain unaltered. Between him and the demagogue an eternal alliance has been formed. He will still be the satellite of a fierce democracy. Whatever the clergy of the establishment are to the state, as the conservators of social order, the Romish clergy are, and have been, and will be, to any system of agitation by which that establishment is menaced, until nature herself shall change.

What in chemistry is the blending of liquids of different kinds, such in politics are those moral combinations, by which, from the mingling of different systems, a *tertium quid* arises, which may be different from both,

while it is better than either. But in this latter process it is essential that the *better* element should *predominate*; and any attempt to arrest the process, at any point short of that entire fusion, by which the whole of the mass may be mutually interpenetrated in every part, would only serve to give a fixity to that turbid and chaotic state, in which the elements could never assimilate or combine, although they should for ever commingle. And this is just what has been done by our politicians, in the attempts which from time to time have been made to give an artificial strength, by means of state endowments, to the Romish superstition. In the natural course of things, contrasted as it is with the English church, it must gradually fall away. Left to itself, it would very soon be felt as a burden heavier than the people would bear. And if proper care were taken to supply to the Established Church a succession of ministers, by whom our holy religion might be properly represented—who might be, at the same time, discreet and zealous—encountering error in a spirit of gentleness, and inculcating the truth in love—as much would be done, as it is desirable should be done, by any government, for diffusing far and wide the lessons of the unadulterated Gospel. Thus the moral fusion would go on. Thus the sparkling elements would commingle—until they purified into one homogeneous mass, like the “sea of glass like unto crystal,” in the Revelations, which would be so transparent and so identical, that no eye could ever discover it had arisen from the union of substances which had been at strife amongst themselves.

Of the mispolicy here indicated, a Tory government must be allowed to have made the commencement. But when Roman Catholic chaplains were appointed to gaols, and when other indulgences were conceded, all was done, we are persuaded, with a view to gratify the people, by minor concessions, in matters considered indifferent or safe, from whom it was resolved to withhold the more important boon of emancipation. Then came the measure of '29, annihilating all religious disabilities. Then the advent of a Whig ministry to power,

upon the ruins of the Conservative government, who had lost office by conceding the Catholic claims. Then the reform in parliament, which strengthened the popular element in that assembly, and almost annihilated the Conservative party in Ireland. Then the various measures by which the established clergy were aggrieved, and in which predial outrage was made an excuse for legislative confiscation. Then the system of national education, which wrested from the hands of the established clergy their proper control, as the recognised guardians of the public morals, over the public instruction of the people; transferring it into the hands of a body, whose animus towards British connexion is now well known, and who have used it, and will use it, for purposes very adverse to national improvement.

For the working of this policy in its true spirit, the late Mr. Drummond is highly lauded. *Is there any particular reason why the public should not be informed by our author, of the equal claims to distinction and gratitude of Anthony Richard Blake?* —“Arcades ambo.” They were both of one mind. The Socinian and the papist both agreed, under the government of the gaol-delivering Lord Normanby, to spurn the Established Church, and to make the Romish clergy the favoured of the state, through whom, and through whom alone, benefits were to be conferred upon the people. For the consistent and determined adoption of this policy, the memory of the late Mr. Drummond is very properly held in peculiar honour by those for whose especial behoof it was designed: and we tell our readers, that it is our deliberate conviction, that *if no change of administration had taken place, POPERY WOULD THIS MOMENT BE, BOTH DE FACTO AND DE JURE, THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION OF IRELAND!* Let all true-hearted Protestants think of this. Let them think of the terrible calamity which they so narrowly escaped; and precisely in proportion as their hearts are filled with spiritual wisdom, will be their gratitude to that Power, in whose hands are placed the destinies of nations, as well as the hearts of kings; and by whom, in their extremity, they have experienced a de-

liverance, in the critical appositeness of its occurrence scarcely less marvellous than any which is recorded in the Holy Scriptures.

But how is Ireland to be governed without them? We will not stop at present to answer so very foolish a question. All that any government should require, is obedience to mild and merciful laws. If that obedience is given, the end of good government is obtained. If not ——— we should hope that a British minister is not so utterly without resource as not to be able to compel submission, if they cannot prevail that it be voluntarily accorded.

Having thus delivered ourselves of our weightiest convictions, upon what we believe to have been our author's principal object in the compilation of his book, we would not be doing him justice if we did not enable our readers to enjoy some very pleasing writing, upon incidental topics, by which the graver matter of his pages is occasionally relieved. To the following sketch of O'Connell as a lawyer, those who knew that man best will be likely to take the fewest exceptions:—

"Caution in conducting a case was his most prominent characteristic. He affected to be careless, but a more wary advocate never stood in a court of justice. Perhaps no great advocate ever had the same relish for the legal profession. O'Connell hunted down a cause with the gusto of a Kerry fox-hunter in pursuit of Reynard. He keenly enjoined baffling the crown counsel, and bullying the witnesses against some trembling culprit in the dock. In those times counsel for prisoners were not allowed to address the jury, but O'Connell had a great art of putting illegal questions to a witness; and in arguing for their legality, made 'aside' short interjectional speeches to the jury.

" 'You see, my Lud, the reason why I put the question was because if the witness were to answer in the affirmative, it would then be a manifest impossibility that my client could have been present at the murder, whereas, on the other hand, if the answer be in the negative, then the credibility of the whole statement of the crown counsel would be impugned by that very answer: so then, my Lud, the jury would be obliged,' &c. He would then tease the judge by putting his question in three or four different forms, and overwhelm

the crown counsel with decisive exposure of their legal ignorance. Good God! my Lud, did any one ever hear a crown lawyer propound such monstrous law? He acted the part of an indignant lawyer to perfection; caught up his brief-bag in a seeming fury, and dashed it against the witness-table—frowned—muttered fearfully to himself—sat down in a rage, with a horrid adowl on his face—bounced up again, in a fit of boiling passion, and solemnly protested in the face of heaven against such injustice—threw his brief away—swaggered out of the court-house—then swaggered back again, and wound up by brow-beating and abusing half a dozen more witnesses, and, without any real grounds whatever, finally succeeded in making half of the jury refuse to bring in a verdict of 'Guilty.'

"In civil cases he was equally successful. In will causes, disputed estates, and questions originating in family quarrels, he was unrivalled for his tact, presence of mind, and, above all, for his understanding the details of business. He was the best man of business that ever appeared at the Irish Bar, and was rather vain of his skill in arithmetical calculations. He had great knowledge of character, and directed the motives of a plaintiff or defendant with inimitable skill. His combination of worldly knowledge and professional information—his aptness and ingenuity—his exhaustless supply of humour—his torrents of caustic ridicule—his zeal for his client, and untiring physical energies, rendered him altogether matchless at the Irish Bar.

"Perhaps his greatest quality in a court of justice was his oblivion of himself. When addressing a jury, he forgot everything around him, and thought only of bringing off his client victorious. No lust for oratorical display ever tempted him to make a speech dangerous to the party by whom he was retained. Sooner than have made such a speech as Brougham delivered in the case of Ambrose Williams, O'Connell would have thrown up his brief. He was, *par excellence*, the safest advocate ever entrusted with a case. For the union of great general power he stands without a rival in the history of the legal profession. Curran and Erskine were finer orators, but they were shallower lawyers; Plunket had a more powerful understanding, and was superior to all contemporary advocates in sustained reasoning powers, but he had little of O'Connell's versatility. If Sir Thomas Wilde had pathos and humour, he would be a sort of English O'Connell. Redoubtable as was Garrow at cross-examination, he was inferior to the great

Irish advocate in the art of putting a prepared witness off his guard. Besides, Garrow had a set plan for approaching a witness, and seldom made those wonderful guesses at character, by which O'Connell gained many a verdict."

In alluding to the Doneraile conspiracy, which obtained such fearful notoriety from 1829 to 1832, Mr. George Bond Low, whose life was so frequently attempted; is thus described:—

"Mr. Bond Low was fired at on three different occasions, and his escapes were really marvellous. He was a very active and zealous magistrate, and from his extraordinary determination, nay, his downright heroism, was a most formidable person to all who meditated deeds of violence. He was a very large and heavy figure, possessed a cool and daring spirit, and with the exception of the King of the French, no man was, probably, so often attacked by dastardly assassins; but all parallel ceases between Louis Philippe and Mr. Low, when the fact is noticed, that the latter, riding amongst his foes without guards, and by himself alone, more than once captured his assailants, and brought them to the gallows they deserved.

"On one occasion, in the noon day, two strong and active peasants, armed with fire-arms, attacked him from behind a fence. Nothing daunted, although his mare was severely wounded, he jumped off and crossed the fence. The men fled before him, and he gave chase; but being rather unwieldy, had little chance of catching them. He had pistols, one of which he had ineffectually discharged—they had guns, which they re-loaded. He was afraid to fire, lest they were beyond his reach, and when the men halted to fire again at him, he calculated that by running in on them, even at the hazard of his life, he would still have a chance of capturing them. He did so; one of the men fired—missed—and ran away. On rushed Mr. Low, and when the second assassin had discharged his piece without effect, though he grazed the shoulder of his dauntless pursuer, Mr. Low having lessened his distance, fired his remaining pistol, and mortally wounded the peasant. With assistance he captured his other assailant, and brought him to trial at the next assizes, when he was capitally convicted and executed.

"Such was only one of Mr. Low's extraordinary escapes. 'Many a romance, greater than ever fiction invented, has been acted in Ireland,' exclaimed Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the coercion

bill; and certainly if the adventures of the late George Bond Low, of the county of Cork, were duly chronicled, it would be seen that in defence of law and order, there have been performed more gallant exploits by a county of Cork magistrate, unknown to any but local fame, than have ever been achieved against the law by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's *exalted* heroes, Messrs. Turpin, Sheppard, and Co.

"Mr. Low was not exactly an estated proprietor, but neither was he a middleman; his lands were laid out for pasture rather than tillage. His obnoxiousness arose simply from the determined manner with which he confronted all evil doers. He was a very strong Conservative, and took rather a prominent part in publishing his opinions; but his politics were, if any, only a slight ingredient in rendering him unpopular. He was an honest bigot, and there was nothing sour or cramped in his nature; on the contrary, his deportment was frank and amiable. There was a heartiness in his manners towards Catholics, as well as Protestants; and he had many a decided O'Connellite amongst his staunch private friends. He weighed some eighteen stone, kept most powerful horses, and rode very forward to the well-known Duhallow fox hounds, in following which it was always easy to recognize him amongst the most crowded field by his large person, and powerful charger. By the gentry and middle classes of all parties, he was deservedly respected as a frank, open-hearted, fearless country gentleman. But amongst the peasantry and lower classes he was considered the impersonation of legal power, and as he had (though in his own self-defence, and in obedience to the instincts of nature, as well as in discharge of his magisterial functions) been the cause of many a death, he was held in great odium. Such, alas! is the state of any country when the great mass of the people are in misery—when they know the law oftener by its terrors than by its mercies.

"And yet, mark! one of those sudden changes to which the Irish character is so liable. That very Mr. Low died some five years since amidst the heartfelt regret of all the poor, and the entire peasantry in his neighbourhood! Yet, in the years 1830, 1831, and 1832, he was such an object of popular odium, that when at a crowded meeting at an election, while the people were waiting for the poll to be declared, if any one cried out the well-known distich,

'Three cheers for the man who gave the blow,
'That broke the pate of George Bond Low,'

the lines were received with cheers

and laughter,' part of the laughter being undoubtedly at the poet's converting a possible future event, into the time of the positive past. It is only right to say, that though Mr. Low never ceased from his activity in upholding the law, he took special care to be distinguished by his anxiety to do justice to the poorest person, and he had recourse to every justifiable means of conciliating the affections of the peasantry, without abandoning his principles, or crouching to intimidation."

The great agitator's triumph over the then solicitor-general, the present Chief Justice Doherty, upon the occasion of the trials to which this conspiracy gave rise, is very graphically detailed, as also the Roland for his Oliver which the latter delivered with such withering power, when he caught his adversary in the House of Commons. O'Connell, not satisfied with baffling the prosecution, vaunted of his victory, of which he might naturally not be a little proud, before multitudes whom he addressed out of court, and before whom he pledged himself to impeach Mr. Doherty, or as he called him, "long Jack Doherty of Borrisokane," as soon as he took his place in parliament. Of this empty gasconade he very soon had reason to repent. We fully agree with our author, when he says:—

"The manly course for O'Connell would have been, to have retracted the charges publicly, as he was half inclined to do in private, but the solicitor-general, who, probably cared much less for the charges that O'Connell had made, than he thirsted for an opportunity of 'paying off' the agitator, for having bullied and browbeat him at Cork, would on no account have any compromise, and week after week, during the session of 1830, the House of Commons witnessed Mr. Doherty rise, and with the most caustic bitterness dare O'Connell to bring forward any charge against him. The latter staved off the evil day as long as he could. One time he fixed the motion for a Wednesday, when there was no house; another time he fixed it for the Easter holidays; but at length, goaded to the combat, he gave notice for the 12th of May; but alas! the impeachment which he had roared about in Ireland had dwindled to a motion for the judge's notes. The English members of parliament, of both sides of the house, felt that this was not fair to the solicitor-general; when they found

O'Connell shrinking from bringing forward the heavy charges he had made against that functionary in Ireland, while speaking to the populace. However, the discussion took place, when O'Connell artfully made a very quiet speech in bringing his motion forward, and abstained from making any open charge against the solicitor-general, whose long-deferred triumph was at hand.

"When he sat down, Mr. Doherty rose, and cautiously preserving a cool and gentlemanly demeanour, without using a single word or phrase for which he was liable to be called to order, delivered against the renowned agitator a speech of the most poignant bitterness. So much polite venom was, perhaps, never uttered in parliament. The harshness of the insinuations against O'Connell was carefully veiled in conventional phraseology; but the criminary character of the whole speech, with its jeering, scoffing, jibing tone, and its contemptuous insolence have never been surpassed even by the most approved masters of parliamentary Billingsgate. It was certainly the greatest laceration O'Connell ever received. The stinging sarcasms of Lord Stanley, and the philippics of 'The Times,' were far surpassed in caustic personality by Solicitor-general Doherty. It was a speech under which O'Connell winced, and the laurels he had gained at the late special commission were considerably tarnished by Mr. Doherty's triumph over him in the House of Commons. Not one member of the bar supported him; and Mr. North, an Irish barrister, crowed over the prostrate agitator in a most amusing way:—'In Ireland, the honourable and learned gentleman had spoken with the stentorian voice of a full-grown Irish giant, but in that house he resembled the baby who lisped the name of Edward Morrogh! In one country he was like the monarch of the woods, but in the other he "aggravated his voice," and roared like any sucking dove.' To add to Mr. Doherty's triumph, Mr. Callaghan, the member for Cork, told the house that he had been on the second jury, and 'that he felt bound to bear his testimony to the propriety of the course pursued by the solicitor-general.' On all points he was beaten, not a single lawyer supported him, and the attorney and solicitor-general of England both defended Mr. Doherty's conduct.

"There can be no doubt that O'Connell's parliamentary reputation received a very heavy blow on that occasion. The reckless and unscrupulous manner in which he had assailed Mr. Doherty, and the evident anxiety to run away from a contest with that gentleman in

the House of Commons, made a very injurious impression against him, even amongst liberal politicians, many of whom were thereupon disposed to receive *cum grano* his assertions concerning the Irish government. It was well remarked at the time by Mr. Fonblanque, when commenting on Mr. Doherty's fierce invective, 'Idle and unbecoming as was this irrelevant countercharge, it should serve to show Mr. O'Connell how large a handle he furnishes his enemies by the length and looseness of his tongue. Nothing more impairs a public man's authority, than a character for unscrupulous exaggeration.'"

Now for a very different portrait, that of the Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew:—

"There is a small Capuchin Friary in the city of Cork, in an obscure place called Blackamoors-lane. It possesses some historic interest from the fact that it was built by Arthur O'Leary, after whom it was for many years called 'Father O'Leary's Chapel.' It is a small building, exceedingly plain outside, though it is neat within, and fitted up with some taste. It is situated in a very poor and neglected neighbourhood, where poverty and wretchedness abound. Nearly thirty years since a young Capuchin joined the mission attached to this chapel. In appearance, as well as reality, he was very youthful, and he was strikingly handsome. About the middle stature, active and well-formed in his body, with a comely and ingratiating presence, his countenance, in which natural courtesy and religious feeling strove for predominance, was the index of his disposition. He had a manly complexion—eyes, large, bright, and sweet in expression—a slightly curved nose, and rounded cheeks, with black hair. In the words of Massinger—

' ——— the fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.'

"To great suavity of manners, which was a prominent characteristic in his deportment, he joined dignity of carriage, and a composed serenity of mind. A steady self-control presided over all his acts and emotions. A cordial politeness, and unvarying affability distinguished him. To the higher classes, he was exceedingly respectful, and was always considered by them as one of their order; to the poor he was so gentle in his bearing, and so patient of their little requests and petitions—so earnest

in pleading their cause, and what was better than kind words or noble speeches, so practically useful and humane, that they also (the more Christian compliment) regarded him as one of themselves.

"At the period of his life when he first attracted attention in Cork, an observer might have classed him (except for his years) as one of that portion of the Irish clergy who were French by sympathy and education, and had imbibed their ideas of life under *la vieille cour*. The habitual polish of his manner (quite free from aristocratic *morgue*) indicated a man of refinement, accustomed to move in those circles where elegance is worshipped as a minor deity. To the polish of his address, his early intimacy with persons distinguished for manner may have contributed; but after all, politeness with Mr. Mathew was a dictate of his heart, and attention to his solemn duties was never weakened by the discharge of the trivial homages which the artificiality of society exacts from all its members. If he never shocked the social prejudices of the higher classes, neither did he ever cringe to them, nor dally with their vices, nor preach in glozing style, doctrines palatable to their ears. On the other hand, in his intercourse with the humble poor, he did not inflame their feelings of wrong to exasperation, or by bitter speeches add fuel to their animosities. Yet it would be difficult to say with which extreme of society he was most popular. It is a curious fact that both claimed him as a clergyman after their desires, in itself a satisfactory proof that, as he was not a courtier of the great, so neither was he an incendiary amongst the people. In a few years his friary became the fashionable resort. Thither the devout *belle* went to enjoy mass later by an hour than could be heard in any other chapel in Cork. The *creme* of the Catholic society might have been seen there. Mr. Mathew himself was always at the door to receive the visitors to his place of worship. But while his notice was eagerly sought by the rich and gay, no confessional was besieged by the poor with the same ardour as that where 'our own Father Mathew' sat to rebuke vice, assuage grief, and console misery.

"Possibly in the same space of time, no Catholic clergyman in Ireland has exerted so wide an influence in the confessional as Mr. Mathew has done. If the number of those who sought his counsel be admitted as a test of his capacity, he must be admitted as the greatest of spiritual guides. But a more remarkable fact than the number of

those who asked for his consolations, was the *character* of those who sought him as a confessor."

It cannot be denied that the temperance movement, to which this excellent man has so materially contributed, has greatly subserved the purposes of repeal agitation. Its combination, its machinery, and its bands of instrumental music, although intended to answer very different ends, have been all pressed into the service of the agitator, whose career, as long as it was unchecked, seemed to threaten nothing less than the dismemberment of the empire. But, how are the mighty fallen! One act of vigour, evincing a determination on the part of the government to grapple with the disturbers, has quailed the courage of the demagogue, who has become the very impersonation of fear, and—

"Back recoils, he knows not why,
Even at the sound himself had made."

Where now is the agitation, which, for more than twelve months, had frightened the isle from its propriety? Echo answers—where! The arch-magician, whose powerful incantations had convoked so many fiendish forms, who only awaited the word "havoc," to rend and shatter into huge convulsion the whole fabric of social order, is now only solicitous to remand, with as much speed as may be, his demon auxiliaries to the place from whence they came. In vain they grin and chatter, gnash their teeth, and lash their tails, for permission to enter upon the work of destruction, for which they have been so well prepared. The master of the spell is inexorable. Down they must go. The very idea of bloodshed makes him sick at heart, and he is only too glad of the opportunity of exhibiting the tenderness and compassion of his nature towards his most inveterate enemies. He will, even for the present, put the restraint upon himself of not calling names. He will no longer call the English "Saxons." He always, indeed, intended it as a compliment when he so named them. But, he understands it has given offence, and he will use the obnoxious phrase no more!

Was ever such magical effect produced by a proclamation? The nation was convulsed and agitated to its very

centre, by the working of open and secret treason. Government has only spoken in the spirit of the constitution, and there is a great calm! The agitator who defied them to the contest, who proclaimed himself prepared to meet them, either in the court-house, or the field, suddenly feels the hot fit in which he uttered his threats succeeded by a cold one, in which he mutters a miserable retraction. From an object of alarm he has become an object of contempt. He who, erst, invoked the "hereditary bondsmen" to strike a blow for their native land, now whines in the dolorous accents of trembling mendicancy—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!"

and has no lash upon his tongue for any one but the unruly curs who grumble at the restraint in which they are held, and would still fain grin and bark at those whom he so frequently taught them to consider as implacable enemies. Never was metamorphosis so sudden, or so amusing. It beats any thing that could be witnessed at Saddler's Wells. Every one has heard the story of the robber, who took his purse from a gentleman on the highway, and being suddenly pursued, contrived to doff his highwayman's garb, and assume that of a beggar, in which he calmly met the party in quest of him, and not only escaped detection, but received an alms. Verily, Daniel, such a piece of luck may be thine, unless you are known as an old fox, by those who are at present upon your track. And if you should thus baffle them, greater, we fully acknowledge, will be your triumph, than if you met and defeated them in the field. Loud and long be your *io pæns* for this complete and bloodless victory.

To the government we would say, go on. You have commenced well; but until agitation has been effectually put down, nothing worthy of commendation will have been accomplished. You have put your hands to the plough—look not back. Nothing short of imperial interests should have prompted the strong measure to which you have had recourse, and no merely technical difficulties, or quibbles of special pleading, should prevent your following up the blow that has been struck, until an agitation, the most wanton, the most pestilent, and, withal, the most profligate,

gate and contemptible that ever trifled with the peace of the country, is utterly and completely extinguished. We tell you, you have no option. *Either you must extinguish it, or it will extinguish you.* If the agitator now crawls upon all fours, it is only that he may spring upon you at an advantage. You ought not to be "ignorant of his devices." A little more of determination and vigour, and the eggs of the cockatrice are effectually crushed. A little less, and they will break out into vipers.

What is the real question which ministers have to consider? It is not a mere jury question. It is not a question which should for one moment be made dependant upon a technical evasion of the law. It is neither more nor less than this, whether a whole realm is to be convulsed and agitated, and the social peace and the material interests of a fine people destroyed or jeopardised, by a mountebank agitator, who so far from having the semblance of a real grievance to complain of, is obliged to rake up and to misrepresent the records of departed centuries, for the purpose of acting upon the sensibilities of an imaginative people. Is this to be endured? It has been too long endured. Too long have ministers connived at a groundless agitation by which capital has been banished from the country, our social relations embittered, industry paralysed, and life and property rendered insecure. Too long have they suffered, in the eyes of foreign nations, Ireland to be regarded as the weak and the vulnerable part of the British empire. Whatever they may have to answer for to the country for not having earlier interfered to stop, by some determined act of vigour, a course of profligate agita-

tion, by which so much positive mischief has been done, and which threatened such fearful evils, assuredly they will not be called to any severe account for venturing at the eleventh hour to awaken to a sense of their own responsibility and their country's danger. Never was there a time when the good and wise throughout the empire at large would exhibit more alacrity in giving a prompt support to an honest minister who would have the courage to denounce the pestilent disturbers. Already it is apparent that the musters at the "monster meetings" have been, to a great extent, compulsory; that the poor people were driven there by spiritual agitators, who converted the house of God into an arena of sedition, and whose commands, it was felt, would be but too well enforced by the secular arm of a midnight police, whose domiciliary visits were powerfully calculated to overcome the scruples of such timid or conscientious recusants as could not, of their own free choice, subscribe to the orthodox and popular creed of repeal. If all this may be remedied by the ordinary operation of the law, well;—but if not, the minister who would save the country, must have the courage, in an emergency like the present, to trust to parliament for indemnity, if he should find it necessary to overstep the ordinary limits of the constitution. Assuredly, ample powers would have been given him, had he asked for them at any period during the late session: and his forbearance will only not be accounted as a crime, if, when all ordinary remedies have failed, he boldly has recourse to whatever measure may be necessary—"ne quid res publica detrimenti capiat."

THE REPEAL AGITATION AND THE GOVERNMENT PROCLAMATION.

THE month of October will be long a month memorable in the "Repeal year," as Mr. O'Connell, before late events, was fond of designating the year 1843. In that month the hitherto triumphant progress of the "peaceful rebellion," (there is no other word to express the movement that the last nine months have witnessed in Ireland,) received its first check; and if the firmness and decision of the government be only equal to the vigour of their first proceeding, we believe the repeal agitation has met with its final overthrow.

On the first of October, the monster meeting assembled at Mullaghmast. The province of Leinster—so those who met there impudently chose to term themselves—protested against the union. In numbers, at least, the demonstration was sufficiently imposing. It is not very easy to arrive at any thing like a correct estimate of the numbers that really composed any one of these monster meetings. To dispose of the monstrous exaggerations

of the Repeal press, it is sufficient to observe that, according to the accounts of these journals, the monster meetings have been already attended by multitudes amounting to three or four times the entire moveable population of Ireland; and we have, unfortunately, no correct or accurate information, by which to reduce to their proper dimensions these manifestly overcharged estimates. There is nothing upon which an unpractised observer is more incapable of forming a correct judgment, than the numbers in a crowd—and except from persons habitually trained to such calculations, no reliance whatever can be placed on estimates formed on the view. In the open air, in a meeting scattered over a large space of ground—much more resembling a fair than an assembly for business—broken here and there by horsemen, by cars, by stands for refreshments, by the chance movements of stragglers through the crowd*—we believe it would be impossible for even the most practised eye

* The following graphic description of one of those meetings, from the pen of a gentleman who was present, appeared in "The Northern Whig." It is, perhaps, the only description of one of those assemblages that has ever been drawn by an impartial observer:—

"The place selected for the meeting is situated about a mile from Lismore. It is a field, on the side of a hill of gentle declivity; and the platform, for the use of the speakers and of those who chose to pay the sum of two shillings, was erected at the lowest corner of the field. When we arrived on the ground, the prospect was curious and interesting. Here were numbers of carts, from which the horses had been relieved; there were groups of people, chatting and enjoying themselves, as on a holiday; in another place were tents with refreshments; again was to be seen and heard a ballad-singer, "discoursing most eloquent music" in favour of Repeal, or a vender of a prosaic description of the iniquities of the union; and around the platform were congregated a considerable body of men on horseback, who, because they were on horseback, had arrived early on the ground, and seemed determined to make sure of hearing, if they could, what Mr. O'Connell might say. The day was beautiful; and such an assemblage could not fail to be animating and picturesque. We should have stated, that the ground rose on the rear of the platform; and that on this quarter groups were scattered, here and there, adding to the general effect.

"In order that we might have a favourable view of what was going forward, as well as for the purpose of hearing what might be said, we obtained a place on the platform, by the means prescribed. This erection was calculated to contain three or four hundred people. At the time we went on it, being about the time when the meeting should have commenced, there were not, besides the reporters, more than about a dozen individuals who had purchased admission. As the day advanced, more came on; but, at no period, was the space *even one quarter* occupied. Among those on the platform, the majority appeared to be respectable; but, as a display, the thing is not to be spoken of.

"Mr. O'Connell made his appearance on the ground about four o'clock. We were careful to watch his reception, and it was such as fully confirmed the opinion we had formed, in an earlier portion of the day, of the feelings of the

to form any thing like an accurate estimate of the numbers really present. Military men have in some instances surveyed the ground upon which these monster meetings were held, and have said, that upon the utmost calculation of the density of the crowd, the space occupied by the meeting could not have contained the fourth of the numbers stated to have been present. We believe that none of these meetings exceeded in number fifty thousand; and that few, if any, of them came near that amount. Fifty thousand men may have assembled at the rath of Mullaghmast. The month of October opened fair and auspicious for the repeal cause. No meeting appealed more directly to the strength of that cause, whether in the multitude of its followers, or the angry recollection of history, than that of Mullaghmast—the very locality selected as the fabled scene of a lying legend of Saxon cruelty. At no meeting was enthusiasm more intense, the courage of the speakers more heroic, or the defiance of the government more proud. O'Connell, in the language of *The Nation*, appeared “a monarch in all but in name;” and something very like a coronation actually took place. Mr. Hogan, the sculptor, Mr. M'Manus, the painter, and a depu-

tation, placed on his head, amid acclamations that rent the air, the national repeal cap, with the significant regret, “*that it was not of gold.*” In the chair, presiding over that mighty assemblage, arrayed in his robes of scarlet,* which at a distance might easily appear the scarlet of kings—crowned by a deputation respectable for the genius of those who composed it—defying the power of Britain—proclaiming himself viceroy of Ireland—surrounded by tens of thousands of subjects more obedient to him than ever subjects were to monarch before no wonder that in the pride of his heart he imagined himself irresistible. All this taking place in a country that nominally owns the queen of England as its sovereign. This was the acme of his triumph:—

“ Quid Roma beatius unquam
animam exhalasset optimam,
Quam de Teutonico vellet descendere curru.”

Well would it have been for his fame if he had never left the rath of Mullaghmast. But one short week—and its glories are overcast—its defiance is forgotten—its heroism is gone! The month, of which the opening was so glorious, alas! what was its close? October, in the repeal, took the place of March, in the natural year. “It

parties assembled. In the part of the field through which he passed, and more especially near the part of the platform where he approached, there were loud cheers; but in other directions such was not the case. Unquestionably, there was far from that enthusiastic outburst of feeling which might have been expected from the whole assembly. The majority of those present seemed to have mustered as for recreation; but to look upon them, in general, as persons who felt deeply, or even felt at all upon a political question, would be utterly absurd.

“The assembled multitude appeared to have no notion of foolishly trying to hear speeches. A display—a demonstration—seemed alone to be the object. They had attended, probably, because they had been directed; and, as soon as they had seen Mr. O'Connell on the ground, they appeared to be of opinion that they should bethink themselves of getting off the ground. In point of fact, they speedily took their departure; and, before Mr. O'Connell had spoken one word, horsemen and footmen, and horsewomen and footwomen, were pouring off, in rapid and dense streams. Indeed, not a score had any chance of hearing him; and, of course, it was prudent to withdraw.

“We have now to refer to the numbers present. The assemblage was a vast one—greatly larger than any other that we had before seen. It may have amounted to forty, fifty, or sixty thousand. When we say this, we mean to represent it as a ‘monster meeting,’ as it was; but, to say that it consisted of hundreds of thousands would be to talk most foolishly and falsely. We may take occasion to refer to this point, at another time, when we shall have learned what the various repeal authorities may have said on the subject.

“Much will be said and written to exaggerate the importance of this meeting. We have briefly described it as we have seen it. To represent it as a muster of hundreds of thousands, or of men of excited feelings, would be gross misrepresentation.”

* Mr. O'Connell took the chair at the Mullaghmast meeting in his robes as an alderman of Dublin.

literally came in like a lion, and has gone out like a lamb."

On the 8th of October, another monster meeting was to take place. Another spot, selected for its historical association, Clontarf—"the Marathon of Ireland"—was to witness the assemblage of the men of Fingal. In the immediate vicinity of the metropolis another parade of the strength of sedition was to take place. Placards were posted through the city ostentatiously announcing a march of mounted horsemen through the principal streets. The requisition for the meeting, signed exclusively by the priests of the district, as the Clergy of Fingal, proclaimed the character of the meeting as a religio-political movement. The fact, that all the great meetings were held on the Sabbath, was indeed sufficient to stamp all the proceedings with this character. This was a day on which the feelings of Protestants, whether they were right or wrong, would not permit them to take a part in political affairs. Preparations were every where made for the great demonstration at Clontarf. The men of Meath WERE TO ASSEMBLE OVER NIGHT AT TARA HILL—a fact that never was publicly mentioned until the appearance of the proclamation forced it to light by the sudden dispatch of Mr. Steele to Tara, to disperse them. Organised bands of repealers were brought from England—a procession of repeal cavalry through the city was proclaimed.*

It was quite plain that the time was now come when the government must interfere. The language held at the Mullaghmast meeting, coupled with the preparations made for the Clontarf, left the government no choice. The defiance of the government previously was bad enough—the ostentatious organization of physical force for Clontarf, was in itself sufficiently alarming: but neither alone could have forced the government to interfere, although either would have amply justified such interference. But when both were combined—when the very men who defied them at Mullaghmast made such

preparations for Clontarf, whether they should interfere was no longer matter of deliberation. If after the language at Mullaghmast they had allowed the assemblage at Clontarf, they succumbed to the agitation. The question was fairly brought to issue between the authority of Queen Victoria and King Daniel. Thanks to the wisdom and prudence of ministers, that question has been determined with a quietness and peacefulness that no one, the week before it was brought to issue, would have dared to predict.

On Friday, the 6th of October, the Lord Lieutenant and the Lord Chancellor both returned from England. The same day a private meeting of the persons most in the confidence of government was held; the following day the formal meeting of the Privy Council was convened, and a proclamation, suppressing the Clontarf meeting, was agreed to.

We think it right to reprint this document at length, because it clearly, intelligibly, and distinctly places upon record the unanswerable grounds upon which government interfered to vindicate the authority of their Queen:—

"BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT AND COUNCIL OF IRELAND.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"DE GREY,

"Whereas it has been publicly announced that a meeting is to take place at or near *Clontarf*, on *Sunday*, the 8th *October* instant, for the alleged purpose of petitioning Parliament for a Repeal of the Legislative Union between *Great Britain and Ireland*:

"And whereas advertisements and placards have been printed and extensively circulated, calling on those persons who propose to attend the said meeting on horseback to meet and form in procession, and to march to the said meeting in military order and array:

"And whereas meetings of large numbers of persons have been already held in different parts of *Ireland*, under the like pretence, at several of which meetings language of a seditious and inflammatory nature has been addressed to the persons there assembled, calculated and intended to excite discontent

* It is true that Mr. O'Connell disavowed a proclamation which described the procession too accurately in military terms; but the terms only were quarrelled with—the procession was unaltered, and when afterwards the procession through the city was abandoned, the place of muster was only changed from one side of the city to the other.

and disaffection in the minds of her Majesty's subjects, and to bring into hatred and contempt the Government and constitution of the country, as by law established:

"And whereas at some of the said meetings, such seditious and inflammatory language has been used by persons who have signified their intention of being present at, and taking part in, the said meeting so announced to be held at or near *Clontarf*:

"And whereas the said Meeting is calculated to excite reasonable and well-grounded apprehensions that the motives and objects of the persons to be assembled thereat are not the fair, legal exercise of constitutional rights and privileges, but to bring into hatred and contempt the Government and Constitution of the United Kingdom as by law established, and to accomplish alterations in the laws and constitution of the realm, by intimidation and the demonstration of physical force:

"Now we, the Lord Lieutenant, by and with the advice of her Majesty's Privy Council, being satisfied that the said intended meeting so proposed to be held at, or near *Clontarf*, as aforesaid, can only tend to serve the ends of factious and seditious persons, and to the violation of the public peace, do hereby strictly caution and forewarn all persons whatsoever, that they do abstain from attendance at the said meeting.

"And we do hereby give notice that if, in defiance of this our Proclamation, the said meeting shall take place, all persons attending the same shall be proceeded against, according to law; and we do hereby order and enjoin all Magistrates and Officers intrusted with the preservation of the public peace, and others whom it may concern, to be aiding and assisting in the execution of the law, in preventing the said meeting, and in the effectual dispersion and suppression of the same, and in the detection and prosecution of those who, after this notice, shall offend in the respects aforesaid.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, this 7th day of October, 1843.

This proclamation places the interference of government upon the right grounds. It boldly grapples with the real question; it shelters the conduct of government behind no technical subterfuge; it puts down the agitation as seditious, and prohibits the meeting at *Clontarf* upon the double ground that the conduct of previous meetings, and the avowed preparations for this, made it a direct attack upon the con-

stitution of the country and the authority of the Queen.

It is clear to our mind that government ought not to have interfered until they could give such reasons for their interference, and until the validity of such reasons would be acknowledged by the world. It is quite true that any one of the repeal meetings might have been legally suppressed by procuring informations to be sworn of apprehended violence, or terror from the multitudinous character of the assemblage; but it is not on such grounds that government—meaning by government the high authorities of the state—should interfere. It might be enough to say that no such informations were ever sworn—no appeal for protection to the local magistracy, the proper guardians of the peace of their neighbourhood, was ever made. We rejoice that it was not. How infinitely more dignified, how infinitely more powerful is the interference of government, based on the reasons of state, this proclamation assigns, than if it had been nominally based on reasons of police—we say nominally, because there was not one human being who really called for the interference of government from apprehensions of a riot at any one of the meetings. No, the interference of government was demanded in reality because such meetings were politically dangerous.

It would have been unmanly and undignified in the government to have interfered on any ground of anticipated riot, when they really interfered for other and graver reasons. They acted wisely and well in waiting until they could assign their true reason—until they could proclaim, and emphatically proclaim, from the experience of the past and the preparation for the future, that the intended meeting was dangerous in itself, that its very assemblage was an insult to the law, and that whether it separated peaceably or not, suppose not one single angry word to be spoken, not one single blade of grass improperly trampled on, the very existence of that meeting, let the assembled thousands be as orderly as they might, branded as it was with the attributes of sedition, of intimidation, of contempt of constituted authority, was in itself a VIOLATION OF THE PUBLIC PEACE—until there was no room for mistake

or question—until the truth of such grounds of interference was manifested to the world. The moment this period arrived, but not till then, it was right for the executive to interfere. The Mullaghmast meeting put it beyond doubt that this crisis had come.

We know that the impatience of some persons in Ireland demanded an earlier interference of the ministry with the progress of the repeal rebellion. We do not wonder that it should. But still we are justified in saying, that cheerfully and readily the loyalists of Ireland acquiesced in the apparently passive policy of ministers, in the assurance of protection. Murmurs of discontent there might be. Timid men, incapable of comprehending the real boldness of the ministerial policy; rash men, the temper of whose minds incapacitated them from appreciating its wisdom; disappointed and unscrupulous intriguers, ready to seize on every pretext for assailing a ministry that have disappointed their rapacity, and giving tongue to every various feeling of discontent—all this, indeed, there was; but we venture to say that never did people repose with more implicit confidence in the policy of a ministry than did the loyalists of Ireland in the assurance of ultimate protection during the trial of their confidence in the ministry, by their apparently inactive policy.

Now indeed it is apparent that this confidence was not misplaced. The policy with which ministers resolved to meet the repeal agitation in Ireland is now fully explained by the progress of events. They are now to be judged by that policy as a whole: resolute enough to satisfy the most unflinching loyalist—temperate enough to command the approbation of the most moderate and cautious. The declarations of ministers in parliament—the speech which they advised the queen to address to her parliament at the close of the session—their unostentatious but most effective military preparations throughout Ireland—the dismissal of the repeal magistrates—their apparent determination not to interfere with the repeal movement until they were compelled to do so—and their last decisive and most effective interference, are all now apparent to be the consistent parts of a plan in which every thing was arranged with

the most consummate skill, and every thing provided against with the most minute foresight.

To suppose the recent activity of ministers to be a departure from their previous policy, a sudden movement to which they were urged by any new conviction, or—still more preposterous supposition—to which they were impelled by the grumblings of their disaffected followers, is to shut one's eyes to every fact and every indication of their policy. Their wise forbearance was no less surely laying the foundation for the irresistible moral force of their blow, than were their provident military precautions securing to it the physical means of vindicating the authority of the law.

The statements of the proclamation as to the character of the previous meetings, involved the necessity of directing prosecutions against the persons who had taken part in them. Accordingly several of these persons, including Mr. O'Connell and his son John O'Connell, the member for Kilkenny, have given bail to answer any charges preferred against them by the attorney-general in the Queen's Bench.

On the subject of the pending prosecutions it is not our wish to enlarge. Indeed the limits of our space warn us to draw to a close. One or two words, however, we have still to say.

So far the policy of the government has been successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of their friends. In nothing is this success more manifest than in the altered and humbled tone of the repeal party. When Mr. O'Connell abandoned the Clontarf meeting, he gave up and gave up for ever the position he had previously assumed. This step is irretrievable. Other modes of agitation he still may have in reserve—other expedients and resources may still suggest themselves to his fertile mind; but the position which he held on the 1st of October, that of the leader of the physical force of the people, ready to do battle for his country's cause—in the strength of his assembled thousands, bidding defiance to the government—that position he has abandoned, and abandoning it at the critical moment, has abandoned it for ever.

Whether this were all that was really formidable in his position, time, perhaps alone, can determine. A more

deeply interesting question is, whether his abandonment of that position is calculated to secure the tranquillity of the country. Hitherto the excited multitudes of the rebels had looked upon him as their general far more than their mere political leader. His political influence for the last year has been indeed the influence of the commander of a great army. The meetings were nothing more than exhibitions of the strength of that army. Of speaking there was but little, and even that little few of the people heard or cared for. They came there, not for the purpose of hearing O'Connell speak, but for the purpose of manifesting their numbers, and testifying their devotion to him as their chief. They believed that when the time came, he would lead them to the conflict with the Saxon invader—a conflict in which he himself had taught them to believe they must triumph. They cheerfully obeyed his commands to be tranquil and peaceable, because they regarded this as a part of the military discipline necessary to insure ultimate success. Mr. O'Connell felt his position, both as regards the government and the people. He acted like one whose influence was to be that of the general at the head of great physical force. He abandoned parliament—he neglected all the ordinary modes of securing political power, and he confined even his arguments to the successive exhibitions of the overwhelming masses under his command. To the people he spoke in the spirit of his position—as the leader of enormous physical force.

The Clontarf proclamation brought all this to the test. He had not foreseen the trial that awaited him—he had no time for deliberation, and he gave way—gave way not only for the moment, but abandoned his threats—altered his tone—and appears no more as the general of the physical force of the Irish people. A dexterous parrying of the blow at Clontarf might have enabled him to play the game of defiance a little longer. A bolder movement might, with perfect safety to himself and his followers, have enabled him to preserve the appearance of daring the government; but his submission was unequivocal and complete. The question can only be answered by time. What effect will this have on the people

who have looked up to him of late not so much as a political as a military leader? Will his powers of control continue—those of excitement are not now needed—or will the loss of his influence, while it breaks up in a great measure the enormous political confederation, of which he was the head, leave the peace of the country at the mercy of some bolder and more daring spirits, who may choose to avail themselves of the military spirit and the physical organization that formed a part of its arrangement?

Government have been assailed for the late period of the day or rather of the week, at which the proclamation issued. Mr. O'Connell himself made this the gravamen of a charge against them in the corporation of Dublin, that the want of due notice might have led to a collision of the military and the people. The answer of Mr. Butt to this part of the charge was complete:—

“ But then, it is said, why not issue the proclamation two or three days earlier? He (Mr. Butt) did not hesitate to say that he believed the government had done right in not giving time for any plans of opposition to be matured. They had taken the humane course—the prudent—the course that best guarded against collision. The honourable and learned gentleman, indeed, now talked as if all that the government had to do, was to issue their proclamation in time to make it universally known, to be universally obeyed; but he (Mr. Butt) believed that, if they were to proclaim down that meeting, they secured obedience by leaving no time for preparation either to resist or evade the authority of the law. What right had the government to expect that, if they gave time for maturing plans, their proclamation would have received the ready and the submissive obedience that it had received? Were they to forget the threats and defiances of the honourable and learned gentleman himself—how he had dared them to interfere with one of the meetings—the boasts that the female repealers of Ireland could drive the British army into the sea—the menaces of fierce resistance when they dared to molest one single meeting? Could they forget the attitude of defiance at Mallow, an attitude, now happily for all, preserved only

in the marble of the immortal sculptor to which it has been peaceably transferred. They have acted wisely in leaving no time for organization. Had there been but a few days employed in excitement of the passions of the people, there might have been the real muster and march of the repeal volunteers—not, perhaps, under the command of Attorney-General Morgan, but of some general who would have headed the charge, as well as the muster and parade. Who could say, had there been time, that the honourable and learned gentleman himself might not have been detruded from his leadership by some bolder and less pacific spirit? Now, the charge of risking bloodshed by the shortness of the notice was directly contrary to the fact. The only possible danger of collision was, by giving time for fierce and angry spirits to organize resistance. That danger had been avoided. But if there had been time, might not the honourable and learned gentleman have found some means of evading the authority of the law? He (Mr. Butt) must again refer to 1831, and in doing so, of necessity, in discharging his duty to the cause of his country, it was his earnest wish to do so with as much as possible of that courtesy which it was always his wish to preserve towards the honourable and learned gentleman; but did they remember that, in that year it was no uncommon thing to see the proclamation from the Castle in the morning, forbidding a meeting in College-green, answered by a counter-proclamation in the evening, from a gentleman who had since called himself viceroy of Ireland, fixing a meeting for a different time, in Merrion-square? Would it have been wise in the government, again to expose their authority to be thus trifled with at such a crisis? Had there been but a few days' notice, instead of the pacific, the submissive proclamation that issued from the Corn Exchange, there might have been a proclamation transferring

the meeting from Clontarf to Balbriggan or Howth, and the country might have witnessed the spectacle of a disparaging contest between the authority of law, and the ingenuity of the honourable and learned gentleman in evading it. If the blow was to be struck, the government did right in giving no time to organize plans either of resistance or evasion; this it was which made their movement so completely, so triumphantly successful as it has been—this was the wise, the prudent, and the humane course—and by this every possible danger of a collision was avoided. In nothing was the wisdom of government more vindicated, than in the time chosen for the issuing of the proclamation.”

Certainly if the wisdom of plans is to be judged of by their success, the advocates of government have reason to point with pride to the result of their recent movements in Ireland. More has been done in a few short days to vindicate the authority of the law—to give confidence to the loyal, and bring down the tone of the disaffected—and done without any interference with the rights of the people—than the most sanguine could have hoped to have accomplished in months of the most vigorous and determined measures of severe coercion.

But still all this is only “the beginning of an end.” The government are now committed to a contest, in which it will be impossible for them to go back. So far as they have proceeded, their success has been decisive. On themselves it depends whether that success is to continue. On the unequivocal, the unconditional support of every loyal man in the country, they are entitled implicitly to rely—and they may rely. The same firmness and temper that has so far triumphed, if persevered in, will triumph to the end—and peace and its sure consequence, prosperity, at last visit our too long disturbed and distracted country.

DUBLIN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXII. DECEMBER, 1843. Vol. XXII.

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DUBLIN:
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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THE LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY.

FRAGMENT XIII.—“BONN AND ITS BRETHREN.”

WHEN I look at the heading of this chapter, and read there the name of a little town upon the Rhine—which, doubtless, there is not one of my readers has not visited—and then reflect on how worn the track, how beaten the path, I have been guiding them on so long, I really begin to feel somewhat faint-hearted. Have we not all seen Brussels and Antwerp, Waterloo and Quatre Bras? Are we not acquainted with Belgium, as well as we are with Middlesex—don't we know the whole country, from its cathedrals down to Sergeant Cotton—and what do we want with Mr. O'Leary here? And the Rhine—bless the dear man—have we not steamed it up and down in every dampschiffe of the rival companies? The Drachenfels and St. Goar, the Caub and Bingen, are familiar to our eyes as Chelsea and Tilbury Fort. True, all true, Mesdames and Messieurs—I have been your fellow-traveller myself. I have watched you pattering along, John Murray in hand, through every narrow street and ill-paved square, conversing with your *Commissionaire* in such French, as it pleased God, and receiving his replies in equivalent English. I have seen you at *table d'hôte*, vainly in search of what you deemed eatable—hungry and thirsty in the midst of plenty; I have beheld you yawning at the opera, and grave at the *Vaudeville*; and I knew you were making your summer excursion of pleasure, “doing your Belgium and Germany,” like men who would not be behind their neighbours. And still, with all this fatigue of sea and land—this rough-riding and rail-roading—this penance of short bed, and shorter board—though you studied your hand-book from the Scheldt to Schaffhausen—you came back with little more knowledge of the Continent, than when you left home. It is true, your son Thomas, that lamb-like scion of your stock, with light eyes and hair, has been initiated into the mysteries of “*rouge et noir*” and “*roulette*,” Madame, your wife, has obtained a more extravagant sense of what is becoming in costume; your daughter, has had her mind opened to the fascinations of a French “*escroc*,” or a “refugee Pole;” and you, yourself, somewhat the worse for your change of habits, have found the salads of Germany imparting a tinge of acidity to your disposition. These are, doubtless, valuable imports to bring back: not the less so, that they are duty free. Yet, after all, “joy's recollection is no longer joy;” and I doubt if the retrospect of your wanderings be a repayment for their fatigues.

"Would he have us stay at home, Pa?" lisps out, in pouting accents of impatience, some fair damsel, whose ringlets alone would make a "furor" at Paris.

Nothing of the kind, my dear. Travel by all means. There's nothing will improve your French accent like a winter abroad; and as to your carriage and air, it is all-essential you should be pressed in the waltz, by some dark-moustached Hungarian, or tight-laced Austrian. Your German, will fall all the more trippingly off your tongue, that you have studied it in the land of beer and beet-root; while, as a safeguard against those distressing sensations of which shame and modesty are the parents, the air of the Rhine is sovereign, and its watering-places an unerring remedy. All I bargain for is, to be of the party. Let there be a corner in a portmanteau, or an imperial, a carriage-pocket, or a courier's sack, for me, and I'm content. If "John" be your guide, let Arthur be your Mentor. He'll tell you of the roads—I, of the travellers. To him belong pictures and statues, churches, chateaus, and curiosities: my province is the people—the living actors of the scene—the characters who walk the stage in prominent parts—and without some knowledge of whom, your ramble would lose its interest. Occasionally, it is true, they may not be the best of company. *Que voulez vous?* "If ever you travel, you musn't feel queer," as Mathews said or sung—I forget which. I shall only do my endeavour to deal more with faults, than vices—more with foibles, than failings: the eccentricities of my fellow-men are more my game, than their crimes—and therefore, do not fear that in my company, I shall teach you bad habits, nor introduce you to low acquaintances; and above all, no disparagement—and it is with that thought, I set out—no disparagement of me, that I take you over a much-travelled track. If it be so, there's the more reason you should know the company, whom you are in the habit of visiting frequently; and secondly, if you accompany me here, I promise you better hereafter; and lastly, one of the pleasantest books that ever was written was the "*Voyage autour de ma chambre.*" Come, then, is it agreed—are we fellow travellers? You might do worse than take me. I'll neither eat you up, like your English footmen; nor sell you to the landlord, like your German courier; nor give you over to brigands, like your Italian valet. It's a bargain, then—and here we are at Bonn.

It is one o'clock, and you can't do better than sit down to the *table d'hôte*—call it breakfast, if your prejudices run high, and take your place. I have supposed you at "Die Sterne," the "Star," in the little square of the town—and, *certainly*, you might be less comfortably housed. The cuisine is excellent, both French and German, and the wines delicious. The company, at first blush, might induce you to step back, under the impression that you had mistaken the salon, and accidentally fallen upon a military mess. They are nearly all officers of the cavalry regiments garrisoned at Bonn, well-looking and well-dressed fellows—stout, bronzed, and soldier-like—and wearing their moustaches like men who felt hair on the upper lip a birthright. If a little too noisy and uproarious at table, it proceeds not from any quarrelsome spirit—the fault, in a great measure, lies with the language. German, except spoken by a Saxon Mädchen, invariably suggests the idea of a row, to an uninterested bystander; and if Goethe himself were to recite his ballads before an English audience, I'd venture long odds they'd accuse him of blasphemy. Welsh, and Irish, are soft zephyrs compared to it.

A stray Herr Baron, or two—large, portly, responsible-looking men, with cordons at their button-holes, and pipe-sticks projecting from their breast

pockets ; and a slight sprinkling of students of the higher class—it is too dear for the others—make up the party. Of course, there are English—but my present business is not with them.

By the time you have arrived at the *Rae-braten*, with capers, which, on a fair average, taken in the months of spring and summer, may be, after about an hour and a half's diligent performance—you'll have more time to survey the party, who by this time are clinking their glasses, and drinking hospitably to each other, in champagne—for there is always some newly returned comrade to be fêted—or a colonel's birth-day, or a battle, a poet, or some sentimentalism about the Rhine, or the fatherland, to be celebrated. Happy, joyous spirits, removed equally from the contemplation of vast wealth, or ignominious poverty. The equality so much talked of in France, is really felt in Germany, and however the exclusives of Berlin and Vienna, or the still more exalted coteries of Baden, or Darmstadt, rave of the fourteen quarterings, which give the *entrée* to their *salons*, the nation has no sympathy with these follies. The unaffected, simple-minded, primitive German, has no thought of assuming an air of distance, to one his inferior in rank ; and I have myself seen a sovereign prince take his place at *table d'hôte*, beside the landlord, and hob-nob with him, cordially, during dinner.

I do not mean to say, that the German has no respect for rank : on the contrary, none more than he, looks up to aristocracy, and reveres its privileges ; but he does so from its association with the greatness of his fatherland. The great names of his nobles recall those of the heroes and sages of whom the traditions of the country bear record—they are the watch-words of German liberty, or German glory—they are the monuments of which he feels proudest. His reverence for their descendants is not tinged with any vulgar desire to be thought their equal, or their associate—far from it, he has no such yearnings. His own position could never be affected by any thing in theirs. The skipper of the fishing-craft might join convoy with the great fleet—but he knows that he only commands a shallop after all. And this, be it remarked, is a very different feeling from what we occasionally see, nearer home. I have seen a good deal of student-life in Germany, and never witnessed any thing approaching that process so significantly termed “tuft-hunting” with us ; perhaps it may be alleged in answer, that rank and riches, so generally allied in this country, are not so there ; and, consequently, much of what the world deems the “*prestige*” of condition, is wanting to create that respect. Doubtless, this is, to a certain extent, true ; but I have seen the descendants of the most distinguished houses in Germany, mixing with the students of a very humble walk, on terms the most agreeable and familiar—assuming nothing themselves, and, certainly, receiving no marks of peculiar favour or attention, from their companions. When one knows something of German character, this does not surprise. As a people, highly imaginative and poetic in temperament—dreamy and contemplative—falling back rather on the past, than facing the future—they are infinitely more assailable by *souvenirs* than promises ; and in this wise, the ancient fame of a Hapsbourg has a far firmer hold on the attachment of a Prussian, than the hopes he may conceive from his successor. It was by recalling to the German youth the once glories of the fatherland, that the beautiful Queen of that country revived the drooping spirit of the nation. It was over the tomb of the great Frederick the monarch swore to his alliance with Alexander, against the invading legions of France. The songs of Uhland and Goethe, the lyrics of Burgher and Körner, have their source and spirit in the heartfelt patriotism of the people. The great features of

the land, and the more striking traits of national character, are inextricably woven in their writings, as if allied to each other; and the Rhine, and the male energy of German blood, their native mountains, and their native virtues, are made to reciprocate with one another; and thus the eternal landmarks of Germany, are consecrated as the altars of its faithfulness, and its truth.

The students are a means of perpetuating these notions. The young German is essentially romantic. A poet and a patriot, his dreams are of the greatness of his fatherland—of its high mission among the nations of Europe; and however he may exaggerate the claims of his country, or overrate his own efforts in her cause, his devotion is a noble one; and, when sobered down by experience and years, gives to Germany that race of faithful and high-souled people—the best guardians of her liberty, and the most attached defenders of her soil.

A great deal of *mauvaise plaisanterie* has been expended by French and English authors on the subject of the German student. The theme was perhaps an inviting one. Certainly, nothing was easier than to ridicule absurdities in their manner, and extravagancies in their costume. Their long pipes and their long beards—their long skirts, and long boots, and long sabres—their love of beer, and their law-code of honour. Russel, in his little work on Germany—in many respects the only English book worth reading on that country—has been most unjustly severe upon them. As to French authors, one never expects truth from them, except it slip out, unconsciously, in a work of fiction. Still, they have displayed a more than common spirit of detraction when speaking of the German student. The truth is, they cannot forget the part these same youths performed, in repelling the French invasion of their country. The spirit evoked by Körner, and responded to from the Hartz to the Black Forest, was the death-note to the dominant tyranny of France. The patriotism which in the Basque provinces called into existence the wild Guerillas, and in the Tyrol created the Jäger-bund; in more cultivated Germany, elicited that race of poets and warriors, whose war-songs aroused the nation from its sleep of slavery, and called them to avenge the injuries of their nation.

Happily the occasion for such an outbreak of national enthusiasm has passed away. The peace of Europe seems to rest on a wider and safer foundation than it has ever done before. Still the old leaven rises, from time to time, in the student's nature; and even lately, when the "*fausse colère*" of France affected to meditate another inroad upon Germany, the song, "*Sie sollen ihm nicht haben*," ran from end to end of the land, and in the excitement it created, you could see that the spirit of the Tugenbund and the Burschenschaft, was not dead, but sleeping.

Laugh, then, if you will, at the strange figures, whose uncouth costumes of cap and jack-boot bespeak them a hybrid, between a civilian and a soldier. The exterior is, after all, no bad type of what lies within—its contradictions are indeed scarcely as great. The spectacles and moustaches—the note-book beneath the arm, and the sabre at the side—the ink-bottle at the button-hole, and the spurs jingling at the heels—are all the outward signs of that extraordinary mixture of patient industry and hot-headed enthusiasm—of deep thought, and impetuous rashness—of matter-of-fact shrewdness, and poetic fervour—and, lastly, of the most forgiving temper, allied to an unconquerable propensity for duelling. Laugh if you will at him—but he is a fine fellow for all that; and despite all the contrarieties of his nature, has the seed of those virtues, which, in the peaceful life of his native country, grow up into the ripe fruits of manly truth and honesty.

I wish you then to think well of the Bursche, and forgive the eccentricities into which a college life, and a most absurd doctrine of its ordinances, will, now and then, lead him. That wild-looking youth, for all that he has a sabre-wound across his cheek, and wears his neck bare, like a Malay—despite his savage moustache, and his lowering look has a soft heart, though it beats behind that mass of nonsensical braiding. He could recite you for hours long, the ballads of Schiller, and the lyrics of Uhland; ay, and sing for you too, with no mean skill, the music of Spohr and Weber, accompanying himself the while, on the piano, with a touch that would make your heart thrill; and I am not sure, that even in his wildest moments of enthusiastic folly, he is not nearly as much an object of hope to his country, as though he were making a “book” on the “Derby,” or studying “the odds,” among the legs at Tattersall’s.

Above all things, I would beg of you, don’t be too hasty in judging him. Put not much trust in half what English writers lay to his charge—believe not one syllable of any Frenchman on the subject—no! not even that estimable Alexandre Dumas, who represents, the “Student,” as demanding alms on the high road—thus confounding him with the “Lehr-Junker”—the travelling apprentice—who, by the laws of Germany, is obliged to spend two years in wandering through different countries, before he is permitted to reside permanently in his own. The blunder would have been too gross for any thing but a Frenchman and a Parisian; but the Rue St. Denis, covers a multitude of mistakes, and the Boulevard de Montmartre is a dispensation to all truth.

Howitt, if you can read a heavy book, will tell you nearly every thing a *book* can tell; but setting a Quaker to describe Burschen life, was pretty much like sending a Hindoo to report at a Repeal meeting.

Now all this time we have been wandering from Bonn, and its gardens sloping down into the very Rhine, and its beautiful park, the once pleasure-ground of that palace, which now forms the building of the university. There are few sweeter spots than this. You have escaped from the long, low swamps of Holland—you have left behind you the land of marsh and fog—and already the mountainous region of Germany breaks on the view: the Sieben Gebirge are in sight, and the bold Drachenfels, with its ruined tower on its summit—an earnest of the glorious scenery to come. The river itself looks brighter and fresher—its eddies seems to sparkle with a lustre they know not when circling along the swampy shores of Nimwegen.

Besides, there is really something in a name, and the sound of “Deutschland” is pleasanter than that of the country of “dull fogs and dank ditches;” and although I would not have you salute it, like Voltaire—

“Adieu! canaille—canards—canaux!”

still be thankful for being where you are—take your coffee, and let us have a ramble through the Park.

Alas! the autumn is running into the winter—each breeze that sighs along the ground, is the dirge over the dead leaves that lie strewn around us. The bare branches throw their gaunt arms to and fro, as the cold, grey clouds flit past. The student, too, has donned his fur-lined mantle, and strides along with cap bent down, and hurried step.

But a few weeks since, and these alleys were crowded by gay and smiling groups, lingering beneath the shadow of tall trees, and listening to the Jäger band that played in yonder pavilion. The grey-haired

professor moved slowly along, uncovering his venerable head as some student passed, and respectfully saluting him; and there, too, walked his fair daughters—the “*frauleins*, with the yellow hair!” How calmly sweet their full blue eyes—how gentleness is written in their quiet gait! Yet, see! as each bar of the distant waltz is heard beating on the ear, how their foot-steps keep time, and mark the measure. Alas! the summer hours have fled, and with them, those calm nights, when, by the flickering moon, the path-ways echoed to the steps of lingering feet, now homeward turning.

I never can visit a University town in Germany, without a sigh after the time, when I was myself a *Bursche*, read myself to sleep, each night, with Ludwig Tieck, and sported two broadswords cross-wise above my chimney.

I was a student of Göttingen—the Georgia Augusta—and in the days I speak of—I know not well what King Ernest has done since—it was rather a proud thing to be “*ein Göttinger Bursche* ;” there was considered something of style to appertain to it above the other universities, and we looked down upon a Heidelberg, or a Halle man, as only something above a “*Philister*.” The professors had given a great celebrity to the university, too: there was Stromeyer in chemistry, and Hausman in philology; Behr in Greek; Shrader in botany; and, greater than all—old Blumenbach himself, lecturing four days each week on every thing he could think of—natural philosophy, physics, geography, anatomy, physiology, optics, colours, metallurgy, magnetism, and the whale fishery in the South Seas—making the most abstruse and grave subjects interesting by the charm of his manner, and elevating trivial topics into consequence by their connection with weightier matters. He was the only lecturer I ever heard of, who concluded his hour to the regret of his hearers, and left them longing for the continuation; anecdote and illustration fell from him with a profusion almost inconceivable, and perfectly miraculous, when it is borne in mind that he rarely was known to repeat himself in a figure, and more rarely, still, in a story, and when he has detected himself in this latter, he would suddenly stop short, with an “*Ach Gott, I’m growing old*,” and immediately turn into another channel, and by some new and unheard-of history, extricate himself from his difficulty.

With all the learning of a Buffon and a Cuvier, he was simple and unaffected as a child. His little receptions in the summer months were held in his garden—I have him before me [this minute, seated under the wide-spreading linden tree, with his little table before him, holding his coffee and a few books; his long hair, white as snow, escaping beneath his round cap of dark green velvet, falling loosely on his shoulders—and his large grey eyes, now widely opened with astonishment at some piece of intelligence, a boy would have heard without amazement—then twinkling with sly humour at the droll thoughts passing through his mind, while around him sat his brother professors and their families, chatting pleasantly over the little news of their peaceful community—the good Vrows knitting and listening, and the *frauleins* demurely sitting by, wearing a look of mock attention to some learned dissertation, and ever and anon stealing a sly glance at the handsome youth, who was honoured by an invitation to the *soirée*. How charming, too, to hear them speak of the great men of the land, as their old friends and college companions. It was not the author of *Wallenstein* and *Don Carlos*, but Frederick Schiller, the student of medicine, as they knew him in his boyhood—bold, ardent, and ambitious—toiling along a path he loved not, and feeling within him, the working of that great genius, which, one day, was to make him the pride of his fatherland; and Wieland—strange and eccentric—old in his youth, with the inno-

cence of a child and the wisdom of a sage ; and Hoffman—the victim of his gloomy imagination, whose spectral shapes and dark warnings, were not the forced efforts of his brain, but the companions of his wanderings,—the beings of his sleep. How did they jest with him on his half-crazed notions, and laugh at his eccentricities. It was strange to hear them tell of going home with Hummel, then a mere boy, and how, as the evening closed in, he sat down to the piano-forte, and played and sung, and played again, for hours long, now exciting their wonder by passages of brilliant and glittering effect, now knocking at their hearts by tones of plaintive beauty. There was a little melody he played the night they spoke of—some short and touching ballad—the inspiration of the moment—made on the approaching departure of some one amongst them, which many years after, in “Fidelio,” called down thunders of applause—mayhap, the tribute of his first audience was a sweeter homage, after all.

While thus they chatted on, the great world without, and all its mighty interests, seemed forgotten by them. France might have taken another choleric fit, and been in march upon the Rhine ; England might have once more covered the ocean with her fleets, and scattered to the waves the wreck of another Trafalgar ; Russia might be pouring down her hordes from the Don and Dnieper ; little chance had they of knowing aught of these things ! The orchards that surrounded the ramparts shut out the rest of Europe, and they lived as remote from all the collisions of politics, and the strife of nations, as though the university had been in another planet.

I must not forget the old Hofrath Froriep, Ordentliche-Professor von—heaven knows what ! No one ever saw his collegium (lecture-room), nor ever heard him lecture. He had been a special tutor to the princes—as the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge were then called, about forty years ago—and he seemed to live upon the memory of those great days when a royal highness took notes beside his chair, and always addressed his class, “Princes and Gentlemen !” What pride he felt in his clasp of the Guelph, and an autograph letter of the Herzog von Clarence, who once paid him a visit at his house in Göttingen.

It was a strange thing to hear the royal family of England spoken of thus, among foreigners who neither knew our land, nor its language. One was suddenly recalled to the recollection of that Saxon stock, from which our common ancestry proceeded—the bond of union between us—the source from which so many of the best traits of English character take their origin—the love of truth—the manly independence—the habits of patient industry which we derived from our German blood—are not inferior to the enterprising spirit, and the chivalrous daring of Norman origin.

But to return to the Hofrath, or Privy Counsellor Froriep, for so was he most rigidly styled. I remember him so well, as he used to come slowly down the garden-walk, leaning on his sister’s arm. He was the junior by some years ; but no one could have made the discovery now : the thing rested on tradition, however, and was not disputed. The Fraulien Martha von Froriep, was the Daguerreotype of her brother. To see them sitting opposite each other was actually ludicrous ; not only were the features alike, but the expressions tallied so completely, it was as if one face reflected the other. Did the professor look grave—the Fraulien Martha’s face was serious. Did he laugh—straightway her features took a merry cast. If his coffee was too hot, or did he burn his fingers with his pipe, the old lady’s sympathies were with him still. The Siamese

twins were on terms of distant acquaintanceship, compared with the instinctive relation these two bore to each other.

How was it possible, you will ask, that such an eternal similarity should have marked their dispositions? The answer is an easy one. The Fraulein was deaf—perfectly destitute of hearing. The last recorded act of her auditory nerves, was on the occasion of some public rejoicing, when twenty-four large guns were discharged in a few seconds of time, and by the reverberation broke every window in Göttingen, the old lady, who was knitting at the time, merely stopped her work, and called out, “come in!” thinking it was a tap at the room-door. To her malady was it then owing, if she so perfectly resembled the professor her brother. She watched him with an anxious eye; his face was the dial that regulated every hour of her existence; and as the telegraph repeats the signal that is made to it, yet knows not the interpretation of the sign, so did she signalize the passing emotions of his mind, long, perhaps, after her own could take interest in the cause.

Nothing had a stranger effect, however, than to listen to the professor's conversation, to which the assent of the deaf old lady chimed in, at short and regular intervals. For years long, she had been in the habit of corroborating every thing he said, and continued the practice now from habit. It was like a clock, that struck the hour when all its machinery had run down. And so, whether the Hofrath descanted on some learned question of Greek particles, some much-disputed fact of ancient history, or, as was more often the case, still narrated with German broadness some little anecdote of his student life, the old lady's, “Ja! ja! den, sah jch selbst, da war jch, auch!” “Yes, yes; I saw it myself; I was there too;” bore testimony to the truth of Tacitus or Herodotus, or, more precarious again, to these little traits of her brother's youthful existence, which, to say the least, were better uncorroborated.

The Hofrath had passed his life as a bachelor, a circumstance which could not fail to surprise, for his stories were generally of his love adventures and perils; and all teemed with dissertations on the great susceptibility of his heart, and his devoted admiration of female beauty—weaknesses of which it was plain he felt vain, and loved to hear authenticated by his old associates. In this respect, Blumenbach indulged him perfectly—now recalling to his memory some tender scene, or some afflicting separation, which invariably drew the Hofrath into a story.

If these little reminiscences possessed not all the point and interest of more adventurous histories, to me, at least, they were more amusing by the force of truth, and by the singular look, voice, and manner of him who related them. Imagine, then, a meagre old man, about five feet two, whose head was a wedge with the thin side foremost, the nose standing abruptly out, like the cut-water of a man-o'-war gig; a large mouth, forming a bold semicircle, with the convexity downwards, the angles of which were lost in a mass of wrinkles on his withered cheeks; two fierce-looking, fiery, little grey eyes, set slant-wise in his head, without a vestige of eyelash over them; his hair, combed back with great precision, and tied behind into a queue, had, from long pulling, gradually drawn the eyebrows upwards to double their natural height, where they remained fixed, giving to this uncouth face an expression of everlasting surprise—in fact, he appeared as if he were perpetually beholding the ghost of somebody. His voice was a strange, unnatural, clattering sound, as though the machinery of speech had been left a long while without oiling, and could not work flippantly, but, to be sure, the language was German, and that may excuse much.

Such was the Herr Hofrath Froriep—once, if you were to believe himself, a lady-killer of the first water. Indeed still, when he stretched forth his thin and twisted shanks, attired in satin shorts, and black silk stockings, a gleam of conscious pride would light up his features, and he would seem to say to himself, “These legs might do some mischief yet.”

Caroline Pichler, the novelist, had been one of his loves; and, if you believed himself, a victim to his fascinations. However, another version of the tale had obtained currency, and was frequently alluded to by his companions, at those moments when a more boastful spirit than they deemed suitable, animated his discourse; and at such times, I remarked that the Hofrath became unusually sensitive, and anxious to change the subject.

It was one evening, when we sat somewhat later than our wont, in the garden, tempted by the delicious fragrance of the flowers, and the mild light of a new moon, that, at last, the Hofrath's Mädchen made her appearance, lantern in hand, to conduct him home. She carried on her arm a mass of cloaks, shawls, and envelopes, that would have clothed a procession, with which she proceeded, leisurely, and artistically, to dress up the professor and his sister, until the impression came over the bystanders, that none but she who hid them in that mountain of wearables, would ever be able to discover them again.

“Ach Gott,” exclaimed the Hofrath, as she crowned him with a quilted nightcap, whose jaws descended and fastened beneath the chin, like an antique helmet, leaving the miserable old face, like an uncouth pattern in the middle of the Berlin embroidery—“Ach Gott, but for that!”

“But for that!” reiterated old Hausman, in a solemn tone, as if he knew the secret grief his friend alluded to, and gave him all his sympathy.

“Sit down again, Froriep,” said Blumenbach; “it is an hour too soon for young folk like us to separate. We'll have a glass of Roser, and you shall tell us that story.”

“Be it so,” said the Hofrath, as he made signs: “I suppose,” continued he would cast his skin. “Ich bin dabey! I'm, r”

in the whole company in a
 “Wi' tippenny we feerschaum, and go on with Caroline.”
 Wi' usquebaughart was mine. Ludwig might call all the
 every vegetable that ever grew, to his aid—the
 quoth Burns; and, surely, He saw it, and irritated by defeat, returned to
 circuit when he uttered to us even farewell, and we never heard of him till
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“R, w. Caroline came forward, dressed in white, with a crown of roses
 a good and laurel leaves intertwined, and approached me gracefully, as I sat

“waiting to receive her—all the rest ranged on either side of me.

‘Auf seine stirne, who, der licht——’

‘Upon that brow where shines the light——’

said Caroline, raising the chaplet.

"Ah! well, well," said the Hofrath, throwing up his eyes with an air of sentimentalism, "so you shall. 'Love's young dream!' was sweet after all! We were in the Hartz," continued he, at once springing into his story with a true Demosthenic abruptness—"we were in the Hartz mountains, making a little tour, for it was semestre, and all the classes were closed in the university. There was Tieck, and Feldtbourgh the Dane, and Upsal, and old Langendorf of Jena, and Grötchen von Zobelschein, and Mina Upsal, and Caroline, and Martha there—she, poor thing, was getting deaf at the time, and could not take the same pleasure as the rest of us: she was always stupid you know."

Here he looked over at her, when she immediately responded—

"Ja, ja, what he says is true."

"Each morning, we used to set off up the mountains, botanizing and hammering among the lime-stone rocks, and seeking for cryptogamia and fellspar, lichens and jungermania, and primitive rock; mingling our little diversions with pleasant talk about the poets, and reciting verses to one another, from Hans Sachs and the old writers, and chatting away about Schiller—the 'Lager' was just come out, and more than one among us could scarce believe it was Frederick did it.

"Tieck and I soon found that we were rivals; for, before a week, each of us was in love with Caroline. Now, Ludwig was a clever fellow, and had a thousand little ways of ingratiating himself with a pretty woman—and a poetess besides. He could come down every day to breakfast with some ode or sonnet, or maybe a dream; and then he was ready after dinner, with his bit of poetry, which sometimes, when he found a piano, he'd set to music; or maybe in the evening he'd invent one of those strange rigmarole stories of his, about a blue bottle fly, dying for love of a little ~~moth~~, or some superannuated old drone bee, that retired from public better uncorru his days reviling the rest of the world. You know his

The Hofrath had ~~now~~ how one could not help listening, and what's could not fail to surprise, fo. As for Caroline, she became crazed about tures and perils; and all teemea and would hear for whole days long the lity of his heart, and his devoted

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thought I, a man in such grief as mine, need little care what he eats ; and I ordered both, that I might afterwards decide which I'd prefer. They came, and were placed before me. Huimel ! und Erde ! what did I do but eat the two : beer and cream, cream and beer, pepper and sugar, brown bread and nutmeg. Such was my abstraction, that I never noticed what I was doing, till I saw the two empty bowls before me. 'I am a dead Hofrath before day breaks,' said I, 'and I'll make my will ;' but before I could put the plan into execution, I became very ill, and they were obliged to carry me to bed. From that moment my senses began to wander ; exhaustion, sour beer, and despair, were all working within me, and I was mad. It was a brief paroxysm, but a fearful one. A hundred and fifty thousand ridiculous fancies, went at racing speed through my mind, and I spent the night, alternately laughing and crying. My pipe, that lay on the chair beside the bed, figured in nearly every scene, and performed a part in many a strange adventure.

"By noon the others learned where I was, and came over to see me. After sitting for half an hour beside me, they were going away, when I called Caroline and Martha back. She blushed, but taking Martha's arm, she seated herself upon a sofa, and asked in a timid voice what I wished for.

" 'To hear me before I die,' replied I ; 'to listen to a wonderful vision I have seen this night.'

" 'A vision,' said Caroline—'Oh, what was it ?'

" 'A beautiful and a touching one. Let me tell it to you. I will call it The never-to-be-lost-sight-of, though not-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-concealed, Loves of the Mug and the Meerschaum.'

"Caroline sprang to my side as I uttered these words, and as she wiped the tears from her eyes, she sobbed forth—

" 'Let me but hear it—let me but hear it !'

" 'Sit down,' said I, taking her hand and pressing it to my lips—'sit down and you shall.' With that I began my tale. I suppose," continued the Hofrath, "you don't wish to have the story ?"

"Gott bewahr ! heaven forbid," broke in the whole company in a breath. "Leave the mug and the meerschaum, and go on with Caroline."

"Well, from that hour her heart was mine. Ludwig might call all the reptiles that ever crawled, every vegetable that ever grew, to his aid—the victory was with me. He saw it, and irritated by defeat, returned to Berlin, without bidding us even farewell, and we never heard of him till we saw his new novel of Fortunio. But to go on ; the day after Tieck left us was my birth-day, and they all arranged to give me a little fête ; and truly nothing could be prettier. The garden of the inn was a sweet spot, and there was a large linden like this, where the table was spread ; and there was a chair all decked with roses and myrtle, for me—Caroline herself had done it ; and they had composed a little hymn in honour of me, wherein were sundry compliments to my distinction in science and poesy—the gifts of my mind, and the graces of my person. Ach, ja ! I was handsome then.

"Well, well, I must close my tale—I cannot bear to think of it even now. Caroline came forward, dressed in white, with a crown of roses and laurel leaves intertwined, and approached me gracefully, as I sat waiting to receive her—all the rest ranged on either side of me.

'Auf seine stirne, wo, der licht——'

'Upon that brow where shines the light——'

said Caroline, raising the chaplet.

“ ‘ Ah duc Heiliger,’ screamed Martha, who only that instant saw I was bareheaded. ‘ The dear man will catch his death of cold ;’ and with that she snatched this confounded nightcap from her pocket, and rushing forward, clapped it on my head before I could know it was done. I struggled and kicked, like one possessed, but it was of no use ; she had tied the strings in a black knot, and they could neither be loosened nor broken. ‘ Be still there,’ said she ; ‘ thou knowest well that at fifty-three——’ You can conceive,” said the Hofrath in a parenthesis, “that her passion obliterated her memory.—‘ At fifty-three, one can’t play the fool like at twenty.’

“ Ach ja ! it was over with me for ever. Caroline screamed at the cap, first laughing, then crying, and then both—the rest nearly died of it, and so did I. Caroline would never look at me after, and I came back home, disappointed in my love—and all because of a woollen nightcap.”

When the Hofrath concluded, he poured the remainder of the Rosenthaler into his glass, and bowing to each in turn, wished us good-night, while, taking the Fraulein Martha’s arm, they both disappeared in the shade, as the little party broke up, and each wended his way homeward.

FRAGMENT XIV.—“ THE STUDENT.”

If I were not sketching a real personage, and retailing an anecdote once heard, I should pronounce the Hofrath von Froriep a fictitious character, for which reason, I bear you no ill-will if you incline to that opinion. I have no witness to call in my defence. There were but two Englishmen in Göttingen in my day—one of them is now no more. Poor fellow ! he had but just entered the army ; his regiment was at Corfu ; and he was spending the six months of his first leave in Germany. We chanced to be fellow-travellers, and ended by becoming friends. When he left me, it was for Vienna, from which, after a short stay, he departed for Venice, where he purchased a yacht, and with eight Greek sailors, sailed for a tour through the Ionian Islands. He was never seen alive again ; his body, fearfully gashed and wounded, was discovered on the beach at Zante. His murderers, for such they were, escaped with the vessel, and never were captured. Should any “ 61st” man throw his eye over these pages, he will remember that I speak of one, beloved by every one who knew him. With all the heroic daring of the stoutest heart, his nature was soft and gentle as a child’s. Poor G—— ! some of the happiest moments of my life were spent with you—some of the saddest, in thinking over your destiny.

You must take my word for the Hofrath, then, good reader. They who read the modern novels of Germany—the wild exaggerations of Fouqué, and Hoffman, Musæus, and Tieck, will comprehend that his story of himself has no extravagance whatever. To ascribe language, and human passions, to the lower animals, and even to the inanimate creation, is a favourite German notion, the indulgence of which has led to a great deal of that mysticism we find in their writings ; and the secret sympathies of cauliflowers and cabbages, for young ladies in love, is a constant theme among this class of novelists.

A word now of the students, and I have done. Whatever the absurdities in their code of honour, however ludicrous the etiquette of the “ comment,” as it is called, there is a world of manly honesty, and true-heartedness, among them. There is nothing mean or low, nothing dishonourable nor unworthy, in the spirit of the Burschenschaft. Exagge-

rated ideas of their own importance—an over-weening sense of their value to the Vaterland—there are in abundance; as well as a mass of crude, unformed notions about liberty, and the regeneration of Germany. But, after all, these are harmless fictions; they are not allied to any evil passions at the time—they lead to no bad results for the future. The murder of Kotzebue, and the attempt on the life of Napoleon, by Staps, were much more attributable to the mad enthusiasm of the period, than to the principles of the student league. The spirit of the nation revolted at the tyranny they had so long submitted to, and these fearful crimes were the agonized expression of endurance, pushed to madness. Only they who witnessed the frantic joy of the people, when the tide of fortune turned against Napoleon, and his baffled legions retreated through Germany, on their return from the Russian campaign, can understand how deeply stored were the wrongs, for which they were now to exact vengeance. The “volker schlagt”—the “people’s slaughter”—as they love to call the terrible fight of Leipsic, was the dreadful recompense of all their sufferings.

When the French revolution first broke out, the German students, like many wiser and more thinking heads than theirs, in our own country, were struck with the great movement of a mighty people in their march to liberty; but, when disgusted with the atrocities that followed, they afterwards beheld France the first to assail the liberties, and trample on the freedom, of every other country, they regarded her as a traitor to the cause she once professed; and while their apathy, in the early wars of the republican armies, marked their sympathy with the wild notions of liberty, of which Frenchmen affected to be the apostles in Europe—yet, when they saw the lust of conquest and the passion for dominion, usurp the place of those high-sounding virtues—*liberté, égalité*—the reverse was a tremendous one, and may well excuse, if excuse were needful, the proud triumph of the German armies, when they bivouacked in the streets of Paris.

The changed fortunes of the Continent have of course obliterated every political feature in the student-life of Germany; or, if such still exist, it takes the form merely of momentary enthusiasm, in favour of some banished professor, or a Burschen festival, in honour of some martyr of the press. Still their ancient virtues survive, and the German student is yet a type, one of the few remaining, of the Europe of thirty years ago. Long may he remain so, say I. Long may so interesting a land, have its national good faith, and brotherly affection, rooted in the minds of its youth. Long may the country of Schiller, of Wieland, and of Goethe, possess the race of those who can appreciate their greatness, or strive to emulate their fame.

I leave to others the task of chronicling their beer orgies, their wild festivals, and their duels; and though not disposed to defend them on such charges, I might, were it not invidious, adduce instances, nearer home, of practices little more commendable. At those same festivals, at many of which I have been present, I have heard music, that would shame most of our orchestras, and listened to singing, such as I have never heard surpassed, except within the walls of a grand opera; and as to their duelling, the practice is bad enough in all conscience: but still I would mention one instance, of which I was myself a witness, and perhaps, even in so little fertile a field, we may find one grain of goodly promise.

Among my acquaintances in Göttingen, were two students both Prussians, and both from the same small town of Magdebourg. They had been school-fellows, and came together to the university, where they lived

together on terms of brotherly affection, which, even there, where friendship takes all the semblance of a sacred compact, were the subject of remark. Never were two men less alike, however, than these. Eisendecker was a bold, hot-headed fellow, fond of all the riotous excesses of Burschen life; his face, seamed with many a scar, declared him a "hahn," as, in student phrase, a confirmed duellist is termed. He was ever foremost in each scheme of wild adventure, and continually brought up before the senate, on some charge of insubordination. Von Mühry, his companion, was exactly the opposite. His *soubriquet*—for nearly every student had one—was "der Zahme—the gentle," and never was any more appropriate. His disposition was mildness itself. He was very handsome; almost girlish in his look; with large blue eyes, and fine, soft, silky hair, which, German-like, he wore long upon his neck. His voice—the index of his nature—soft, low, and musical, would have predisposed you at once in his favour. Still, these disparities did not prevent the attachment of the two youths; on the contrary, they seemed rather to strengthen the bond between—each, as it were, supplying to the other the qualities which nature had denied him. They were never separate in lecture-room, or at home, or in the allée—as the promenade was called—or in the garden, where, each evening, the students resorted to sup, and listen to the music of the Jäger band. Eisendecker and Mühry were names that no one ever heard separated, and when one appeared, the other was never more than a few yards off.

Such was their friendship, when an unhappy incident occurred to trouble its even course, and sow dissension between these, who never had known a passing difference in their lives. The sub-rector of Göttingen was in the habit of giving little receptions every week, to which many of the students were invited, and to which Eisendecker and Mühry, were frequently asked, as they both belonged to the professor's class. In the quiet world of a little university town, these *soirées* were great occasions, and the invited plumed themselves not a little on the distinction of a card, which gave the privilege of bowing in the Herr professor's drawing-room, and kissing the hand of his fair daughter, the Frederica von Ettenheim, the belle of Göttingen. Frederica was the prettiest German girl I ever saw, for this reason, that having been partly educated at Paris, French *espièglerie* relieved what had been, otherwise, the too regular monotony of her Saxon features, and imparted a character of sauciness—or "*fierté*," is a better word—to that quietude, which is too tame to give the varied expression, so charming in female beauty. The *esprit*, that delicious ingredient, which has been so lamentably omitted in German character, she had imbibed from her French education; and in lieu of that plodding interchange of flat commonplaces, which constitute the ordinary staple of conversation, between the young of opposite sexes beyond the Rhine, she had imported the light, delicate, tone of Parisian raillery—the easy and familiar gaiety of French society, so inexpressibly charming in France, and such a boon from heaven, when one meets it by accident elsewhere. Oh, confess it ye, who in the dull round of this world's, so-called, pleasure—in the Egyptian darkness of the dinners and evening parties of your fashionable friends—sit nights long, speaking and answering, half at random, without one thought to amuse, without one idea to interest you—what pleasure have you felt, when some chance expression, some remark—a mere word, perhaps, of your neighbour beside you—reveals, that she has attained that wondrous charm—that most fascinating of all possessions—the art to converse; that neither fearful of being deemed pedantic, on the one hand, or uninformed, on the

other, she launches forth freely, on the topic of the moment, gracefully illustrating her meaning, by womanly touches of sensibility and delicacy, as though to say these lighter weapons were her own peculiar arms, while men might wield the more massive ones of sense and judgment. Then, with what lightness she flits along from theme to theme, half affecting to infer that she dares not venture deep, yet showing, every instant, traits of thoughtfulness and reflection.

How long since have you forgotten, that she who thus holds you entranced, is the brunette, with features rather too bold than otherwise; that those eyes, which now sparkle with the fire of mind, seemed, but half an hour ago, to have a look of cold effrontery. Such is the charm of "*esprit*," and without it, the prettiest woman wants her greatest charm; a diamond she may be, and as bright and of purest water, but the setting, which gives such lustre to the stone, is absent, and half the brilliancy of the gem is lost to the beholder.

Now, of all tongues ever invented by man, German is the most difficult and clumsy, for all purposes of conversation. You may preach in it—you may pray in it—you may hold a learned argument, or you may lay down some involved and intricate statement—you may, if you have the gift, even tell a story in it, provided the hearers be patient—and some have even gone so far, as to venture on expressing a humorous idea in German; but these have been bold men, and their venturous conduct is more to be admired than imitated. At the same time, it is right to add, that a German joke is a very wooden contrivance at best, and that the praise it meets with, is rather in the proportion of the difficulty of the manufacture, than of the superiority of the article—just as we admire those Indian toys carved with a rusty nail, or those fourth-string performances of Paganini and his followers.

And now to come back to the students, whom, mayhap, you deem to have been forgotten by me all this time, but for whose peculiar illustration, my digression was intended; it being neither more nor less than to show, that if Frederica von Ettenheim turned half the heads in Göttingen, Messrs. Eisendecker and Mühry were of the number. What a feature it was of the little town, her coming to reside in it! What a sweet atmosphere of womanly gracefulness, spread itself, like a perfume, through these old salons, whose dusty curtains, and moth-eaten chairs, looked like the fossils of some antediluvian furniture! With what magic were the old ceremonials of a professor's reception, exchanged for the easier habits of a politer world! The venerable dignitaries of the university, felt the change, but knew not where it lay, and could not account for the pleasure they now experienced in the vice-rector's *soirées*; while the students knew no bounds to their enthusiastic admiration; and "Die Ettenheim" reigned in every heart in Göttingen.

Of all her admirers, none seemed to hold a higher place in her favour, than Von Mühry. Several causes contributed to this, in addition to his own personal advantages, and the distinction of his talents, which were of a high order. He was particularly noticed by the vice-rector, from the circumstance of his father's holding a responsible position in the Prussian government while Adolphe himself gave ample promise of one day making a figure in the world. He was never omitted in any invitation, nor forgotten in any of the many little parties so frequent among the professors; and even where the society was limited to the dignitaries of the college, some excuse would ever be made by the vice-rector, to have him present, either on the pretence of wanting him for something, or that Frederica had asked him without thinking.

Such was the state of this little world, when I settled in it, and took up my residence at the Meissner Thor, intending to pass my summer there. The first evening I spent at the vice-rector's, the matter was quite clear to my eyes. Frederica and Adolphe were lovers. It was to no purpose, that when he had accompanied her on the piano, he retreated to a distant part of the room when she ceased to sing. It signified not, that he scarcely ever spoke to her, and when he did, but a few words, hurriedly and in confusion. Their looks met once; I saw them exchange one glance—a fleeting one too—but I read in it their whole secret, mayhap even more than they knew themselves. Well had it been, if I alone had witnessed this, but there was another at my side who saw it also, and whispered in my ear, “Der Zahme is in love.” I turned round, and it was Eisendecker: his face, sallow and sickly, while large circles of dark olive surrounded his eyes, and gave him an air of deep suffering. “Did you see that?” said he, suddenly, as he leaned his hand on my arm, where it shook like one in ague.

“Did you see that?”

“What?—the flower!”

“Yes—the flower. It was she dropped it, when she crossed the room. You saw him take it up—didn't you?”

The tone he spoke in was harsh, and hissing, as if he uttered the words with his teeth clenched. It was clear to me now, that he, too, was in love with Frederica, and I trembled to think of the cruel shock their friendship must sustain ere long.

A short time after, when I was about to retire, Eisendecker took my arm, and said, “Are you for going home? May I go with you?” I gave a willing assent, our lodgings being near, and we spent much of every day in each other's chambers. It was the first time we had ever returned without waiting for Mühry; and fearing what a separation, once begun, might lead to, I stopped suddenly on the stairs, and said, as if suddenly remembering—

“By the by, we are going without Adolphe.”

Eisendecker's fingers clutched me convulsively, and while a bitter laugh broke from him, he said, “You wouldn't tear them asunder—would you?” For the rest of the way, he never spoke again, and I, fearful of awakening the expression of that grief, which, when avowed, became confirmed, never opened my lips, save to say—“Good night.”

I never intended to have involved myself in a regular story, when I began this chapter, nor must I do so now, though, sooth to say, it would not be without its interest, to trace the career of these two youths, who now became gradually estranged from each other, and were no longer to be seen, as of old, walking with arms on each other's shoulders—the most perfect realization of true brotherly affection. Day by day the distance widened between them; each knew the secret of the other's heart, yet neither dared to speak of it. From distrust there is but a short step to dislike—alas! it is scarcely even a step. They parted.

Every one knows that the reaction which takes place, when some long-standing friendship has been ruptured, is proportionate to the warmth of the previous attachment. Still, the cause of this, in a great measure, is more attributable to the world about us, than to ourselves; we make partizans to console us for the loss of one who was our confidant—and in the violence, of *their* passions, we are carried away as in a current. The students were no exception to this theory—scarcely had they ceased to regard each other as friends, when they began to feel as enemies. Alas, is it not ever so? Does not the good soil, which, when cultivated with

care, produces the fairest flowers, and the richest fruits—rear up, when neglected and abandoned, the most noxious weeds, and the rankest thistles? And yet, it was love for another—that passion so humanizing in its influence, so calculated to assuage the stormy and vindictive traits of even a savage nature—it was love had made them thus. To how many is the “light that lies in woman’s eyes” but a beacon to lure to ruin? When we think that but one can succeed, where so many strive—what sadness and misery must not result to others?

Another change came over them, and a stranger still. Eisendecker, the violent youth, of ungovernable temper, and impetuous passion—who loved the wildest freak of student-daring, and ever was the first to lead the way in each mad scheme—had now become silent and thoughtful—a gentle sadness tempered down the fierce traits of his hot nature, and he no longer frequented his old haunts of the cellar and the fighting school, but wandered alone into the country, and spent whole days in solitude. Von Mühry, on the other hand, seemed to have assumed the castaway mantle of his once friend: the gentle bearing, and almost submissive tone of his manner, were exchanged for an air of conscious pride—a demeanour that bespoke a triumphant spirit—and the quiet youth, suddenly seemed changed to a rash, high-spirited boy, reckless from very happiness. During this time, Eisendecker had attached himself particularly to me; and although I had always hitherto preferred Von Mühry, the feeling of the other’s unhappiness—a sense of compassion for suffering, which it was easy to see was great—drew me closer in my friendship towards him; and, at last, I scarcely saw Adolphe at all—and when we did meet, a mutual feeling of embarrassment, separated and estranged us from each other. About this time, I set off on an excursion to the Hartz Mountains, to visit the Brocken, and see the mines—my absence, delayed beyond what I first intended, was above four weeks—and I returned to Göttingen just as the summer vacation was about to begin.

About five leagues from Göttingen, on the road towards Nordheim, there is a little village called Meissner, a favourite resort of the students, in all their festivals—while, at something less than a mile distant, stands a water mill, on a little rivulet among the hills—a wild, sequestered spot, overgrown with stunted oak and brushwood. A narrow bridle-path leads to it from the village, and this was the most approved place for settling all those affairs of honour, whose character was too serious to make it safe to decide nearer the university: for, strangely enough—while, by the laws of the university, duelling was rigidly denounced—yet, whenever the quarrel was decided by the sword, the authorities never, or almost never interfered—but if a pistol was the weapon, the thing at once took a more serious aspect.

For what reasons the mills have been always selected, as the appropriate scenes for such encounters, I never could discover; but the fact is unquestionable—and I never knew a university town, that did not possess its “water privileges” in this manner.

Towards the mill, I was journeying at the easy pace of my pony, early on a summer’s morning, preferring the rural breakfast with the miller—for they are always a kind of innkeepers—to the fare of the village. I entered the little bridle-path that conducted to his door, and was sauntering listlessly along, dreaming pleasantly, as one does, when the song of the lark, and the heavy odour of dew-pressed flowers, steep the heart in a happiness all its own—when, behind me, I heard the regular tramp of marching. I listened—had I been a stranger to the sound, I should have thought them soldiers—but I knew too well the

measured tread of the student, and I heard the jingling of their heavy sabres, a peculiar clank a student's ear cannot be deceived in. I guessed at once the object of their coming, and grew sick at heart to think that the storm of men's stubborn passions, and the strife of their revengeful nature, should desecrate a peaceful little spot like this. I was about to turn back, disgusted at the thought, when I remembered I must return by the same path, and meet them—but even this I shrunk from. The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and I had barely time to move off the path, into the brushwood, and lead my pony after, when they turned the angle of the way. They who walked first, were muffled in their cloaks, whose high collars concealed their faces, but the caps, of many a gaudy colour, proclaimed them students. At a little distance behind, and with a slower step, came another party, among which I noticed one, who walked between two others, his head sunk on his bosom, and evidently overcome with emotions of deep sorrow. A movement of my horse, at this instant, attracted their attention towards the thicket—they stopped, and a voice called out my name. I looked round, and there stood Eisendecker before me. He was dressed in deep mourning, and looked pale and worn—his black beard and moustache deepening the haggard expression of features, to which the red borders of his eyelids, and his bloodless lips, gave an air of the deepest suffering. "Ah, my friend," said he, with a sad effort at a smile, "you are here quite *apropos*. I am going to fight Adolphe this morning." A fearful presentiment that such was the case, came over me the instant I saw him—but when he said so, a thrill ran through me, and I grew cold from head to foot.

"I see you are sorry," said he tenderly, while he took my hand within both of his—"but you would not blame me—indeed, you would not—if you knew all."

"What then was the cause of this quarrel—how came you to an open rupture?"

He turned round, and as he did so, his face was purple, the blood suffused every feature, and his very eye-balls seemed like bursting with it—he tried to speak, but I only heard a rushing noise, like a hoarse-drawn breath.

"Be still, my dear Eisendecker," said I, "cannot this be settled otherwise than thus?"

"No, no," said he, in the voice of indignant passion, I used to hear from him long before, "never." He waved his hand impatiently, as he spoke, and turned his head from me. At the same moment, one of his companions made a sign with his hand, towards me.

"What!" whispered I, in horror—"a blow?"

A brief nod was the reply. Alas, from that minute all hope left me. Too well I knew the desperate alternative that awaited such an insult—reconciliation was no longer to be thought of. I asked no more, but followed the group, along the path towards the mill.

In a little garden, as it was called—we should rather term it, a neatly-chosen grass-plot—where some tables and benches were placed, under the shade of large chestnut trees, Adolphe von Mühry stood, surrounded by a number of his friends. He was dressed in his costume, as a member of the Russian club of the Landsmanschaft—a kind of uniform, of blue and white, with a silver braiding on the cuffs and collar—and looked handsomer than ever I saw him. The change his features had undergone, gave him an air of manliness and confidence, that greatly improved him—and his whole carriage indicated a degree of self-reliance, and energy, which became him perfectly. A faint blush coloured his cheek, as he saw me

enter—and he lifted his cap straight above his head, and saluted me courteously, but with an evident effort to appear at ease before me. I returned his salute mournfully—perhaps, reproachfully, too—for he turned away, and whispered something to a friend at his side.

Although I had seen many duels with the sword, it was the first time I was present at an affair with pistols, in Germany—and I was no less surprised, than shocked, to perceive, that one of the party produced a dice-box and dice, and placed them on a table.

Eisendecker all this time sat far apart from the rest, and with folded arms, and half-closed eyelids, seemed to wait in patience for the moment of being called on.

“What are they throwing for, yonder?” whispered I to a Saxon student near me.

“For the shot, of course,” said he; “not but that they might spare themselves the labour. Eisendecker must fire first; and as for who comes second after him——”

“Is he so sure as that?” asked I in terror, for the fearful vision of blood would not leave my mind.

“That is he; the fellow that can knock a bullet off a champagne bottle at five-and-twenty paces, may chance to hit a man at fifteen.”

“Mühry has it,” cried out one of those at the table; and I heard the words repeated from mouth to mouth, till they reached Eisendecker, as he moved his cane listlessly to and fro in the mill-stream.

“Remember Ludwig,” said his friend, as he grasped his arm with a strong clasp; “remember what I told you.”

The other nodded carelessly, and merely said—“Is all ready?”

“Stand here, Eisendecker,” said Mühry’s second, as he dropped a pebble in the grass.

Mühry was already placed, and stood erect—his eyes steadily directed to his antagonist, who never once looked towards him, but kept his glance fixed straight in front.

“You fire first, sir,” said Mühry’s friend; while I could mark that his voice trembled slightly at the words. “You may reserve your fire till I have counted twenty, after the word is given.”

As he spoke, he placed the pistol in Eisendecker’s hand, and called out—

“Gentlemen, fall back, fall back—I am about to give the word. Herr Eisendecker, are you ready?”

A nod was the reply.

“Now,” cried he, in a loud voice; and scarcely was the word uttered, when the discharge of the pistol was heard. So rapid, indeed, was the motion, that we never saw him lift his arm; nor could any one say what direction the ball had taken.

“I knew it, I knew it,” muttered Eisendecker’s friend, in tones of agony. “All is over with him now.”

Before a minute elapsed, the word to fall back was again given, and I now beheld Von Mühry standing with his pistol in hand, while a smile of cool, but determined malice sat on his features.

While the second repeated the same words over to him, I turned to look at Eisendecker, but he evinced no apparent consciousness of what was going on about him; his eyes, as before, were bent on vacancy; his pale face, unmoved, showed no signs of passion. In an instant the fearful “now,” rung out, and Mühry slowly raised his arm, and levelling his pistol steadily, stood with his eye bent on his victim. While the deep voice of the second slowly repeated one—two—three—four—never was

any thing like the terrible suspense of that moment. It seemed as if the very seconds of human life were measuring out one by one. As the word "ten" dropped from his lips, I saw Mühry's hand shake. In his revengeful desire to kill his man, he had waited too long, and now he was growing nervous: he let fall his arm to his side, and waited for a few seconds, then raising it again, he took a steady aim, and at the word, "nineteen," fired.

A slight movement of Eisendecker's head at this instant brought his face full front; and the bullet, which would have transfixed his head, now merely passed along his cheek, tearing a rude flesh-wound as it went.

A half cry broke from Mühry: I heard not the word, but the accent I shall never cease to remember. It was now Eisendecker's time; and as the blood streamed down his cheek, and fell in great drops upon his neck and shoulders, I saw his face assume the expression it used to wear in former days. A terrible smile lit up his dark features, and a gleam of passionate vengeance made his eye glow like that of a maniac.

"I am ready; give the word," cried he in frantic impatience.

But Mühry's second, fearful of giving way to such a moment of passion, hesitated; when Eisendecker again called out—"The word, sir, the word;" and the bystanders, indignant at the appearance of unfairness, repeated the cry.

The crowd fell back, and the word was given. Eisendecker raised his weapon—poised it for a second in his hand—and then elevating it above his head, brought it gradually down, till, from the position where I stood, I could see that he aimed at his heart.

His hand was now motionless, as if it were marble—while his eye, rivetted on his antagonist, seemed to fix on one small spot, as though his whole vengeance was to be glutted there. Never was suspense more dreadful, and I stood breathless, in the expectation of the fatal flash, when with a jerk of his arm he threw up the pistol and fired above his head; and then, with a heart-rending cry of "Mein bruder, mein bruder," rushed into Mühry's arms, and fell into a torrent of tears.

The scene was indeed a trying one, and few could witness it unmoved. As for me, I turned away completely overcome; while my heart found vent in thankfulness that such a fearful beginning should end thus happily.

"Yes," said Eisendecker, as we rode home together that evening, when, after a long silence, he spoke: "Yes, I had resolved to kill him; but when my finger was even on the trigger, I saw a look upon his features that reminded me of those earlier and happier days when we had but one home and one heart; and I felt as if I was about to become the murderer of my brother."

Need I add that they were friends for ever after.

Here, then, must I leave Göttingen and its Burschenschaft; and while I say, good-by—a long good-by—wish you, meanwhile, a happy Christmas.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SECOND ARTICLE.*

CIVIC PROCESSIONS—RIDING THE FRANCHISES.

THE greatest change wrought in any one body of our metropolis within the last century, has decidedly been in our city corporation. We speak not of the political alterations effected by "the act transferring corporate abuses to other hands," as some one justly calls the corporation reform bill; but of a change of manners as marked in the old corporation before its dissolution, as in its present successor—a change brought about, not by the operation of acts of parliament, but by the silent progress of time and alteration of public feeling, and evincing itself in the almost total discontinuance of display of civic ceremonies and civic processions. We have now no peregrinations of trades on their saints' days. The shoemakers no longer perambulate with king Crispin at their head; and the smiths will never again walk in company with a limping Vulcan; nor the fishmongers' corporation personate the twelve apostles. Even the very principal ceremony on which the boundaries of our civic liberties depended, is no longer observed; and though the Archbishop of Dublin were to depasture his horses on the Lord Mayor's garden; or the seneschal of St. Sepulchre's to execute an attachment under the very piazza of the post-office, the sturdy citizens will never again ride their franchises. The last miserable remnant of our corporate dignity is the Lord Mayor's annual procession, in his old glass coach, accompanied by a sorry troop of horse police; and the only merry-making that accompanies it, is an occasional upset of that terror of pawnbrokers, the city marshal, from his military charger. It is true, that sixty years ago, those things were beginning to decline, and had somewhat fallen from their ancient state. Still the remnant of them was then kept up, and in some matters adhered to with as much earnestness as ever.

The principal civic ceremony which

still continued within that period, with unabated splendour, was the triennial procession of the corporation, vulgarly called "riding the fringes." The great object of all civic corporations in their original constitution, was the protection of the rights and properties of the citizens against the usurpation of powerful neighbours, church and lay, and the stout upholding of the several immunities and privileges conferred by their different charters. The vigilance of the Dubliners, in ancient times, was principally to be exercised against their ecclesiastical neighbours of St. Mary's Abbey, Kilmainham, Thomas Court, and St. Sepulchre's, the latter being the liberty of the Archbishop of Dublin. Various were the disputes and feuds about their respective boundaries, and many are the charters and inquisitions defining them, which are still extant. To guard themselves from encroachment, the citizens from time immemorial perambulated the boundaries of their chartered district every third year, and this was termed riding their franchises, corrupted into "riding the fringes." In ancient times, when the ecclesiastics were a powerful body, this was a very necessary ceremony, and in some measure a dangerous service. The worthy citizens went forth "well horsed, armed, and in good array;" and so they are described, in an account of this ceremony, in 1488, still extant in the white book of Christ's Church. But when the power and possessions of their clerical neighbours passed away there was no one with the will or the means of interfering with them. The citizens had long ceased to march out with a black standard before them—"a great terror to the Irish enemies;" and their military spirit having completely died away, the riding of the franchises became altogether a peaceful exhibition of civic pomp, consisting chiefly of the following emblematic personages, and display of craft.

Every one of the twenty-five corporations was preceded by a large vehicle, drawn by the most splendid

* See page 744, vol. xxi. for June, 1843.

horses that could be bought or borrowed; indeed all were eager to lend the best they had. On these carriages were borne the implements of the respective trades, at which the artizans worked as they advanced. The weavers fabricated ribbons of various gay colours, which were sent floating among the crowd. The printers struck off hand-bills, with songs and odes prepared for the occasion, which were also thrown about in the same manner. The smiths blew their bellows, hammered on their anvils, and forged various implements, and every corporation as it passed was seen in the exercise of its peculiar trade. They were accompanied by persons representing the various natures or personages of their craft, mixing together saints and demigods, as they happened to be sacred or profane. Thus, the shoemakers had a person representing St. Crispin, with his last; the brewers, St. Andrew, with his cross; but the smiths, though patronised by S. Loy, were accompanied by Vulcan and Venus—which last was the handsomest woman that could be procured for the occasion, and the most gaily attired. She was attended by a Cupid, who shot numerous darts, *en passant*, at the ladies who crowded the windows. The merchants, who exist under the patronage of the Trinity, could not without profanation attempt any personal representation; but they exhibited a huge shamrock, as the emblem furnished by St. Patrick himself, while they were also accompanied by a large ship on wheels navigated by *real* sailors.

The course of proceeding of this motley assembly was this: They drew up at the old Custom-house, and passing along Temple-bar and Fleet-street, they came to the sea at Rings-end. They then proceeded to low-water mark, when a trumpet was sounded, a water-bailiff advanced, and riding into the water, as far as he could, hurled a spear eastward. This marked the eastern boundary of the city. They then crossed the Strand, and traversing the boundaries of the city and county, by Merrion, Bray road, Donnybrook, &c., came by Stephen's Green, to the division between the city and liberties. Then traversing Kevin's Port, Bolton-lane, Bride-street, Bull-alley, &c., they again emerged at Dolphin's barn, from whence they took

a round by Stony Batter, Finglass, Glasnevin, and Clontarf, ending a little beyond Raheny. In the course of this peregrination, they passed through several houses, and threw down any fences that came in their way, particularly on the confines of the liberties.

The liberties of Dublin, forming an elevated tract on the western side of the city, were so called from certain privileges and immunities conferred upon it. It contained formerly a population of forty thousand souls, who had obtained a high degree of opulence by the establishment of the silk and woollen manufacture among them. After the revocation of the edict of Nantz, a number of industrious artizans of the reformed faith, driven from their own country, had taken refuge in this district, and brought the manufacture of silk and woollen to a high state of perfection. About sixty years ago there were three thousand four hundred looms in active employment; and in 1791, there were twelve hundred silk looms alone. This prosperity was liable to great fluctuations. Two years after, when war was declared with France, and the raw material was difficult to be procured, the poor artizans experienced great distress; but the breaking out of the insurrection in '98, in which many of them were engaged, entirely ruined them; so that at the time of the Union they were reduced to utter beggary.

On all occasions of distress, they descended in masses from their elevated site to the lower parts of the town, and, as has been remarked, they resembled an irruption of some foreign horde—a certain wildness of aspect, with pallid faces and squalid persons, seemed to mark at this time the poor artizans of the liberty as a separate class from the other inhabitants of Dublin. Of this famous and flourishing community nothing remains at the present day but large houses, with stone fronts and architectural ornaments, in ruins in remote and obscure streets; and a small branch of the poplin and tabinet manufacture, a fabric almost exclusively confined to them, and whose beauty and excellence are well known.

At the time of which we write, however, they exhibited their power on every public occasion, and during the perambulation of the Lord Mayor, they particularly signalized themselves. As they had manor courts and sener-

chals of their own, with a court-house and a prison, they were exceedingly jealous of their separate jurisdiction. They assembled in detachments in some places leading to their territories, and made a show of strongly opposing any invasion of their independence. The most remarkable was on the Cross Poddle, leading to the Coombe, the great avenue to the interior of the Liberties, and here they made a most formidable exhibition of resistance.* They seized upon the sword-bearer of the corporation, wrested from his hand the civic weapon, and having thus established their seeming right to resist encroachment, the sword was restored, on condition of receiving a present as a tribute, and liberating a prisoner from confinement. These demands being complied with, a formal permission was given to the procession to move on. The man who wrested the sword from the bearer had a distinguished name, and an achievement to boast of during the rest of his life.

Beside hurling the spear into the sea, the Lord Mayor and corporation observed several other ceremonies. In their progress they made various stops, and held sham consultations, which were called *courts*. At a court at Essex-gate, it was a regular ceremony to summon Sir Michael Creagh in the following form:—"Sir Michael Creagh! Sir Michael Creagh! come and appear at the court of our Lord the King, holden before the right honourable the Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin, or you will be outlawed."—This singular ceremony originated from the circumstance of Sir Michael Creagh's having been Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1668, and absconded, carrying with him the gold collar of S.S., which had been given to the corporation only a few years before by Charles II. The civic citation to the fugitive thief being wholly fruitless, and Sir M. Creagh never having returned with the collar, a new one was obtained by Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, from William III., in 1697, which is the one at present in use. The citation, however, continued to be made during the procession. The worthy citizen through whom the collar of S. S. was restored, was father to Swift's celebrated Vanessa.†

The trappings and equipments of

this procession seem to have been borrowed from the ancient practice of acting plays or mysteries by the different guilds of the corporation. Those representations had been discontinued since the time of Elizabeth: they are however mentioned by many writers, and in the books of the corporation there are several entries relating to the expenses and mode of proceeding for them, which show the allegories acted to have been similar to the characters assumed by the guilds in riding the franchises. They were a most extraordinary medley of religion and profanity, morals and indecency. Thus, in the same interlude, the carpenters acted the story of Joseph and Mary; the tailors, Adam and Eve; while the vintners personated Bacchus and his companions, with their drunkenness and gallantries; and the smiths, Vulcan and the intrigues of his fair consort, or, as it was modestly entered, "Vulcan, and what related to him." Such things formed regular items in the corporation accounts. Several items are given in the History of Dublin, and are sufficiently amusing. For a celebration of St. George's day are the following:—

"Item 3. The elder master to find a maiden, well attired, to lead the dragon, and the clerk of the market to find a golden line for the dragon."

"Item 4. The elder warden to find for St. George four trumpets; but St. George himself to pay them their wages."‡

On the subject of civic processions we may mention one which, though discontinued for many centuries, was much talked of on the election of our first R. C. Mayor, though some sceptics doubted if it ever existed. We mean the ceremony of the Lord Mayor walking barefooted through the city on Corpus Christi day. The origin and account of this ceremony is given at length in Stanihurst's Chronicle. In 1514, there were constant disputes between Gerald Fitzgerald, the Earl of Kildare, and James Butler, Earl of Ormonde. The origin of the long continued feud between their two illustrious families, is referred to the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, the family of Kildare, adhering to the house of York, and Ormonde, to Lancaster. The govern-

* Whitelaw and Walsh, p. 1174.

† Ibid. p. 1063.

‡ Ibid. p. 110.

ment, therefore, after the accession of Henry the seventh, relied implicitly on the Kildare family, and the Earl of Kildare was accordingly made deputy; but, in the words of the historian, "James, Earl of Ormonde, a deepe and farre reaching man, giving backe like a butting ram, to strike the harder push, devised to inveigle his adversarie, by submission and curtesie, being not then able to match him with stoutnesse or pre-eminence. Whereupon Ormonde addressed his letters to the deputie, specifying a slander raised on him and his, that he purposed to defame his government and to withstand his authoritie. And for the cleering of himself, and of his adherents, so it stood with the deputie his pleasure, he would make his special repaire to Dublin, and there in an open audience would purge himselfe of all such odious crimes, of which he was wrongfullie suspected."

The Earl of Kildare having assented to this arrangement, Ormonde marched to Dublin at the head of a "puissant army," and took up his quarters in Thomas-court, now a part of the city, but then a suburb. The meeting was arranged to take place in Patrick's Church. Before it took place, however, the feuds between Ormonde's followers and the citizens had arisen to an uncontrollable height, and during the conference, while the leaders were wrangling in the church about their mutual differences, their adherents came to blows, and a body of archers and citizens rushed to the church, meaning to have murdered Ormonde. The earl, however, suspecting treachery, fled into the chapter-house and made fast the door. The disappointed citizens, in their rage, shot their arrows at random through the aisles, and into the chancel, leaving some of them sticking in the images. In the riot a citizen named Blambfeil was slain.

The Earl of Ormonde was so much alarmed that he would not come out of his sanctuary till the deputy assured him of his life by joining hands. A hole was accordingly cut in the door, but Ormonde suspecting it was a trick to get an opportunity to chop off his hand, refused to put it out; so the Earl of Kildare, to re-assure him, thrust his hand in, after which they shook hands and were for the present

reconciled. We give the result, so far as the citizens were concerned, in the historian's words.

"Ormonde bearing in mind the treachery of the Dublinians, procured such as were the gravest prelates of his clergie to intimate to the court of Rome the heathenish riot of the citizens of Dublin, in rushing into the church armed, polluting with slaughter the consecrated place, defacing the images, prostrating the reliks, rasing down altars, with barbarous outcries, more like miscreant Saracens than Christian Catholikes. Whereupon a legat was posted to Ireland, bending his course to Dublin, where soone after he was solemny received by Walter Fitzsimon, Archbishop of Dublin, a grave prelat, for his lerning and wisdome, chosen to be one of King Henrie the Seventh his chaplins, in which vocation he continued twelve yeares, and after was advanced to be Archbishop of Dublin. The legat upon his arrival indicted the city for this execrable offense: but at length by the procurement as well of the archbishop as of all the clergie, he was weighed to give the citizens absolution with this caveat, that in detestation of so horrible a fact, and *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*, the Maior of Dublin should go barefooted through the citie in open procession before the sacrament, on Corpus Christi daie, which penitent satisfaction was after in everie such procession duly accomplished."

DRUNKENNESS.

THE habit of intemperate drinking had grown to such an excess in Ireland, that it was gravely asserted there was something in the people's constitution congenial to the excitement of ardent spirits. The propensity for intoxication among the people had been remarked from the earliest times. Sir W. Petty, who wrote in the year 1682, when Dublin contained but 6,025 houses, states that 1,200 of them were public houses, and sold intoxicating liquors. In 1798, in Thomas-street, nearly every third house was a public house. The street contained 190 houses, and of these fifty-two were licensed to sell spirits. Among the upper classes, the great consumption was claret, and so extensive was its importation, that, in the year 1763, it amounted to 8,000 tons—and the bottles alone were estimated at the value of £87,000. This fact is de-

tailed by honest Ratty, the Quaker historian of the county of Dublin.* Such were the convivial habits of the day, and so absorbed were the people in the indulgence, that the doctor recommended that port should be substituted in its place—"because," said he, with quaint simplicity, "it would not admit so long a sitting—a great advantage to wise men in saving a great deal of their precious time." In fact, the great end and aim of life in the upper classes seemed to be convivial indulgence to excess. The rule of drinking was, that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to *stand*, and then he might depart, if he could *walk*.

No evasion shy
Nor sober shift, was to the puking wretch
Indulged apart.

If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone, and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda water bottle, the only contrivance in which they could stand being at the head of the table, before the host; stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once, and pass the bottle to his neighbour, on peril of upsetting the contents on the table. A still more common practice was, to knock the stems off the glasses with a knife, so that they must be emptied as fast as they were filled, as they could not stand.

Such orgies were not occasional, but often continued every night, and all night long. A usual exhortation from a father to his son was, "make your head, boy, while you're young;" and certain knots of seasoned drinkers who had succeeded in this insane attempt, were called *sar céxer*, "the heads," from their impenetrability to the effect of liquor. It was said that, "no man who drank ever died, but many died learning to drink;" and the number of victims who fell in acting on this principle was an appalling proof of the extent of the practice—most families could point to some victim to this premature indulgence.

An elderly clergyman informed us, that on leaving home to enter college, he stopped, on his way, at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sunk under the table. In the morning he was, of course, deadly sick, but his host prescribed "a hair of the old dog," that is a glass of raw spirits. On one night, he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of "stole away" was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning, they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession. Such of the company as were still able to walk, had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible—then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the car before, and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the *sensible* survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day.

No class of society, even the gravest, was exempt from this indulgence. Even judges on the bench were seen inebriated, without much shame, and with little censure. One, well known, was noted for the maudling sensibility with which he passed sentence. It was remarked of him by Curran, that, "though he did not weep, he certainly had a drop in his eye." The indulgence was so universal, that pursuits of business never interfered with it. An attorney, (Howard,) writing in 1776, complaining of the want of reform in the law, and the evils of his profession, thus speaks:—"This leads me to mention an evil, which I would feign have thrown a veil over, but for the great degree of excess to which it has arrived in this kingdom, above all others; and

* Nat. Hist. County of Dublin, vol. i. p. 12.

even among the professors of the law, a profession which requires the clearest, coolest head a man can possibly have ; can we complain of being censured of dishonesty, if we undertake the management of a man's affairs, and render ourselves incapable of conducting them? and is not this the case with every man who has filled himself with strong wines, unless he has such an uncommon capacity as not one in a thousand is ever blessed with? The observation of English men of business, is, that they could not conceive how men in this kingdom transacted any business, for they seemed to do nothing but *walk the courts the whole morning, and devote the whole evening to the bottle.*"

Innumerable are the anecdotes which might be collected to illustrate the excessive indulgence in drink, now fortunately wholly exploded from all classes. Sir Jonah Barrington has recorded some, in which he was an actor, which are so highly characteristic, that we cite two of them, though, perhaps, already known to most of our readers. Near to the kennel of his father's hounds was built a small lodge; to this was rolled a hogshead of claret, a carcase of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company, when inclined to sleep, and all the windows were closed to shut out the light of day. Here nine gentlemen, who excelled in various convivial qualities, were enclosed on a frosty St. Stephen's day, accompanied by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds, to join in the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which twelve game cocks were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Here, for seven days, the party were shut in, till the cow was declared cut up, and the claret on the stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices, and drank in tumblers to their next merry meeting. The same writer describes a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were recently plastered, and the mortar soft. At ten, on the following morning, some friends entered to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep, in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor

among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes, bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. On the floor lay the piper, on his back, apparently dead, with the table cloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him, burned down to the sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep, with their heads close to the soft wall; the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties, by the loss of half their hair and a part of the scalp. Allowing all licence for the author's colouring, in what other country on the face of the earth could any thing like such scenes have occurred?

SHOE BLACKS AND THE STREETS.

THE common people of Dublin were eminently distinguished by peculiar traits of character, in which they differed from the populace of every other city. Among them, the shoe-blacks were a numerous and formidable body, the precursors of Day and Martin, till the superior merits of the latter put an end to their trade. The polish they used was lamp-black and eggs, for which they purchased all that were rotten in the markets. Their implements consisted of a three-legged stool, a basket containing a blunt knife, called a spudd, a painter's brush, and an old wig. A gentleman usually went out in the morning with dirty boots or shoes, sure to find a shoe-black sitting on his stool at the corner of the street. He laid his foot in his lap, without ceremony, where the artist scraped it with his spudd, wiped it with his wig, and then laid on his composition as thick as black paint with his painter's brush. The stuff dried with a rich polish, requiring no friction, and little inferior to the elaborated modern fluids, save only the intolerable odours exhaled from eggs in a high state of putridity, and which filled any house which was entered before the composition was quite dry.

and sometimes tainted even the air of fashionable drawing-rooms. Polishing shoes, we should mention, was at this time a refinement almost confined to cities, people in the country being generally satisfied with grease. The circumstance is recorded in the ballad of the famous wedding of Baltimore—

"Oh! lay by the fat to grease the priest's boots."

Goose grease was the favourite and most fashionable, and so was reserved for his reverence.

These artists were distinguished for other qualities, as well as professional skill. Their costume was singularly squalid, if possible generally exceeding the representation of the brother of the brush preserved in Hogarth's picture of the idle apprentice, one of whose associates is a member of the craft, with his basket and brush, playing chuck-farthing on a tomb-stone during divine service on Sunday. But the Dublin shoe-black far excelled his English contemporary in qualities designated by the alliteration of "wit and wickedness, dirt and drollery." Miss Edgeworth has preserved some traits of their qualities in her admirable essay on Irish bulls, most ingeniously proving that what appeared to be the blundering phraseology of this class was in reality figurative and poetical language, and a tissue of tropes and metaphors.*

One, known by the simple appellation of "Bill," perhaps the very Bill whom Miss Edgeworth has immortalized, was distinguished on many other occasions for his ready wit. He generally sat on Ormond-quay, at the corner of Arran-street, and had an overflow of customers, who resorted to his stool, as much to hear his wit, as to

receive his polish. Some ladies, at that time stars in the Irish court, were not very scrupulous in seeking such entertainment, and frequently accosted Bill to hear his *bon mots*, though they were not always fit to be repeated. One day the gay Mrs. Stratford walked up to him, and by way of entering into conversation and hearing his good things, she asked him the way to the Phoenix Park. While Bill was politely directing her, an aide-de-camp came up, to whom she turned and whispered that she was about to extract something witty from Bill; so, accosting him again, she renewed the conversation, and begged him to go on, adding, "and so, sir, you were saying—" Bill, offended at her inattention, replied, "Oh, be des, marm, I was saying—you are de ould proverb—" and then repeated one, which, though singularly apposite, is too coarse for our pages. The fair querist hastened away, satisfied with one specimen of Bill's wit, with which the aide-de-camp afterwards regaled the viceregal circle. Such coarse humour was the delight of the court then held in the castle of Dublin.

The number of crippled and deformed beggars, that even to the present day haunt all places of resort in Ireland, has long been a subject of remark to strangers. Among the notable efforts of the Irish parliament for the relief of the poor, was one of turning this class, the maimed and halt, in Dublin, into shoe-blacks and news-venders. To secure them employment, a statute was passed in 1773, by which young and able-bodied shoe-blacks, in the city, were made liable to be committed as vagabonds. This provision, like many others of the very silly code of which

* The sketch is so generally known, that we forbear to quote it. The fair authoress will pardon us, however, if we suggest an amendment. One of the disputants stated with exultation, that his spudd was "up to the Lamprey" in his antagonist. All the knives were then made by the famous cutler of that name, which was impressed on the blade. The true reading is "up to de Y in him," the name being always formed with the L to the point and the Y to the handle; so that not only the blade, but the very name, to the last letter, was buried in his body. We give a sketch of this now extinct instrument: an inspection of it will give an idea of the singular force of the figurative expression:—



it formed a part, seems never to have been very rigidly executed; and for many a year afterwards the fraternity flourished as sound in health and limb as ever.

The rapid improvement of the streets was destined, however, soon to prove far more destructive to the craft than commitments; and Messrs. MacAdam and the paving board were worse enemies than beadles and parish constables. The state of the best streets about a century ago, was much worse than the Pill-lane or Goat-alley of 1848. There were no areas in front of houses as there are now, in all streets consisting of private residences; and the spouts, instead of being carried down to the ground, so as to suffer the water to run off in a quiet stream, projected out either from the roof, or half-way down the wall, so as to pour in torrents over a large space below, after every shower. Sewers there were few or none, and many houses having no reres or places of deposit behind, the inhabitants threw all species of filth into the middle of the street, so that Dublin was as little purified as Edinburgh or Lisbon. As late as the year 1811, there was not one covered sewer in the most populous district of the city—the Liberty, south of the Coombe; and it is a very singular circumstance, that when the great sewer through Capel-street was commenced under the powers vested in the paving board, after 1806, that street being then one of the most populous in Dublin, and in which the most thriving shopkeepers of the day lived, the sewer was covered in at *the desire of the inhabitants*, and left unfinished.* For want of sewers the filth and waters were received in pits, called cess-pools, dug before the doors, and covered in; and those continued in Sackville-street, and other places, till after the year 1811; and many now remember the horrid sight and smell which periodically offended the inhabitants in this fashionable street, when those stygian pools were opened and emptied.†

To the causes of accumulating filth was to be added the excessive narrowness of the streets. Chancery-lane, once one of the most fashionable streets in the city, and the residence of all the

leading members of the legal profession, who have now migrated to Merrion-square, is hardly the width of a modern stable-lane; and Cutpurse-row, the leading thoroughfare from the southern road to the eastern end of the town was, before it was widened in 1810, only fifteen feet broad.

Among the mementos of the former state of the streets of our metropolis, some, not the least curious, are the various acts passed for their improvement, which draw most piteous pictures of their state. From one passed in 1717, it appears to have been a lucrative business to lay dirt in the streets for the purpose of making manure. In such a state of the city shoe-blacks must have had a thriving trade. The face of things is now changed: Dublin is one of the cleanest cities in Europe, and a pedestrian may walk from east to west and north to south of it without soiling his foot.

The advance of this improvement in our metropolis was occasionally marked by events which exhibit strange traits. Among others, Gorges Ed. Howard mentions a characteristic anecdote of the mode of carrying the law into effect in the year 1757. After the institution of the wide street commissioners, who were then first appointed for the purpose of opening a passage “from Essex bridge to the royal palace, the castle of Dublin,” they proceeded to carry the work into execution; but when the bargains for the houses they had purchased were concluded, the inhabitants refused to give up possession, alleging they had six months to remain; and prepared bills for injunctions against the commissioners. A host of labourers were prepared with ladders and tools in the night before the day on which the injunctions were to be applied for, who proceeded at the first light in the morning to strip the roofs, and in a short time left the houses open to the sky. The terrified inhabitants bolted from their beds into the streets, under the impression that the city was attacked, of which there were some rumours, as it was a time of war. On learning the cause, they changed their

* History of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 1077. The sewer was so wide and deep in proportion to the breadth of the street, that the inhabitants were afraid the foundation of their houses would give way and fall into it.

† Part of Sackville-street still maintains this nuisance.

bills of injunction into bills of indictment, but the commissioners proceeded without further impediment.

Another fatal enemy to the craft of shoe-blacks was the increase and cheapness of public vehicles. About fifty years after the introduction of coaches into England, the first hackney-coach stand was established in London. It was formed, A.D. 1634, by an experimenting sea captain, named Bailey, at the May-pole, in the Strand; but the general use of one-horse vehicles is of very recent introduction there, dating no farther back than 1820, when the Londoners borrowed their cabs from their Parisian neighbours. The precise date of the introduction of hackney-coaches into Dublin we know not; but the first arrangement for regulating and controlling them was made in 1703, when their number was limited to one hundred and fifty, and each horse employed in drawing them was required to be "in size fourteen hands and a half, according to the standard." The hackney-coaches we borrowed from our English neighbours, as their name imports; but our one-horse vehicles have always been peculiar to ourselves, and were in use long before any thing of a similar kind was introduced in England. The earliest and rudest of these was the "Ringsend cars," so called from their plying principally to that place and Irishtown, then the resort of the *beau monde* for the benefit of sea-bathing. This car consisted of a seat suspended in a strap of leather, between shafts, and without springs. The noise made by the creaking of the strap which supported the whole weight of the company, particularly distinguished this mode of conveyance. This machine was succeeded by the "noddy," so called from its oscillating motion backwards and forwards. It was a low vehicle, capable of holding two persons, and drawn by one horse. It was covered with a calash open before, but the aperture was usually filled by the "noddy boy," who was generally a large-sized man, and occupied a seat

that protruded back, so that he sat in the lap of his company. The use of the noddy by certain classes grew into a proverb, "Elegance and ease, like a shoe-black in a noddy."

The last improvement was the "jingle," a machine rolling on four wheels, but so put together, that the rattling of the work was heard like the bells of a waggon team. This was finally succeeded by the jaunting-car, which still holds its place, and was, *Hibernice*, termed a "*vis-a-vis*," because the company sat back to back.* The addition of covers to the kind of cars called inside cars, is an improvement made within the last few years, giving the vehicle most of the advantages of a coach; since which our national vehicle has completely beaten the English importation out of the field. There is not now a single coach plying for hire on a stand in Dublin. The licensed cars amount to about 1500, being nearly equal to the number of licensed cabs in London—a fact to be accounted for probably by the absence of omnibuses here. Hackney-coaches still exist in London, but are rapidly giving place to their more youthful and active French rivals.

Before the use of one-horse cars became so general and popular, the common vehicle for a single passenger was a sedan. The introduction of sedans into England is due to King Charles I. when a prince, and the Duke of Buckingham, who brought them from Spain.

Though the notion of "degrading Englishmen into beasts of burthen" was at first exceedingly unpopular, the people soon became accustomed to it. In process of time the chair became of almost universal use. In Hogarth's time it was a very general favourite in London, especially among the *beau monde*. It could not exist, however, in the present crowded state of the giant metropolis, among the thunder of omnibuses, and the clash of cabs; and such a thing as a sedan chair plying for hire, has for some time been unknown there. Chairs still survive

* The jingle and jaunting-car were both in use for some time after the Union, when most of the Irish nobility became absentees; and the witty Duchess of Gordon declared there were but two titled men who frequented her soirees at the castle, Sir John Jingle, and Sir John Jaunting Car, alluding to Sir John Stevenson, the celebrated musician, and Sir John Carr, of pocket-book celebrity.

in our more peaceful city, but are devoted almost solely to the service of old ladies and invalids. The notion of a healthy man traversing our clean and even streets in a sedan, appears nearly as ludicrous as a man in a bonnet and petticoats; and even the fair sex of the present day seem to have resigned these solitary vehicles to the surviving members of the last generation. Far otherwise was it sixty years ago. A chair was then as indispensable to every family of distinction, as a coach; and public chairs, for hire, were more numerous than any other public vehicle. Women always used them in cases where they would now walk; and men in full dress, in the gaudy fashion of that day, were equally unscrupulous as to the charge of effeminacy. In 1771, the number of "hackney-coaches, landaus, chariots, post-chaises, and Berlins," licensed by the governors of the Foundling Hospital, (in whom the jurisdiction was then vested,) to ply in Dublin and the environs, was limited to three hundred, while the number of sedans was four hundred. The author of the *Philosophical Survey*, writing in 1775, says—"It is deemed a reproach for a gentleman to be seen walking in the streets. I was advised by my bankers to lodge in Capel-street, near Essex-bridge, being in less danger of being robbed, two chairmen not being deemed sufficient protection."*

The Irish seem to have preferred walking with a chair. The number of Irish chairmen in London was often remarked. They made a fearful engine of attack in riots, by sawing the poles of their chairs in two, at the thick part in the middle—each pole thus supplying two terrific bludgeons.

The dangers of the streets alluded to by the writer above quoted, were a fertile subject of complaint in the sister country, as well as here; but the footpads of Dublin robbed in a manner, we believe, peculiar to themselves. The streets were miserably lighted—indeed, in many places hardly lighted at all. So late as 1811, there were only twenty-six small oil lamps to light the immense square of Stephen's-green, which were therefore one hundred and seventy feet from one another. The footpads congregated in a dark entry, on the shady side of the street, if the

moon shone; if not, the dim and dismal light of the lamps was little obstruction. A cord was provided with a loop at the end of it. The loop was laid on the pavement, and the thieves watched the approach of a passenger. If he put his foot in the loop, it was immediately chucked. The man fell prostrate, and was dragged rapidly up the entry to some cellar or waste yard, where he was robbed, and sometimes murdered. The stun received by the fall usually prevented the victim from ever recognizing the robbers. We knew a gentleman who had been thus robbed; and when he recovered, found himself in an alley at the end of a lane off Bride-street, nearly naked, and severely contused and lacerated by being dragged over the rough pavement.

According to Mr. Knight's account, the last London shoe-black might have been seen in 1820, in a court at the north of Fleet-street. We believe the last "regular shoe-black" in Dublin had his stand at the corner of Essex-street and Crampton court, and disappeared at a much earlier period, more than thirty years ago. The original craftsmen, such as we have described them, were for a short time succeeded by peripatetic practitioners, who used the modern blacking that requires friction. The use of the new material, however, required too much delay and trouble, and the improvement never throve.

SLANG SONGS.

Among the popular favourites of the last century, now almost entirely exploded, were slang songs. As compositions, their merits were of various degrees—but the taste of the times has so entirely changed, that their literary merits would now gain them little attention. Their value chiefly consists in being genuine pictures of uncouth scenes, not to be met with elsewhere.

The favourite subjects of these compositions were life in a jail and the proceedings of an execution. The interior and discipline of a prison of this date presented a frightful contrast to the same things at the present day. The office of a jailer was regarded as a place of profit, of which a trade might as fairly be driven, as in the

* Phil. Survey, p. 46.

keeping of an inn; and so as the prisoners were kept safe, and the jailer's fees paid, the entire object of such institutions was supposed to be answered—with a total disregard to the improvement or correction of the unfortunate inmates. One striking instance of this is the custom introduced in the time of Henry the Eighth, and which continued to a comparatively recent date, of licensing poor prisoners to beg for their fees. When an unfortunate captive was discharged, for want of prosecution, or acquittal, the jailer, nevertheless, would not let him out, till his fees were paid—and if he was unable to pay them from his own means, he was allowed a certain time to beg in the neighbourhood of the jail to procure them.

But the most shocking exhibition of the utter laxity of all discipline, and want of decency, was exhibited in the manner in which condemned capital convicts were allowed to pass their last hours. When so many petty offences were punishable capitally, and commitment on suspicion was so often but the stepping-stone to the gallows—it was natural that, to the unfortunate felons themselves, an execution should be stripped of all the salutary terrors, in which alone the utility of capital punishment consists, and should be by them regarded as an ordinary misfortune in their course of life. The numerous instances recorded of utter levity and recklessness, exhibited by convicts on the very verge of eternity, clearly show this to have been so, not merely in Ireland, but in the sister kingdom. The practice of prisoners selling their bodies to surgeons, to be dissected after their execution, was common, we believe, to both countries, and the anecdote of the felon who took the money, and then told the surgeon, laughing, that “it was a bite, for he was to be hung in chains”—we believe we can hardly claim as Irish wit. But there was one trait, evincing a similar careless indifference which was peculiarly Irish. The coffins of condemned malefactors were usually sent to them, that the sight might suggest the immediate prospect of death, and excite corres-

ponding feelings of solemn reflection and preparation for the awful event. From motives of humanity, the friends of the condemned were also allowed free intercourse with him during the brief space preceding his execution. The result was, that the coffin was converted to a use widely different from that intended. It was employed as a card-table, and the condemned wretch spent his last night in this world gambling on it.

A man named Lambert was an outcast of a respectable family, and was known thus to have spent his last precious moments; and it was on him the celebrated song of “The night before Larry was stretched,” is supposed to have been written. He was a cripple, paralytic on one side, but of irreclaimable habits. He was at once ferocious and cowardly, and was reported to have always counselled murdering those whom he had robbed. When on his way to execution, he shrieked and clung with his legs to whatever was near him, and was dragged with revolting violence, by the cord about his neck, to the drop from which he fell—and while passing into eternity, he vomited up the effects of his intemperate excess a few hours before.

The celebrated song composed on him has acquired a lasting fame, not only as a picture of manners, but of phraseology now passed away; and its authorship is a subject of as much controversy as the letters of Junius. Report has conferred the reputation of it on Burrows, Curran, Lysaght, and others, who have never asserted their claims. We will mention one more claimant, whose pretensions are equal to those of any other. There was, at that time, a man named Maher, in Waterford, who kept a cloth shop on the market cross; he had a distorted ankle, and was known by the soubriquet of “Hurlfoot Bill.” He was “a fellow of infinite humour,” and his compositions on various local and temporary subjects were in the mouths of all his acquaintance.* There was then a literary society established in Waterford, of which we have given some account in a former number of our ma-

* There stood, at that time, a statue of Strongbow, Earl of Chepstow, in blue marble, in front of Reginald's Tower, in Waterford—and, one Sunday morning,
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gazine,† which received contributions in a letter-box, that was periodically opened, and prizes awarded for the compositions. In this was found the *first* copy of this celebrated slang song that had been seen in Waterford. Its merit was immediately acknowledged, inquiry was made for its author, and "Hurlfoot Bill" presented himself, and claimed the prize awarded. We give this anecdote, which must go for *tantum quantum valet*; but we have heard from old members of this society, that no doubt, at the time, existed *among them* that he was the author. His known celebrity in that line of composition rendered it probable, and he continued to the end of his short and eccentric career of life, to claim the authorship with confidence, "no man forbidding him."

Though, "De nite afore Larry was stretched," has survived almost all its rivals, many songs of the same style once enjoyed nearly an equal popularity. One very similar was "Luke Caffrey's Kilmainham Minit." The subject is also an execution, but turns on a different topic—the hope of being brought to life by a surgical process. This hope was often the last clung to by the dying wretch, and had some foundation in reality; as several well-known instances are recorded in which it was actually effected. The unfortunate Lanigan, who was hanged at this time in Dublin, for the supposed participation in the murder of O'Flaherty, was known to be alive, and seen by many, after his public execution. When given for dissection, the use of the knife on his body had caused a flow of blood, which, in a little time, restored suspended animation. A general belief therefore existed, that opening a vein after hanging was a certain means of restoring to life—an idea particularly cherished

by felons, who seldom failed to try the experiment on their departed friends. We annex specimens of this song, which, though once very popular, is now rarely met with, and, we believe, out of print.

LUKE CAFFREY'S KILMAINHAM MINIT.

When to see Luke's last jig we agreed,
We tipped him our gripes in a tangle,
Den mounted our trotters wid speed,
To squint at de snub as he'd dangle;
For Luke he was ever de chap,
To boozle de bull-dogs and pinner,
And when dat he milled a fat slap,
He merrily melted de winners,
To snack wid de boys of de pad.

Along de sweet Combe den we go,
Slap dash tro de Poddle we lark it,
But when dat we came to de Row,
Oh, dere was no meat in de market;
De boy he had travelled afore,
Like ratlers, we after him pegged it,
To miss him, would grieve us full sore,
Case why, as a favour he begged it,
We'd tip him the fives fore his det.

They come up with him before he is turned off, and the following dialogue ensues:—

"Your sowl, I'd fight blood to de eyes,
You know it, I would to content ye,
But foul play I always despise—
Dat's for one for to fall upon twenty.
Ses he, "'Tis my fate for to die,
I knowd it when I was committed,
Bud if dat de slang you run sly,
De scrag-boy may yet be outwitted,
And I scout again on de lay.

"When I dance twixt de ert and de
skyes,
De clargy may bleet for de struggler,
Bud when on de ground your friend lies,
Oh tip me a snig in de jugglar;
Ye know dat is all my last hope,
As de surgents of ottamy tell us,
Dat when I'm cut down from de rope,
You'd bring back de puff to my bellows,
And set me once more on my pins."

the statue was seen converted into a woman, with an inscription, commencing with—

"Though long a conspicuous person I've been,
No mark to distinguish my sex, has been seen;
So, to settle the point, and remove any doubt"—

he proceeded, in the same strain, to detail circumstances which prove that the statue was not that of Strongbow, but of Eva his wife. The metamorphosis was, however, so offensive, that it was afterwards thought fit to remove this ancient figure from the conspicuous place it occupied.

† Ante, vol. iii. page 63, &c.

Dese last words were spoke wid a sigh,
We saw de poor fellow was funking,
De drizzle stole down from his eye,
Do we tought he had got better spunk
in ;

Wid a tip of de slang we replied,
And a blinker dat nobody noted,
De clargy stept down from his side,
And de dust cart from under him
floated,

And left him to dance on de air.

Pads foremost he dived, and then
round,

He capered de Kilmainham minit,
But when dat he lay on de ground,
Our bisness we taught to begin it ;
Wid de stuff to a sheebeen we hied,
But det had shut fast every grinder,
His brain-box hung all a one side,
And no distiller's pig could be blinder,
But dats what we all must come to.

We tipped him a snig as he said,
In de jugglar, oh dere where de
mark is,
Bud when dat we found him quite ded,
In de dust-case we bundled his carcase,
For a Protestant lease of the sod.

We subjoin a glossary of some of
the most unintelligible phrases.

"Tipped our gripes in a tangle." A
strong figurative expression for an
earnest shake of many hands.

"Mounted our trotters," synony-
mous with "riding shank's mare."

"Chap," a contraction of chapman,
a dealer in small wares—similar to the
epithet of "small merchant," applied
to a boy.

"Boozle de bull-dogs, &c.," outwit
thief-takers and gaolers.

"Milled a fat slap," made a rich booty.

"Melted the winners," spent the
booty—winners, by metonymy for win-
nings.

"Boys of the pad," foot-pads, rob-
bers. Paddington, a village near Lon-
don once infamous for such, means
"the town of robbers."

"Slap dash, &c." The Poddle was
a low street over the stream of that
name, always flooded and dirty; the
passengers waded through it like
"mud larks."

"Come to de row." New-row,
where the prison was then.

"Meat," a human body: "seeing
home the cold meat," was attending a
funeral.

"Travelled afore," set out for
Stephen's-green, where the gallows
then was.

"Tip me de fives," five fingers—
shake hands.

"Scrag-boy," hang man—from scrag,
the neck.

"Ottamy," anatomy.

"Dust-cart," the flat platform cart
provided for the accommodation of the
doomed, before the invention of prison
drops.

"Pads foremost he dived, and den
round." This is highly graphio, as
those who have unfortunately chanced
to witness such a scene can testify.

"Sheebeen," a low public house,
where a weak small beer was sold for a
farthing a quart. It was in high
request, as connected with the family
of St. Patrick, for we are told in song,

"His mother kept a sheebeen shop,
In the town of Enniskillen."

"Protestant lease of the sod." In
allusion to the penal laws, which pro-
hibited Roman Catholics from acquir-
ing long titles.

Another of the songs of this class, once
in great celebrity, but now nearly for-
gotten, is "Lord Altham's Bull." As it is little known, and, we believe,
not to be obtained in print, and is,
perhaps, the most graphic of its class,
and the best specimen of the slang of
sixty years ago, we subjoin a few ex-
tracts from it also. We should premise
that the subject of the song—a bull-
bait—though the humanity of modern
legislation has now very properly pro-
hibited it—was, at the time of which
we speak, not merely a very common
and popular sport among the lower
orders, but, like prize-fighting, and
the cock-pit, often keenly relished by
the better classes of society. This
was not merely owing to the grosser
tastes of the age, but in a great mea-
sure to peculiar circumstances. Ire-
land was then a pastoral country, with
little agriculture, and less manufac-
tures. It was the great grazing ground
on which were fed all the cattle that
supplied the armies of England, in
their incessant wars, then waged for
the balance of power in Europe, the
subjugation of revolted colonies in
America, or counteracting the revo-
lutionary principles of France. The
midland counties of Ireland, particu-
larly Tipperary, now waving with corn,
were one great bullock walk—and Cork
Waterford, and Dublin, were the mar-

where the beasts were slaughtered, and prepared for exportation.

Among the cattle sent in was a large proportion of bulls. The south of Ireland, connected by several ties with Spain, adopted many Spanish usages and sports; among the rest, bull-fighting, which degenerated into bull-baiting. All the bulls sent in for slaughter were seized on by the mob, as by a kind of prescriptive right, and baited before they were killed. In Waterford and other towns, on the election of every mayor, he was surrounded by a mob, who shouted out "a rope, a rope, a rope," and the new mayor never failed to grant their demands. A rope two inches in diameter, with a competent leather collar and buckle, had been previously prepared, and was then delivered to the claimants, who bore it away in triumph, and deposited it in the city jail-yard, to remain till wanted. We have an extract before us from the old corporation books of Waterford, dated October, 1714, in which month the slaughtering season commenced:—"Ordered, that a bull-rope be provided at the charge of the city revenue." Under this sanction, the populace assumed the authority of seizing every bull, and drawing them to the bull-ring to be baited. The sport was followed with enthusiasm, and it was not unusual to see eighteen or twenty of these animals baited in one day during the season.

To enhance and render perfect this sport, a peculiar breed of dogs was cherished; the purity of whose blood was marked by small stature, with enormous disproportioned heads and jaws, the upper short and snub, and the under projecting beyond it. The savage ferocity and tenacity of those small animals were quite extraordinary. A single one unsupported would seize a fierce bull by the lip or nose, and pin to the ground the comparatively enormous animal, as if he had been fixed with a stake of iron. Even after the fracture of their limbs, they never relaxed their hold; and it was often necessary at the conclusion of a day's sport to cut off broken legs, and in that mutilated state they were seen on three legs rushing at the bull.

When on rare occasions a rope was refused by a refractory mayor, or a new one was required, the bull was driven through the streets of the town, as a hint of what was wanted, and the civic authorities were often called out with the military to repress the riots that ensued. Lives were frequently lost, and a lord mayor of Dublin was long remembered by the name of "Alderman Level-low," for his interference on such an occasion. A bull was driven through the lower part of Abbey-street, then open, and called "the lots," and the mob became so riotous, that the military were called out, and ordered to fire. They directed their muskets above the heads of the people, but the lord mayor laying his rod on them, depressed them to a murderous level, and several persons were killed. This, we believe, was the last bull-bait recorded in Dublin, and the restrictive regulations adopted at the time of the rebellion in '98, prohibiting the assemblage of persons, suppressed it then, and it was never since revived.

The custom of seizing bulls on their way to market, for the purpose of baiting, became so crying an evil in Dublin, in 1779, that it was the subject of a special enactment, making it a peculiar offence to take a bull from the drivers, for such a purpose, on its way to or from market.* The place for bull-baiting in Dublin was in the Corn-market, where there was an iron ring, to which the butchers fastened the animals they baited. An officer, called the "mayor of the bull-ring," had a singular jurisdiction allowed to him. He was the guardian of bachelors, and it was a duty of his office to take cognisance of their conduct. After the marriage ceremony, the bridal party were commonly conducted to the ring by "the mayor" and his attendants, when a kiss from "his worship" to the bride concluded the ceremony, from which they went home with the bridegroom, who entertained them according to his ability.

Having premised so much we give an example of

LORD ALTHAM'S BULL.

"'Twas on de fust of sweet magay,
It being a high holiday,

* Statute 19, 20 Geo. III. c. 36.

Six and twenty boys of de straw
Went to take Lord Altham's bull
away.

"*Spoken*—I being de fust in de feild, who should I see bud de mosey wid his horns sticking in de ground. Well becomes me, I pinked up to him, ketched him by de tail, and rode him dree times round de feild, as well as ever de master of de tailor's corporation rode de fringes; but de mosey being game to de back bone, took me be de seven and twenty curosities, and de first rise he gev me in dey elements, he made a smash of me collar-bone. So dere being no blunt in de cly, Madam Stevens was de word, where I lay for seven weeks in lavendar, on de broad of me back, like Paddy Ward's pig, be de hoky.

"We drove de bull tro many a gap,
And kep him going many a mile,
Bud when we came to Kilmainham
lands,
We let de mosey rest awhile.

"*Spoken*—Oh! boys, if de mosey was keeper of de ankle-spring warehouse, you cud not help pitying him; his hide smoked like Ned Costigan's brewery, and dere was no more hair on his hoofs, dan ders wool on a goose's gams, be de hoky.

"We drove de bull down sweet Truck-
street,
Widout eider dread or figear,
When out run mosey Creathorn's
bitch,
Hand cotched the bull be de year.

"*Spoken*—High Jock—dat dog's my bitch—spit on her nose to keep her in wind—fight fair, boys, and no stones—low, Nettle, low, and keep your houl—Oh! boys, your souls, I tought de life ud leave mosey Creathorn's glimms, when he saw his bitch in de air; 'Oh! Larry Casey, happy det to you, and glory may you get, stand wide and ketch her in your arms. If her head smacks de pavement, she's not wort lifting up—dat's right, your souls, now tip her a sup a de blood while it's warm.'

"We drove de bull down Corn-market,
As all the world might segee,
When brave Teddy Foy trust his nose
tro' de bars,
Crying 'High for de sweet liberty.'

"*Spoken*—Oh! cruel Coffey, glory to you, just knock off my darbies—let me out on padroul of honour—I'll expel de mob—kill five, skin six, and be de fader of the scity. I'll return like an innocent

lamb to de sheep-walk. 'Oh! boys, who lost an arm, who lost five fingers and a tumb?' 'Oh!' says Larry Casey, 'it belongs to Luke Ochy, I know it by de s— on de slieve.'

"De mosey took down Plunket-street,
Where de cloes on de pegs were
hanging,
Oh! den he laid about wid his nob,
De shifts around him banging.

"*Spoken*—Oh! Mrs. Mulligan, jewel, take in de bits o' duds from de wall, out o' de way of de mosey's horns—be de hoky he'll fly kites wid dem, and den poor Miss Judy will go de Lady May-
eress's ball, like a spatch-cock.

"Lord Altham is a very bad man,
As all de neighbours know,
For driving white Roger from Kil-
mainham lands,
We all to Virginy must go!

"*Spoken*—Well! boys!—suppose we go for seven years, an't dere six of us! Dats just fourteen monts a piece. I can sail in a turf-kish, and if ever I come back from his Majesty's tobacco manu-
factory, I'll butter my knife in him, and give him his guts for garters. All de world knows I've de blood of de Dempseys in me."

As the allusions and phraseology of this composition are now nearly obsolete, a few explanatory notes on the text may be necessary.

"Boys of de straw!"—Citizens of the straw market, Smithfield, a locality still distinguished as the residence of a bull-baiting progeny.

"Fringes."—The name by which the triennial procession of the trades was known—a corruption of franchises. The masters rode at the head of their corporations, and the tailors were never distinguished as first-rate horsemen. We have already given an account of this extraordinary ceremony. The last, we believe, took place on the election of Grattan to the representation of Dublin. Those who remember it say O'Connell's late procession of the trades was a poor imitation of it.

"No blunt in the cly."—No money in the pocket.

"Madam Stevens was de word."—Miss Griselda Stevens was left by her brother, an eminent physician in Dublin, an estate in Westmeath and the King's County, yielding £600 per annum, for her life; and after her

death, to found an hospital. She, however, most benevolently commenced the application of it to the donor's charitable intentions during her life. She founded, in 1720, the celebrated hospital near Kilmainham, which bears her name, and has ever since been the gratuitous receptacle of the maimed and poor, particularly for sudden accidents, as the inscription on the door declares—"Ægris sauciisque sanandis." Larry, therefore, means he had to betake himself to the hospital, where he had nothing to pay.

"Paddy Ward's pig."—Who Paddy Ward was, we believe, has eluded the inquiries of historians and antiquarians. He was, however, very eminent for his sayings and doings: he measured a griddle, and declared it was "as broad as it was long!" Hence, his "griddle" was as famous an illustration as his pig.

"Be de hokey!"—A form of adjuration condensing into one, two words, "holy poker!"—an implement of purgatory held in much awe.

"Acle-spring ware-house," an ingenious periphrasis for the stocks.

"Ned Costigan,"—a celebrated brewer or distiller, whose premises were long famous for obumbrating the liberties with their smoke.

"Gams!"—Legs: from the French *Jambes*. Nothing perhaps could more forcibly describe the total absence of hair from the bull's legs than the state of a goose's gam.

"Creathorn."—A respectable name long appearing among the commons and freemen of the butchers' guild.

"Dat dog's my bitch!"—This confusion of genders is not confined to Mosey Creathorn. His late Majesty, George IV., when Prince of Wales, was notoriously fond of bull-baiting. On one occasion, a Smithfield butcher slapped him on the back in ecstasy, crying out, with an imprecation, "Mr. Prince, the dog that pinned the bull, is my bitch!"

"Low, Nettle!—low!—and keep your houl!" Taking a bull by the ear, was the mark of a mongrel. The perfection of a bull-dog was to seize the bull by the nose, and hold fast—so Nettle is ordered to shift, but keep her hold. Limbs were often broken by the tossing of the bull, and amputated, which, however, did not repress the animal's ardour, and many

"a three-legged bitch" acquired great celebrity, after losing her limb.

"Corn Market."—The old prison stood in this street, and was called "Newgate;" because it had been once a gate of the city. In 1773, the new prison was built, and the old taken down. Corn Market lay in the way from Kilmainham, to the city market, near Plunket-street, which therefore the bull had to pass through; and this causes Teddy Foy's affecting aspiration after liberty, with his nose through the bars.

"Padroul"—Parole of honour.

"Who lost an arm," &c.—Larry Casey's mark of recognition of the owner is not merely graphie, but, coarse as it may appear, is very classical. The father of Horace, it seems, was addicted to Luke Ochy's habits, which caused his adversaries to say—"Quoties vidi cubito se emungentem." See præfat. Hor. Sat. Ed. Delph.

"Plunket-street," long distinguished as the mart in Dublin, for the sale of old clothes, whence the proverb, to describe a person dressed in second-hand finery, that he "stripped a peg in Plunket-street." It is in the immediate vicinity of the scene of action.

"Dat's but fourteen months a piece!"—Larry Dempsey's calculation may appear not according to the rules of arithmetic, however it may be to those of sentiment. Miss Edgeworth we believe it is who remarks, that such Irishisms are founded on sociability of temper. The two Irishmen transported for fourteen years, who comforted themselves, because it was but seven years a piece, were consoled with the reflection, that the enjoyment of each other's society, would make the time appear to each but half its real length.

"His Majesty's Tobacco Manufactory."—This may seem merely a metaphor of Larry's; but it is nevertheless legally correct, and borrowed from parliamentary phraseology. The language of all statutes previous to the 30 Geo. III., was transportation "to His Majesty's plantations in North America."

We shall conclude, with specimens from one more song, very popular in its day. We have noticed in a former part of our article the feuds between the Liberty and Ormond boys. Various objects of petty display presented causes of emulation and strife. Among them

was planting a May-bush—one party endeavouring to cut down what the other had set up. A memorable contest of this kind, in which the weavers cut down “the bush” of the butchers, is thus celebrated in song:—

“DE MAY-BUSH.

“De nite afore de fust of Magay,
Ri rigi di, ri ri dum dee,
We all did agree widout any delay,
To cut a May-bush, so we pegged it
away,
Ri ri rigi di dum dee!”

The leader of the boys was Bill Durham, a familiar corruption of Dermot, his right name, a distinguished man at that time in the Liberty riots. When the tree was cut down, it was borne back in triumph, with Bill astride on it, exhibiting a classical picture still more graphic than the gem of Bacchus astride on his ton:—

“Bill Durham, he sat astride on his
bush,
Ri rigidi ri ri dum dee,
And dere he kept singin, as sweet as
a trush—
His faulchin in one hand, his pipe in
his mush—
Ri ri rigidi di dum dee!”

“The Bush” having been planted in Smithfield, contributions were raised to do it honour; and among other contributors were the fishwomen of Pill-lane, who, from contiguity of situation, and similarity of dealing, were closely allied to the butchers of Ormond market. A custom prevailed here, of selling the fish brought for sale, to the women who retailed it, by auction. The auctioneer, generally one of themselves, holding a plaice or a haddock by the tail, instead of a hammer, knocked down the lot to the highest bidder. This was an important time to the trade—yet the high-minded poissardes, like their Parisian sisters, “sacrificed every thing to their patriotic feelings,” and abandoned the market, *even* at this crisis, to attend “de bush:”—

“From de lane came each lass in her
holyday gown,
Ri rigidi ri ri dum dee,
Do de haddock was up, and de lot
was knocked down,
Dey doused all dere sieves, till dey riz
de half-crown.
Ri rigi di dum dee!”

After indulging in the festivities of the occasion round “de bush,” some returned, and some lay about, *vina somno que sepulti*; and so, not watching with due vigilance, the liberty boys stole on their security, cut down, and carried off “de bush.” The effect on Bill Durham, when he heard the adversary passing on their way back with the trophy, is thus described:—

“Bill Durham, being up de nite afore,
Ri rigidi ri ri dum dee,
Was now in his flea-park, taking a
snore,
When he heard de mob pass by his
door.
Ri rigidi dum dee!”

“Den over his shoulders his flesh-bag
he trew,
Ri rigidi ri ri dum dee,
And out of the chimbley his faulchion
he drew,
And mad as a hatter down May-lane
he flew,
Ri rigidi dum dee!”

“Wid his hat in his hand by de way of
a shield,
Re rigidi ri ri dum dee,
He kep all along crying out—never
yield!—
But he never cried stop till he came
to Smidfield—
Ri rigidi dum dee!”

“Dere finding no bush, but de watch
boys all flown,
Ri rigidi ri ri dum dee,
Your sowls, ses Bill Durham, I’m
left all alone—
Be de hokey de glory of Smidfield
is gone!—
Ri rigidi dum dee!”

Bill vows revenge in a very characteristic and professional manner, by driving one of the bulls of Ormond market among his adversaries:—

“W’ell wallap a mosey down Mead-
street in tune,
Ri rigidi ri ri dum dee,
And not leave a weaver alive on de
Combe,
But rip up his tripe-bag, and burn
his loom!
Ri rigidi dum dee!”

“In his mush”—mouth, from the French *mouche*. Many words are similarly derived—gossoon, a boy, from *garcon*, &c.

"De lane."—Pill-lane, called so *par excellence*, as the great centre and mart of piscatory dealing.

"Doused all dere sieves."—Laid them down at their uncles, the pawn-brokers.

"Riz half a crown."—The neuter verb, "rise," is classically used here for the active verb, "raised," a common license with our poets.

"Flea park."—This appellation of Bill's bed was, no doubt, borrowed from the account the Emperor Julian, gives of his beard, "I permit little beasts," said he, "to run about it, like animals in a park." The word he uses is *pus*, pediculi; so that Durham's "flea park," was evidently sanctioned by the emperor's "—park." The Abbe de la Bletterie, who translated Julian's work, complains that he was accused for not suppressing the image presented by Julian; but adds very properly, *la delicatessen Francaise va-t-elle jus'qu'au falsifier les auteurs?* So we say of our author.

TIGER ROCHE.

WE conclude these miscellaneous sketches with a short account of one of those characters distinguished for unbridled indulgence and fierce passions, who were, unfortunately, too frequently to be met with at the period in which he flourished, whose name attained so much celebrity as to become a proverb. "Tiger Roche," as he was called, was a native of Dublin, where he was born in the year 1729. He received the best education the metropolis could afford, and was instructed in all the accomplishments then deemed essential to the rank and character of a gentleman. So expert was he in the various acquirements of polite life, that at the age of sixteen he recommended himself to Lord Chesterfield, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who offered him, gratuitously, a commission in the army; but his friends having other views for him they declined it. This seems to have been a serious misfortune to the youngman, whose disposition and education strongly inclined him to a military life. His hopes were raised and his vanity flattered by the

notice and offer of the viceroy; and in sullen resentment he absolutely refused to embark in any other profession his friends designed for him. He continued, therefore, for several years among the dissipated idlers of the metropolis, having no laudable pursuit to occupy his time, and led into all the outrages and excesses which then disgraced Dublin.

One night in patrolling the city with his drunken associates, they attacked and killed a watchman, who, with others, had attempted to quell a riot they had excited. He was, therefore, compelled to fly from Dublin. He made his way to Cork, where he lay concealed for some time, and from thence escaped to the plantations in North America. When the war broke out between France and England, he entered as a volunteer in one of the provincial regiments, and distinguished himself in several engagements with the Indians in the interest of the French, during which he seems to have learned those fierce and cruel qualities by which those tribes are distinguished.

He was now particularly noticed by his officers for the intrepidity and spirit he displayed, and was high in favour with Colonel Massy, his commander; but an accident occurred of so humiliating and degrading a nature, as to extinguish at once all his hopes of advancement. An officer of Massy's regiment was possessed of a very valuable fowling-piece which he highly prized. He missed it from his tent and made diligent inquiry after it, but it was no where to be found. It was, however, reported that it was seen in the possession of Roche, and an order was made to examine his baggage. On searching among it the lost article was found. Roche declared that he had bought it from one Bourke, a countryman of his own, and a corporal in his regiment. Bourke was sent for and examined. He solemnly declared on oath that the statement of Roche was altogether false, and that he himself knew nothing at all of the transaction. Roche was now brought to a court-martial, and little appearing in his favour, he was convicted of the theft, and, as a lenient punishment, ordered to quit the service with every mark of disgrace and ignominy. Irritated with this treat-

ment, Roche immediately challenged the officer who had prosecuted him. He refused, however, to meet him, on the pretext that he was a degraded man, and no longer entitled to the rank and consideration of a gentleman. Stung now to madness, and no longer master of himself, he rushed to the parade, insulted the officer in the grossest terms, and then flew to the picquet-guard, where he attacked the corporal with his naked sword, declaring his intention to kill him on the spot. The man with difficulty defended his life till his companions sprung upon Roche and disarmed him. Though deprived of his weapon, he did not desist from his intention; crouching down like an Indian foe, he suddenly sprung, like Roderick Dhu, at his antagonist, and fastened on his throat with his teeth, and before he could be disengaged, nearly strangled him, dragging away a mouthful of flesh, which, in the true Indian spirit, he afterwards said was "the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted." From the fierce and savage character he displayed on this occasion, he obtained the appellation of "Tiger," an affix which was ever after joined to his name.

A few days after, the English army advanced to force the lines of Ticonderaga. Unfortunate Roche was left desolate and alone in the wilderness, an outcast from society, apparently abandoned by all the world. His resolution and fidelity to his cause, however, did not desert him. He pursued his way through the woods till he fell in with a party of friendly Indians, and by extraordinary exertions and forced marches, arrived at the fortress with his Indians to join in the attack. He gave distinguished proofs of his courage and military abilities during that unfortunate affair, and received four dangerous wounds. He attracted the notice of General Abercrombie, the leader of the expedition, but the stain of robbery was upon him, and no services, however brilliant, could obliterate it.

From hence he made his way to New York, after suffering incredible afflictions from pain, poverty, and sickness. One man alone, Governor Rogers, pitied his case, and was not satisfied of his guilt. In the year 1785 he received from his friends in Ireland, a reluctant supply of money, which enabled him to obtain a passage

on board a vessel bound for England, where he arrived shortly after. He reserved part of his supply of money for the purchase of a commission, and hoped once more to ascend to that rank from which he had been, as he thought, unjustly degraded; but just as the purchase was about to be completed, a report of his theft in America reached the regiment, and the officers refused to serve with him. With great perseverance and determined resolution, he traced the progress of the report to a Captain Campbell, then residing at the British coffee-house, in Charing-cross. He met him in the public room, taxed him with what he called a gross and false calumny, which the other retorted with great spirit. A duel immediately ensued in which both parties were desperately wounded.

He now declared in all public places, and caused it to be every where known, that as he could not obtain justice on the miscreant who had traduced his character in America, he would personally chastise every man in England who presumed to propagate the report. With this determination, he met one day in the Green Park his former colonel, Massy, and another officer, who had just returned home. He addressed them, and anxiously requested they would, as they might, remove the stain from his character. They treated his appeal with contempt, when he fiercely attacked them both. They immediately drew their swords and disarmed him. A crowd of spectators assembled round, and being two to one, they inflicted severe chastisement on Roche. Foiled in his attempt, he immediately determined to seek another occasion, and finding that one of them had departed for Chester, he set out after him with the indefatigable perseverance and pursuit of a bloodhound. Here he again sought him, and meeting him in the streets, again attacked him. He was, however, again defeated, and received a severe wound in the sword-arm, which long disabled him.

But that redress to his character now came accidentally and unexpectedly, which all his activity and perseverance could not obtain. Bourke, the corporal, was mortally wounded by a scalping party of Indians, and on his death-bed made a solemn confession that he himself had actually stolen

the fowling-piece, and sold it to Roche, without informing him by what means he had procured it; and that Roche had really purchased it without any suspicion of the theft. This declaration of the dying man was properly attested, and universally received, and restored the injured Roche at once to character and confidence. His former calumniators now vied with each other in friendly offers to serve him; and as a remuneration for the injustice and injury he had suffered, a lieutenancy in a new-raised regiment was conferred gratuitously upon him. He soon returned to Dublin with considerable eclat—the reputation of the injuries he had sustained, the gallant part he had acted, and the romantic adventures he had encountered among the Indians, in the woods of America, were the subject of every conversation. Convivial parties were every where made for him. Wherever he appeared he was the lion of the night. A handsome person, made still more attractive by the wounds he had received, a graceful form in the dance, in which he excelled, and the narrative of “his hair-breadth ‘scapes,” with which he was never too diffident to indulge the company, made him at this time “the observed of all observers” in the metropolis of Ireland.

But a service he now rendered the public in Dublin, deservedly placed him very high in their esteem and good will. It was at this time infested with those miscreants whom we have mentioned in the former part of this article, as “sweaters” or “pinkindies,” and every night some outrage was perpetrated on the peaceable and unoffending inhabitants. One evening late, an old gentleman, with his son and daughter, were returning home from a friend’s house, when they were attacked on Ormond-quay by a party of them. Roche, who was accidentally going the same way at the same time, heard the shrieks of a woman crying for assistance, and instantly rushed to the place. Here he did not hesitate singly to meet the whole party. He first rescued the young woman from the ruffian who held her, and then attacking the band he desperately wounded some, and put the rest to flight. His spirited conduct on this occasion gained him a high and deserved reputation, and inspired others with reso-

lution to follow his example. He formed a body, consisting of officers and others of his acquaintance, to patrol the dangerous streets of Dublin at night, and so gave that protection to the citizens, that the miserable and decrepid watch were not able to afford.

But he was not fated long to preserve the high character he had acquired. His physical temperament impossible to manage, and his moral perceptions hard to regulate, were the sport of every contingency and vicissitude of fortune. The peace, concluded in 1763, reduced the army, and he retired, in indigent circumstances, to London, where he soon lived beyond his income. In order to repair it he paid his addresses to a Miss Pitt, who had a fortune of 4000*l*. On the anticipation of this, he engaged in a career of extravagance that soon accumulated debts to a greater amount, and the marriage portion was insufficient to satisfy his creditors. He was arrested and cast into the prison of the King’s Bench, where various detainers were laid upon him, and he was doomed to a confinement of hopeless termination. Here his mind appears to have been completely broken down, and the intrepid and daring courage which had sustained him in so remarkable a manner through all the vicissitudes of his former life, seemed to be totally exhausted. He submitted to insults and indignities with a dastardly patience, and seemed deprived not only of the capability of resenting, but of the sensibility of feeling them. On one occasion he had a trifling dispute with a fellow prisoner, who kicked him and struck him a blow in the face. There was a time when his fiery spirit would not have been satisfied but with the blood of the offender. He now only turned aside and cried like a child. It happened that his countryman, Buck English, whom we have before noticed, was confined at the same time in the bench, with him also he had some dispute, and English, seizing a stick, flogged him in a savage manner. Roche made no attempt to retaliate or resist, but crouched under the punishment like a beaten hound. But while he shrunk thus under the chastisement of men, he turned upon his wife, whom he treated with such tyranny and cruelty,

that she was compelled to separate from him and abandon him to his fate.

At length, however, an act of grace liberated him from a confinement under which all his powers were fast sinking; and a small legacy, left him by a relation, enabled him once more to appear in the gay world. With his change of fortune a change of disposition came over him; and in proportion as he had shown an abject spirit in confinement, he now exhibited even a still more arrogant and irritable temper than he had ever displayed. He was a constant frequenter of billiard-tables, where he indulged an insufferable assumption, with sometimes a shrewd and keen remark. He was one day driving the balls about with the cue, and on some one expostulating with him that he was not playing himself, but hindering other gentlemen from their amusement;—"Gentlemen," said Roche: "why, sir, except you and I, and one or two more, there is not a gentleman in the room." His friend afterwards remarked that he had grossly offended a large company, and wondered some of them had not resented the affront. "Oh!" said Roche, "there is no fear of that. There was not a thief in the room that did not consider himself *one of the two or three gentlemen I excepted.*"

Again his fortune seemed in the ascendant, and the miserable, spiritless, flogged, and degraded prisoner of the King's Bench was called on to stand as candidate to represent Middlesex in parliament. So high an opinion was entertained of his daring spirit, that it was thought by some of the popular party he might be of use in intimidating Colonel Luttrell, who was the declared opponent of Wilkes at that election. In April, 1769, he was put into nomination at Brentford by Mr. Jones, and seconded by Mr. Martin, two highly popular electors. He, however, disappointed his friends, and declined the poll, induced, it was said, by promises of Luttrell's friends to provide for him. On this occasion he fought another duel with a Captain Flood, who had offended him in a coffee-house. He showed no deficiency of courage, but on the contrary even a larger proportion of spirit and generosity than had distinguished him at former periods.

Returning at this time one night

to his apartments at Chelsea, he was attacked by two ruffians, who presented pistols to his breast. He sprang back, and drew his sword, when one of them fired at him, and the ball grazed his temple. He then attacked them both, pinned one to the wall, and the other fled. Roche secured his prisoner, and the other was apprehended next day. They were tried at the Old Bailey, and capitally convicted, but at the humane and earnest intercession of Roche, their punishment was mitigated to transportation.

All the fluctuations of this strange man's character seemed at length to settle into one unhappy state—no mixture of good, but a uniformity of evil. He met with a young person, walking with her mother in St. James's Park, and was struck with her appearance. He insinuated himself into their acquaintance, and the young lady formed for him a strong and uncontrollable attachment. She possessed a considerable fortune, of which Roche became the manager. His daily profusion and dissipation soon exhausted her property, and the mother and daughter were compelled to leave London, and retire to indigence and distress, in consequence of the debts in which he had involved them.

He was soon after appointed captain of a company of foot in the East India service, and embarked in the *Vansittart*, for India, in May, 1773. He had not been many days on board, when, such was his impracticable temper, that he fell out with all the passengers, and among the rest with a Captain Ferguson, whom he used so ill, that he was obliged to call him out as soon as they arrived at Madeira. Roche was again seized with a sudden and unaccountable fit of terror, and made an abject submission. The arrogance and cowardice he displayed revolted the whole body of the passengers, and they unanimously made it a point, that the captain should expel him from the table. He was driven, therefore, to the society of the common sailors and soldiers on board the ship. With them he endeavoured to ingratiate himself, by mixing freely with them, and denouncing vengeance against every gentleman and officer on board the ship; but his threats were particularly directed against Ferguson, whom he considered the origin of the

disgrace he suffered. On the arrival of the ship at the Cape, after all the passengers were disembarked, Roche came ashore in the dusk of the evening, and was seen loitering about the door of the house where he had learned that Ferguson lodged. When it was quite dark, he caused a message to be conveyed to him, that his friend Captain Martin, wished to see him at his lodgings. The unsuspecting Ferguson immediately went to see his friend, when, as he turned the corner of a street, he was attacked by some one who stood there with his sword ready drawn for the purpose. Such was the malignant and implacable passion that prompted the assassin, that Ferguson was found weltering in his blood, with nine deep wounds, all on his left side, and it was supposed they must have been there inflicted, because it was the unprotected side, and when the man was off his guard.

Roche escaped during the night, and took refuge among the Caffres. Here he disappeared, and all certain and authentic account of his strange and eventful life terminates. The Cape was at that time a colony of the Dutch, who, vigilant and suspicious of strangers, suffered none to enter there, but merely to touch for provisions, and pass on. The proceedings, therefore, of their colonial government are shut up in mystery. It is reported, however, that he was demanded and given up to the authorities of the Cape, who caused him to be broken alive upon the wheel, according to the then Dutch criminal law of the Cape, which inflicted that punishment on the more atrocious murderers.

A writer of the last century, in speaking of the Irish character, concludes with the remark:—"In short, if they are good, you will scarcely meet a better: if bad, you will seldom find a worse." These extremes were frequently mixed in the same person. Roche, at different periods, displayed them. At one time an admirable spirit, great humanity, and unbounded generosity; at another, abject cowardice, ferocity, treachery, and sordid selfishness.

In thus displaying the traits of character which distinguished our countrymen 60 years ago, we trust we have a higher motive than merely sing details. We would call at-

tention to what we *were* and to what we *are*, and are likely to become, if the race of improvement be not arrested. At the time we speak of, intercourse with England was limited and unfrequent; few of our neighbours visited us, and we visited few of our neighbours. There is no need to be an old man to remember the time when a voyage to Liverpool occupied sometimes ten days, and was considered a matter of some difficulty and danger—even of boast and exultation to the enterprising traveller who accomplished it. Now, intercourse across the sea, between the two countries, is as free and frequent as between two neighbouring towns in our own. As we mingle together, the rough prominences which marked us are rubbing off. Fights in our streets, robbing in dark entries, gambling over felons' coffins, bucks, bull-baiting, duelling, abduction, drunkenness, and a thousand other degrading peculiarities, which marked the higher as well as the lower classes, have disappeared, and the order, decency, and decorum which have long been the boast of our English neighbours, have begun to mark our national character. It is, therefore, with deep concern that every lover of Ireland must see the pains which have been taken to arrest the progress of improvement, and excite the bitterest prejudices and animosities against those, to our friendly intercourse with whom we owe so much, and have reason to look for so much more. It is true, that the attainment of the repeal of the union is not merely to be deplored if it were practicable, but is clearly absurd and visionary, even if it were desirable. But the agitation to obtain it alone is marked strongly with the evil features to which we allude. Its only tendency is, to check the friendly intercourse from which both countries derive such vast mutual benefits—not merely pecuniary and mercantile, but moral and political; and instead of allowing the amelioration of our own to advance—English knowledge to enlighten us, English capital to enrich us, and English example to steady us—tends directly to excite our worst passions and prejudices, revive our bitterest animosities, and draw us back to the brutal manners, violence, barbarism, and beggary from which we have emerged.

THE DEVIL AND TOM CONNOLLY.

BEING NO. VII. OF THE KISHOGH PAPERS.

"WHAT a capital day for the scent to lie,
 With a 'southerly wind and a cloudy sky,'"
 Says a huntsman old, with a very keen eye,
 And a very red nose, to a little boy nigh,
 As he sits on the back
 Of a very spruce hack,
 And looks with delight on a beautiful pack
 Of foxhounds as ever yet ran on a track.
 There were Howler and Jowler, and Towser and Yelper,
 And Boxer and Pincher, and Snarler and Skelper,
 And Tinker,
 And Winker,
 And Blinker,
 And Clinker,
 And Griper and Molly,
 And Snuffler and Dolly:
 But to set down the list of the whole would be folly;
 For alas! and alack! that it rests to be said,
 The last of that pack is some forty years dead.
 And the huntsman that sat on the back
 Of that hack,
 Died very soon after the last of that pack—
 Having kept up the chase by good humour and mirth,
 Till Death one fine afternoon ran him to earth.
 Rest to his bones! he has gone for aye,
 And the sod lies cold on his colder clay.
 He lists no more to the deep-mouthed bay,
 Nor wakes the hills with his "hark away!"
 But never did man a hunting-whip crack,
 That I'd back at a fence against red-nosed Jack.

The cover is reached—and a better array
 Of sportsmen it never has seen than to-day.
 'Tis as gallant a field
 As all Ireland could yield:
 The horsemen to all kinds of devilment steel'd—
 The best of the senate, the bench, and the bar,
 Whose mirth even Petty and Coke couldn't mar.
 Lucky dogs! who were looked on with pride by a race,
 Who loved learning unmasked by stupidity's face;
 Nor fancied that Wisdom high places should quit,
 If she flung round her shoulders the mantle of Wit.
 The hunting-cap triumphs to-day o'er the wig—
 The ermine is doffed for a sportsmanlike rig.
 But enough of the horsemen: the nags that they ride
 Are as noble as horseman might ever bestride—
 Both "good uns to look at" and "good uns to go."
 Few could match them indeed
 Both in bottom and speed;
 And if put to the pound wall of Ballinasloe,
 There are plenty amongst them would never look—no!

But the best-mounted man at that gay cover side
 Is honest Tom Connolly, Castletown's pride ;
 And mirth and good fellowship beam in his eye,
 Such a goodly collection of guests to descry :
 For guests shall be all
 In Tom Connolly's hall,
 Who keeps "open house" for the great and the small ;
 And none who takes share in the fox-hunt to-day,
 Ere midnight from Castletown's mansion shall stray.
 And warm are the greetings that welcome the squire
 As he rides up—but all this preamble will tire ;
 Beside that the hounds through the brushwood are dodging,
 And making inquiries where Reynard is lodging :
 Some are snuffing the ground
 With a caution profound ;
 Some running and poking their noses all round.
 And now of the whole not a vestige is there,
 But a great lot of tails all cocked up in the air :
 And now there's a bark, and a yelp and a cry,
 And the horsemen are still standing anxiously by ;
 And some of the pack
 Are at length on his track ;
 And now there's a shout,
 Sly old Reynard leaps out—
 Hold fast. Don't ride over the dogs. What a scramble !
 Away go the hounds over brushwood and bramble—
 Away go the horsemen—away goes the fox—
 Away go they all o'er brooks, fences, and rocks.
 Afar in the plain
 They are stretching amain :
 Each sinew and nerve do the gallant steeds strain,
 While the musical cry of the fleet-footed hound
 Is ringing in chorus melodiously round,
 And the horseman who rides at the tail of the pack
 Is a very tall gentleman dressed all in black.

Away! away! On his restless bed
 His wearied limbs let the sluggard spread,
 His eyes on the glorious morning close,
 And fancy ease in that dull repose.
 Give *me* to taste of the freshening draught
 Of the early breeze on the green hill quaffed :
 Give *me* to fly with the lightning's speed
 On the bounding back of the gallant steed :
 Give *me* to bend o'er the floating mane,
 While the blood leaps wild in each thrilling vein.
 Oh! who that has felt the joy intense,
 To tempt the torrent, to dare the fence,
 But feels each pleasure beside give place
 To the manly danger that waits the chase?

Onward still—'tis a spanking run,
 As e'er was seen by morning's sun—

Onward still

O'er plain and hill—

'Gad 'tis a pace the devil to kill.

A few of the nags it will puzzle I trow
 To ride at that neat bit of masonry now.
 Steady there, black fellow—over he goes ;
 Well done, old bay!—ho! the brown fellow toes—
 And pitches his rider clean out on his nose.

Thirteen out of fifty their mettle attest—
There's a very nice view from the road for the rest.

And now the *boithrin*,*

With that rascally screen
Of furze on each bank—by old Nim, that's a pozer :
There's the black fellow at it—'Gad, over he goes, sir.
Well done, Connolly; stick to the nigger, you dog,
Though he *does* seem old Beelzebub riding *incog*.

Ha! the third fellow's blown—

No go, Doctor, you're thrown,
And have fractured your *dexter clavicular* bone.
Gad, here's the solicitor-general down on him :
Who could think that he ever had got wig or gown on him—
Cleared gallantly! but sure 'tis plain common sense,
Bar practice should fit a man well for a *fence*.
Five more show they're good ones in bottom and speed;
But that tall, strange, black gentleman still keeps the lead.

Ha! Reynard, you're done for, my boy—at your back
Old Jowler and Clinker come leading the pack;

Ay, close at your brush

They are making a rush:

Come face 'em, old fellow, and die like a trush.

Well snapped, but won't do,

My poor *madairin ruadh*;†

That squeeze in the gullet has finished your breath,
And that *very* black horseman is in at the death.

The very black horseman dismounts from his steed,
And takes off Reynard's brush with all sportsmanlike heed;

Then patting the nag

With the air of a wag,

Says, "this is *cool* work, my old fellow, to-day,"
At which the black steed gives a very loud neigh.

And it is odd indeed,

Neither rider nor steed

Seem one whit the worse of their very great speed;

Though the next four or five

Who this moment arrive,

Their horses all foaming, themselves all bemired,
Look beyond any doubt pretty heartily tired,
As they think, "who the deuce *can* be this chap in black,
Who has ridden all day at the tail of the pack?"

The group has come up with the stranger the while,
Who takes off his hat to the squire with a smile,
And hands him the brush with an air most polite,
Expressing his joy at transferring the right,
Which only the speed of his hunter had won,
To him who had shown them so noble a run;

And whose name he would add,

He had heard from a lad,

As a toast through all Ireland for humour and fun.

"'Gad, sir," says the squire,

"Whether most to admire

Your politeness or daring I'm puzzled to say;
But though I've seen hunting enough in my day,

* Pron. *boreen*—a narrow by-road.

† Pron. *mothereen rook*—a fox. *Lit.* a little red dog.

All I've met with must yield
 To your feats in the field.
 I trust I at least can induce you to dine,
 And your horsemanship pledge in a bumper of wine;
 And if longer you'll honour my house as a dweller,
 All I promise you is, you'll find more in the cellar."

"Done, Tom!—I beg pardon I make so d——d free,
 When a man of your thorough good nature I see.
 But excuse it."—"Excuse it, my excellent friend!
 'Tis the thing of all others I wish you'd not mend;
 None but a good fellow had ever the trick.
 But *your* name by the way?"—"Mine! oh, pray call me Nick."
 "Very good—there's a spice of the devil about it."
 "A spice of the devil! ay, faith, who can doubt it?
 I'm dressed by the way in his livery sainted,
 But they say the old boy's not as black as he's painted.
 And this clerical suit——"—"You're no parson sure—come?"
 "Ah, no pumping on that, my friend Connolly—mum!
 This clerical suit, faith, though sombre and sad,
 Is no bad thing at all with the women, my lad!"
 "Well done, Nick! On my life,
 I'll look after my wife
 If you come in her way."—"Gad," says Nick with a laugh,
 "To look after yourself would be better by half."
 "Look after myself!" says the squire; "Lord, why so?
 You've no partnership sure with your namesake below?"
 "No," says Nick with a squint,
 "I mean only to hint;
 But I'll do it more plainly for fear of mistake—
 If we play at blind-hookey, be d——d wide awake."

Thus with laughter and jest
 Honest Tom and his guest
 Ride along, while their humour is shared by the rest,
 Who vow one and all
 Master Nick to install,
 As the prince of good fellows; and just at nightfall
 They reach most good-humour'dly Castletown Hall.

'Tis a glorious thing when the wintry sun,
 Ashamed of himself has cut and run;
 When the drizzling rain falls thick and fast,
 And the shivering poplars stand aghast;
 No sight abroad but the landscape bleak,
 No sound save whistle, and howl, and creak;—
 'Tis a glorious thing in that dismal hour
 To be snugly housed from the tempest's power,
 With a blazing fire and a smoking board,
 With "all the best things of the season" stored;
 Not costly, mind, but a good plain dinner
 To suit the wants of an erring sinner:
 Say oyster soup and mock-turtle too,
 (The latter is bad when made with glue,)
 Some savoury *patés* the palate to whet,
 Which at dinner 'tis really *vile* to forget.
 A turbot or salmon one calmly surveys,
 And eels *à la Tartare* 'tis hard to dispraise;
 Some people prefer them done *en matelote*,
 And I'm not very certain which way I should vote.
 Calf's head is acceptable after one's fish,
 And a quarter of lamb is no very bad dish;

Fowl too—not those barbarous things that they cram—
 Some people may like to partake of with ham ;
 Though, talking of ham, there's but one place they cure a
 Ham properly in, namely Estremadura ;
 Still if Estremadura ham cannot be had,
 A slice of Westphalia is not *very* bad :
 Some simple *hors d'œuvre* one would add to these—
Riz de veau say, with *cotelettes à la Soubise* ;
 Indeed for myself I confess I feel partial
 At times to this snug little *plât* of the Marshal,
 And can sympathize well in his luckless disaster,
 When Seidlitz laid hold of the chops for his master ;*
 A digression—but then 'tisn't often one pops
 On a cavalry general *charging* for chops.
 A few light things to follow, and then the dessert,
 And one may make his dinner I dare to assert—
 Champagne, and thou draught, than Jove's nectar sublimer,
 Johannisberg—but poor folk must drink Hocheimer.

To a dinner of this sort the hunting-folk sit,
 With a silence displaying more wisdom than wit :
 But with the dessert
 Wit begins to assert

His claims to attention ; and near to its close
 Takes the field, while old Wisdom goes off in a doze ;
 But after a couple of bumpers of wine,
 Ye gods, how the urchin commences to shine !
 And as for the stranger, his feats in the field
 To his feats at the table unspeakably yield—
 In drinking, in laughing, in frolic, and jest,
 He seems but the sun who gives light to the rest ;
 And after a while, when the squire begs a song of him,
 He sings for them this, which some folk will think wrong of him :—

A fig for Philosophy's rules,
 Our stay is too brief upon earth,
 To spare any time in the schools,
 Save those of Love, Music, and Mirth :
 Yes ! their's is the exquisite lore
 We can learn in life's summer by heart,
 While the winter of gloomy fourscore
 Leaves us fools in Philosophy's art.
 Oh ! surely if life's but a day,
 'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine :
 Let the sage choose what studies he may,
 But Mirth, Love, and Music be mine.

What a fool was the Chaldean seer
 Who studied the planets afar—
 While the bright eye of woman is near—
 My book be that beautiful star !
 The lore of the planets who seeks,
 Is years in acquiring the art,
 While the language dear woman's eye speaks
 Is learned in a minute by heart.
 Then surely if life's but a day,
 'Tis vain o'er dull volumes to pine .
 Let the stars be his book as they may,
 But the bright eye of woman be mine !

* General Seidlitz surprised Marshal Soubise, and actually had the dinner which was cooked for him, for his royal master, Frederick of Prussia, to partake of.—K.

The Chemist may learnedly tell
 Of the treasures his art can unmask ;
 But the grape juice has in it a spell
 Which is all of his lore that I ask.
 In gazing on woman's bright eyes
 I feel the astronomer's bliss ;
 And chemistry's happiest prize
 I find in a goblet like this.
 Then fill up—if life's but a day,
 What fool o'er dull volumes would pine ?
 Love and Mirth we can learn on the way,
 And to praise them in Music be mine !

• • • • •
 • • • • •
 “ Hip, hip, hurrah,”
 How they're cheering away.
 “ Hip, hip”—they're growing uncommonly gay,
 Chorusing all—“ He's a right good fellow !”
 Blending up hiccup, and chirup, and bellow,
 Some two or three are decidedly mellow :
 “ Hip—tis a way we've got in the—hic—hiccup—”
 Lord, what a deuce of a shindy they kick up.
 But at length they have done,
 And drop off one by one
 From their chairs, overcome by the claret and fun :
 And at quarter to four
 All lie stretched on the floor,
 Enjoying in chorus a mighty fine snore ;
 While still to the claret like gay fellows stick
 The warm-hearted squire and his jolly friend Nick.

There's a cooper of wine by Tom Connolly's chair,
 And he stoops for a bottle—At what does he stare ?
 Can it be—— ? Not a doubt.
 Ha, my lad, you're found out !
 There's the cloven foot plainly as eye can behold.
 “ Cut your stick,
 Master Nick,
 If I may make so bold.
 'Pon my life, what a jest,
 To have you for my guest,
 To be toping by dozens Lafitte's very best.
 Be off, sir ; you've drunk of my wine to satiety.”
 “ No, thank you,” says Nick ; “ Tom, I like your society—
 I like your good humour, I relish your wit,
 And I'm d——d but I *very* much like your Lafitte.
 You may guess that your wine
 Is far cooler than mine :
 And I'll stay, my old boy, in your mansion a dweller,
 While a bottle of *such* claret remains in your cellar ;
 I've reasons for this, but 'twere needless to state 'em,
 For this, my dear fellow, is my ultimatum.”

Tom rings for the servants, they enter,—What now—
 He looks at old Nick with a very dark brow,
 And says, while the latter complacently bears
 His glance—“ Kick that insolent rascal down stairs.”
 At their master's behest
 They approach to the guest,
 Though to kick him down stairs seems no joke at the best ;

But when they draw near,
 With a humorous leer
 Nick cries—"My good friends, you had better be civil,
 'Tis not pleasant, believe me, to deal with the devil;
 I'm that much-abused person—so do keep aloof,
 And lest you should doubt me, pray look at my hoof."
 Then lifting his leg with an air most polite,
 He places the cloven hoof full in their sight,
 When at once with a roar
 They all rush to the door,
 And stumbling o'er wine-coopers, sleepers, and chairs,
 Never stop till they've got to the foot of the stairs.

The parson is sent for—he comes—'tis no go—
 Nick plainly defies him to send him below:
 With a comical phiz
 Says he'll stay where he is,
 And bids him begone for an arrant old quiz;
 Asks how is his mother; and treats him indeed
 With impertinence nothing on earth could exceed.

A pleasant *finale* in truth to a feast,
 There's but one hope remaining—to send for the priest;
 Though the parson on hearing it says 'tis all fudge,
 And vows that he ne'er will induce Nick to budge;
 Still as 'tis the sole hope of getting a severance
 From Nick, the squire sends off at once for his reverence,
 And would send for the Pope
 If he saw any hope
 That his power could induce the old boy to elope.

Father Malachi feeling for Nick he's a match,
 Doesn't ask better sport than to come to the scratch;
 And arrives at the hall
 In the midst of them all,
 While the frightened domestics scarce venture to crawl:
 And learning the state of affairs from the squire,
 Says he'll soon make his guest from the parlour retire,
 If he'll only agree
 To give him rent free
 A plot for a chapel; but if he refuses,
 Master Nick may stay with him as long he chooses.

"A plot for a chapel!" Tom Connolly cries:
 "Faith, I'll build one myself that will gladden your eyes
 If old Nick
 Cuts his stick."
 "That he shall double quick,
 If you'll undertake to stand mortar and brick."
 "Agreed," says the squire; so the priest takes his book,
 Giving Nick at the same time a terrible look—
 Then th' exorcism begins,
 But old Nick only grins,
 And asks him to read out the table of sins;
 "For between you and me,
 Holy father," says he,
 "That's light and agreeable reading you see,
 And if you look it carefully over I'd bet,
 Your reverence will find you're a bit in my debt."

At an insult so dire
 Father Malachi's ire

Was aroused in an instant ; so closing the book,
He gives the black rascal one desperate look,
Then with blessed precision the volume let's fly,
And hits the arch enemy fair in the eye.

There's a terrible yell
That might startle all hell,
A flash, and a very strong brimstony smell ;
And save a great cleft
From his exit so deft,
Not a trace of the gentleman's visit is left ;
But the book which was flung
In his visage, has clung
To the wainscot, and sticks so tenaciously to it,
You'd fancy some means supernatural glue it ;
And his reverence in fact finds it fixed in the mortar,
To the wonder of all, a full inch and a quarter—
Where the mark of it still to this day may be seen,
Or if not, they can show you where once it has been ;
And if after that any doubts on it seize you,
All *I* can say is—'tis not easy to please you.

The delight of the squire I of course can't express,
That 'tis boundless indeed you might easily guess.

The very next day
He gives orders to lay
The chapel's foundation ; and early in May,
If in his excursions Nick happened to pass there,
He might see Father Malachi celebrate mass there :
And it stands to this day, slate, stone, mortar, and brick,
By Tom Connolly built to get rid of old Nick.

Since the period that Nick got this touch in the eye,
Of displaying his hoof he has grown very shy :
You can scarce find him out by his ill-shapen stump,
For he sticks to the rule—"KEEP YOUR TOE IN YOUR PUMP."

MADDEN'S UNITED IRISHMEN—SECOND SERIES.*

THE poor rebels of 1798! With what mingled feelings we look back upon them! How many circumstances in their case there were to palliate the delusion under which they acted, and to extenuate, at least, if not to excuse, the enormities into which they were betrayed;—enormities which few, but the most knavish and designing amongst them contemplated as possible at their first rising!

The general aspect of European society clearly indicated troubles and convulsions, which would be no more, in many cases, than that reaction against feudal oppression, which the growing intelligence and the conscious power of the people rendered inevitable. Come it must. The only question was—when and how. And happy would it have been for governments, had they anticipated the popular demands, and, by wise reforms, obviated that appeal to physical force, from which such fearful evils were to be apprehended. But, the earthquake shock having been once given, it was not in the power of man to limit the range of its influence, or to stay the quiverings and the vibrations to which it must give rise, until its impetus was expended. The materials of a mighty combustion had already, by the abuses of centuries of misgovernment, been prepared in France, when a spark from the American revolution may be said to have kindled them into a conflagration. And the agitating events which were daily taking place in that country, but produced their natural effects in this, when they quickened into a premature activity, those seeds of political disturbance which were every where rife in the land.

The leaders in the rebellion of 1798 were, almost without exception, shallow and conceited sciolists, whose half knowledge, acting upon a temperament and character, restless, daring, and enthusiastic, precipitated them upon those

mad schemes, which ended in their so exemplary ruin. Wild and visionary they were, in the good which they so confidently expected, and which, to them, more than justified the remorseless character of the means by which it was to be accomplished; but it would be doing them cruel injustice, not to say, that no mean personal objects were amongst the powerful springs of action by which they were moved, and that they not only never traded upon the popular enthusiasm by which they were upheld, but were ready at all times to make every personal sacrifice, and to peril life and limb, and their worldly substance, in the service of the cause which they had taken “for better for worse,” and to which they adhered, in its most adverse aspect, with a “desperate fidelity.” There were no big beggermen amongst *them*—no gasconading poltroons, who take advantage of a diseased state of the public mind to enter upon the work of sedition with the basest personal views, and who, when the hour of peril comes, shrink appalled from the echo of their own hollow words of treason. No! The leaders in the movement of '98 were prepared “to do, or die!” If they entered upon their work like fanatics, they met the dangers of their position like men. Much as there was to condemn, there was little to despise, in their conduct, when confronted with a provoked executive, whose terrors they defied. “*Populus me sibilat,*” says the miser of old, “*at mihi plaudo ipse domi, simulac nummos contemplor in arca.*” Government may prosecute, says the modern sedition-monger, but that will only increase “*the rent.*” This is a pitch of infamy, which the very worst and basest of those who mingled prominently in the stirring events of the last Irish rebellion, could not even have conceived. And bad as they were, and desperate and wicked as were the courses upon which

* The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M.D., with numerous original portraits. Second Series. In 2 Vols. London: J. Madden and Co. 1843.

they resolved, they stand relieved and lifted into something like moral and political respectability, by their contrast with the miscreants with whom we are all too familiar at the present day, and who rouse an unhappily too easily deluded people to madness, only that the begging-box may circulate the more rapidly for their own advantage.

In 1798, much blood was shed,—in the field, in open conflict, in the light of day,—as well as in secret assassination, and those midnight maraudings, by which a system of terror was maintained by the agents of treason. But it is our belief, that a still greater destruction of human life, and a far more fearful accumulation of human guilt, has been caused by the profligate mendicant agitation of later times, by which, while audacious demagogues have been enriched, the whole frame-work of society has been disorganized, and the people have been kept in that state of restless uncertainty, which is most adverse to all improvement. Yes!—The burst of ruin which broke upon the country in 1798, would have soon redressed itself. It might only have depurated the political atmosphere, and served to give a healthy tone to public feeling, which would long operate as an antiseptic to the revolutionary mania, by which our poor people were deluded,—had it not been for the gabergunge patriots, the agitators, whose object it was to get “the penny from the starving man, and the halfpenny from the ragged man,” and by whom, accordingly, discontent has been kept alive, which has manifested itself, from time to time, in isolated atrocities, which never reached the dignity of rebellion, but by which, if they were all put together, an amount of murderous miscreancy would be made manifest, compared with which even ninety-eight itself would lose its horrors. How long is this to be endured? How long is the country to be disturbed and affrighted, and the government and the legislature affronted, by the apery and the mountebankery of a sedition the most groundless, the most mischievous and the most profligate of any that ever insulted law or outraged reason? We shall see. In the mean time, it is without any angry retrospection that we revert to the unhappy histories of the far better men, who figured either

as agents or principals in the late rebellion.

As a fitting preliminary to his work, Mr. Madden prefixes a long account of what he denominates the persecutions, the sufferings, and the death of a Roman Catholic priest, named Sheehy, who was executed in the town of Clonmel, in the year 1766, for a supposed murder. The good taste and good feeling which led to the introduction of a topic of this kind, is about upon a level with its good sense. To seek at so distant a period for matter of crimination against the government of the country, exhibits a blind and bigoted earnestness in the cause of sedition, which is well calculated to recommend his volumes to the advocates of repeal; and the candid reader is also not under a little obligation to him for giving so unequivocal a test of the malignancy of the spirit by which he is actuated, as the cause must be a desperate one, indeed, for the justification of which it is necessary to rake up the exploded calumnies, which never, even in the worst of times, obtained credence beyond the most blinded and vulgar dupes of credulity and superstition.

Father Sheehy flourished at the period when the white-boy disturbances were at their height. That these disturbances were fomented by French emissaries, and connected with treasonable views, which contemplated the extirpation of protestantism and the establishment of French influence in Ireland, cannot be doubted by any intelligent reader who gives an impartial perusal to the records of these times. That French money was largely distributed amongst the people, was a fact of which Lord Charlemont entertained a well-grounded belief. That officers, holding commissions from the French king, were employed in recruiting for his service, and were known through the country by the name of “wild geese,” is a fact, with which many old persons in the south and west of Ireland were, in our younger days, perfectly familiar, and of which, we doubt not, there are some at the present day who retain a traditionary remembrance. The white-boy oath was an oath of military organization, and had no reference whatever to the agrarian grievances to which Mr. Madden, and writers like him, refer for the origin of that combination. That

at this period, the "Hibernia Dominicana" should have made its appearance, and found its way into the library of every Roman Catholic priest, teeming as it did with incentives to treason, was not more in accordance with the wily policy of the court of Rome, than was the fact, that by a secret conclave of the Romish bishops, a *quasi* condemnation of this work was concocted, which slept in harmless obscurity as long as it might have been effectual for the purpose for which it was pretended, while it served admirably as an anticipatory vindication against the charge of countenancing disloyal principles, which, upon the discovery of this work by the Protestant community, was, sooner or later, likely to be preferred.

Such was the diseased state of the country, and such were the materials and elements of treason, when Father Sheehy rendered himself notorious in the county of Tipperary, by his connection with the public disturbers. That his active participation in their designs amounted to something much more than ordinary indiscretion, is manifest from the fact of which Mr. Madden seems ignorant, or to which, at all events, he does not allude, that he was denounced to the government by his own bishop, as a dangerous character, of whom they would do well to beware. When we consider that this was done by a popish prelate, *at a time when all his order were nominated to their sees by the Pretender*, and that with a special reference to their fitness and readiness to aid, at any favourable opportunity, in the accomplishment of the object which he had most at heart—namely, the restoration of his family to the British throne—we must believe that Sheehy's conduct was not only criminal, but giddy and indiscreet, to a degree which amounted to a much graver offence, in the eyes of those upon whose more circumspect proceedings it was calculated to draw very inconvenient and disagreeable animadversion. And this is the blameless man, the immaculate and holy priest, for whose execution Mr. Madden would have his readers believe the most hellish devices were planned, and whose conviction could only be accomplished by means of perjury so vile, that ordinary perjury, in comparison with it, seems light and venial!

We are not prepared to say what precise amount of weight belonged to the evidence upon which this priest was convicted. Those who bore testimony against him, may or may not have been the wretches they are described. He was accused of the murder of a man named Bridge, who had rendered himself obnoxious, by threatening to prosecute some of the disturbers. Whether he was, in reality, cognizant of the design to murder this man; or actively or passively, before the fact, an accomplice in that murder, we pronounce no positive opinion, knowing, as we do, the exasperation of parties at that period, and how easy it is, in an inflamed and angry state of the public mind, to make the semblance pass for the substance of proof; but this we aver, that his notoriety, as an active member and zealous propagator of the white-boy system, is placed beyond all reasonable doubt; and it is also, unhappily, too true, that the crime of which he stood charged was nothing more than an act of fidelity to the body to which he belonged, and which all true white-boys would have regarded as a bounden duty.

But whatever may be decided respecting his readiness to be a consenting party to a murder, when the interests of the combination required it, he himself gives us ample proof that he had no scruple whatsoever to connive at the subornation of perjurers, while he entertained a hope that by their instrumentality he might escape from the fangs of the law.

The following is Mr. Madden's account of some of the evidence which was suffered to be given in the case of Meighan, the first culprit who was tried for the murder of Bridge, and which, if the dying declaration of Sheehy is to be relied on, he must have known, at the time it was tendered, to have been false.

"JOHN BRIEN, sworn.

"Lives at Shanbally; is a dancing-master; knew John Bridge; believes him alive; never saw him since the 24th of October, 1764, nor was he in the country since; met him in a forge the 24th at Barncourt; called for the sledge, and turned some shoes; called witness aside, and desired that he would keep what he told him secret, for that he was going out of the kingdom, and that if he returned, he would return his favour.

"LAWRENCE HANGLIN, sworn.

"Knew John Bridge; saw him at Anglesborough, in the county of Limerick, 28th of October, 1764, about eleven miles from Clogheen; was surprised at his knocking at his door three hours before day; he said he was going to sea to avoid the light-horse; went with him through Mitchelstown; parted from him beyond the town, and took leave of him beyond it; he could read and write, but he never wrote to him, or to any one that he could hear; told him he would go to Cork or Kinsale, to look for a ship; believes Mr. Beere is to be believed on his oath."

Now compare with this evidence, which the priest either heard, or must have known would be given, the following passage from the letter which he wrote to Major Sirr, on the night previous to his execution, and in which he declares he knew, through the confessional, that Bridge had been murdered, at the very time when it was sworn, as above, he was yet alive!

"Remember me to Mr. Waite, the Lord Chancellor, Speaker, and the Judges of the King's Bench; may God bless them! Recommend to them, all under the same charge with me; they are innocent of the murder; the prosecutors swore wrongfully and falsely; God forgive them. The accusers and the accused are equally ignorant of the fact, as I have been informed, but after such a manner I received the information that I cannot make use of it for my own preservation; the fact is, that John Bridge was destroyed by two alone, who strangled him on Wednesday night, the 24th October, 1764. I was then from home, and only returned home the 28th, and heard that he had disappeared. Various were the reports, which to believe I could not pretend to, until in the discharge of my duty one accused himself of the said fact. May God grant the guilty true repentance and preserve the innocent."

Mr. Madden will, perhaps, inform us what the difference is between connivance at subornation of perjury, and perjury itself. For our parts, we are sufficiently old-fashioned not to think that it matters very much; nor do we believe that there are many readers whose moral sense has not been utterly depraved, who can regard the conduct either of the priest or his apologist, the one admitting, the other recording, a transaction so replete with all that is flagitious and abominable, and that, without any consciousness of its depravity and vileness, but as to the last degree, base and revolting.*

Mr. Madden complains, echoing the complaint of the candid Dr. Curry, that Mr. Keating, a very respectable Roman Catholic gentleman, who was prepared to swear that Father Sheehy was in his house, where he slept on the night when Bridge was murdered, (a fact which, if established, would have proved that he could not have been present at the murder,) was himself arrested, and conveyed as a prisoner to Kilkenny jail, upon a charge of being concerned in another murder. *Valeat quantum valet* the evidence which was not given; but of Mr. Keating himself we must be permitted to say, that we remember to have seen him in early youth when he was a very old man; and we also remember to have heard from a friend, upon whose veracity we would stake our lives, that that very Mr. Keating told him, the most difficult struggle he ever underwent in his life was, when Father Sheehy one day endeavoured to swear him in as a white-boy. He described the persuasive energy of the priest as something almost irresistible, and said, that he was on the point of yielding, when the thought of his family, and what they should be exposed to in case he was detected, flashed across his mind, when he broke abruptly from

* We give the evidence, as reported by Mr. Madden, on Meighan's trial, which was the first that took place; as Sheehy could not possibly have been ignorant of the case upon which that culprit relied for his defence. Meighan was sworn to as the man who actually murdered Bridge; Sheehy was only said to be present at the murder. On the first of the trials, the evidence for the defence would be very narrowly looked to by all the parties concerned, as upon its success depended their safety. If the man was not murdered, as set forth in the indictment, then no murder had been committed, and the parties charged with such a crime must be set free. But Sheehy knew that Bridge was murdered at the very time when Meighan's witnesses swore that he was alive.

his seducer, and galloped across the country home. Keating's language in relating this incident was too remarkable to be forgotten. "If there was a college," he said, "from Clonmel to Carlow, such was his spirit and his power of persuasion, he would corrupt them all."

That Keating was prevented from giving the evidence required from him, may have been his own contrivance: for well he knew the vengeance which would await him, had he refused, when so summoned, to appear in favour of the priest. The reader has already seen with how little scrupulosity Sheehy could avail himself of perjured evidence; and that being known, the value of any alibi which he could procure must go but a short way to discredit the direct evidence by which he was charged as a principal in the crime for which he suffered. But we fully admit, that if any such evidence could avail, it would be that of Mr. Keating.

Another individual was summoned to speak to character, in the priest's favour—the Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, the Right Rev. Dr. Egan—and *he would not appear*. Those who know the repute in which Dr. Egan was held by all classes in the diocese where he lived, and the veneration with which his memory is still cherished by the members of his own communion, will not easily believe that he could refuse to comply with Sheehy's request, for any other reason than that he could say nothing of him which would prove to his advantage. So, at least, his non-appearance, when called upon, must have been understood by the jury, with whom, doubtless, it must have had very considerable weight, that the culprit, who was known to be a white-boy, and who was accused of a white-boy offence, was denounced and discountenanced by his own bishop.

That this refusal was keenly felt and deeply resented, Mr. Madden informs us in the following note:—

"After Sheehy's execution, the refusal of this gentleman was remembered by one of his relatives: as the corpse was borne past the door of Dr. E., the blood of the innocent man was sprinkled on his door."

Such was the feeling exhibited even

towards a bishop of their church, by the relatives and the partizans of this giddy and deluded priest. What would it not have been had Mr. Keating been the object of it? And is it reasonable to suppose that his life would have been safe for a single day, had he followed Dr. Egan's example?

So much for the case of Priest Sheehy. It is painful to dwell upon such a subject at so much length; but Mr. Madden has rendered any other course impossible, by making it, as others had done before him, the stalking-horse of popish treason. Would you learn the story of Ireland's woes? Listen to the persecution of this poor priest; and then "*ex uno disce omnes*." Such is the language of the disaffected of every succeeding generation; and in proportion as we recede from the period at which their extravagant statements could be tested, are they bold and confident in the circumstantial narration of atrocities, which, if not pure fiction, are such partial and exaggerated representations of matters of fact, as must equally mislead the too credulous reader. Therefore have we felt ourselves constrained to grapple with this story in its details, that the reader may see the credit due to Mr. Madden as an impartial annalist of by-gone times, and thus be better able to appreciate his value as the biographer of the "*United Irishmen*."

Far better pleased would we have been to bury the errors and the misconduct of both parties in a charitable oblivion. Sufficient, and more than sufficient, have they all had to answer for—of crime and folly, of tyranny and treason. We are as little disposed to palliate the wild excesses of the party who were ascendant, as the restless intrigues or the sanguinary violence of those who were proscribed. Many excuses may be pleaded for both, in the days of darkness and of passion in which they lived—of phrenetic triumph on the one hand, and on the other of stifled rage and muffled vengeance, which have no place in the case of those who live in the pure daylight of equal liberty. And to have recourse to the angry contentions which characterised a state of things so replete with the elements of strife and disorganization, for the purpose of re-inoculating society with a virus

that had well nigh become extinct, argues a depraved and malignant mind, for which the English language furnishes us with no terms of suitable reprobation. If the baleful bigotry which raged in Father Sheehy's day should be revived, who are they who are responsible for its revival? A parliament which has stricken the last link from penal disabilities? A government which administers equal laws in a spirit of perfect fairness? A Protestant people, perfectly willing to see Roman Catholics promoted to offices of trust and emolument, in the full proportion to their merits and their claims? No, but the wretches who disinter the festering grievances of by-gone generations, for the purpose of tainting a wholesome atmosphere with the gales of death; who, finding no satisfying food for their ravening appetite for slander, amongst living men, or subsisting realities, become transformed into the likeness of the wintry wolves, whom Thompson describes, and who, failing to get access into the villages,

"On churchyards drear, inhuman to relate,
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave... where
Mixed with foul shades and shrieking ghosts they
howl."

And here we must do the justice to the poor rebels of 1798 of stating, that they never pretended, as the excuse for their treason, any such calumnious misrepresentation of history, as Mr. Madden puts forward in his preface, for the purpose of justifying their opposition to British authority. We question whether any one of them has at any time alluded to the case of Father Sheehy. They were republicans upon principle. They boldly advocated the independence of Ireland. They sought not a mere redressal of grievances, real or supposed, which would leave the country still in subjection to the British crown. They aimed at a total overthrow of Anglican domination; and were actuated by a spirit which would suffer them to rest contented with nothing short of that national transformation, in which alone, to their seeming, could be realized the rights of man, and the country be made worthy to fraternize with "the republic one and indivisible." Such were the views of Arthur O'Connor, Emmet, Wolf Tone, Mac-

nevin, Neilson, Oliver Bond, and all the other leaders, who would scorn to justify their proceedings by any reference to the topics upon which Mr. Madden enlarges; and who, if Ireland had in times past been as well, as that gentleman contends that it was ill governed, would still, with an insane temerity, pursue their chimera of national independence.

When we look back upon this period, the two things which strike us as the most remarkable are, first the shallowness and incompetency of the giddy and presumptuous individuals who took upon themselves the remodelling of our whole social and political condition, and *that* at the expense of so much blood and tumult; and next, the singular forbearance of the government, in dealing so mercifully as they did with the leading disturbers. Of this, Neilson, Bond, Emmet, Macnevin, and many others who might be named, are examples. They were all, by their own confession, guilty of capital crimes. There was not one of them who might not lawfully have suffered death by the hands of the public executioner. We know that the government were pressed upon by their own more ardent partizans, to deal with such conspirators by a more summary process than that of the ordinary law; and that, had they done so, they would have been fully justified by the dreadful exigency of the times, which was altogether as pressing and as formidable as that which justified Cicero in his treatment of Cethegus, Lentulus, and the others, who had conspired with Cataline against the well-being of the Roman republic. That was not done. A spirit of clemency was manifested, at which we look back with some surprise; and the men by whom the country was plunged into civil war, were suffered quietly to take their departure from it, and that more in the character of belligerents who had extorted favourable terms from their adversaries, than of prostrate rebels who had reason to be thankful for their lives. Whether the event has or has not justified this great forbearance, is more than we will pretend to say. Undoubtedly, from the parties thus preserved, and the confederacy to which they belonged, and the faction who still identify themselves with their cause, the government got no

credit for it. Nay, it is even objected that the *truce*, forsooth, into which the rebel leaders entered, was violated by the government, and that having got the valuable information for which they stipulated, they did not fairly fulfil their part of the contract. Such is Mr. Madden's complaint. But we would be very glad to learn what information they got from them which could be called valuable, or which they did not know before? The government were well aware of all the negotiations of the conspirators with France, and could have given some of them information upon that subject, which might not a little move their wonder. And what else was communicated which was worth the ink which was employed in taking it down? Nothing. The prisoners firmly refused to make any disclosures which could, by possibility, compromise any of their associates who remained at large; and beyond mere matter of opinion, as to the causes of the late rebellion, and the possibility of maintaining in Ireland an independent republic, and the expediency of an immediate discontinuance of all severity towards the insurgents, we are unable to find any other equivalents which these persons gave for their lives. So that the conclusion is irresistible, that in dealing with them as they did, the government only sought an excuse to be merciful far beyond any measure of mercy that could fairly be expected by impenitent offenders.

The following is the examination of Neilson, as published by himself, and which took place on the 9th of August, 1798. The reader can judge for himself whether we have, or have not, undervalued its importance:—

“Is an United Irishman, has been so since the year 1791, was early and active in promoting the organization; was a member of the Dublin and Belfast *first* societies. That of Dublin had no concern whatever in commencing the organization; the meetings of both had ceased previous to the commencement of the latter; does not precisely recollect the period when the organization, as at present established, had its first beginning, but thinks it was very soon after government issued their proclamation against the volunteers in 1793. It commenced among some junior societies in Belfast, without any connexion with, or countenance from, the *original*

societies of 1791; the first society of Belfast, however, afterwards adopted the system, without any communication with the society in Dublin, or any persons of any persuasion in that place; on the contrary, it was very slowly they came into the measure, and not until the province of Ulster was completely organized. The system was completed in the summer of 1795, and it had spread very little in or about Dublin till the winter of 1796-7. The *original object* was solely that contained in the test; namely, *Equality of representation, without distinction on account of religion*: the ideas of a *republic and separation*, grew out of the severities practised by government upon the people; is positive that the measures of government induced the people to despair of any reform through the constituted authorities, and to look abroad for aid.

“Has heard of a letter of an early date, written by Mr. Tone on this subject; does not speak of Mr. Tone's opinion at any period, but of the public mind, and is positive that the only object of the Union at first was as before stated; latterly, a separation from England, and a republic, were the universal objects. There was early an idea of alarming government into a reform, but that hope had long been abandoned.

“Knew that there were communications held abroad, not, however, of himself, but from those in whom he could confide; knew nothing of any agent at Lisle, but has no doubt of there being a resident agent at Paris. Knew Lord Edward Fitzgerald; does not think he was extremely confident of an invasion: his reason for this opinion is, that he would have laboured more assiduously to persuade the people to *suffer* on rather than *resist*; besides, often heard him express a desire that Ireland should accomplish her own liberation, rather than owe it to a foreign power. Does think France will invade these countries; cannot tell how they will act if they succeed; does not think they will use it as a conquered country; thinks they may act as they have done in other countries.

“Was liberated in January or February last, on condition he should not become a member of any treasonable committee; took no part whatever after that in politics, previous to the arrest at Mr. Bond's, when he understood he was again to be cast in prison, if he could be found; after that, was very active in procuring the vacancies to be filled up which that day's arrest might have occasioned; attended several committees belonging to the Union; delivered some messages from Lord Edward Fitz-

gerald; was, together with his lordship, stopped by a patrol near Palmerstown, and liberated, after being a short time in custody, owing to the ignorance of the officer respecting our persons; has spoken thus freely of his lordship, because he is no more; but this moment it occurs to me, that his family may, by possibility, be injured, though he cannot; I will not, therefore, answer any other question respecting him. [Here an altercation took place between Lord Dillon and S. N., the former insisting on having an answer to every question, the latter warmly refusing to answer any that might implicate any person whatever: the Lord Chancellor interfering, said, '*Do you know, sir, where you are?*' S. N. '*I do know where I am; I know you may send me back either to my cell or to the scaffold; I am indifferent; but I will answer no question tending to implicate any person.*'] There was a letter found in his pocket, signed I. S.; he cannot say positively who wrote it; the object of it was to dissuade him from an enterprise against Kilmainham prison, but the author laboured under a mistake when he wrote it; there was an intention of attacking Newgate on the night of the 23rd of May; a principal end in view was the liberation of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; was in no official situation that night, further than to give every advice and assistance, where either might be thought necessary; does not know of any intimacy between Lord Edward and the Shearses.

"Does not think any numbers were *compelled* to become United Irishmen, but thinks many joined the Union because they thought it the strongest side; thinks it was the strongest side; thinks, had their affairs been well managed, they would have succeeded; cannot well account for the failure, but supposes they had a great loss in the imprisonment and absence of many of their leaders.

"Was often at the Dargle and Tinnehinch, sometimes alone and sometimes in company; recollects being there the spring of 1798, in company with Mr. Bond and Mr. Sweetman; saw Mr. Grattan that day, who obligingly accompanied us through the Dargle; had no political conversation of the slightest importance with Mr. G.; is certain not one word respecting the Union; does not recollect being there in company with any other person shortly after; cannot recollect; may have some time or other spoken to Mr. Grattan on the subject of the Union, as he has done to any other public man who did not belong to the body, but is

convinced that Mr. Grattan never had any the slightest connexion with the affairs of the Union; but though Mr. Grattan cannot be implicated, he must again put a stop to this kind of interrogatory, for other names may be mentioned, and his refusal to answer them would naturally lead to suspicion at least.

"Thinks government have latterly obtained some very correct information respecting the Union, but, in general, their information must have been exceedingly inaccurate. He has formed this opinion from various facts, but particularly from the nature of their arrests and prosecutions; thinks no more arrests necessary to restore quiet, but the system of lenity should be much farther extended, and the protections made absolute; thinks, also, that a radical change should take place in the magistracy. S. N. was then retiring, when Lord Kilwarden rose and said, '*Mr. Neilson, one moment—Were you to be consulted as to the best means of quieting the country, and keeping it quiet, how would you advise?*' '*My lord, I am glad you asked that question, for it gives me an opportunity of giving a last opinion respecting the country I so much love. I say, then, (and I speak from a knowledge of the people, as well as a feeling of their sufferings,) to rule this country in quiet, you must complete the amnesty: in a word, you must govern by public opinion, and not by force.*'

We would be glad to know what important light is thrown, by the above, upon any of the transactions connected with the then suppressed rebellion, for which the parties making it were not amply recompensed by the sparing of their lives?

Emmet expressly declares that the information which they gave was, for all purposes of prevention or precaution, absolutely worthless. The following are the words of that accomplished but misguided man:—

"We entered into this agreement the more readily, because it appeared to us that by it the public cause lost nothing. We knew, from the different examinations of the state prisoners before the privy council, and from conversations with ministers, that government was already in possession of all the important knowledge which they could obtain from us. From whence they derived their information was not entirely known to us; but it is now manifest that *Reynolds, M'Ginn, and Hughes*, not to speak

of the minor informers, had put them in possession of every material fact respecting the internal state of the Union; and it was from particular circumstances well known to one of us, and entirely believed by the rest, that its external relations had been betrayed to the English cabinet through the agency of a foreigner with whom we negotiated.

“This was even so little disguised, that on the preceding 12th of March, the contents of a memoir, which had been prepared by one of the undersigned at Hamburgh, and transmitted thence to Paris, were minutely detailed to him by Mr. Cooke. Nevertheless, those with whom we negotiated seemed extremely anxious for our communications. Their reasons for this anxiety may have been many, but two particularly suggested themselves to our minds; they obviously wished to give proof to the enemies of an Irish republic and of Irish independence of the facts with which they were themselves well acquainted, while, at the same time, they concealed from the world their real sources of intelligence. Nor do we believe we are uncharitable in attributing to them the hope and wish of rendering unpopular and suspected, men in whom the United Irishmen had been accustomed to place an almost unbounded confidence. The injurious consequences of government succeeding in both these objects were merely personal; and as they were no more, though they were revolting and hateful to the last degree, we did not hesitate to devote ourselves that we might make terms for our country.”

That men in their position, compromised as they were, and in the power of government, should, at such a time, have been permitted to assume such an attitude, use such language, and to enter, as they state, into a *compact* for the lives of others, all the advantages of which were to be on their side, is one of the many proofs which might be given of the lenity and consideration with which they were treated; a lenity, the expediency of which in the then state of the country, may be fairly doubted; and which would, assuredly, not have been practised towards their adversaries had they obtained the upper hand. Alas! how little they understood or valued the glorious constitution which they laboured to overthrow! Let the following, which we extract from an auto-biography of the man called General Holt, the leader of the Wicklow insurgents, speak for itself. He surrendered to government in order

to escape the destruction which he apprehended from his own followers; and, having returned from transportation, thus, in the very interesting account which he gives of the transactions in which he had been engaged, expresses his improved convictions. Doubtless, he is no favourite of Mr. Madden. He will not be enrolled amongst *his* worthies. But, while the struggle was going on, he won respect and consideration by his conduct and his courage as a man; nor will his sagacity be disparaged in the eyes of the judicious, because length of years and better experience enabled him to see the errors of his ways:—

“As my experience made me acquainted with the higher functionaries of the government, the more just and equitable was my treatment; and I must say, that I never made a complaint of ill usage to the higher powers, which was not treated with respect, properly investigated, and immediately remedied. It therefore now appears clear to my mind, that the government and laws which we wished to subvert, would have been succeeded, had the United Irishmen been victorious, by nothing half so good: the individuals who would have been placed in power not feeling so just notions of right as those already in authority. It was the corrupt and bad dispositions of the lower officers of government, and perhaps the innate depravity incident to man, that we ought to have rebelled against, and not the British laws and general government, which are certainly grounded in perfect equity, however they may be abused!”

Immediately upon the ratification of the treaty of Amiens, the state prisoners were enlarged. And what was the first use which they made of their liberty? *To enter into a negociation with the First Consul of France for the invasion of Ireland!* The following has, we believe, for the first time been made public in the memoir before us. It is an answer from Buonaparte to an application made to him by Thomas Addis Emmet, about four months after his unfortunate brother's abortive insurrection:—

“*Copy of the First Consul's Answer to my Memoir of the 13th Nivose, an. 12, (Dec. 13, 1803,) delivered to me by Mr. Dalton, 27 Nivose, same year.*

“*Le Premier Consul a lu avec la plus*

grande attention, la memoire qui lui a été adressé par M. Emmet le 13 Nivose.

“ Il desire que les Irlandais Unis soyent bien convaincus que son intention est d'assurer l'indépendance de l'Irlande, et de donner protection entière et affiance à tous ceux d'entre eux qui prendront part à l'expédition, ou qui se joindront aux armées Françaises.

“ Le Gouvernement Français ne peut faire aucune proclamation avant d'avoir touché le territoire Irlandais. Mais le général qui commandera l'expédition sera muni de lettres scellées, par lesquelles le Premier Consul declarera qu'il ne fera pas la paix avec l'Angleterre, sans stipuler pour l'indépendance de l'Irlande, dans le cas, cependant, où l'armée aurait été jointe par un corps considerable d'Irlandais Unis.

“ L'Irlande sera en tout traitée comme l'a été l'Amérique dans la guerre passée.

“ Tout individu qui s'embarquera avec l'armée Française destinée pour l'expédition, sera commissioné comme Français, s'il était arrêté, qu'il ne soit pas traité comme prisonnier Anglais.

“ Tout corps formé au nom des Irlandais Unis sera considéré comme faisant parti de l'armée Française. Enfin, si l'expédition ne réussissait pas et que les Irlandais fussent obligés de revenir en France, la France entretiendra un certain nombre de brigades Irlandaises, et fera des pensions, à tout individu qui aurait fait partie du gouvernement ou des autorités du pays.

“ Les pensions pourraient être assimilées à celles qui sont accordées en France aux titulaires de grade ou d'emplois correspondant, qui ne sont pas en activité.

“ Le Premier Consul desire qu'il se forme un comité d'Irlandais Unis. Il ne voit pas d'inconvénient à ce que les membres de ce comité fassent des proclamations, et instruisent leurs compatriotes de l'état de choses.

“ Ces proclamations seront insérées dans l'Argus et dans les differens journaux de l'Europe, à fin d'éclairer les Irlandais, sur la parti qu'ils ont à suivre, et sur les esperances qu'ils doivent concevoir. Si la comité veut faire un relation des actes de tyrannie exercées contre l'Irlande par la Gouvernement Anglais, on l'insérera dans le Moniteur.”

“ The preceding copy, as well as the succeeding note, is in the hand-writing of T. A. Emmet. ‘The foregoing is a correct copy of the First Consul's answer to my memoir; and in consequence of my quitting Europe for America, I leave this copy in the hands of John Sweetman.

(Signed) ‘THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.’

“ Paris, Sept. 2, 1804.”

Such were the men towards whom the government were not sufficiently indulgent, and against whom they are said to have practised the most grinding tyranny, because, during the war, they detained them in prison, while they spared their lives! We ask, is there a country under heaven in which such indulgence would be extended to such offenders?

Mr. Madden makes a great complaint against the employment of spies and informers. Very inconvenient country they were, no doubt, to those whose misdeeds they might reveal, and who would have been far better pleased had the conspiracy been suffered to mature and ripen, until it produced its proper fruit—massacre and revolution. But we would be glad to be informed by what other means the traitors could have been brought to justice? Has Mr. Madden any thing to say against the substantial truth of their averments? Miscreants some of them may have been, and very patriotic miscreants they would continue to be, if they only kept the treasonable counsels of which they were cognizant to themselves. But the instant they profess a readiness to put the government in possession of a formidable combination for the overthrow of all lawful authority, and for erecting an independent republic upon the ruins of the British constitution in Ireland, no language is too foul to mark the reprobation of the high-minded individuals whom they compromise by their disclosures, and nothing is left undone to make them the objects of popular execration. That many of these wretched men fell victims to the vengeance of the conspirators, we have the most indubitable proof. The volumes before us contain an account of the disappearance of Newel, “magnus conjuratoribustimor,” who was inveigled from the castle of Dublin, and assassinated in the North of Ireland, not far, we believe, from Carrickfergus. The truth is, that, such was the dread inspired by the United Irishmen, very few could be found to come forward against them; and up to the very eve of the explosion, government were without the legal proofs, by which their guilt could be brought home to the traitors. Every one knew that a tremendous convulsion was at hand; but no loyal man could say, of any one of the ring-leaders, “thou art the man.” Such

were the circumstances under which government availed themselves of the services of individuals, who could not indeed be described as "sans tache et sans raproche," but by whom information was given which enabled them to snatch the torch out of the hand of the incendiary, at the very moment when he was about to fire the train, which would have buried society in ruins. No wonder that Oliver Bond and others should have been very angry with such men as Bird, and Newel, and Reynolds! Oh! the naughty informers!

Let us not forget, however, that Mr. Madden's anger against them is for telling the truth; for stating *that*, *then*, when it could be available for the public safety, which he himself states now, when no object can be answered by it, but the glorification of the United Irishmen, and holding them up as an example of incorruptible patriotism to all succeeding times.

Neilson was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, in the north of Ireland. He entered into business in Belfast, and was a prospering merchant, at the time when so many wiser men became infected with the epidemic republicanism of the day. Politics soon became an engrossing occupation, to the serious detriment of his affairs. He became the proprietor and principal editor of the *Union Star*, long the principal organ of the northern united Irishmen, of which body he was one of the earliest members. Poor fellow, he was, we believe, sincere—and his devotion to the cause in which he embarked his substance, and for which he risked his life, was irrespective, we are disposed to think, of any personal objects. If all were known, it would, we fancy, be found that subsequent experience made him a sadder and a wiser man; but of his real history, little can be learned from such a biographer as Mr. Madden, whose regard for the man is always proportioned to, and arises out of, his admiration of the traitor; and who does not hesitate to disparage and vilify the objects of his tender patriotic solicitude, whenever they give evidence of any better spirit or sounder judgment than that for which they are bepraised. Writing from Fort George to his wife, in the year 1799, Neilson thus expresses himself, with respect to the then projected legislative union:—

"I see a union is determined on between Great Britain and Ireland. I am glad of it. In a commercial point of view, it cannot be injurious; and I can see no injury the country will sustain from it politically. So decidedly am I of this opinion, that I would purchase or rent land in Ireland at this moment in preference to any country on earth, had I it in my power. Many persons, however, of great knowledge, differ from me on this subject, but time will show who is right. You will say this is a point with which you have no concern. Very true. But as I know it will make a bustle with you, I wish you to be in possession of my opinion, in order that any person may have it, who thinks it worth the asking for. If I had possessed the means, I would have published my sentiments on this subject, in a short, nervous pamphlet; so deeply am I impressed with its national utility. In spite of fate, in spite of persecution, and in spite even of ingratitude itself, I find Ireland will be uppermost in my thoughts, go where I will."

Such was Neilson's opinion of that measure which is now cried out against as the most ruinous that could be devised, and as the crowning injustice of England towards Ireland. And upon this, what does Mr. Madden say? He accuses this poor man of deliberate falsehood; of professing an opinion which he did not, in reality, entertain! The following is the note which he appends to the passage above quoted:—

"The opinion expressed in the above paragraph, if really entertained by the writer, would imply either an extraordinary degree of inconsistency, or of sagacity, that looked to the very distant and possible results of that measure for the accomplishment of his objects. The sincerity of the opinion, however, is very problematical. It is difficult to reconcile his new-born zeal for a union with England with his previous efforts to effect a separation, especially when we find the same principles on which he started in 1791, avowed in one of his letters in 1802. Perhaps the solution of the mystery will be found in the garrison regulation, which submitted the correspondence of the state prisoners to the inspection of the governor and the secretary of state.—R. R. M."

We ask the reader, whether, upon any one of the suppositions here put forward, Neilson could be considered

an honest man? Upon one of them, even his sanity might be questioned. That he should advocate, or rather express himself favourably, of a measure which was then in embryo, and that, in a confidential letter to his wife, *because* he saw in it the seeds of future dismemberment, through which might be accomplished the independence of Ireland—this may be a notion very worthy of Mr. Madden to entertain, but which can only provoke the quiet smile of every more rational observer. And that he should have written falsely, for the purpose of mystifying the governor, or in the hope that his pretended sentiments would be conveyed to the government, by whom they might be favourably regarded, and procure for him some additional indulgence—this presents the state prisoner in a point of view still more contemptible and degrading, as telling a lie, and yet telling it in such a way, that the chances were one hundred to one it never could answer its intended object; and *that*, while nothing was easier than to write on the subject directly to his old friend, Lord Castle-reagh, of whom he had at one time been a strenuous supporter at contested elections, and to whose remembrance of his early services, we cannot help, in part, at least, attributing the preservation of his life. Such is the manner in which Mr. Madden deals with the characters of the men for whom he professes such ardent admiration! As long as they continue high-fliers on the road of treason, no eulogy can be too extravagant. They are the finest fellows in the world; martyrs to a most glorious cause. But as soon as ever any symptom of hesitancy manifests itself, which might give rise to a suspicion that they had begun to be distrustful of the views which, in the over-sanguine temperament of youth, they had been led incautiously to entertain, all his respect for them vanishes, and they become capable in his eyes, not only of conduct the most idiotic, but of falsehood, at the same time, the most despicable and the most revolting.

That Neilson entertained misgivings respecting the soundness of his early views, appears, we think, in the following passage, which we extract from a letter to his wife, written in the year 1802:—

“To my imprisonment I owe the full conviction that all human wisdom is folly and vanity, and that there is no happiness but in virtue; no rest, but in the grave.

“The opinions which I hold, and the principles for which I have suffered, are at present out of vogue and unfashionable; and many, I know, will despair of their success. If they are wrong, they should not succeed; and if they are right, they must and will succeed; for it is God who rules the world. Remember me in the most affectionate manner to my mother and sisters, to your father and mother, and in general to all my friends and relations. Give my love to my children. May the Almighty bless and preserve you all, is the hourly prayer of your affectionate,
“S. N.”

He was, we believe, wholly guiltless of the treachery which Mr. Moore more than insinuates against him in his life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. That his want of caution may have led to the apprehension of that unhappy nobleman, may, indeed, be true; but on the very evening following his capture, he had planned the storming of Newgate, for the purpose of effecting his enlargement; and his reckless boldness in reconnoitering the prison, for the better accomplishment of this design, led to his own seizure; and very nearly cost him his life. He was vain, rash, unguarded, indiscreet, but not capable of the deliberate treachery, under the imputation of which his character long suffered in the minds of some of the most ardent friends of the Union.

Nor can we part with this poor fellow, without giving a touch of his domestic character that is very endearing. He desired, earnestly, the presence of his son, a youth of tender years, to solace him in his confinement. The boy arrived, and the question then was, how he was to be supported? That difficulty Neilson obviated on this wise:—

“His expense I cover in this way—we are allowed somewhat more than four glasses (about two-thirds of a pint), of wine every day at dinner; this, I save, and sell privately to some of the prisoners, at 3s. 6d. per bottle, which pays for his diet, having agreed for it at the cheap rate of £15 per annum. The first quarter will be due on the 23d of this month. I will by that time have an-

much due to me as will pay for it. I don't feel the slightest inconvenience from this privation; and though it looks a little awkward to sit at table while others are taking their glass, yet my fellow-prisoners cannot but esteem me the more for the motive; indeed I feel a good deal pinched about the usual expenses of mending, washing, paper, quills, &c. &c., not having, at present, a crown in the world. But then I do not owe a farthing to any person, and I have learned to make a little go very far. If my liberation were once accomplished, I am not at all afraid of being soon out of these difficulties, provided my health continues. Whenever I turn my eyes to this subject, my feelings are all for you, not for myself."

The arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a blow at the heart of the Union, which it never recovered. For that, traitors of every grade have never ceased to execrate the memory of the late Major Sirr; as he it was, to whose vigilance and intrepidity the government were indebted for that service. Mr. Madden, of course, is unsparing in his vituperation of him. But, it is very remarkable, that by no one of the state prisoners, with many of whom he was almost constantly in contact, is any complaint made, which would lead to the supposition that he was the monster, which he is described. On the contrary, they all acknowledge, that, as prisoners, they were treated with lenity and consideration. Mr. Madden takes the speech of counsel in the case of "Hevey versus Sirr," as damning evidence of the major's delinquency. This is sufficiently absurd; but he does not state, perhaps he did not know, that Hevey subsequently acknowledged the major as his benefactor; and that he was a pensioner upon his bounty at the very time when Lord Brougham, in the House of Commons, was repeating all Curran's exaggerated statements to his prejudice, in the debate on the sheriff of Dublin inquiry. The poor man died, we believe, about a week after.

With respect to Lord Edward Fitzgerald's death, many rumours were abroad, to some of which it would be very painful for us to allude. One thing is certain, viz., that he did not die of his wounds. Another thing may be considered almost certain, viz., that had he not died when he did, he must very soon have fallen by the hand

of the public executioner. That his family were spared the ignominy of such an end, may, in the painful predicament to which he was reduced, have been felt as the lesser of two evils. His aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, had an interview of some hours with him, during which she and the unhappy nobleman were alone, on the evening previous to his death. Of this interview Mr. Madden thus writes, on the authority, he says, of a person of rank and consideration:—

"When Lady Louisa Conolly received the intelligence that her nephew, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was dying, she applied to Lord Camden for leave to see him; Lord Camden displayed the most callous indifference to her misery, while, on a similar application to Lord Clare, he showed great warmth of feeling, and delicacy of character. Lord Camden was a man with the fibres of feeling as insensible as the fibres of intellect, to external objects; but truth is truth, and Lord Clare behaved like a man of feeling and generosity on that occasion.

"Lady Louisa Conolly, having her niece, Miss Emily Napier, with her, went to Lord Camden, and prayed him long and earnestly, in vain, to let her visit Lord Edward Fitzgerald in his prison. When she came back to her carriage, she said, with a violence of feeling the more remarkable from its contrast with the sedate and tranquil dignity which belonged to her character, 'I, who never before knelt to aught but my God, grovelled at that man's feet in vain!' From the Castle she drove to Lord Clare's house. He was at dinner; it was a sort of a cabinet dinner, but he came out instantly to her carriage, having his napkin in his hand. She asked him for an order to see Lord Edward. He said he 'could not give her one, it had been so settled,' but seeing the strong emotion excited by this answer, he added abruptly, 'but I can go with you, and let you into the jail;' then jumping into the carriage, having his napkin still in his hand, he drove to the jail, introduced her, and, after some time, came out to Miss Napier, and said 'Lady Louisa will be a long time, it is not fitting you should remain here; I will stop with her;' and then, placing a police officer behind the carriage to protect it, he sent Miss Napier home, retired to the outer room of Lord Edward's prison, and remained for three or four hours, waiting Lady Louisa's time of departure."

The language of this document is

quite sufficient to stamp upon it the value to which it is entitled. Can any gentleman, for one moment, believe that Lord Camden *could* have acted in the manner described? If there be such a one, he must be one *who would himself* so act under such circumstances. The plain facts were these :—The lord lieutenant told Lady Louisa that the privy council had come to a resolution which rendered it impossible for him to comply with her request. This he conveyed with every feeling of sympathy, and in language the gentlest and the most respectful ; and he then referred her to Lord Clare. We believe the writer is perfectly correct in his statement of what subsequently occurred, when the latter nobleman was applied to. The afflicted lady did not affect to think that her nephew was dying ; she desired, she said, chiefly, to confer with him respecting his defence. *What the precise import of the communications were, which passed between them during their long and private interview, has not transpired ;* and it were, perhaps, better for all parties that they should be buried in a charitable oblivion.

Of Lord Clare we will not permit ourselves to say much at present, as we hope, in a subsequent number, to do justice to his character, when he comes to take his place, as shortly, we trust, he will do, in the gallery of illustrious Irishmen. But this much it is our bounden duty to declare, that to his firmness and determination, at this period, the loyal party in this country were indebted for the timely and effectual suppression of the late rebellion. By the prompt arrest and the summary disposal of the few leaders who were capitally convicted, he struck terror into the hearts of the disaffected, by which the right arm of treason became paralysed. The penetrating vigour of his intellect enabled him to see with an almost intuitive sagacity into their designs ; and the manly and intelligible course of action upon which he resolved, avoiding alike the extremes of a maudlin sentimentalism and a ruthless severity, was just that which was calculated to meet the crisis, and the only one by which the machinations of the United Irishmen could have been defeated without shedding an ocean of blood. This, we know, is not the opinion of Mr. Madden, and of a vast number of

unexecuted patriots who have survived these disastrous times ; but they, themselves, are living evidences of the clemency of that abused executive which they attempt to disparage by their calumnious misrepresentations.

When Arthur O'Connor visited this country, which he was permitted to do in 1834, for the purpose of arranging his affairs, he was present at some of O'Connell's gatherings. Dining with a friend on the day of one of these meetings, he admitted the great improvement which had taken place in the country during his absence. "You have," he said, "better houses, the people are better clothed and fed ; in all the material of prosperity you are greatly in advance of what you were ;—but, my dear sir, the *mind* of the country,—how sadly is that deteriorated ! Where is now the spirit, and the energy, and the intelligence, which marked the public proceedings in my day ? Where ? Any where and every where rather than in The Repeal Association." It certainly was not to be found there. The mind of the country has now better employment. If the expatriated rebel would find it, he should have looked for it at the bar, in the church, in the medical profession, amongst the race of quiet and unobtrusive country gentlemen and merchants, who bless God for the enjoyment of that equal constitutional liberty, under the protection of which they can prosecute their lawful industry, or enjoy their honourable independence. We would have supposed that Arthur O'Connor's common sense would have taught him the difference between agitators of the present day, and those who flourished when he was an active political character in Ireland. Then, men of education and intellect were to be found struggling for the attainment of those visionary objects which experience has proved to be impracticable and vain. Now all such pursuits are abandoned to a few designing knaves and the ignoble vulgar. The distemper is now passing off at the extremities, which formerly attacked the more noble members. O'Connell represents, in his own person, a forty-horse power of fraud and cunning, out of which five hundred village attorneys might be furnished. He is favoured

by the co-operation of the Romish priests, who have, indeed, entered with a degree of heartiness and zeal into the designs of the agitator, greater than his mercenary purposes require; and by whom he has been frequently alarmed lest they should make the caldron, which he only requires to be kept up to the boiling point, boil over. There is such a thing as fishing profitably in troubled waters; but well the old deceiver knows, that when they are agitated by hurricane violence there can be little pastime, while there is much danger. But let us present our readers with a brief and graphic sketch, by a recent German visitor, of the liberal school, of one of those assemblies in which poor Arthur O'Connor saw nothing but a contrast to those with which, in the more stirring period preceding 1798, he had been acquainted. Thus writes M. Kohl:—

“It was one of the common repeal meetings, which O'Connell frequently calls together in order to keep up the fire of agitation among the people, and took place in a room of the Corn Exchange in Dublin. Although I arrived at the appointed hour, I found the room full to suffocation. The assembly consisted, to judge by their exterior, almost entirely of Kerry men, and Clare and Kildare men, such as I had observed in the interior of the country, dressed in their peculiar garb of rags. To my surprise, I saw but few whole coats, and but few such people as we should call respectable and substantial citizens. They all stood and sat on benches, ranged like an amphitheatre, round the room. At the table, in the middle, sat some writers and reporters. A gallery, which was raised above the heads of the rest, was filled with women, boys, and girls. I perceived that there was some room at the centre table, and endeavoured to make my way to it. Instantly a number of arms were ready with their kind assistance, and at last I was lifted and handed over the heads of the people, and over the railing which surrounded the table, from which I safely descended. Rags and tatters hung over the railings on every side, for torn clothes were almost the universal uniform of the emerald legion. I do not wish to say any thing insulting or offensive, nor would I speak with any hard-heartedness or want of compassion of the poor fellows who could procure no better uniform than rags for the solemn assembly of the repealers; but I wish only to impress upon my

readers the fact, that most of O'Connell's repealing friends who appeared here in public wore tattered garments. The next morning, however, I read in the public newspapers, that 'the repeal meeting of yesterday was very respectably attended.' ”

Such is a sample of the canaille gatherings by which, with the aid of a very powerful press, O'Connell has hitherto been able to do so much mischief. All the rank, all the property, all the respectability of the country, with exceptions so inconsiderable as only to establish the rule, are on the other side. In one respect, indeed, the present movement differs from that of 1798. The Romish priesthood did not, at the latter period, make themselves conspicuous as disturbers. Where they did appear conspicuously, they rather appeared to discountenance than to encourage those who were labouring to mislead the people. Now they are, heart and soul, identified with the cause of repeal. They are, of all classes, those who have thrown themselves most prominently forward; and made it clearly manifest that every power, every faculty, and every particle of influence which they possess, will be devoted to the attainment of an object, compared with which all other objects are, in their regards, but mean and worthless; an object which, if once attained, all other objects which they could desire must be easily brought within their reach. In 1798 Maynooth had been too short a time established to produce its proper fruits—a vulgar, bigoted, agitating clergy. Thanks to the munificent liberality of the government, that is not now the case. Instead of leaving the Romish system to crumble away under those influences which, in a country like ours, must have ensured its gradual decay, by means of a state endowment it has been *buckramed*, as it were, into an unnatural erectness and vigour; and we see, accordingly, a race of demagogue priests, who are well qualified to second O'Connell in all his designs, and by whom the people will be drilled into a subordination to his views and purposes, which may enable him to inflict upon his country incalculable evils.

The government have at length aroused themselves. By one bold act of vigour, the career of the mendicant

incendiary has been arrested.* Will this be followed up? Have the government, "screwed their courage to the sticking place?" These are the questions which are anxiously asked by every man of worth and respectability, whose indignation was moved, that so great a license has been hitherto given to the public disturber. "The government will *not* persevere; they *dare* not! We are eight millions! We defy them! Remember the concessions in 1829—remember the physical-force demonstrations which extorted the reform bill from the House of Lords!" Such is the answer which the question receives from O'Connell's partizans, who seem filled with confidence, that even still the prosecutions will be abandoned. We possess far too little of the confidence of any of the great parties in the state, to venture upon the solution of a difficulty, respecting which the minds of men are so much divided. But while we may not say, what *will*, we venture to suggest, what *ought*, to be the conduct of the government, at the present very appalling crisis.

We think, then, that they are right in trying whether the agitation with which they have at length resolved to grapple, can be put down by the ordinary operation of the law. We see no reason to doubt that, in the coming trials, they will succeed. Their case is, or ought to be, a good one; and we have no fears that a jury may not be found in Dublin, who will return a true verdict according to the evidence. But, supposing a conviction—what,

then? Fine and imprisonment? But the fine will be paid out of "the Rent!" and O'Connell has already a certificate of health in his pocket, which would render it impossible for any legal tribunal to inflict upon him a long confinement. No matter. A conviction will still tell heavily against his cause; and we have no desire to precipitate the dissolution of the poor old incendiary himself, if we could once see an end to repeal agitation." But, suppose there should be no conviction,—every thing leads us to suppose that *that* case has been fully provided for; and as surely as the authorities exhibit a vigour and a resolution equal to the crisis, so surely will the difficulties vanish which have hitherto caused them to regard, as an almost hopeless task, the safe and the constitutional government of Ireland. Coquet with the disturbers, and you but provoke; grapple with them, and you put them down. Use the honied accents of conciliation towards them, and they are met by a scornful and derisive smile; speak in a voice of thunder, which will *make* itself be heard, and presently their empty vapourings are made manifest, and they become as contemptible as they would have been dangerous, if neglected. In truth, the whole philosophy of the policy, which should be at present pursued, is contained in the following lines, which we commend to the attention of our statesmen:—

"Gently stroke the angry nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And unhurt your hand remains."

* The following very forcible writing appeared in the "Warder" of the 11th of November. It describes the appearance of O'Connell, when called upon to plead in the Queen's Bench, to the indictment, charging him and others with a conspiracy, &c.:—

"There stood Daniel O'Connell! At last hunted down!—grimly confronted with his ancient, long evaded foe—THE LAW. There stood the breathing impersonation of the dark, wild spirit, which has for ages lain in the bosom of Ireland, a living curse and agony! There stood the representative of four-million power of human force! Tremendous prodigy! Snared in the subtle tackle of the law. There stood, in visible presence as it were, by necromantic compulsion evoked and revealed, the evil genius—the terrible, inexplicable night-mare of England! Was there one man in that crowded court, who did not feel, that when O'Connell presented himself there, it was a moment full of awe, and pregnant with the most tremendous consequences? Was there one man there who did not know, that in the scene before him he was beholding history? We speak not of the lesser fry that followed in the wake of the stranded Leviathan; but, lest the sublime should want its grain of the ridiculous—lest the monkey should be even for a moment altogether lost to the tiger, we have poor Tom Steele, without counsel, conducting his own defence, with much enthusiasm and courageous craziness. A strange, incongruous burlesque, which however, cannot essentially disturb the solemnity of the occasion, (for it is real,) and which serves only, by contrast, to deepen and darken the grander and grimmer characters of the scene."

THE FEUILLETONISTS OF FRANCE.

BAZAC—EUGENE SUE—ALEX. DUMAS—FREDERIC SOULIE—MADAME EMILE DE GIRARDIN—
 PHILARETE—CHARLES—JULES JANIN, ETC.

We say it thankfully, we have as yet no feuilleton in England. We do not draw a line across our newspaper columns; the upper portion devoted to the serious news, the grave discussions, the important events of Europe—the lower yielded up, to a hasty criticism or scandalous story, making of the journal a very mermaid, with a fair head and foul termination. The feuilleton has not invaded our literature, to inspire dread of its decline; it does not stare us in the face, like a malady under its several forms; either as the weakness which breaks down a sane constitution, or a vile disease, showing its blots and stains in the glare of mid-day, so that the same page, divided for the purpose, may minister to the parent's studies, and darken the mind of his young daughter. It is only of late years, that the feuilleton has attained its increased vogue, even through its defects; less obtrusive, and more important formerly, it was the medium of sounder criticism—it did not admit nine volumes of a novel to "drag their slow length along," eked out with biographies of thieves and prostitutes. Treating this kind of literature as what it is, a trade, and looking on its sale as on that of ribbons and artificial flowers, which are worn a day and thrown by, and never expected to be valuable or natural, it would require no further notice than do these, provided it were harmless; we might merely say that the supply exceeded the demand, (a common inconvenience with machines,) as there will always exist the keen eye and true ear, which distinguish the page amid the heap—the low voice amid the noise—which should be pondered on and obeyed. To do the great majority of these writers justice, they are incapable of inflicting injury—the thousand small tales which float over our breakfast tables, will leave no memory for good or for evil, when they fall from our hands; those who put them forth are on the tread-mill of authorship; the

foot always in motion has not advanced when night comes—it is only weary. But the clever writer is seldom passive: if not useful he is dangerous, and the pages, dangerous beneath the cover of their octavo volume, are far more so consigned to the morning papers in choice morsels, which lie within the grasp of the uneducated, discontented, and very poor.

It is difficult to believe that the writer who takes for his theme the worst phases of humanity, can imagine that, having accustomed his readers' minds to vice and crime, through a work which seems composed to educate a malefactor, he administers the antidote, by noting their punishment in the closing chapters. Supposing his sincerity, his method resembles that of a surgeon, who would urge his pupil over a precipice, in order that, when he lay at the bottom, with broken bones, he might explain, scientifically, how the fracture happened.

This sort of literature has not even the merit of originality; the vain and cynical Restif de la Bretonne, who died in 1806, having lived and written through the old revolution, was perhaps the responsible parent of this numerous progeny. We do not mean to say that his productions appeared at the foot of a daily paper, though it is possible the "*Dames Nationales*" may have been brought out as they were dated, day by day, each having its own tale, and, for heroine, a female of Paris, or the provinces. Every anecdote of vice—every revolting crime noted down by Restif de la Bretonne, served to swell these volumes. He was in the habit of stopping in the street any poor girl he met, and paying her to tell him her story; and was indeed so little scrupulous, that the shameless conduct of his wife supplied him with a tale, as did his own with a drama. Devoid of talent as of education—though he affirmed he had outdone Newton, and called Buffon a mole—he compiled, in this manner,

two hundred volumes. Like our modern feuilletonists, he called them "moral medicine," and affirmed that, painting the misery resulting from disorderly conduct, he hoped to arrive at its correction. Like the feuilletonists, he rests on the details, *con amore*. In his youth, a compositor in a printing-office, he returned to his old trade during the Revolution; and persons who knew him, said he often printed whole passages of his works without copy, finding reflection unnecessary, and that his style did not suffer. The *Dames Nationales* bear on their title-page the date of '94. It was in this work, as well as in the *Contemporaines* and *Provinciales*, that Restif de la Bretonne had the effrontery to place beside vile and despicable names, those of women hitherto respected, in spite of some early error, they had hoped was unknown or forgotten; and some of whom died of grief.

While we say that our newspaper novelists resemble Restif de la Bretonne, for the matter and the manner, we would not cast on them blame of this nature. We gladly believe that the allusions which have had some share in their success, were fancied rather than found. To give a list of these writers here, would be to fill the space allotted to us, with names for the most part unknown. We have mentioned but some of the leaders—Eugène Sue, author of the "Mystères de Paris," and capable of better things; Balzac, four or five of whose works will, with their truth and nature, more than win pardon for the rest; Alexandre Dumas, with his journeys, and tales, and dramas; Soulie, the writer of the infamous "Mémoires du Diable," of which the hero is the least depraved personage; Madame Emile de Girardin, erst Delphine Gay, who figures in the feuilleton of the presse, as Vicomte de Launay; Philarette Chasles, the most competent and fairest judge of English literature; and the monarch of dramatic criticism, Jules Janin, seated on his throne at the foot of the Debats, monarch *de facto*, not *de jure*; and though the first, without the fraction of a fortification, to guard the ill-won and ephemeral royalty which shakes its sceptre every Monday over the drama; and having first exalted, strives to crush Rachel, with the hand which raised the clown bureau. If, waving all right of pre-

cedency, we name him before others mentioned above, it is not because his pages of impurity, unmarked by genius, and of invective, unsupported by argument, stamp him truly critic or novelist. In unhealthy seasons, the foliage is often covered by a small species of worm, which takes its colour as if to assert its identity with what it preys on; to see and save the leaf, we must touch the insect, though only to cast it aside. For the race of critics, who see only themselves in the work before them—who, to buy the fee or the fame more easily, will look through a medium of blame or ridicule—we express disgust and indignation. They do not want influence; and arriving thus, through a popular organ, they make the opinions of a large public—too idle or incapable to seek them farther; just so literary as to repeat and enjoy a witty injustice. They are the hope or fear of the authors who jostle each other on the encumbered level ground, and the high-placed will stoop sometimes to court incense, whose fumes must be unwholesomely strong to cover what it ascends from. Worse than all, they will seize on the conscientious student in his poor chamber—increase their sale by his ruin—fill their purse with his tears—till he has lost faith in himself; and, meant for something better, sinks down, till he comes, perhaps, even to his tormentor's level, knocking at his splashed door to sell him unfelt praise and censure, as a cheap and nameless collaborator. That Monsieur Janin commenced life in an humble station, and in poverty, is a circumstance only calculated to wake interest in his career. He was born near Lyons, and coming to Paris to seek his fortune, found employment in the *Figaro*, the most violent of the opposition papers of the time; and where his exertions were most miserably paid, at the rate of about a guinea per month. His biographers say, he wrote at the same time for the *Figaro* and the ultra-royalist, the *Quotidienne*. One twentieth of January, the hand which should have penned the anniversary article to the memory of Louis XVI. being found wanting, Monsieur Janin indited that which was accepted and successful; for it attracted the notice of the Duchess of Angoulême, who summoned to court and to her presence, as a trusty champion, the

deserter from the camp of Figaro. Having questioned him as to its authorship, she merely added, "You may boast that you have made me weep!" and so parted from him, believing her words a sufficient mark of royal favour. Shortly after this brief glimpse of the Tuileries, the Duchess de Berry, as well as the contributor to the *Quotidienne*, was present at an exhibition of objects of art and industry. She noticed his admiration of a breakfast service in Sevres porcelain, and recollecting, or asking his name, commanded that it should be carried to his lodgings in the morning. Thus ended his dream of court patronage. But he arrived at the *Revue de Paris*, founded about this time, and was admitted to the feuilletton of the *Debats*, to which he imparted a novel tone and form, which at first he had some difficulty in rendering acceptable. It proved his path to success; a success dependent on position rather than on talent. Flippant, and ignorant, and angry, his criticism is made up of mistakes and contradictions; his style of loud sentences, which hang awkwardly on one another, connected, as they are, not by ideas, but words, empty and noisy, as the drum which beats to arms.

In the preface to his *ouvrés complètes*, a preface occupying a volume, Mons. Janin has inserted his autobiography. He is arrived, he says, at that time of life, when the writer, who, like André Chenier, recognizes something in his brain, turns aside from the essays of his youth, to compositions of another and higher order. We trace no resemblance between André Chenier and Monsieur Janin. This biography of the latter, though interlarded with the vanity and bad taste which are his groundwork elsewhere, belongs to the best of his productions. There is something akin to nature and feeling, where he describes his parting from his mother, his arrival at the college of Louis le Grand, and his return to his affectionate old aunt; when, the years of probation ended, she comes to seek and share his pittance with him, on a fourth floor of the Rue St. Jacques; a mournful close, he says, to his poetic dreams. But in the next page he consoles himself by adding, "*the Parisian grisette is not a dream*," (we never thought she was,) "and that he and his comrades, at this time, en-

veloped every thing in a mantle of youth and poetry; a mantle, above all serviceable in winter, when their female companions arrived with '*frozen snout and reddened paw*.'" We are quoting Mons. Janin, and we rejoice with him in his possession of a cloak which veiled these accessories. After a description of a favourite dog, and of a horse he saw reared when he was poor, and bought when he was prosperous, in some of his few attractive pages, there is a long tirade concerning another dog, given by Lamartine; as he says, "a charming child of a Greek mother, born in the saloon of the poet, sung by the poet before his departure for the east—noble present of the poet." So tells us the disarmed critic. Farther on, we hear that his personal adventures will give an idea of the literary history of the epoch. He took up his trade of journalist because, one day, near the doors of the opera comique, he met a young man with a well-dressed lady on his arm. The young man was a writer for some newspaper—the lady was a dancer. At this time, all women, while yet young and well-looking, seemed to him surrounded by a *bluish, flaming halo, a phosphorus proceeding from the soul, the while there sounded through his head a poetic hum*; in short, viewing the lady in this punch-like light, Monsieur Janin accepted a place in his friend's box, and the next day was bound hand and foot to a newspaper, which ended, we hear, (after three pages descriptive of the power and place of a man of letters, and which we find to our surprise refer to the newspaper critic,) in "*seating him in the air, calm and happy*, the crowd trembling and gazing from below." Monsieur Janin being the very first gentleman of the press we ever heard of in such a position, we applaud his courage. When he touched the journal at its *inoffensive extremities*, criticism as a *trade* mingled itself with all his sensations. He battled long in the opposition—the high-road under the Bourbons. He began, with some other men, by publishing a paper which soon became popular, filled with very violent personal invective directed against all in power;—the newspaper which vanquished the obstinacy of Charles X. and the *crabbed resignation* of the Duchess of Angouleme;—Mons. Janin

alludes to the *Figaro*. We end this long biography by the discovery that the author has given proof of self-abnegation, by thus presenting us with these productions of his youth; that the novel of the "Dead Ass and the Guillotined Woman" is a burning dream of his twentieth year, *the age of misanthropy*! We really want space to cite more, even of his regrets, sounded over a feuilleton which appears among these tales, called, "The Rendezvous," and which is the detail of his sensations while he waited the coming of a lady-love, before Notre Dame, and was consoled for her absence by gazing at the cathedral—for the regrets refer to the latter. He had, perhaps, he says, Hugo's romance in his brain, but the brain turned and it came not forth. We cannot be expected to treat such as the "Dead Ass and the Guillotined Woman," "Barnave," &c. so seriously as to make extracts from their contents, or attempt an analysis. The first would hardly be admissible in these pages, and the last would be scarcely possible; for the beginning, middle, and end of Monsieur Janin's productions never form a whole. "L'Ane Mort" was, according to his first intention, a parody of those works of disordered imagination which were then overflowing France; but the writer, changing his mind at the outset, took up his subject seriously. He says, frankly enough, in his preface, that there is nothing more difficult than to tell the why and wherefore of a literary work; and for his own part, he did not, on setting forth, know whither he was going, and, now he had stopped short, was doubtful of what he had done; uncertain whether he had written a frivolous romance or a literary dissertation, a bloody pleading in favour of the punishment of death, a personal history, or a dream made through thunder and lightning.

Leaving us to choose among them, he sees Criticism enter, wearing the shape of an aged lady, indifferently disposed towards him. He certainly tells her, he is no poet, that he has written a parody, (for this time he has discovered under what head his book must be classed,) but that it is a parody, by mishap, a parody made against his will. Moreover, he says he has worked thus to inflict on him-

self an indignation of fatiguing emotions, so daily abused, but wished to prove nothing so easy as this kind of fabrication. We can believe this last assurance easily; and he adds that these are the exact memoirs of his youth. Having, likewise, informed his lady-listener, that "ebane is every body's property," described his plan for building a gothic castle; proposed a better Don Quixotte in the place of him we know, exclaimed against egotism in artists, (a fitting creed for those who rob and maim their neighbours,) we are not surprised to hear that Criticism, when he supposes her about to kiss his cheek, administers a violent bite; and we do not think she needs the excuse of those political hatreds, which already, he says, were gathering round him. If "L'Ane Mort" really formed an episode of Monsieur Janin's history, we know no writer, saving, perhaps, Restif de la Bretonne, who would be so frank as to reveal such adventures to the public; and we pity their hero very sincerely. We find him first seeking emotions at the Barrière du Combat, of which he gives a description such as might turn a butcher's stomach. Having gone thither on a day on which there is no performance, it is for his own private gratification that an ass with a broken forefoot is brought out to be baited and devoured by bulldogs; and when the unhappy beast sinks down dying, he discovers in him an old acquaintance, whom he apostrophizes sentimentally as old Charlot. The hero and heroine of the tale are Charlot the ass, and Henrietta the prostitute. He calls himself most wretched of the three, though innocent; an opinion in which neither the reader nor the sufferer are likely to coincide. The next chapter, introductory to this memoir of pure youth, has some pretensions about it, where he describes the arrival of Henrietta, yet a fresh country girl, on the back of Charlot. It is, of course, deformed by the inflated style, and ridicule, inseparable from the writer, who, for instance, portrays the ineffable happiness of placing on his head the straw bonnet she has let drop in her rapid race, and of sitting gravely in her place, on the back of the recovered runaway. Such as it is, it is the best of the volume: the rest seems a vile and vicious nightmare. On

their second meeting, he follows Henrietta to the Morgue, whither she goes with perfect self-possession, to assure herself that the corpse there is that of her lover, and that she is therefore free; thence to the house of the surgeon, who galvanises this same corpse in Henrietta's presence—her historian falling in love with her; notwithstanding, though he makes no attempt at her rescue, but merely determines to track her steps, and watch her passively on her hardened path to perdition. We believe Monsieur Janin is the first who has dared trace the whole existence of a heroine so chosen, till, passing by the hospital and the house of infamy, she arrives at murder, in the commission of which her biographer rejoices, exclaiming in the most affecting manner, "She is mine, —mine wholly, until I yield her to the executioner!"

This story, at no moment inspiring another feeling than disgust, is broken by chapters, having no reference to it whatever, being a succession of feuilletons, written to prove a variety of positions, such as that hanging, drowning, and impalement, are pleasing sensations; he being so assured by three recovered victims; the hanged having found a luxury in swinging, the impaled in contemplating the view of Constantinople; the drowned in feeling that the Rhone and the Saone, meeting at the place where he sank, disputed possession of him, and embraced him in turn.

We should ask our readers' pardon for having paused on it thus long, but that the supporters of Monsieur Janin dignify it as his best work, and that which made his reputation.

If for this volume we make an excuse, by calling it a parody, what palliation can we find for Barnave, containing, as it does, pages yet more sullied. The preface only calls for our notice by reason of its tirade against the whole line of Orleans, commencing with Philippe Egalité, and, passing by the Regent, to Louis the Fourteenth's brother, pointing out the long range of infamy, and treason, and shame, and corruption:—

"I know," he says, addressing the public, "what reasons for silence you would give me: among the rest that the memory of this prince is henceforth shielded by a crown. But your reasons

are not mine. This prince, whom I seize on, is my revolution of 1830,—the timber which, all soiled, has come to me from the shipwreck. This so dramatic family is my progress, my spoil of the day after the victory; the spoil of which each has his share, all riving it to rags. The Duke of Orleans has the crown of France,—I have Philippe Egalité. It is my fault if you are constrained to deny your ancestors, as a *parvenu* of yesterday disavows his father the tax-gatherer. I do not know what I might gain in this complicity of lies; but I am sure it would be useless to those I should flatter so basely. Your inheritance is embarrassed by none of those legacies of glory it is sometimes difficult to pay," &c. &c.

The novel of Barnave was bought up when Monsieur Janin became a partizan of the same Orleans he attacked so violently; and, looking on a little farther, we find, among the "Français Peints par Auxmêmes" the number which contains "Le Roi," and we hear, after pages of praise, that he is—

"The worthy grandson of the regent of Orleans, that loyal depositary of the crown, prouder of preserving the throne to whom had a right to fill it, than to place on it a prince of his race. Louis Philippe's royalty was not foreseen, though he may have said to himself—'Heaven protects me also;—to the king it has given the crown; to me children full of life, and strength, and courage, and hope. If a man of talent is wounded in his ambition, or his fame, that man is mine. Nay more; in this France, so fearful of religious reaction, I have found means to be looked on as the last Voltairian who can be confided in. The position is a proud one, certainly.'"

This sentence, accepted as true, may serve to alienate such old legitimatist families as are inclined to rally round the king. Another follows, little calculated to conciliate the spirits who longed for a cheap government, surrounded by republican institutions,—

"This roi gentilhomme, at the bottom of his heart, is proudest of being the descendant of Henry IV., and in a more direct line than was Charles X. His greatest joy is to be encircled by a brilliant court and the proudest names of the monarchy. Even in his most charming familiarity, the king reminds

you, perhaps unintentionally, of what race he comes."

Elsewhere, M. Janin says he gives *loyal explanations* of the conduct of his father. It is just doubtful whether Louis Philip, on reading this encomium, thought "heaven had saved him from his friends."

That Monsieur Janin should have written "A History of the Poetry and Literature of the Nations," is a fact known to so few of his countrymen, that it is scarce fair to betray him; the small volumes wherein it lies buried, resting in such dusty quiet. It is true that in his preface there is just so much pleasantry as allows his treating as a jest, in case of failure, what was accomplished seriously. He also says frankly, that "history terrifies him," which is, perhaps, a reason for the distance at which he holds her.

We spare our readers a detailed description of the assembled feuilletons which he has baptized "*Contes Nouveaux*." The feuilleton, however, suits his talent best: he can almost follow an idea through these brief and broken essays, and when it escapes, he has a good chance of catching it again. Light and lively, and often amusing, he may continue to please those who demand neither thought nor style: if reform in matter and manner were possible to Monsieur Janin, he might be less successful. More probably still, he would wholly disappear in the attempted transformation, as the fly which buzzes on, where it first came to life, in the steam of the dunghill, will die if we transport it to the sunshine. In one of these feuilletons, or *contes*, Monsieur Janin calls the Père Enfantin, the leader of the St. Simonian sect, an "*escroc*," (a swindler,) which was rather too harsh a word for a man who settled down as a very honest postmaster.

In another, whose subject is Lord Byron, and where he speaks of our countrymen as "islanders, fatile in their heavy gravity," he adds, that "Lord Byron mentions somewhere the unfortunate Shelley, a young man of genius, who killed himself in despair, at an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*." Monsieur Janin is not aware that the fiery particle snuffed out by an article, referred to the soul of Keats, and that neither Keats nor Shelley committed suicide.

It remains to us to give a specimen of Monsieur Janin's feuilletonic power, and we are fortunate in finding there a page or two more of his biography. It is not every one who would carry self-abnegation so far as to furnish the details of his marriage, and the description of his young bride's fair features and good qualities, to the *Journal des Debats*, as did Monsieur Janin on the 18th of October, 1841, in a feuilleton entitled "*The Critic's Marriage*." Married he was, according to this memoir of his doings, the day before, and expected, as he says, to pass over that Monday, leaving to their success or failure, drama and vaudeville; but he preferred recounting the general astonishment caused by his matrimonial intentions, and how

"When a poet, a novelist, an historian, or, what is the same thing, a critic, passes in the street, parents point him out to their daughters, and bid them turn aside. If you have but a little talent, a little fame, you are caressed in drawing-rooms, but disdained for son-in-law;—people say you are not fit company, you are quarrelsome and arrogant. This was long the critic's case; but he was patient, and strong, and courageous. He had been told that if he married, he would be lost to the world as a critic; he might as well, they would say, have broken the balancing-stick which serves to keep him in equilibrium on the thread of silk and gold, whereon his most difficult feats are accomplished."

But Monsieur Janin has satisfactorily proved that an unmarried man cannot be a fair critic.

"Alone, he is afraid to admire; he requires, to complete him, the active and inspired thought, the calm good sense, the limpid blue eye; in short, emotions produced by the fine arts, are sincere and entire only when shared. Be two employed on the same work, your judgment will be enlarged, your heart more equitable, your justice more calm, your enthusiasm more real."

We go on a little farther:—

"But when it was a settled thing, and our critic needed but to ask the consent of his peers and masters, what, think you, happened? It happened that all had but one voice to say, 'You do well.' Monsieur de Chateaubriand, who 'is his God,' wrote, 'I do not bless you,

because all I have blessed have fallen.'—It seemed like a letter of Bossuet. Monsieur de Lamartine, who 'is his King,' wrote also, from the centre of the paternal forest wherein he has found so many inspirations and wandering melodies, 'Wait, that I may answer for you before heaven.'"

We confess we do not quite understand this last command: it is only quite clear to us, from the temporal and spiritual rank here conferred, that Monsieur de Lamartine's dog, and Monsieur de Chateaubriand's blessing, have been put out to very good interest.

"Such were the men who stood responsible for our critic. At the same time, the noblest hands were stretched forth to him—the most rare and cultivated minds came to his aid; the leaders of jarring opinions met in the same saloon to receive benevolently the young bride. She, meanwhile, astonished and trembling, and very happy to receive these suffrages arriving from so high, looked timidly around her; only from time to time her limpid, chaste glances, gained more confidence, and seemed to say, 'You see that I was right.' He (our critic) could not believe that all these men, the pride of the tribune, the power of the institute of France, the flower of the magistracy and the bar, the honour of the press, the glory of the two chambers, the strength of the government of to-day and the government of yesterday, had come hither purposely for him. Meanwhile, the church was ready—the altar ornamented—the crowd thickening; only the young bride looked for; and heaven knows how she was looked for! She appeared at last; appeared all that she was—young, beautiful, serious, sincere. It was impossible to be more interesting, more modest, calmer. At the sight of this fair young girl coming with so firm a step to recognise, at her risk and peril, in the person of its humblest representative, the fifth power of the state, called 'The Press,'—at the sight of this noble devotion of a child to the art which we all exercise in the midst of such furlbund clamours, evil passions became hushed,—the harmony was general in this world of authors, critics, artists. To look on her, calm and convinced, was to admire her courage. They said, 'A nobler triumph had never been achieved by letters and by the arts. This child, the glory and the honour of such a father and such a mother—a daughter so fortunately born, so happy, so surrounded with respect

and deference—this fair and white little hand, all this accomplished grace, the serene and lovely face, this beautiful creature, to whom two important personages deigned serve for cortege—given to a mere writer, a dreamer, a man whose name was not ever inscribed in the Royal Almanack. At this moment the joy was unanimous. It seemed that the whole press clapped its hands as it sung the terrible 'Hosanna in Excelsis,' which casts down thrones, and crumbles the most ancient monarchies to nothing."

Supposing it conceded that Monsieur Janin's marriage was, indeed, the most signal triumph ever achieved by literature, we may be allowed to say, that we think him rather grateful than delicate, in the descriptive pages, of which we extract so small a part, and that the blush and the tear of his young bride, should not be made such marketable commodities as to fill a feuilleton. We fear, also, that her valuable qualities, enumerated therein with auctioneer precision, may have failed to have the promised effect of softening Monsieur Janin. Perhaps the lady showed, after marriage, less taste for newspaper criticism than her husband had expected. We certainly see no trace of her soft hand in the dispute between Alexander Dumas and Monsieur Janin. It took place *apropos* of the former's last comedy, "The Demoiselles de St. Cyr," acted at the Theatre Francais in July, and afterwards produced in the feuilleton of the *Presse*, so that it paid a double debt. The attack and retort filled four long feuilletons in the *Presse* and *Debats*, considered sufficiently amusing to be collected by some speculator, in one small pamphlet, entitled, "The Critic Janin and the Dramatist Dumas," and bearing for epigraph Moliere's apposite line, "Ne pretons pas a rire aux hommes en nous disant nos verités." There can be no possible indiscretion in referring to letters which have already so courted publicity. Making an individual known by his "right hand's cunning," we give the fairest picture possible; promising, however, that these portraits, resembling individuals, bear no likeness to a class. We, who saw the comedy in its early representations, have no idea of becoming its champion. Monsieur Janin was not singular in his disapprobation. Well-

acted and gay, and witty sometimes, impossible to read as to see twice, we do not deny the coarseness and levity so unsuited to its title of "Demoiselles de St. Cyr," or say that the St. Cyr and Philip of Spain of the piece, bear any analogy with the school of Madame de Maintenon, or the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth. Monsieur Janin attacked, with more than common malignity, not only the play but its author. Monsieur Dumas wrote his comment on this attack, reproducing it, sentence by sentence:—

"Jules Janin wrote, 'that if the dearth continued, the Theatre Français must close.' 'The Demoiselles de St. Cyr' had been announced, he said, noisily. The writer was a singular problem of the most untiring fecundity and verbose sterility; quick repartee, and tiresome declamation; belonging to the inventors from whom people never know what to expect; remembering, as they do, the very flimsiest jokes set down in jest-books, copying the best-known scenes, contenting themselves with the most vulgar characters. This time again all this noise was made for nothing—to recite, for the hundredth time the tale of Boécacio."

Accusing him thus of the plunder of Géllette de Narbonne, and of mistakes concerning Madame de Montbazon, Monsieur Janin goes on to call Monsieur Dumas "vulgar, trivial, caring only to lodge here and there a few effects, every one seeing the strings which pull them into their places, his dialogue dull and valueless;" he says that after the third act, which is insupportable, nothing can be more out of nature, more easy to see through, or colder, than the fourth act, unless it be the fifth; and he quits with a parting sarcasm, this "insipid and abortive comedy." But Monsieur Dumas was not to be left behind in this newly imagined race. His reply appeared in the *Presse* of the 30th of July, 1843, and we extract a part of it, to show how far men like these, and violence of this nature, may proceed innocuously:—

"Dear Monsieur Janin,—You know, for I had the honour of writing it to you when 'Antony' was played, I have adopted the wholesome custom of never reading a newspaper, which gives an account of my works; but, fortunately

or unfortunately, I have kind friends, who read them for me; who, in virtue of the Napoleonic maxim, make sure for bad news only, since it will always be time to tell me the good, and who would hasten, I believe, to rouse me at two in the morning, to announce a feuilleton of yours. Thus, the same evening of the day when your article appeared, I was informed of the event, by three or four of my friends, who enjoined me to read it. You will comprehend their pressing—you, who comprehend every thing so well. It gave them an opportunity of speaking ill of you, while saying you spoke ill of me. Friends are a charming invention, dear Monsieur Janin. At first I would not believe them. Thursday, not being the day appointed for your weekly executions, I even confess that bringing out my play on Tuesday, I rather reckoned on the long interval which was to intervene between the first performance, and the report—you are charged to make of it. During these five days, methought, the success will be consolidated. Ah! what a folly was I, to fail to foresee, that, the *feuilleton* wanting, wherein the *Mystères de Paris* leave you no room, my friend, Armand Bertin, would fling wide for you the folding doors of the column *des Variétés*. On the pressing invitation of my friends, I determined to read the *feuilleton*—but there arose a difficulty. "I do not subscribe to the *Journal des Débats*. I abhor all reading-rooms. Not one of the persons present had about him the number of the day; I resolved to buy it. Luckily, the *Journal des Débats* is a paper which can be bought. I had not trod four paces in the gardens of the Palais Royal, ere I possessed what I wanted. I shut myself within the cabinet of the Commissaire Royal, and read the three columns and a-half you have done me the honour of consecrating to me. You understand, dear Monsieur Janin, that if I abandoned myself to this occupation, so very contrary to my habits, it was neither for my instruction or amusement. I have long known yet, and the marvellous carelessness with which you form your judgements. I hoped to find in this, one recorded against me—some of the historic blunders—the errors in analysis—the social paradoxes, which have made of you the funniest critic in Paris! I was not mistaken. Happy subscribers to the *Journal des Débats*, who, instead of one *feuilleton*, which they expected, will find two—for I presume that this time you will honour me with a reply. Let us begin by the beginning." You deplore in the premium of your article, (the word is your own, I am not learned enough to

employ such)—You deplore, I say, the sterility of invention, idea, and wit, which will lead to the closing the theatres. It is a long while since this sterility touched you first—haunted and tormented you, I have the proof of it. In 1832, recollect how, doubtless agitated by this same conviction, of general impotence, and ashamed that nothing should arise to give grandeur to this, our epoch, you resolved to go to work, joining example to precept, to show to us dramatic authors, how critics, when they chose, write dramas and comedies. Ah! you know already what I mean. Do you not, dear Monsieur Janin, guess my allusion to the ‘*Tour de Nesle*.’ This story of the ‘*Tour de Nesle*,’ has been so told and worn, that I would not say a word about it, were it not to make known your intention of doing a good action. Good actions are rare, and it is of them the proverb says, that the will is reckoned for the deed. I hope, then, my readers will forgive this repetition, were it only in favour of good intentions. You lived at that time in the Rue Madame, in a pretty little garret, looking on a fine garden. You were the friend and host of the director of the Odeon. I saw you there sometimes between the wittiest man in Paris, and one of the most beautiful women in the world, laughing, talking, and chatting, with the . . . , which characterises you, free with them as in your own home. Were not these pleasant days and bright evenings!—Have you not more than once in your splendid apartment of the Rue de Tournon, exclaimed, like Sophy Arnault, ‘Oh! the happy times, when I was miserable!’ It was not you complained at the period I speak of. It was your host—it was he, who demanded one of those characteristic works full of force, and power, which shake a capital—which stir a generation—which are the symbols of an epoch. The men who produce such works are rare, and when we want their aid, we must take the trouble of running after them. Therefore, Monsieur Harel took his lantern, and, like a new Diogenes, set forth in quest of him who was to save. He ran long through the streets of Paris, the lantern in his hand, and his efforts were in vain. What, would you have, dear Monsieur Janin, our century inclined already to the sterility you complain of so bitterly? The poor director despaired, when suddenly he conceived the luminous idea, that he had sought afar, that which was near. He ran, where he knew he should find you, examined you by the light of his lantern, commencing at the feet, and ending at the head—and, arrived there, he discovered on your face a dramatic line, so slight, that it required all his perception

to discover it; and, full of joy, he exclaimed—‘Here is my man!’ Do you remember, dear Monsieur Janin, the story of the amateur, of whom Beriot asked, if he could play the violin, and who answered, ‘I cannot tell—I never tried?’ Harel addressed the same question to you. I do not know whether, in your *naïveté*, you made the same reply; but what I do know is, that you worked at it two months. I do know, that you wrote three hundred pages, and the poor director read them, and after these pages written, and two months lost, I saw one morning our mutual friend arrive, holding in his hand his lantern, better lighted and more brilliant than ever. Is it not true, dear Monsieur Janin, we may confess it between ourselves, it is an easy thing to write a play?

“Well, this play which you could not write, I wrote. It was even, if I reckon well, represented something like four hundred and eighty times. It is true, that in this drama, according to Messieurs Hugo and Rosier, who collated the two manuscripts, there remained of yours two hundred and thirty words; thus, I doubt not, dear Monsieur Janin, that to these two hundred and thirty words, is owed its long and fruitful success. Forgive my pausing so long in the vestibule of your *præcæm*; but truly the temptation was too strong, and I could not resist it. I am nevertheless in a hurry to proceed to analyze—for analysis is your *forte*, and to vanquish you where you are weak, is too easy, and little meritorious. You know the Spanish saying, you must take the bull by the horns. Make yourself easy—you have to deal with a matador who knows his trade, and you will lose nothing by waiting. Notwithstanding, however, I may be inclined to hasten; I must make two halts yet, though only to take breath. Engaged with the Hercules of criticism, like poor Anteus, we must touch the earth sometimes, though only with the toe!”

Here follows a critique of Monsieur Janin’s criticism, too long for extraction. Monsieur Dumas copies textually the accusation of stealing from Gillette de Narbonne, and Monsieur Janin’s own quotation from Boccaccio:

“*Hebbene due figliuoli perche Havutala cara, per moglie la tiene.*”

“Why, dear Monsieur Janin!—You, who know already so many things, should you try to make your nine thousand subscribers, and me into the bargain, believe that you understand and can read Boccaccio in his native tongue, when you

really study him in a bad French translation, which, for this solemn occasion, you have had re-translated into Italian? But the proof, you will say? The proof, dear Monsieur Janin, is—that you have made, in this phrase, composed of eleven words, three faults in orthography.—Only three! Shall I tell you where? For, searching yourself, you would probably not find. There is an *h* too much in ‘havatah,’ and another in ‘hebbene!’ but it is true, there is an *o* wanting in ‘figliuli.’ Now, make of your two *h*’s, an *o*, not difficult to you, who can do what you will with parts of speech, slip the *o* between the *u* and *l*, making ‘figliuoli.’ See, as I do now, and there will remain but one reproach to address to you, which is, that the sentence quoted as Boccaccio’s, was not written by Boccaccio. Here is his—‘E lei abbraccio e baccio: reper la sua moglie riconobbe, e guegh per suoi figliuoli.’ Tell us, dear Monsieur Janin, did you seriously think that Boccaccio had grown so old that the moment was come to re-translate him into Italian? There is another thing, I do not comprehend. How did you, who have already suffered from Italy, touch an Italian again; for you must remember this is not your first error. As touching Tuscany, you married Cosmo the First to Bianca Capello.* You attributed to Rembrandt, the vision of Ezechiel by the divine Sanzio of Urbino. To conclude, to the gentle Leonardo da Vinci, you gave the three terrible fates of the terrible Michael Angelo. You have perhaps forgotten these mistakes; but the Florentines have not. There is one, above all, dear Monsieur Janin, which wakens their hilarity, and deserves particular mention. You say, that travelling from Genoa to Lucca, you had the mountains on your right, and the sea on your left hand. It was so great an innovation in geography—so tremendous a geological overthrow—that all the learned ultramontanes were startled. You will allow it was enough to startle them. Throughout the six thousand years or thereabouts, which have passed, since God created the world, the Italians, from generation to generation, had become accustomed, travelling this same road, to see, on the contrary, the mountains on the left and the sea on the right hand. But, as you are a mighty master, and as you write all these fine things in a journal of weight, one day or other I doubt not the transposition will be universally acknowledged, and the Italians will admit they were wrong. Let us pass to the analysis.”

This, saving a few observations, we pass over:—

“Forgive me, dear Monsieur Janin, it appeared to me, who settled the stage business, that the actor you notice as entering at the window, came in at the door; it is true, that at that moment you were conversing, in the corridor, with your witty associate, Monsieur Merle, who asked you whether you would not soon publish a second edition of *Barnave*? an edition the more wanted, as, long since, the mere preface which preceded this fine historical novel, which procured you the cross, exhausted the first, to the very last volume. . . I beg your pardon again, dear Monsieur Janin, but you had, doubtless, not returned to your box, when the events you tell took place on the stage—and the result is, that having failed to hear my dialogue, you are so generous as to lend me yours. But when you are inclined to lend, you should, above all, know whether people will borrow. Your dialogue is all taste and wit, but I may as well keep my own, since it is written.

. . . But, what wounds you most, you, the man of facts and dates, the historical writer *par excellence*, is that which concerns Madame de Montbazou. ‘Certainly, you say the lady possessed less authority when the Cardinal de Richelieu took off the head of her brother-in-law, the Chevalier de Rohan, in 1764, just thirty years before, which says little for her youth.’ Glory to you, dear Monsieur Janin, you are an unique, unheard-of, inappreciable man. After discovering that, going from Genoa to Lucca, you have the mountains on the right, and the sea on the left, which we may convince ourselves of by casting our eyes on the map—a very new geographical combination; here do you set forth, an historical fact, as miraculous, to say the least of it. It is that the Cardinal de Richelieu, deceased the 4th of December, 1642, should have condemned to death, the Chevalier de Rohan, decapitated before the Bastille the 27th of November, 1674, that is to say, thirty-two years after his interment. What an abominable tyrant was this Cardinal of Richelieu—and how far behind does he leave the clement Tiberius, whose executions were prolonged only to the second day after his death. I understand, dear Monsieur Janin, that a man, who, like you, has his facts and dates at his fingers’ ends, should be difficult regarding history, who know much, exact much—and woe to the ablest pupil of the school

* Voyage en Italie.

of Chartres, if ever he came under your hand. He would learn all at once that Smyrna is an island—that Napoleon landed on the battle-field of Cannes—that the passage of the Portes de Fer is a suite of triumphal arches raised by the Romans—that the Saone runs from Lyons to St. Etienne, your birthplace—that the Rhine passes through Marseilles—that hares earth themselves—that partridges go to roost—that ‘la Chasse à courre’ is written ‘chasse à cours;’ all, things which you have printed in this same *Journal des Debats*, so grave, learned, and literary a paper, that its readers have not yet found out that you, the sceptic—you, who mock at the whole creation, have gently arrived at making fools of your subscribers.

“Nevertheless, I confess it, notwithstanding the careless air I affect, one of your three reproaches moved me, that of having allowed myself to be outdone by my friend and comrade Victor Hugo. Certainly no one more than myself feels attachment and admiration for our great poet, whom, not being able to sting publicly in your *Journal des Debats*, (you know it very well, the thing is forbidden you by higher authority,) you have so often laid wait for, in the obscure feuilleton of some little, unknown paper, to inflict on him your small bite as he passed, hoping that if he did not die of the wound, he might of the venom. This reproach, I say, annoyed me—because, on the contrary, I had thought to find, in the *Ruy Blas*, which you quote, an absence of etiquette rather remarkable. It is, that the masters of the art, dear Monsieur Janin, have not noticed that art consisted in the bow of an ambassador, the surveillance of a duenna, or the place occupied by a fautueil. Art is a prouder personage than you would make him. He is a noble Roman patrician, a proud Castilian Hidalgo, a grand French seigneur—and when he finds on his path any poor little barrier, planted there by a slave, an eunuch, or a lackey, he breaks it down, if he has time—passes over it, if he is in a hurry.

“You are so profound, so enlightened a critic, that not only nothing which is in the piece escapes you, but you see besides, what is not there. What a thing it is to be short-sighted. But, shortness of sight is not all. You are rather deaf besides. You heard St. Kerem say to Philip the single word, ‘sortons,’ because, at that moment, a box-door was opened. For, at that moment, dear Monsieur Janin, as I know well, who did not lose sight of you the whole evening—at this moment, I say, you were talking in the corridor to your witty comrade, Monsieur Rolle, who

asked you if you were not writing, on the occasion of your marriage, a little anniversary feuilleton. Now, dear Monsieur Janin, as you have done with me, so will I end with you. Yes; you were right—when, in the charming feuilleton which you wrote on yourself, you announced you were not deceased—when you re-assured the amateurs of Yrick, by promising them they would see you re-appear on your wire. Yes, Mondays, and sometimes Tuesdays, you give them the proof of your suppleness and equilibrium. But, take care, dear Monsieur Janin, in continuing your acrobatic exercises, as you call them yourself, take care not to touch with your balancing stick, those who need only lay a finger on your rope, to break your neck for you. So, now, farewell till my first comedy, dear Monsieur Janin, for I give you notice that, as the Théâtre Français waits for me, even if you did me the honour to reply, I should not find, between this time and that of the first performance, a moment to occupy myself with you, *with the pen, I mean*. I remain, dear Monsieur Janin, your very obedient, humble servant,

“ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

“20th July, 1843.”

Monsieur Janin answered this letter the 7th of August. “Why should I not reply to a certain epistle, in three columns, price 226 francs, at the rate of ten centimes the line,” commences the critic, who goes on to quote the unfavourable opinions of the newspapers, proving his own more benevolent intentions since he had criticised the work seriously, and copying the assertion of the *Nation*, that the *demoiselles de St. Cyr*, under the name of the two Mousquetaires, was first offered and refused at the *Variétés*, whence the authors carried it to Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, who changed the title, probably, the scene of action, cut, clipped, filed, added, remoulded, scattered it all over with epigrams, with jokes rather broad, with witticisms which cost him little, till the *deux Mousquetaires* made their entry under a title much too virginal for their success, and the manner in which it was obtained.

Farther on, Monsieur Janin speaks of Dumas as a madman, who employs the slang of the markets, adding gravely, that criticism is on the decline by reason of its over-indulgence. “Monsieur Dumas affirms he has the wholesome habit of never reading the papers, which make their comment on

his works—and yet, he is to be found at the foot of every newspaper which will accept his prose. He hates reading-rooms, ungrateful man, as if he did not live by reading-rooms—as if all his books, large and small, were not made for the circulating library—as if he could hope for other purchasers.”

Monsieur Janin likewise observes, that the disputed *Tour de Nesle* was written by Monsieur Gaillardet, between whom and Dumas there was a lawsuit on the subject; that his “*Gaule et France*” was plundered from Messrs. Michelet and Augustin Thierry; that it was not he who proposed discovery of the Mediterranean by subscription; or to the late Duke of Orleans, to write the history of the regiments of the French army; but he extricates himself ill from his mistakes, he says they prove that he does not copy his *impressions de voyage* in Reichard’s itinerary—that his having called Smyrna an island, does not make Monsieur Dumas’ piece a comedy—he again terms his reply “a market-woman’s letter.” And saying he will not, according to his correspondent’s choice expression, “take the bull by the horns,” since he feels more pity than indignation—more regret than contempt—he concludes by a reference to a piece to which he had consecrated just two lines at the beginning of the feuilleton, which reference to the hero applies to Monsieur Dumas. “He is amusing and jovial sword in hand—but the reader may be tranquil—all those he has killed are quite well.” So far, the dispute seemed formidable, likely to tend to something more than a wordy conclusion; but after a fortnight’s silence, *apropos* of nothing, on the skirts of a critique on Delacroix’s *Sketches from Hamlet*, appeared the following, which we give this time entire. Let Monsieur Janin colour it as he will, it appears very like an apology, which he hands up to where Monsieur Dumas stands, some three or four steps above him on the critical and feuilletonic ladder:—

“Throughout the fourteen long days which have passed since our reply to the letter written by Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, I know not what strange ferment agitates the two literary camps. We are met, and questioned, ‘How proceeds your grand quarrel?’ We hear

whispered, ‘This can only end with blood.’ Each makes his small prayer in his great soul, ‘Why am I not delivered from this discontented fellow, who never praised me without restriction?’ and, ‘Why am I not freed from the indefatigable mind which arranges five acts of drama, and five of comedy, before I have found a subject for my comedy, a title for my drama?’ So do they murmur, as in Le Lermecier’s tragedy—

‘Qu’il tarde à s’exploquer ! qu’il est lent à mourir !’

In answer to all these reports, so mingled with agreeable hopes, we are forced to tell you how this quarrel, wholly literary in its principle, has not overstepped literary bounds. Certainly, the irritation on both sides was great, violent enough to inspire hope in those who looked for a bloody result. If I must, indeed, tell every thing, (I ask the Procureur du Roi’s pardon)—a day had been fixed, a place of rendezvous appointed, an hour named to meet there—a very pretty spot, I assure you—everything was settled. There only remained that you should secure your places—you, the natural audience to this kind of struggle—and to win your braves, each of us would have done his best. Unhappily, in accidents like these, one does not always act as one intended. At first, in our anger, we will have blood—we see our adversary already dead in our mind’s eye—dead, to amuse a few idlers. Yes; but after the first fury, it often happens that, at the first meeting of the two enemies, they seek vainly in their souls for all this hatred which urged them on. There is no hatred left. At sight of each other, we only remember past friendship, mutual labours, services rendered—we excuse mutually the irritation, the cruelty which a literary life brings along with it. Come to fight—we are ready to forget. Such was my situation, as regarded Monsieur Dumas, when, for the first time since his letter, and my reply, he and I met. Remembering his useful and laborious life, his unnumbered successes, the literary promises he has kept, and will keep, still I understood it was impossible not to deplore all this past anger. Doubtless, I could have wished wiped out the annoyance he had caused myself—but far rather, I would have cancelled the injury I had done him. This kind of violence is not in my nature. I know, while I maintain entire the rights of criticism, that urbanity is one of its duties: but who is always master of his temper—who so firm, as not to follow his adversary on the ground that adversary has chosen? Monsieur Alexander Dumas, when, the other day, he placed

his foot on the critic's fiery domain, was he not the first to show how easy it is to pass the imperceptible boundary which divides legitimate self-defence from the harshness and vengeance, one repents of later. Thus I thought, and, at the same time, I felt return, with my old friendship, all the good feeling of former days. I cannot tell you what was passing in Monsieur Dumas' mind—but, certainly, like myself, he deplored the useless harm which, enemies of an hour, we had done each other—and, above all, the great joy we had caused our enemies always. Meanwhile, our seconds, four men of honour, in whom our foes and friends may alike confide, prepared every thing for the next day's combat—while he and I walked by one another's side, with step as calm, with hearts as tranquil, as though we had been on the way to the waterside, talking of the arts, and of poetry. What more shall I say to you? He and I, satisfied with our silent explanation, shook one another by the hand, without nevertheless abjuring that which we considered as a necessity, of the position we had made for ourselves—an armed reparation. It was, henceforward, the business of our seconds. But our seconds did not choose that the satisfaction should exceed the anger. Of a duel, which now, more than ever, is a serious thing, they would not make a vain parade. They reserved to either adversary, the right which was his own—to the critic, the right of saying, in freedom of spirit and conscience, 'this is bad'—to the poet, the right of defending his work with courteous arms, when attacked with courtesy: above all, they reserved to him entire, the right, excellent and noble, the poet's right, to compose fine works—so fine, that critics, even unjust critics, if such there be, must, per force, applaud. Such is this story. I tell it, because I am accustomed to tell you every thing. Here I am, forced more than before, to be severe on the works of Monsieur Dumas. He, if inclined to take his revenge, will not lack the opportunity. In some years, no doubt, Monsieur Alexandre Dumas will be member of the French Academy. Let him wait till then. Perhaps, some fine morning, he will see his ferocious adversary arrive, to say, 'I want one vote to make up three or four; give me yours'—and the critic, if in truth he has done his duty throughout courageously, defending against each and all—against Monsieur Alexandre Dumas himself, historical men and things will bear away the vote, not, perhaps, of the author of the *Deuilles de St. Cyr*, but of the author of *Henry the Third*, *Charles the Seventh*, and *Christine at Fontainebleau*."

The chosen public of Paris, acute as that of Athens, concluded, from the names called, that both antagonists were right, and like the ape of Lafontaine's fables—

"L'air dit se vous connais de longtemps, mes amis,
Et tous deux vous paires l'amende
Car toi, loup, tu te plains qu'il n'en ne t'ait rien pris,
Et toi Renard, as pris ce que l'on te demande."

"One word more ere we leave Monsieur Dumas, whom the panegyric and criticism of Monsieur Janin, place alike too high and too low. He is unquestionably a man of talent, not of genius, for he wants the delicacy and conscience in the work which show that exceptional artist—a man of quick wit, and broad jest, and double entendre, and over lively repartee, placed in the mouths of grave or refined personages, incongruously or no, so that the dialogue run lightly on—a man of expedients and resources, found any where and any how, so that the result be striking—who puts stage dresses on paradoxes, makes vice look modesty, and sensuality passion—an adept in combining situations and finding effects, having the qualities which make a stage-wright, and give scope to the success of an actor—unversed in the divination of nature, and the knowledge of the world, which make the great dramatist. His poetry, prose run mad; his prose having symptoms of incipient malady; so accustomed to exaggeration, that it has become to him a part of speech, a breath of his body, he reminds us of the frog, ever swelling itself to ape the ox, but his skin is so used to distension that no ill consequences follow. Even throughout his biography, the most interesting of his productions, we find this inflation still. His father was a natural son of the Marquis de la Palliterie and a negress—a brave man, who, from step to step, rose to be a general officer. He died, leaving a widow and this boy, totally unprovided for, possessing for whole fortune, their debts paid, a sum of 253 francs; so at least says Alexandre Dumas, yet the widow of a general officer must naturally have received a pension. He tells us of his neglected education, and how, when his father died and his mother was left in poverty, he could ride the most vicious horse, and bring down a bird at thirtypaces, and walk twelve

leagues to dance at a ball, but had scarcely acquired a smattering of Latin, and had failed to master the four first rules of arithmetic. With fifty-three francs in his pocket, besides letters for his father's former friends, and among them one for General Foy, the youth started to seek his fortune in Paris. The friends had forgotten their old comrade, and looked coldly on his son,—the general received him kindly, but questioned him in vain. To all inquiries concerning his acquirements in mathematics, law, Latin, book-keeping, he received the same reply, "No, general;" and while the youth blushed to the brow, the protector was sorely puzzled. He said, good-naturedly, "Give me your address, and I will reflect on what I can do for you;" and while the youth wrote, he looked over his shoulder. "This will save us," he exclaimed, "you write a good hand." The next day Alexandre Dumas filled a place of clerk, in the bureaux of the Duke of Orleans, at 1200 francs a year, a fortune to him. His days and evenings fully occupied, he devoted his nights to studies hitherto undreamed of, with a courage and perseverance which were to find their reward. After three years so spent, the English actors, coming to Paris, he saw them play Hamlet;—it placed him, he says, "in the situation of a blind man restored to sight—of Adam waking after his creation, and he exclaimed, 'Shakespeare, I thank thee!'" We do not think this gratitude at all due to Shakespeare, and we fail to discover any analogy between him and Dumas, who, before this Shakspearian light displayed to him his sympathising powers, had produced various vaudevilles. We adore the creations of the one, we applaud the other in spite of his. *Antony and Teresa*, and *Angele*, which are his worst performances in a moral light, are the best as specimens of his power, for they have dramatic situations which save them in spite of their absurdity, and by the help of good acting, have a deep and thrilling interest. From his very outset, Alexandre Dumas was fortunate. Having devoted but three years to study, he produced a play, and addressing himself to the kind and warm-hearted Nodier, of whom he knew nothing, obtained through him the needful introductions, and the play of *Christina* was heard and ac-

cepted by the reading-committee of the Theatre Français. Seeing that its performance was deferred more than he had hoped, young Dumas, who was impatient and courageous, wrote *Henry III.*, played as soon as presented. The Duke of Orleans came to protect it in person, and its author, the clerk of 1200 francs a year, received 30,000 francs for his share of the profits, becoming, at a bound, the most brilliant and successful and amusing of literary traders. His facility, and reputation of facility, he has abused too much and openly; it is physically impossible that he could have composed or dictated one half of the novels, travels, tales, histories, dramas, and feuilletons which bear his signature. We have heard that in the year 1840 he printed forty octavo volumes. Even where the work is his own, he is far from scrupulous. Monsieur Dumas' success is of those which do not become fame.

Madame Emile de Girardin writes in the feuilleton of the *Presse*, of which her husband is editor. We may remember her as Delphine Gay, and how, when she was very young and beautiful, she played the part of a Corinne, we think unwisely, reciting beneath Gros's magnificent cupola in the Pantheon, her own ode in the artist's honour. Why she signs her "*Courrier de Paris*," (the weekly correspondence which comprehends politics, literature, and fashion,) "*Vicomte de Launay*," is to us a mystery, since concerning the writer's identity, there is none, and her assumption of the male sex and a title, were altogether vain. It led her into the mistake of being neither Vicomte de Launay, nor Madame Emile de Girardin: the first seemed flippant and effeminate overmuch, when exclaiming, in the same breath, at the breaking out of a revolution in Portugal, and the appearance of two white satin bonnets in the Tuileries—the last appeared not always feminine: not that we revive that trite and silly reproach which brands a woman as unfeminine, because she has a mind she makes use of, or an opinion she supports; but we say this of Madame Emile de Girardin, because her sarcasm sometimes points at an individual rather than a vice. If we were to mention what we feel to be wanting in these letters, (just now collected in a volume under her own name,) we

should say it was simplicity—they have a conceited flippancy which is disagreeable, and not always gay; an ever-recurring egotism, not existing there naturally, and therefore charmingly, as in the old memoirs, but forcing itself ostentatiously forward; and worse than all, they have an affectation which never wearies. Besides this, Madame Emile de Girardin is always determined to be very amusing, and though she often succeeds, the constant glitter wants repose, and we yawn when we are ordered to laugh. She is writing a light article, and the positive will that it shall be such, has now and then a saddening effect, like that produced by the poor muddy monkey, forced to skip piteously, while the rain patters on his unsheltered back, when he might be droll if permitted to tread his native steps naturally. In the affectation we complain of, she even affects want of feeling, though here the truth might suffice. Thus, in a letter written to examine the various talents of Lamartine and Victor Hugo, when we become interested in the analysis, or the reasoning, and she herself seems interested in Jocelyn or Esmeraldo, we are startled from it by exclamations—"We will tell you in a moment that currant-coloured dresses, spotted with black bouquets, are worn and pretty," and, "you shall soon hear that Madlle. Boudran makes admirable black velvet turbans;" and elsewhere, describing a pocket-handkerchief, she says, "those with 'entre-deux,' please in all the various hours of life, in grief or joy, they are so very pretty, that a woman on the point of weeping, is comforted by looking at them." Yet, notwithstanding this trivial trash, and although in her correspondence every thing is touched, and nothing fathomed, though it wants the freedom of a letter, and the gravity of a criticism, it is but fair to say that it is sparkling and amusing, and now and then witty, but the smile it rouses, is rather that caused by a caricature, than the harmony of a fine picture. There are even to be found in these letters some few traits and touches of feeling, but choked by conceit, and very rare, so rare that we think the anecdote Madame de Girardin gives, as against Gall's system, offers an argument in its favour. "We compose verses, we write feuilletons," she says, "yet a disciple of Gall, consulted by our

parents in our childhood, recognized in our skull, strongly developed, the bump of mechanism." In our judgment these letters are mechanical, and so are the verses. Only when her sympathies with humanity become stronger than her pre-occupation with self, when her feeling shall so rise as to sweep away her affectation and vanity, will Madame de Girardin become a poet. When were rhymes poetry? In the feuilleton written on the first performance of Monsieur Dumas' *Caligula*, we find all her defects and most of her merits. "Alexandre Dumas," she tells us, "should naturally have given an account of his own work in the feuilleton—the double part of critic and author, would have inspired him with a very *piquant* and *spirituel* article; but in a fit of modesty, wholly unaccountable, he yielded the office to Monsieur Mery;" and she goes on to tell us how the whole house was taken by Monsieur Dumas, therefore yielded to only a choice public the first row of boxes, filled with the princesses of the theatre, excepting only the royal box, which was occupied by the Princess of Orleans and her husband, the *surprise* having been known before hand, and that the poet's own manuscript ornamented with choice drawings, a *chef d'œuvre* of *caligraphy*, and *perhaps* of *style*, would be laid there for the Duchess. If Monsieur Dumas has glanced over these pages, he can scarce have found agreeable the excessive amusement the writer derives from the acting, appearance, fat, and pronunciation of Mademoiselle Ida, who has been about two years his wife. The criticism, addressing itself chiefly to her size, is rather an unworthy one. Madame de Girardin also describes, for Monsieur Dumas' benefit, a medal struck in commemoration of "*Caligula's*" success, and *sold that night* at the doors of the Theatre Français. Madame de Girardin has likewise written some novels, and a play, "*L'Ecole des Journalistes*," which has not been acted since. Wholly unfitted for the stage, it is a bold and bitter attack on the vices of journalism, but uninteresting and cold. The same task has been performed by M. de Balzac, with a power far more terrible, in his "*Grandhomme de Provence à Paris*." Monsieur de Balzac also is a feuilleton novelist. We regret to see him there. It seemed to us that the ap-

pearance of the last tale, thus gave or increased its defects, and neutralized much of its merit. In spite of faults and failings undeniable, Monsieur de Balzac has shown rare and admirable power; he is of those we may pass by as a feuilleton writer, and pause before as a novelist.

Monsieur Eugène Sue is the most prolific of all feuilleton writers. The "Hotel Lambert," the "Mystères de Paris," we believe "Theresa Dunoyer," appeared in this form of feuilletons. In "Theresa Dunoyer," Monsieur Sue chose his personages in middle or high life, but they are not therefore more elevated or more pure. The book obtained notoriety at the time, because it was circulated, we know not how, that the hideous incidents on which it turns, are founded on true anecdotes. It would be a calumny on French society, in which Monsieur Sue, while he lets his pen run too rapidly, would not join. The main-spring of the story could not be found in real life, inasmuch as an article of the code provides, that in cases where an husband is authorized to protest against the birth of a child, he must do so (if on the spot) within a month after its birth—if absent, within the two months following his return; so that Monsieur Dunoyer could not disown his daughter, aged eighteen years. Monsieur Sue is fond of demons and demigods; to be grotesque is less troublesome than to be true. In each of his novels, figure two or three angels and half a dozen fiends, and very little humanity. We like fairy tales well, but not to hear them called history. In the "Hotel Lambert," the male angel is one Leon de Morville, who has the head of an Antinous, a mind of mighty power, and a heart so soft that, says Monsieur Sue, "he had that horror of human crime, or rather of human hideousness, that he turned aside from guilt rather than do justice on it, and instead of crushing an impure reptile, he would have searched out some perfumed flower, some nest of a white turtle dove, to repose or recreate his eye. This system of infinite commiseration, may expose to be a second time stung, even while gazing up at the blue sky to avoid the reptile's sight. The best things have their drawbacks." We should, indeed, suppose this a dangerous mode of travelling over serpents, and can imagine

that a young man, having suffered from an attempt at robbery or assassination, would find a gendarme a better auxiliary than the flowers or turtle doves he might lose some time in seeking. The imp of this tale is a dark young creole, who sins for the pleasure of sinning, the impulse to iniquity wanting; since through the two volumes we search vainly for the master passion, covered but consuming, beneath the extraordinary whim which holds the place of one, prompting her to isolate her protectress, that she may be alone in her love, and by her side, and pursuing her object through years of crime and secrecy. Notwithstanding this, and other blemishes, she stands forth darkly and forcibly drawn, through plot and underplot, which mingle in strange confusion and exaggeration, and in spite of lack of style and defects in composition, have interest and energy at times. In the "Mystères de Paris," the angel is one German prince, Rodolph, the hero of nine volumes closed at last; a sort of Don Quixote, who goes about redressing grievances, and administering justice, after his own views. That he may be fitted to mix in the society he is to see and judge, he has learned to box in England—the art of the savate and the thieves' slang, in France. We are led by him into most vile company; among murderers, who do not condescend to be thieves; women of no doubtful virtue; indeed, the personages who figure daily in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, are mild and moral, compared to those of Monsieur Sue's improved copy. We should require to be clothed like Rodolph himself, in the garments of a mason turned house-breaker, to face the kennels through which we are led. Yet, though the portrayal of the worst crimes which brand humanity, the display of the wounds and foul bandages of its moral hospital, be revolting, even to the reader, they lead from page to page, among those scenes of horror where figure the empiric, who sells drugs to the weeping mother, and arsenic to the heir—the hideous portress, who connives for her new-year's fee—the hag, who torments the fair girl's infancy and sells her youth; there are others of a redeeming nature.

We have so frankly given our opinion of the dangerous tendency of

this Newgate literature, that to quote the best is mere justice. There are touches of feeling and purity in its pages, though, under the circumstances, feeling would be a wonder, and purity an impossibility, which lead us the more to regret that choice of subject, and carelessness of composition, should injure a talent which can own such a charm. In Rodolph's nightly visits to dark alleys and suspicious taverns, he has interfered to save from a blow a poor abandoned girl, nicknamed the *goualeuse*, a word which, in thief argot, signifies singer; he gives a severe lesson, in boxing, to his adversary, the *chourineur*—this last word stands for assassin; and the trio proceed in perfect amity to the *Lapin blanc*:—

“The *goualeuse* was sixteen years and a half old. The purest forehead completed her face of a perfect oval; a fringe of long lashes, so long that they turned upward, half shadowed her large blue eyes; the down of early youth softened her rounded and rosy cheek; her small red mouth, her thin, straight nose, her dimpled chin, had an adorable charm of contour. On either side her satin temples, a plait of pale, beautiful hair descended in a half circle to the middle of the cheek, and was raised again behind the ear, whose ivory tip was just perceptible beneath the tight folds of a blue-checked cotton handkerchief, tied, as is said vulgarly, ‘*en marmotte*’; a necklace of red coral was round her throat of dazzling whiteness and beauty. Her gown, of brown bombazeen, much too wide, allowed to guess at rather than see a delicate figure, pliant and round as a reed; a little worn, orange shawl, with green fringe, was crossed on her bosom. The charm of voice of the *goualeuse* had struck her unknown champion; in truth, this voice, soft, thrilling, and harmonious, had an attraction so irresistible, that the mob of ruffians and infamous women, among whom she lived, often begged her to sing, listened to her with delight, and called her ‘*la goualeuse*.’ She had also received another name, due no doubt to the virginal purity of her features: she was called ‘*Fleur de Marie*,’ which in argot signifies virgin.”

The *goualeuse* had never known her parents. The first care she recollected was that of a hideous, one-eyed woman, who made her stand on the *Pontneuf*, with her small tray of sugar-barley, to excite compassion. She had often a glass of cold water for breakfast, and damp straw to sleep on. She was

beaten when she failed to bring home money, first in anger, next from motives of policy, as the old wretch found that the pity of the passers-by, for the fair child who cried, increased her profits. At last she fled from the torture, and hid herself in a wood-yard; she was condemned as a vagabond to remain till the age of sixteen in a house of correction; and she thanked her judge for his goodness, for she had food and no blows, and the sun shone in the courtyard; and when she had done her task, she sat there and sung. Her sixteenth birthday came—the prison doors open—she finds outside the mistress of the tavern, and her vile companions, who offer her lodging and gay clothes, if she will go home with them; but she has three hundred francs, and she sends them away, resolved, as she says, to enjoy life; and buys flowers to fill her room, and passes the summer days in the woods, in company of another young girl, discharged from prison at the same time.

While the money lasts, she forgets to seek for work; she has given her last forty francs and her mattress to a poor woman lying-in without assistance. She is repulsed where she craves employment, because, not to deceive, she tells whence she issued two months before: she walks forth saddened—the fine weather has passed away. She is hungry, and will soon lack shelter; the old women are on her path once more, and she becomes their victim. This tale she has told to Rodolph on their first interview; and Rodolph, determined to rescue her, returns to the *Lapin blanc*:—

“ ‘You are come for your change, no doubt,’ said the ogress, (this being, according to Monsieur Sue’s researches, the very appropriate name given the hostess of such a tavern.)

“ ‘Yes, and I will take the *goualeuse* to pass the day in the country.’

“ ‘Oh, as to that, good fellow, it is out of the question.’

“ ‘Why so?’

“ ‘Because she might never come back; her clothes belong to me; without reckoning that, she owes me still two hundred and twenty francs, for board and lodging, since I received her here; and if she were not honest as she is, I would not allow her to go further than the corner of the street at most.’

“ ‘The *goualeuse* owes you two hundred and twenty francs?’

" 'Two hundred and twenty francs, ten sous; but how does that concern you? Would not a body suppose that you intended to pay?—play the great lord, do!'

" 'There,' said Rodolph, throwing eleven louis on the pewter of the ogress's counter; 'and now, what is the worth of her clothes?'

"The old hag examined the louis, one after the other, with an air of doubt and distrust.

" 'Do you imagine I have given you bad money? Send to change the gold, but let us have done. What is your charge for the miserable covering you hire to that poor girl?'

"The ogress, divided between the desire of a profitable bargain, astonishment at seeing a workman possessed of so much money, fear of being duped, and hope to gain yet more, was silent for a moment. At last she said—

" 'Her clothes are worth, at least, a hundred francs.'

" 'Rags like those? pshaw; you may keep the change from yesterday, and I will give you another louis, no more. To allow myself to be fleeced by you, is to rob the poor.'

" 'Very well, friend; I will keep my clothes; the goualeuse shall not stir from this; I am free to set on my property what price I please.'

" 'May Lucifer treat you one day according to your merits! there is the money, go fetch the goualeuse.'

The poor girl descends, and they leave the tavern together.

" 'What is the matter?' said Rodolph; 'you seem sad and embarrassed; are you sorry to accompany me?'

" 'Oh, no! quite the contrary; but—but—you give me your arm——'

" 'Well?'

" 'You are a workman; some one may tell your employer that you have been seen with me, and it might injure you. Masters do not like misconduct in their workmen;' and the goualeuse gently disengaged her arm from that of Rodolph, adding, 'go on, alone; I will follow you to the Barrier; once in the fields, I will return to your side.'

" 'Do not be afraid,' said Rodolph, affected by this delicacy, and taking Fleur de Marie's arm within his own once more; 'my employer does not live in this quarter; and besides, we shall find a hackney-coach on the Quai aux fleurs.'

" 'As you please, Monsieur Rodolph; I said this only to save you from vexation.'

" 'I believe, and thank you, Marie; but, frankly, is it indifferent to you here we go?'

" 'Yes, Monsieur Rodolph, quite indifferent, so long as it is to the country; it is so fine, to the fresh air; it is so pleasant to breathe the fresh air. Do you know that it is now five months since I went farther than to the flower-market; and if the ogress permitted my passing the bounds of the city, it was on account of her great confidence.'

" 'And when you came to this market, was it to buy flowers?'

" 'Oh, no; I had no money; it was to look at them—to breathe their sweet smell, during the half hour the ogress allowed me to stay there on market-day, I was so happy that I forgot all beside.'

" 'And when you returned to her—to those horrid streets——'

" 'Then I was sadder than when I set forth: I restrained my tears, not to be beaten. And in the flower-market, what made me envious, oh, very envious, was to see the little, neat workwomen going gaily home, with flower-pots in their hands.'

" 'I am sure that if you had but some flowers on your window-sill, they would be company to you.'

" 'That is true, indeed, Monsieur Rodolph. One day the ogress, at her fête, knowing my taste, gave me a little rose-tree; if you could but guess how happy I was—I felt weariness no longer. I did nothing but gaze at the rose-tree; I amused myself with counting its leaves and blossoms; but the air of the city is so bad, that at the end of two days it had commenced to turn yellow, and then—but you will laugh at me, Monsieur Rodolph.'

" 'No, no, go on.'

" 'Well, then, I asked permission of the ogress to go out to give my rose-tree air, as I would have given it to a child. I carried it to the quay; I thought that to be there, with the other flowers, in that fresh sweet air would do it good. I bathed its poor fading leaves in the clear water of the fountain; and to dry them I left it a quarter of an hour in the bright sun—dear little rose-tree. In the city it never saw the sun, for it shines no lower than the roofs in our street: at last, then, I carried it home again. Well, I assure you, Monsieur Rodolph, that thanks to these airings, my rose-tree lived, perhaps ten whole days longer than it would have done otherwise.'

" 'I do not doubt that you felt its loss when it died?'

" 'It was a real grief; I wept for it; and see, Monsieur Rodolph, since you can understand a love for flowers, I may tell you I felt something like gratitude towards it, because—because—but now, I am sure you will laugh at me.'

“ ‘No, I will not; I am fond of flowers; I comprehend any folly they cause.’

“ ‘Well, then, I was grateful to this poor rose-tree, which blossomed so brightly for me, although in short—notwithstanding—all that I was——’

“ ‘And the goualeuse stooped her head, and blushed deep-red with shame.

“ ‘Unhappy child, with this consciousness of your horrible position, you must often——’

“ ‘Have wished to put an end to it, you mean, Monsieur Rodolph,’ said the goualeuse, interrupting her companion; ‘oh yes, more than once I have looked down from the parapet on the Seine; but afterwards I looked back at the flowers and the sun, and I said to myself, the river will always flow there; I am not yet seventeen, who knows what may happen?’

“ ‘And when you said “who knows?” you had some hope?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘And of what?’

“ ‘I cannot tell; I hoped, in spite of my reason. It seemed to me in these moments, that my fate was undeserved; that there was something good in me. I said, I have been tormented, but at least I never did harm to any one. If I had been advised, I should not, perhaps, have become what I am; and this drove away my sadness a little. But, indeed, I should tell you that these thoughts visited me most, after the death of my rose-tree,’ added the goualeuse, with a solemn look, which made Rodolph smile.

“ ‘This heavy sorrow still.’

“ ‘Yes, see, here it is,’ and she drew from her pocket a small parcel of twigs, carefully out, and tied with a pink ribbon.

“ ‘And you have preserved it ever since?’

“ ‘Certainly, it is all I possess in the world!’

“ ‘How, have you absolutely nothing belonging to you?’

“ ‘Nothing!’

“ ‘This coral necklace?——’

“ ‘Belongs to the ogress.’

“ ‘Is it possible you do not possess a frill, a cap, a handkerchief?’

“ ‘No, nothing, nothing—but the dry boughs of my poor rose-tree; it is for this I cling to it.’”

Of the rest of the tale, or the million tales which make the *Mystères*, we want space to speak. That the goualeuse is discovered to be Rodolph's daughter—and that her delicacy of feeling, uninjured by her former habits of life, she is shown as one of the pure-

minded creatures, rare under the most favouring circumstances, till she dies at eighteen, an abbess—we do not quarrel with, on the score of probability; for Monsieur Sue can never have aimed at this quality. His improvement in the penal code, substituting blinding for death, he seems, himself, to have abandoned. He has not written the pamphlet, promised in a note to the scene wherein Rodolph exercises this same kind of doubtful mercy. In the letter which appears in the “*Debats*,” as epilogue to the tale, he applauds himself on the adoption of various plans of philanthropy, set forth in the course of these volumes. We rejoice with him that this should be; while, for the sake of the weak and ignorant of his own country, whom he may injure; and the enlightened of other countries, whom he may prejudice unfairly; we believe he would do well to curb his invention, and seek his models elsewhere; and present any idea or project he may think calculated to serve humanity, without the dangerous framework which surrounds these, thinking, as we do, that the examination of the many will stop there.

We have called the reign of the feuilleton novel, a symptom of decline in that branch of literature. The facilities it affords mediocrity, are an added bar to genius. The stomach, cloyed with unwholesome food, will sicken at delicate viands. It may be objected that an author will not change his nature with his place; yet not only must he fit the feuilleton, he must suit it likewise. There must arise a stirring interest, exactly at the close of such a column; and the tale is executed, like a piece of worsted work, by counting stitches; the meeting, or the parting, or the mystery, must not be a line too high.

We have never heard it asserted that the feuilleton might make a great writer, and it is evident it may mar one. As to its criticism, it too much resembles the duel fought in hot blood, on the instant of the offence—therefore so likely to be fatal; and though the serious pages of Philarete Chasles, and the witty ones of the writer who signs “Old Nick,” and others we could name, might render lenient, experience has proved the use less certain than the abuse.

M. D. H.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL LEGISLATURE—IS IT AT THIS TIME DESIRABLE?*

WE have been earnestly and repeatedly urged, upon various occasions, to express an opinion, or to offer some remarks, on the expediency of reviving ecclesiastical convocations, or of in some other form “restoring to the church her synodical powers.” For a length of time we resisted the importunities to take this task upon us, because we were unwilling to afford encouragement or countenance to a discussion which we thought inconvenient and unseasonable. Our scruples are now removed; the controversy which we dreaded is already opened; and the station, qualities, and abilities of the parties who have engaged in it, give assurance that it will not be closed until the subject has had an ample discussion. This altered state of things demands a corresponding change on our parts; rendering it a duty from which we cannot claim exemption, to lay before our readers arguments advanced with the authority of high names, and requiring of us no longer to withhold expression from our own less authoritative convictions.

In the last session of parliament his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin presented, in the House of Lords, a petition from certain members of the Church of England and Ireland, the prayer of which was recommended by his grace and by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury; while it would appear that another distinguished prelate, the Lord Bishop of Ossory, offered a qualified opposition to it. The debate or discussion which took place on this occasion, the Archbishop of Dublin thought it advisable to reprint, in an appendix to his charge to the Dublin clergy, delivered in last June. And, inasmuch as the published report of the Bishop

of Ossory’s speech was defective, his grace undertook to supply the deficiency from his own recollections.

In making the requisite emendations, it would seem as if the archbishop relied on his memory, and thought it unnecessary to make any reference to the learned prelate whose speech he reported and replied to. A consequence followed which might have been, reasonably, anticipated. The Bishop of Ossory felt constrained, by the publication of a report not sufficiently exact, to re-state, in his own name, the substance of what was really his speech in the House of Lords, and to add some comments on the reply made by the Archbishop of Dublin to his supposed argument.

The prayer of the petition which gave occasion to the parliamentary discussion, and thus, indirectly, to the controversy which has succeeded it, is as follows:—

“Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your lordships will be pleased to consider what measures should be adopted for securing the efficiency of this church, so as the better to enable her, in the existing circumstances of the country, to carry forward the great objects of her original institution.”

The main object of the petition is, perhaps, best described in the following passage:—

“Your petitioners are sincerely attached to the existing constitution of the church of which they are members, and are not making application for any specific changes, but for the establishment of an ecclesiastical government, which shall have authority to determine what is, and what is not, binding on the mem-

* A Charge to the Clergy of Dublin and Glandelagh, delivered in St. Patrick’s Cathedral, June, 1843. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. To which is appended a Petition to the House of Lords, praying for a Church Government, together with the Report of the Debate on its presentation, and some additional remarks. London: Fellowes, 1843.

The Expediency of Restoring at this time to the Church her Synodical Powers, considered, in Remarks upon The Appendix to the late Charge of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. By James Thomas O’Brien, D.D., Bishop of Ossory, Leighlin, and Ferns. London: Seeley and Co. 1843.

bers of this church, and to pronounce respecting any changes which individuals may have introduced, or may propose to have introduced."

The ecclesiastical government contemplated is to have authority for determining "what is and what is not binding on the members of the church;" and is also to pronounce respecting *changes contemplated*, as well as changes already introduced—whether in doctrine, discipline, or worship, *or in all three*, is not directly stated.

The argument advanced in the petition for the erection and establishment of this high authority, the petitioners have thus stated:—

"That the Church of England and Ireland, viewed as an important part of the church of Christ, ought, as such, to enjoy the privilege permitted to other churches and religious bodies, of possessing 'within herself,' such a power of regulation in her distinctly spiritual affairs, as may best promote the due discharge of the sacred duties required of her ministers, and provide for the religious discipline of her own members.

"That, for the attainment of this, there is required the establishment of some deliberative ecclesiastical body, having authority to frame regulations, and to decide in questions of doubt and difficulty, respecting all such matters.

"That 'THE CONVOCATION,' supposing it adapted, not only to former times, but to all times, is fallen into desuetude; and that neither to revive that, nor to make any provision for supplying its place, is clearly at variance with the design of our reformers.

"That the two houses of parliament were not originally designed, and were never considered as adapted, to be the sole legislative authority for the church, in 'spiritual' matters; and, that if they ever had been so adapted, the recent changes in the constitution of those houses, admitting, without distinction, to seats in the legislature, those who may, or may not be members of this church, have given rise to a peculiar unfitness, and indeed unwillingness on their part, to be called on to exercise this authority in behalf of this church."

The Church of England and Ireland, as a branch of the church of Christ, it is here affirmed, ought to possess, *within herself*, such a power of regulation in her distinctly spiritual affairs, as may *best* promote the due

discharge of her sacred duties; and it is assumed, that "for the attainment of this, there is required *the establishment of some deliberative ecclesiastical body, having authority*," &c. The convocation is fallen into desuetude; the houses of parliament, as now constituted, it is affirmed, are peculiarly unfit to legislate for the church; and in this difficulty, one house of parliament is prayed to consider what measures should be adopted for rendering the agency of the church more efficient. In addressing a body peculiarly unfit to legislate for the church, and indeed unwilling to do so, it would be, perhaps, desirable that the petitioners had been more definite in their prayer, and had proposed measures which they desired to see adopted, rather than tasked an incompetent and unwilling body with the labour of devising them. The petitioners are not of our opinion. They declare that "recent changes in the constitution of the houses of parliament have given rise to a peculiar unfitness, and indeed unwillingness, on their part, to be called on to exercise authority in behalf of the church," and then pray that a parliament thus incapacitated and indisposed would be pleased to "consider what measures should be adopted for securing the efficiency of the church." Could this prayer be indulged without an exercise of authority? Perhaps,—but, however the question be answered, we should have thought that the petitioners, had they waited until they knew what they wanted, and thus enabled themselves to propose a scheme for adoption by the parliament, would have acted with more wisdom and consistency than they did when they told the House of Lords, that it had neither the power nor the will to legislate in behalf of the church, and described themselves as, *therefore* desirous that it should construct the system, or devise the measures by which ecclesiastical affairs should be thenceforth ordered throughout the empire. We should have thought that a petition concluding with such a prayer would have been more appropriately addressed to the throne, where the interests of the church have a sure friend and protector,—one who has contracted no obligation incompatible with the duties of this sacred guar-

dianship, rather than to a body, in which it is implied that there are some who might make an evil use of the opportunity afforded them to do harm. In a word, we could understand the reasonableness of praying the House of Lords to adopt a scheme which had been previously formed;—we could understand the reasonableness of petitioning the queen, that her majesty would be graciously pleased to devise a system of ecclesiastical government; we confess ourselves incapable of discerning wisdom in the course which the petitioners adopted.

The Archbishop of Dublin, although he presented the petition to the House of Lords, and in a certain sense advocated its prayer, is by no means to be held responsible for its reasoning. His grace's views, as they appear in the report of his speech, are perfectly intelligible and consistent. He would require of the parliament *permission*, only, for another body to legislate for the church, and he would, probably, propose an address to the crown, with a view to effect such arrangements as the circumstances of the times rendered necessary:—

“He begged their lordships' indulgence in declaring solemnly that *rights* carried with them *duties*, and above all legislative rights; and if the parliament, which had alone the power of legislating for the church, did not consider its intervention on this subject proper, it was the duty of parliament to permit some other body; whose province it should legitimately be, to interpose with a regular and recognised authority for the settling of the disputes and dissensions now unfortunately prevailing. He alluded, of course, to spiritual matters alone—matters of doctrine or discipline.

“Were he permanently in this country, and in their lordships' house, he should feel it his duty to submit a substantive proposition to their lordships' on this momentous subject; either for an address to her majesty, praying that a commission might issue for inquiry, &c., or some other course. But as it was, he commended the matter to his brethren of the English bench, conscious that if they did not concur with him it would be in vain for him to moot the question; and that if they did, they were, if for no other reason, certainly for that to which he had just alluded, best fitted to undertake it.”

The only prelates who took a part

in the discussion or conversation, which the Archbishop of Dublin on this occasion invited, were the Bishop of Salisbury, who supported, and the Bishop of Ossory, who dissented from, the prayer of the petition. Of the speech of the latter learned prelate, the archbishop has furnished a report from his remembrance of it:—

“The Bishop of Ossory's speech, though inaudible in the gallery, was heard by those near him.

“His lordship expressed his hearty assent to the principle of the petition; but was averse to its being applied *at the present time*, on account of the excited state of party feeling now existing in the church, and which he feared might be aggravated by the assembling of any commission, synod, convocation, or other body of men for the purpose of either acting as a government for the church, or framing any such government.”

Having given this report, as containing the substance of Dr. O'Brien's reply to his speech, and, apparently, considering it as representing the strength of the argument against him, his grace the archbishop enters upon the task of refuting it:—

“I have heard the same language from many others; not only from those who are merely seeking a pretext for getting rid of the measure, by indefinite postponement, but from persons whom I cannot doubt to be sincerely convinced of the anomaly, the discredit, and the danger of leaving the church virtually without any legislative government, and sincerely desirous of remedying the evil on some favourable occasion which they expect will actually offer.

“Such persons cannot, I think, but perceive, on more attentive reflection, that the very same argument would apply equally in civil affairs; and yet it would be thought ridiculous for any one to say, that though parliaments are a very beneficial institution, he deprecates the assembling of a parliament *just now*, because there is so much political excitement in the country, and the hostile parties are so violently opposed, that it is to be feared there would be a very stormy session, and that mutual hostility would be aggravated rather than allayed; let us therefore have no session of parliament *this year*.

“No one in the present day would, on such a question, use such arguments. But it is not unlikely that they occasionally had weight with the unhappy

Charles I. and some of his advisers. He dreaded the probable violence of a parliamentary session, after having for some time endeavoured to carry on the government *without* parliaments. It is not unlikely that some of his advisers hoped to avoid the evil by waiting till men's minds should be in a somewhat calmer state: and if at any time there did appear to be a comparative calm—a remission of the murmurs, and of the agitation of the public mind, *this* would naturally supply a renewed ground for hope that the discontents would blow over, and the nation submit to the want of parliaments. And the result, as we all know, was that every remedy was deferred till too late, and that the parliament, which ultimately it was necessary to summon, overthrew the constitution.

“Certain it is, that in all cases of this kind, we must expect to meet with the cry of ‘NOT NOW,’ on occasions of the most opposite character. When men's minds are in an excited and unsettled state, we are told ‘*not now* ;’ wait for a period of greater tranquillity: when a lull takes place, and there is as little of discontent and party animosity as one can ever hope to find, again the cry is, ‘*not now* ;’ why unsettle men's minds? Why not let well alone? *Quieta ne movete*—it will be time enough to take steps when there is a general and urgent cry for it. In short, when the waters are low, we are told that it is useless trouble and expense to build a bridge; when they are high, that it is difficult and hazardous to build a bridge.”

Before presenting the reader with some observations of the Bishop of Ossory on these arguments and analogies, we think it right to apprise him, that our abstinence, in this article, from all expressions of praise, is intentional and deliberate. When adversaries of “so high front” contend, or rather, we should say, when so high parties are at issue, the reviewer is most faithful to his duty when he is least intrusive of laudatory comments. Let us not be supposed, then, insensible to the ability displayed on the one side or the other, because we express no admiration of it.

The Bishop of Ossory, while denying that his speech in the House of Lords, has been accurately or adequately reported, is careful to place the discussion between the archbishop and himself on higher grounds than those of merely personal altercation:

“It is hardly necessary, I suppose,” says his lordship, “to say, that this is a very imperfect account of what I attempted to urge, in support of my dissent from the prayer of the petition. But that is a matter of very little importance. What is of real importance is, that it is a very imperfect account of the objections which actually lie against the measure. And it is only in this respect that I shall attempt to correct it. I shall make no attempt to give a faithful report of what I said on the occasion. I should probably not succeed in the attempt if I made it. I shall merely endeavour to present distinctly the reasons which were in some shape present to my mind, and which I attempted to state, against the expediency of restoring to the church, at the present time, the privilege of self-government. As I endeavour to restate them in this more deliberate way, I am sure they will appear in a more orderly form than I was then able to give them, and probably in more fulness too. This is obviously unavoidable; and I should make no attempt to avoid it if I could. For what I am really anxious about, is to give something like a fair representation of the chief objections to the measure, which is so earnestly pressed for at the present time.”

The Bishop of Ossory's main objections to the projected experiment upon the church are these: he thinks it would not prove remedial, that, on the contrary, it would aggravate and confirm the very evils it was expected to remove or cure, and that it would interrupt a sanative process, of which his lordship imagines he can discern unambiguous symptoms, and from which, if not rashly interfered with, he anticipates a favourable issue:—

“I need not enlarge upon the divisions which harass, and disgrace, and weaken our church at the present day. No one, unhappily, can be ignorant of them. And in fact I presume that, (as appears by the speeches of the prelates who supported the petition,) one of the chief reasons for so earnestly desiring the restoration of a self-governing power to the church now, is the hope that it would be the means of healing them. I have said enough to show that I consider this as a very delusive hope. My opinion on the contrary is, that such a measure would be likely to exasperate, and prolong, if not perpetuate, these unhappy divisions. And that this is not a vague or random apprehension, but one which rests upon grounds which

are very intelligible, whether upon examination they will be found sufficient to support it or not, will I hope appear by what follows.

“Whatever be the constitution of the body to which it is proposed to give such powers, it must, so far, I presume, partake of the nature of convocation, as to be an elective body. Any body that did not *represent* the church, would be plainly unfit to *legislate* for it—so plainly indeed that I do not think it necessary to consider any plan of church-government of that nature, if such a plan has been conceived. Now, it can hardly be doubted that the elections by which this governing body, or a very important part of it, was to be formed, would materially affect our unhappy divisions, and be materially affected by them; that they would widen the divisions, and the divisions embitter them; that they would, in fact, at once carry our existing differences into every diocese, and every archdeaconry, and every rural deanery, and every parish in the kingdom; and in a form, compared with which, the controversial contests to which they at present give occasion, are tranquillity and harmony. In fact, all the evils which attend upon parliamentary elections in heated times, short of absolute personal violence, might be dreaded in such contests. And not the less that the opposing parties were not contending for any objects of worldly honour or emolument. Indeed in the party struggles which convulse the country at a general election in seasons of great political excitement, every one knows how very few comparatively, of those who are most deeply and desperately engaged in them, have any definite hope of personal advancement, or personal advantage of any kind—at least how very few there are who have any hope of such advancement or advantage as could be regarded as at all commensurate with their exertions and their sacrifices, in the cause to which they devote themselves. It is the success of a man's friends—the elevation of those to whom he has attached himself as his leaders—the predominance of his party—the triumph and the influence of his opinions and his principles—which are much more the object and the reward of the intense interest, and the desperate exertions which are made on such occasions, than gain or ambition. These last are the motives of comparatively few, the others embrace and sway the many. Now, it can hardly be doubted that all the former class of motives would be called into action by the contested elections, which must attend upon the only mode of restoring church-go-

vernment which we need consider; while a new and most powerful source of interest and excitement would be added, in the infinite importance of the results to be hoped or dreaded from the prevalence of opinions, and the victory of parties, in the present case. The connection of such struggles with religion would no doubt chasten and regulate the ardour of some, and make them watch anxiously and jealously over their own temper and conduct. But with others, and many others, it would only serve to exalt their zeal, and to justify every measure which it prompted—so that it could not be doubted that such contests would be carried on with no less energy, and hardly, if at all, less bitterness, than secular conflicts—enkindling the same passions, and sowing the seeds of the same heart-burnings, and jealousies, and animosities.

“This would be a sad state of things while it lasted. But it might well be borne with if it were to end with the elections; and to end in providing the church with a deliberative assembly, from which we might reasonably expect a calm consideration of the various points which divide us, and a fair and impartial adjudication upon them. This is the result hoped for by the petitioners. But no such expectation can, in my opinion, be reasonably entertained. Such contests might be expected to terminate, not in providing a calm deliberative body, from which the church might receive the stability and repose which she needs, but in engaging upon a new arena the representatives of exasperated parties, and the advocates of their conflicting opinions. These representatives, returned, not to deliberate but to contend, and carrying on their contests on a public stage, would keep throughout the land their constituents, and the large proportion of the laity who would everywhere range themselves under them, in the same hostile position with respect to each other to which the elections had brought them. And how absolutely incompatible such a position of parties is with any thing like a calm consideration, or a satisfactory settlement of religious differences, I need hardly say.”

So much for the dangers attendant on an enterprise such as the archbishop proposes. The hopes cherished by Dr. O'Brien of good to be effected through agencies even now at work, are declared in the following passage:—

“But what are we waiting for? it is asked. Is it until divisions, which have

grown up under the present state of things, heal themselves? 'I have seen,' the archbishop says, 'also in a recent publication a forcible representation of the discrepancies prevailing in the several dioceses—of the doubts, perplexities, and heart-burnings that exist—and of the discredit and danger to the church thence resulting, while the conclusion drawn was that no commission, assembly, synod, or other church-government should be appointed; but that the bishops should be left (*as now*) to decide 'pro re nata,' each according to his own judgment, on matters coming under his control. In short, that *because* the existing state of things produced great and notorious evils, *therefore* it should be left unaltered!'—Appendix, pp. 35, 36.

"I have never seen the publication to which his grace refers, and therefore, though this summary of the argument of it wears the air of a caricature much more than of a fair representation, I cannot of course say that the writer may not have given some colour for it by his mode of stating his views. But of course it can only apply to the form into which he has contrived to throw his argument; it does not apply to its substance.

"The archbishop states that the writer pleads to have the existing state of things left unaltered, '*because* it has *produced* great and notorious evils.' It seems tolerably safe to conjecture that what he does plead for, at least in substance, is, that the existing state of things should for the present be left unaltered, *although* it has *permitted* gross and notorious evils. This, at least, is my plea. It is the one with which the archbishop has actually to deal; and however the unskilfulness of some who sustain it may have supplied him with it in a form in which it seems too absurd to be seriously treated, it is presumed that, whether it be well-grounded or not, it is in itself neither inconsequent nor ridiculous. It may be rash to decide whether, if the convocation had always continued to exercise its powers, such evils would have been prevented from arising in the church; but it is very plain that that is an entirely different question from the practical one with which we have now to deal—namely, will the evils which have grown up during the suspension of the powers of this body, be removed or mitigated by reviving these powers—whether by convening the convocation, or an elective body of the same functions, but differing from it in some respects in constitution? I have already said that my apprehension is that the result would be greatly

to aggravate those evils, and I have attempted to give some reasons for this opinion, be they sufficient or insufficient.

"And if it be asked, what hope is there that under a state of things which has permitted the rise and growth of such evils, any relief from them will be obtained? I answer that if there were no such hope, that would be no reason for altering the existing state of things in the way proposed, if, as I apprehend, and have attempted to show, the change is likely to lead to worse evils than any that we now endure, or under existing circumstances can reasonably apprehend. If it be wholesome, though homely philosophy, which

'—makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.'

the prudence of patience under existing ills, is still more evident, when we have good reason to fear that the ills to which we are urged to flee, are worse than those which we are enduring.

"But I do not think that we are thus without hope of some alleviation of the evils of our present condition. The present time is one, no doubt, of ardent conflict to some; and of course, as in all such cases, the passions which inflame the actual combatants, extend to many who do not share actively in the struggle. But it is a period of calm thought to very many—a time of investigation and reflection—out of which, if it be left uninterrupted, a much greater measure of harmony and peace than we now enjoy, may be expected to arise. The course of the fierce controversy which has been, and is still carried on, supplies numbers who are not actively engaged in it, with such materials as their own industry and research could hardly have provided, for coming to a sound judgment upon the various points which are so hotly contested. Among those who are thus seriously, and it may be hoped prayerfully, reviewing these questions, are many who exercise an influence upon others—many especially who exercise the influence which belongs to the ministerial character—the importance of whose opinions extends far beyond themselves. And without entering inconveniently into a consideration of existing differences, it may be said, that there are not a few reasons for hoping that the great mass of the ministers and the members of the church are at this moment in a fair way of settling in a sound and moderate view of them, if they be suffered to go on forming their judgments in the way in which this process is at present going on. And that we may hope to arrive gradu-

ally and quietly, not at a state of perfect unanimity and perfect peace, but at a much more united and tranquil state than we at present enjoy: such a state as would make it safe and advantageous to restore to the church her synod (with whatever modifications of its constitution may appear expedient)—the office of which seems to be much more to give stability to such a state of harmony, than to bring it about out of such a state of division as at present unhappily exists.

“Such harmony can never be brought about by debates, and votes, and enactments. It must be the result of sober and sincere convictions, formed by more tranquil investigation and thought than the contests of rival parties in a public assembly allow; by such a process in fact as I believe to be going on at this moment in the minds of honest and thinking men throughout the empire. My desire is to leave this process for a time to its natural course. But with the commencement of such contests as the restoration of her synodical functions to the church would at once necessarily give rise to, all calm inquiry must come to an end. Men must in such a case support the side with which they at the time agree most, if they would not see the one to which they are opposed, however moderately, prevail and rule. And when they are once engaged in such a conflict, how hard—how impossible indeed, speaking generally—it is, to maintain the seriousness, sobriety, and moderation which are essential to coming to a sound judgment upon the points in dispute, needs scarcely be said. Indeed, thenceforth the means of forming opinions would not be the object for which men would seek, but the means of asserting and defending them. And I need not repeat what I have before said of my apprehensions that such warfare could not be carried on in this new form without grievously, if not irreparably, widening and exasperating our wide and angry divisions.”

Such are the hopes of the Bishop of Ossory, and such his apprehensions; his observations on the analogies which appear as arguments in the pamphlet of his metropolitan, are conceived and expressed in a similar spirit. They appear to him incomplete and inapplicable. On the analogy of which parliament furnishes the subject, the bishop observes:—

“The analogy on which this mixture of raillery and argument relies, is a very tempting one. It is a great fa-

vourite with his grace, and it is not surprising that he builds somewhat more on it than he is able to sustain. That he does so, I think is very certain, and I should hope that it cannot be very difficult to make it apparent. Looking only in a general way at the church and the state, and their respective legislatures, it might, no doubt, seem that we had an analogy sufficiently exact to warrant any such inference as the archbishop draws; and that when we find any general principle, established by experience with respect to parliament and the state, we may without further examination assume it of the church and convocation. But when one considers the case a little more narrowly, he will see that this is proceeding too rapidly; and that we ought to require in every instance some better reason to warrant such a transfer. And as I cannot but apprehend, that what I must take the liberty of saying has much misled the Archbishop of Dublin, may have the effect of misleading many others, I shall endeavour to show, as briefly as I can, where the fallacy of his application of this analogy lies.

“If at any time, any one were to deprecate the assembling of a parliament *just now*, because there is so much *political* excitement in the country, &c., there is no doubt that, as the Archbishop of Dublin says, ‘it would be thought ridiculous.’ And moreover—which is not exactly the same thing, and is more important—there is little doubt that it would really be ridiculous. And I have as little doubt that there are many who will agree with his grace in thinking, that *therefore* it is ridiculous to deprecate the assembling of convocation *just now*, on the ground of the *religious* excitement which prevails in the country. But this, as I said, is going on much too fast. It is true that parliament bears to the state the same relation that convocation does to the church, so far as this, that parliament is the state-legislature, and convocation the church-legislature. But a great deal more is necessary to warrant such an inference as the archbishop proposes to make. Such a general agreement is perfectly compatible with very important differences—and differences in the very points in which these legislative bodies must be assumed to agree, in order to render the inference a valid one. And in fact such differences do actually exist. The two bodies differ so widely both in their general nature and in their actual circumstances, as to make the inference wholly unwarrantable.

“And to begin with their *circumstances*. In considering the question, it

ought not to be forgotten, that assembling is the regular course, in the case of parliament—the unusual course now, in the case of the convocation; and that while suspending the assembling of parliament would be new and violent, it has become the regular practice as regards the convocation. It would be perfectly possible, therefore, even from this circumstance only, that the assembling of parliament might generally allay political excitement, while religious excitement might be most materially increased by the assembling (which would be the revival) of convocation.”

Having proceeded to exhibit, in detail, discrepancies between the subjects of comparison, by which, he conceives, this analogy is vitiated, the bishop endeavours to prove that the second illustration employed against him is equally defective. Indeed, he seems to be of opinion, that on full consideration, the Archbishop of Dublin would rather approve of the caution which, in his analogy, he appears to think censurable :—

“The archbishop’s lively illustration, in fact, opens a view of the case which he did not intend to exhibit. Not, of course, that he meant to conceal any thing that he saw, but there is a *phase* of such questions which does not offer itself to those who look at them from the point of view which persons of his active temperament generally take.—When the river is low, the want of a bridge is not felt, and the lazy adviser who seeks to persuade those who would have to bear the charge of it, that they would be putting themselves to useless trouble and expense in building a bridge over a stream that any child could step across, is likely enough to be listened to. When the river is swollen and impassable, every one feels the want of a bridge; and one who acknowledges that it is absolutely necessary, and that it ought to be built; but who seeks to dissuade those who are eager to set about it *at once*, from what he regards as a fruitless and hazardous enterprise, is likely to have an unwilling auditory. They will be much more disposed to hearken to the bolder adviser who tells them, ‘That they will never build the bridge if they listen to objections; that they may be sure that objectors will never be wanting to dissuade them from attempting it.’

“Does the Archbishop of Dublin think that this would be right? If we were to collect the answer to this question from what every body knows of the

acuteness and clearness of his mind, one would unhesitatingly say, that it is impossible that he should think so. But, on the other hand, his use of the illustration seems to prove very clearly that he does. For, otherwise, this apologue would have no application to the case with which he is dealing. The objectors whom he is opposing are in the place of the man who gave counsel against setting about building a bridge when the waters were high; and, unless he be as foolish and wrong as the man who resisted the building of it when the waters were low, the illustration is useless for its purpose.

“It appears, therefore, very evident, strange as it is, that his grace means to give both of these, as examples of the weak and perverse objections by which ‘enterprises of great pith and moment’—‘lose the name of action.’ Whereas, while it is very certain that the first objector, and those whom he brought over to his opinion, were foolish enough, it does not at all follow that the second objector was of the same stamp. He might be, no doubt, a vain alarmist; but then, on the other hand, it is abundantly plain, that he might not; that the waters might have so risen that the attempt to build was now useless and hazardous. This evidently might be the case; and if it were so, it is equally evident, that he would not be the weak and absurd person that the archbishop’s purpose in illustration requires him to be. There would be no folly in his advising those who were about to waste money and risk lives in the undertaking, to defer it, till the waters subsided so far as to allow of its being attempted with safety, and with good hopes of success: nor would this counsel be at all the more foolish, because, before, when the waters were low, other advisers had dissuaded them from the work, and succeeded: nor because, when the stream again became low, such slothful counsellors would be sure to repeat their advice. The real folly, little as the archbishop seems to suspect it, would be in the clever but rather headlong counsellor, who, having seen and heard of many a valuable opportunity lost, and many a fair enterprise brought to naught by listening to ‘objections,’ was resolved never to listen to them; and who, accordingly, shut his own ears against this warning, and persuaded his neighbours to disregard it too. Nor would his folly be a jot the less, because he and they had, in this very case, been persuaded to neglect the work when it might have been accomplished with ease and safety; nor, because those who had so misled them would certainly be ready,

under the like circumstances, to attempt to do so again.

“ I am aware that in thus expanding the archbishop's pleasant illustration, I am sadly marring its point. But that is a matter of minor importance, if, as I trust, I have been mending its fairness. And with this slight expansion I am content to accept it as a fair representation of the state of the question. I do not desire, on the one hand, that those who are called on to build the bridge *at once*, should give up the undertaking *at once*, merely because some objectors have come forward to warn them that the waters are too high. But then, on the other hand, I trust that they, or most of them, will feel, that they are not at liberty to dismiss this objection *at once*, as if it were plainly unworthy of the consideration of *practical* men; or, to set it aside by saying, that nothing will ever be done, if people listen to objections against setting about their work, when they ought to be half way over it; or, by any apophthegm of that kind: or, by the more special answer, that the work proposed is much wanted, and never more than at this very moment; that it has been much too long delayed; and that, in fact, it would have been finished long ago, if they had not given too ready an ear to indolent objectors before; or any of the answers which the illustration suggests as decisive in the case. I trust that they will feel that they cannot, in prudence, set aside this objection on these, or any such reasons; but that they ought to examine carefully whether it is well-grounded or not, before they are persuaded to disregard it. They are warned, that the waters are too high to allow of their setting about the work now with safety. If they carefully and honestly endeavour to ascertain whether this representation is true or not, before they begin, I am perfectly satisfied.”

It will have been seen that in these remarks, and indeed throughout his pamphlet, the Bishop of Ossory confines himself to that one point of view in which he proposed to consider the subject on which he has written; namely—“ the expediency of restoring, *at this time*, to the church her synodical powers.” Agreeing with those who entertain the belief that a restoration of these powers is desirable, but denying the expediency of engaging *now* in an enterprise which, he admits, ought to be undertaken if the times were less unfavourable, he considers the arguments and illustrations of the archbishop in their relation to time

alone, and does not concern himself, as indeed he is not concerned, with any other application of them. We, however, are less restricted, and feel that they may be viewed, not unprofitably, under another aspect.

The allegories of his grace the archbishop, appear to us to labour under a vice which it did not come within the scope of the Bishop of Ossory's design to notice, and yet which is fatal to the archbishop's argument.

To hesitate about engaging in the construction of a legislature for the church, because of the unfavourable circumstances which discourage some from the undertaking, his grace represents as not less unwise than it would be to discontinue the meetings of parliament, because party feuds run high, or to abandon the purpose of building a bridge, because the river over which it should be erected, was swollen.

In order that these comparisons should prove serviceable to the archbishop's argument, it must be received as an admitted truth, that the parliament, and the bridge, are, in themselves, good things, and things known and acknowledged to be good. Is there a similar recognition of excellence in the legislature or the legislative body through which the affairs of the church, should the archbishop's scheme succeed, are to be ordered and settled? Have we any knowledge of the constitution or composition of the assembly to which synodical powers are to be entrusted? We know the constitution of parliaments—we understand the construction, and have experience of the uses of bridges;—we know, as yet, absolutely nothing of that ideal organ of deliberate wisdom and power to which the Archbishop compares them. We could understand the consistency of such comparisons if they were instituted between a parliament, or even a bridge, and *the convocation*. In such a case one real existence would be compared with another,—entities would be at each side in the deliberation or argument, and their correspondence could be readily known and tested,—but to place a definite reality in one scale, and leave the other void for some visionary subsistence, as yet, not only unformed but unplanned, is surely not the mode of procedure by which serious matters should be determined.

If, after a prolonged discontinuance of parliaments, *the throne* were prayed to *devise some species of assembly suitable to the exigencies of the times*, a wise man might, without prejudice to his reputation, refuse to join in such a prayer; if, when a river were found impassible, it was proposed to entrust certain parties with power to *devise and carry into effect some contrivance of which they approved*, few, except those who placed implicit reliance on the parties to whom such power was to be assigned, would admit the propriety of confiding it to them. The sovereign might reasonably be petitioned to *assemble parliament*—a committee might well be appointed to take measures for *the erection of a bridge*; but, if a prudent man were requested to sign a petition, or assent to a proposal, that a king, or a company, would be pleased to do *what seemed to either to be fit*, he would be, we imagine, very unlikely to yield a ready acquiescence. With equal justice and prudence he might refuse to acquiesce in the prayer of the petition presented by the Archbishop of Dublin. It was a petition professedly addressed to an assembly unfit to legislate for the church, unwilling to legislate *for its benefit*, and yet prayed to exercise a discretionary power in fabricating measures by which, for evil or for good, the whole ecclesiastical system might be materially and unalterably affected. No man should be accounted timid or supine for refusing to subscribe his name to such a petition.

The Archbishop's analogy labours under another disadvantage. It has no provision for a very marked peculiarity in the circumstances for which it professes to furnish an illustration. Let it be supposed, that parliaments were not discontinued, but, being duly summoned and assembled at stated periods, were uniformly prorogued without entering upon the "dispatch of business;" let it be supposed that the flooded river were not altogether destitute of a bridge, but that it was spanned by an arch which demanded repair before it could be pronounced serviceable and safe; might not, in such a case, the projector of a new kind of parliament, or of a new bridge, be accounted rash, rather than the protestor against his scheme be derided for timidity? At least, would it not be a reasonable question to demand of the advocate for novel-

ties, what he meant to do with the things he found existing? Would he abolish the parliament which he proposed to supersede—would he destroy the bridge for which he proposed to substitute one more serviceable? Or, would he merely make the existing parliament and bridge fit to render the services for which they were originally designed?

If such a question were asked respecting the projectors in the archbishop's analogy, there is nothing in the petition presented by his grace, nor in the argument recommending it, from which an answer could be collected. Both intimate the desirableness of having a legislature erected within the church, and neither explains whether the desired end is to be attained by rendering the convocations now held efficient, or by suppressing them, and substituting in their place assemblies of different constitution and character.

It is, we apprehend, very generally known, that convocations are uniformly summoned concurrently with parliament, and that, after assembling and dispatching some formal business, they adjourn. To render them efficient as a legislature, it is only necessary that the royal writ, by virtue of which they are holden, shall be accompanied or followed by a *royal licence to enact canons*. Thus, it may be said, there is an ecclesiastical legislature in a state of preparedness to enact laws, whenever new laws are wanted, but without the power to make loose experiments in legislation, at the will of speculative and enterprising members desirous of a change. Is it the purpose and wish of the Archbishop of Dublin to obtain this dangerous power for the convocations which are now holden? Is it his object to have some kind of assembly, whose composition is yet to be devised, empowered to act and legislate as freely as the high courts of parliament? We confess our inability to discover, and are disposed to charge our ignorance less on our own dulness of apprehension, than on the obscurity and indefiniteness of the archbishop's argument and petition.

And this, if we are right, is a matter of grave remonstrance. A petition for an ecclesiastical legislature ought to declare whether it contemplates an improvement of the existing legislature, or the erection of a new: it ought to

declare, whether it desires to have the convocation licensed to act—to see its constitution altered—or to see it superseded by an assembly of a different description. Can it be possible that this is an object contemplated with desire by any prelate in our Church? We would hope it is not. It would be a very serious evil to see the old legislature and the new confronted and conflicting—to see the assembly, which is purely ecclesiastical, complaining against the body of parliamentary creation; or to see the civil legislature effecting or aiming at the extinction of the ecclesiastical, and investing an assembly, to which it had given existence, with an authority to govern in spiritual things, and to make alterations in the Church. We know of no precedent for an exercise of power like this—we know of no argument which could justify or excuse it. If the convocation need reform, we could understand the propriety of requiring and empowering it to effect the necessary alteration. Equally with one of the houses of parliament, a house of convocation *may* require change and improvement; but the amendment, in the instance of the convocation as in that of parliament, *should be made within*. If the civil legislature were to effect great changes, purely on its own authority, in the governing assembly of the Church, it might provoke a most unseemly contention: there is, at all events, nothing disreputable in refusing to join in petitioning parliament to attempt so hazardous an experiment. It would be little less unreasonable to pray that the crown or the lords would, of their own mere motion, carry into effect a reformation of the commons' house of parliament. A member of convocation should hardly court the exercise of alien, or, at least, extern, jurisdiction, which a member of parliament would strongly deprecate and resist. It is not, therefore, rash to hope, that the Archbishop of Dublin, when he prayed that the Church might have an efficient legislature within herself, did not desire that her existing legislature should be annulled or superseded. May it have been his wish that the convocation should be licensed to act first upon itself, then upon the Church at large—first modifying itself, so as to become adapted to the wants and necessities

of the age, and then, when thus reformed, to legislate for the correction of all errors, and abuses, and deficiencies, in the ecclesiastical system? If this were his grace's desire, we regret that he did not express it. If his wish were of an opposite tendency, it would be no less desirable that he should avow his purpose of destroying or dishonouring the convocation, by measures of change, in the designing of which it had no part—in the adoption of which it had no voice or will—and by which its position or its character became essentially and irrecoverably altered.

Let it be set down, then, as our leading objection to the movement recommended by the archbishop, (we omit for the present the consideration whether it is seasonable,) that his grace has left us ignorant of the direction in which it was to be made, and that, so far as we can see, he must be, himself, equally uninformed. The moment his petition is granted, his control over the movement originated by him ceases. At his will an engine which is to stamp a character—perhaps a new character—upon the Church, has been constructed and put in action, and the construction and management of this fatal engine is confided to an assembly “unfit to legislate for the Church, unwilling to legislate for its advantage;”—nay, this very unmeetness and indisposition is avowed or proclaimed as the reason for confiding to a suspected assembly a duty which none but wise and faithful friends should ever be permitted to execute. If parliament has become disqualified for legislating in ecclesiastical matters, we should more than doubt its competency to adjust the composition and constitution of an ecclesiastical legislature. We can well imagine a generous enemy willing to disconnect himself from all control over an adversary's affairs; and can understand that Roman Catholics, and Dissenters, and Socinians, having seats in either house of parliament, may consent to dispossess themselves of power to harm the Church or Church Establishment; we can imagine that they would willingly acquiesce in the erection of a new court or legislative assembly, to which the task relinquished by themselves could with more propriety be committed; but we are wholly unable to discern any good rea-

son why they, or the body to which they belong, should be called upon to frame that intermediate legislature by which the Church was thenceforth to be governed.

The argument of the Bishop of Salisbury is not liable to the objection which we feel against the scheme of his grace the archbishop. His lordship, we are inclined to believe, would willingly see the convocation restored to its efficiency:—

“The convocation might not, theoretically, be the most excellent and perfect form of Church legislature; but he could not deem it so impracticable or useless as it had been represented. The upper house, composed of the prelates, could not, surely, be open to the charge of too great tendency to popular influences; and the other house consisted only of 144 members, a number which certainly, if popularly elected, might be susceptible of excited influences, but which was made up of, first, the deans, dignitaries next in rank to the bishops, and probably about the same age, not at all likely to consider matters in other than a calm and temperate manner; nor less likely to deal with Church-matters in such a spirit were the archdeacons—the very *elite* of the clergy—to whom, assuredly, such subjects might safely be entrusted. So that more than half the members of the lower house were persons not popularly elected, but sitting by virtue of their stations and offices in the Church. The excitement common now-a-days in Church-matters might be ascribed in no slight degree to the absence of any recognised form of government—of any mode by which opinions could be brought to the test of calm consideration. Something analogous to this evil in the Church might be noticed in the excitement accustomed to pervade the country during the temporary cessations of parliamentary deliberations, when public questions were discussed at dinners and meetings, and exciting language bandied to and fro in speeches and papers—an excitement dying away in a great degree, when matters were brought again before regularly authorised assemblies; and even the wild excitement—the fierce language echoed so loudly on the other side of the Irish Channel, was apt to die away to something more approaching rational discussion and argumentative consideration when brought into the houses of parliament. Nor was this wholly dissimilar to what must occur in a Church where there was no authorised body to consider conflicting opinions calmly; and, therefore, they were left

to the excited and exciting controversies of those least able and least willing to treat them in so befitting and beneficial a spirit. There would be no safety or security to the Church, if she were not permitted to accommodate herself in a due degree to the altered circumstances of the age, and with recognised authority to meet the necessities which, in the course of time, must inevitably occur.”

If we rightly collect his lordship's views from this passage, they are, we will admit, direct and intelligible. At the same time, we doubt their suitability to the place in which they were expressed. The throne is the tribunal before which they could be laid with best advantage. A royal license can effect all that the Bishop of Salisbury seems desirous to have accomplished. Parliament cannot grant such a license, cannot annul it if granted by the crown. If there be a general and earnest desire entertained throughout the Church, to restore its former powers to the convocation, it should be signified in a *dutiful address to the crown*—an address recommended by the great numbers and the high reputation of the subscribers, as well as by the convincing arguments in which their wisdom was embodied; and should not be left dependent upon the advocacy of any, the most exalted, individual, speaking in his own name alone, in an assembly which had no power to grant the thing he prayed for.

Nor is our objection only to the place in which the Bishop of Salisbury delivered his argument; we are disposed to think that, even were it addressed to the crown, it ought not to prove effectual. It contained no enumeration of topics worthy to engage the attention of the convocation, if left free to act; and this we hold to be a fatal omission. The Sovereign of England is “Defender of the Faith.” However the title was given, its propriety has hitherto been highly vindicated—vindicated against alien intrusion—vindicated by repressing the precipitancy of ill-advised members of the national establishment—vindicated, we trust, it will continue to be, by withstanding rash endeavours to convert the convocation into an independent legislature. Whenever it is plainly desirable that new canons be enacted, the crown, we trust, will grant its license to frame

them; but, we hope, not without knowing what it does,—not without knowing and approving the acts which, it is expected, the convocation is to perform; otherwise serious mischief may be done. If a convocation be empowered to act as a legislature, with no other restraints on its freedom of discussion than the prudence or principle of its members may supply, although the crown can refuse to sanction its enactments, and can thus deprive its canons of authority, evil may be done in its debates, which the sovereign's interposition would be too late to remedy. A convocation empowered, at this time, to enact canons, would feel *that it was expected to enact them*: that, if it did not legislate, public expectation would be disappointed. There is much danger and strong temptation in such a feeling. The persuasion that character will be lost if something be not done, often causes the doing of something rash and wrong: where interests of so deep moment as those of religion and the church are at stake, so grave a peril ought not to be hazarded. No: if it be necessary that the convocation obtain the royal license to legislate, let the necessity be plainly shown, let the freedom and the power which are to be exercised, have their due limits assigned them—let the sovereign and the people know what are the precise changes to be effected; and then it will be practicable to arrive at a correct judgment, whether it is desirable that the powers solicited should be granted, and it will be also practicable to make provision that, if granted, they shall not be abused.

And here, by anticipation, we protest against any argument which an ingenious and enterprising reader may extort from an obvious and plausible analogy. Parliament is a species of civil convocation, as the convocation is an ecclesiastical parliament. The freedom of the civil assembly has not been destructive to the British constitution; *ergo*, to grant freedom of action to the ecclesiastical synod would not prove ruinous to the church. This is a weak argument. The differences between the assemblies rashly compared together, are wider, and more real, than the seeming resemblances are obvious. Parliament has grown into power, as a man grows

from infancy to the fulness of his mature strength, which he has learned to use, and to command, during the slow process of its acquisition. The convocation would have to enter upon its arduous duties, and to exert its perilous powers, without the regulating and restraining influences of habit and experience; as a man would have to act who came into the world without the preparation of childhood and adolescence, who found himself in society with the strength and the passions of perfectly developed life, and with the fatal inexperience which made these gifts his masters.

It should be remembered, too, that in the constitution of parliament there are checks and counterpoises, admirably contrived for the efficiency and conservation of the political system. There is an element which stimulates to action—an element in which, because of its representative character, the legislature and the people are identified—an element which is as an organ of the popular mind, which is animated by the will, the passions, and even the prejudices of a free people—an element instinct with influences of the present, responding to and reflecting the public voice and look, showing—

“The very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.”

There is another element in the British legislature, which mingles itself more unreservedly with the past, and with the future; which imbibes its political inspiration less from the spirits of the passing hour, and from the passions of an excited people, than from hereditary recollections, and from the high resolve to guard the honours and riches of the past, and transmit them, without loss or stain, as its rightful heritage, to the future. If, in the commons' house of parliament, England can reckon upon agencies which obey the popular will, and are busy as that will is restless and commanding; in her higher courts she has, to temper the precipitancy of this imperious will, an assembly nurtured amid influences grander and more enduring. If, in the enforced and incessant activity of her commons, she has a principle of progression, to which, in part, her rapid and general

improvement may be ascribed—in her peerage she has a principle of permanence, to which, under God, recent experience has taught us to ascribe the maintenance of her characteristic and distinguishing institutions. It is idle to say that the convocation, equally with parliament, has its upper house. The peerage of England is *hereditary*;—it is formed amidst thoughts of what it owes to the memory of the dead, and it has mementoes of what it is bound to preserve, that there may be honourable remembrances for the child yet to be born. The upper house of convocation is not, necessarily, composed, for the greater part, of a body like this; and if for no other reason, the analogy supposed between the civil and ecclesiastical legislatures, however plausible it may seem, is deficient in the fidelity and exactness without which argument from it must be inconclusive.

And now, if the reader think our judgment worthy of a regard, we do not withhold it. We agree with the Bishop of Ossory in thinking, that the time for restoring to the church her synodical powers has not arrived. We are not quite sure that we share in the regret with which his lordship acquiesces in the necessity of suffering these powers to remain still in abeyance. We differ in opinion altogether with the petitioners for an ecclesiastical legislature, and with the prelates by whom their prayer was supported. To us it appears that there is no such urgent necessity for holding a convocation “for dispatch of business” as these high parties imagine; and that the dangers attendant upon the exercise of its newly imparted functions, would be far more formidable than they seem to apprehend. We do not think that the convocation could cure the evils for which it is prescribed as a remedy, but which are much more likely, we believe, to become mitigated, and perhaps removed, by a regimen like that which the Bishop of Ossory describes, and under which he has discerned symptoms of amendment. Members and ministers of the same church contend, it is said, acrimoniously for the dogmas or opinions which they respectively regard as of the most immediate importance. Where the articles of their church, and a common creed,

indulge a certain latitude of opinion, they would set narrower limits. Where the visible church would acknowledge a son, parties within the church would proclaim an alien; and this not for recklessness of unclean living, for carelessness in devotional exercises, or manifest coldness of heart towards God or man, but simply from unwillingness to adopt a system, or a point of doctrine, which the church has not directly propounded, or to receive articles of religion, or words of Scripture, in a sense which, in some instances, the reason of an individual refuses to admit, and which no authority, whether of the divine word, or of human ordinance in the Church of England, has enjoined as obligatory. Surely Dr. O'Brien does not err in imagining that this is not the temper which the contentions arising out of the erection of an ecclesiastical legislature, would have the effect of speedily improving. No: the summons to send representatives to a house of convocation would have an exasperating, and perhaps a fatal, influence, on the spirit of parties within the church. The apprehension that one dogma or another must become permanently set in authority, would exalt profession into the semblance of principle, would give to personal contention the importance of a purely religious controversy, and in the end would convert the “*idola specus*” of some eminent man, (erroneous notions, to which his intellectual constitution or the circumstances of his education disposed him, from which reason had not set him free, and in which a tolerant system indulged him,) into oracles which, when their revelations go forth with authority, will have a very pernicious influence on religion and the church. So long as they remain in their proper class and rank, doctrines or opinions of an individual or a party, *inferences* from Gospel truth, they may be comparatively harmless; but should they be set up and recognised as articles of faith, they necessarily compel separation from the church which has exalted them, and essentially change the religious system into which they are adopted. Such a change would be, on the part of the Church of England, a recoil into Romanism—a setting up opinions of fallible men, as though they were equal in importance

and authority with the articles of faith revealed in Scripture, and embodied in those formularies which have been received in all ages by the catholic church, as containing a complete summary of saving truth. The errors which constitute the outer distinctions of Romanism might not prevail in the projected convocation, but if any error, or any private opinion, any sectarian notion, were proclaimed an essential part of doctrine, which must necessarily be believed, the great principle of the catholic church would be set aside, and the principle of Romanism would be introduced into its place. The fear of so calamitous a result is not a vain chimera, and its prayer, especially when it seeks no more than a little delay, is entitled to a respectful consideration. Were such a prayer refused, substantial reason should be shown for its rejection. It asks no more than that a change of great magnitude, and likely to be attended by most serious consequences, shall not be hastily made. Nothing less than necessity could justify disregard of such a prayer, and certainly a clear case of necessity has not been made out by the advocates of change.

We have already said, that our good wishes are with the petitioners for delay. We judge, as it appears to us, justly, and as we are conscious, impartially, between the parties at issue. Both parties agree in their representation of the state of things they would reform. There is a spirit of disputation in the Church, which both would cast out or correct. The one would give it scope and authority in an ecclesiastical legislature—the other would withhold from it such opportunities of exercise. The one maintains that the uncharitable temper in which opposing sections now wage upon each other a controversial war, will be mitigated by raising personal altercation to the dignity and importance of legislative discussion—the other fears that personal contention would thus become embittered, that the effect upon individual character would be evil, and upon the unity of the Church, calamitous in the extreme. This other party would hope a better result from the ameliorating influences which wait upon the unmarked progress of time, and are productive of changes which oftentimes are unobserved until they are com-

pleted. They hope, that asperities of opinion will be smoothed by discussions in which no more is aimed at than to convince or persuade. They hope much from prayer and meditation. They know that much has already been achieved—that many, who had had angry differences and disputes, have been brought, through gracious influences, “to hold the one faith,” not, it is true, in exact conformity of opinion, but, “in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.” They remember instances in which this happy result has been attained, and discern in them hope of further good. What has been realised encourages them. Evil, they know, still exists; but they hope its removal—not from agencies which they think likely to feed the fire of contention—“*ignem gladio scrutari*”—but from influences of which they have seen good effects; and which, they believe, will not cease their beneficial operations upon vices still to be corrected:—

“*Fortassis et istine,
Largiter abstulerit longa ætas, liber amicus,
Consilium proprium.*”

There are many topics suggested by our subject, on which, were our limits not already approached, we would willingly enlarge. There is one upon which, confined as we are in space, we feel constrained to offer a brief observation. It is the unfitness of parliament to legislate for the Church. We agree in opinion with the Archbishop of Dublin. The legislature of Great Britain is not so constituted as an assembly ought to be to which the regulation of ecclesiastical affairs and interests is entrusted. We are, however, strongly moved towards this conclusion by a reason which his grace has not stated. The admission into parliament of parties adverse to the Church, influences the Archbishop—the exclusion of parties especially devoted to its interests, has no less weight with us. The House of Commons has legislated upon things spiritual and things temporal, by which the Church and the clergy were affected—upon the suppression of bishoprics—on the discontinuance or extinction of parochial ministrations—on the principle and construction of systems of Christian education—on the duties and con-

ditions of clerical residence—on the pecuniary terms upon which incumbents may obtain the services of assistant curates—on the revenues of the clergy, and the due maintenance of public worship; has undertaken to grant “*novas tabulas*,” where ecclesiastics were the creditors—has been generous at their cost, bestowing largesses, amounting to nearly a fourth of their whole income—has distinguished them by imposing upon the poor remnant of their property a heavy burden, from which the laity are exempt—has taxed them, to double the amount of the laity, for the maintenance of the poor, and pronounced them disqualified for having any share in the administration of the funds, to which it requires of them to contribute so largely;—and the House of Commons which holds itself competent to deal thus with the interests and concerns of the Established Church, and to dispose of the rights, privileges, and properties of its ministers, has provided, by a severe law, that no one member of that body shall assist in its deliberations. We have inquired, and have never been able to discover, a valid reason for this singular exclusion. We could understand it if it were based upon a respect for clerical duty, we could understand the exclusion from parliament of all clergy, who have care of souls. We should not object to see the obli-

gation of ministerial residence enforced as strictly as the interests of true religion demand; but that, because an individual has dedicated himself more especially to God’s service, by becoming a minister of the national church, he has disqualified himself for proposing or promoting in the British House of Commons, laws, by which England is to be governed—for a prohibition having an effect like this, we frankly confess our inability to discover—our incompetency to understand any sufficient reason, either in reason or in morals.

Our limits, and some knowledge of the difficulties by which it is surrounded, forbid us to pursue the consideration of this topic further. Our sense of its importance has enforced from us a passing notice. We cast it “upon the waters.”

As to the main subject-matter of our article, to which we purpose speedily to return, we would respectfully offer, for the present, a parting recommendation. Let those who desire the restoration to the Church, at this time, of its synodical powers, enumerate the reforms or changes, in effecting which such powers should be exerted. Let them say what it is their desire that an ecclesiastical legislature should do: it will then become possible to judge whether it be safe and adviseable to grant their petitions.

ARRAH NEIL: OR, TIMES OF OLD.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XV.

"In the name of fury, you scoundrel," exclaimed Colonel Ashburnham, addressing the captain of the cutter, as soon as they reached the deck, "what made you strike and reef the sails?"

"Because I couldn't help it," replied the man. "They are to windward of us, and will be alongside of us in no time. If you come to that, what made that gentleman stay so long—and who the devil are you, who come to give orders here?"

He added a number of oaths, which are not necessary to repeat. But, Colonel Ashburnham waved his hand, saying, "Silence, sir—I thought I was known by every body, who even pretends to serve the king. I am Colonel Ashburnham, an officer in his service, and I order you, if there be a chance of getting away, to make sail instantly!"

"There is no chance," answered the man.

"No, sir!—not now!" said a seaman, who stood near; "for nothing is ready. If we had not reefed the sails, indeed——"

"Well, well!" said Colonel Ashburnham, "what must be, must be!—Where are the Frenchmen?"

"There stands one," said the captain, sullenly, "and the other has gone down below."

"If you have any thing to destroy, sir," said the colonel, addressing Barecolt in French, "you had better go and do it at once."

"I have nothing on earth, sir," replied Barecolt, "but a score or two of crowns, a grey doublet, and two shirts—all of which I would sooner destroy on shore than on the water at any time. I have a grand objection to that element in every shape and in every quantity, from a jugfull to the Atlantic."

"Your nose vouches for your truth," replied Ashburnham, with a low bow; for he was a man, who, notwithstanding the sterner and more devoted points of his character, could understand and appreciate a joke,

"You say right, colonel," replied Barecolt, laying his hand upon his proboscis. "An honest man never fears to bear a witness of his actions about with him."

"Had you not better," said Ashburnham, in a lower tone, "go down, and see if you can help your companion."

"With all my heart," answered Barecolt, "though I think, what he is about, he can do without help; but I will go and tell him that the big black monster there, is coming up more like a swallow than a whale, and that may hasten his proceedings."

Thus saying, he descended into the cabin; but speedily returned, laughing and saying, in broken English, "He is mortally sea-sick, poor miserable! I thought he would be so, in the boat."

"Ay! it is the motion of the ship, lying to," replied Ashburnham, aloud; "but, on my life, this is a bad affair for me. You two gentlemen, I dare say, they will let go as strangers; but I am unfortunately too well known. Here they come, however, and we shall soon know the worst."

A moment after the headmost ship of the enemy brought to, and while the others sailed on after the Good Hope, a boat was immediately dispatched to take possession of the cutter, and the deck was crowded in a few minutes with seamen from Hull.

The leader of the party recognized Colonel Ashburnham at once, and laughed when he saw him, exclaiming, "Ha, ha! we have got something for our chase, however! Who is there on board besides, colonel?"

"I really cannot tell, sir," answered Colonel Ashburnham, gravely; "I have just got into this unfortunate vessel from the other ship, and know nothing of any body on board, but that fellow, and he pointed to the captain, who is evidently one of three things."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the captain, looking at him fiercely.

"Fool, coward, or traitor!" exclaimed Colonel Ashburnham calmly.

The man sprang towards him, but the officer of the boat interposed, exclaiming—"Peace, peace! No quarrelling amongst prisoners! Run down, run down! some of you, and see who is below. Bring up all the papers, too, and then put about the ship for Hull."

The men bustled about for a minute or two, executing these orders, till at length one of them returned up the ladder, carrying some papers in his hand, and another followed, bearing the portmanteau of Lord Beverley, and a small leathern pouch or wallet, containing the worldly goods and chattels of worthy Captain Barecolt. Colonel Ashburnham's baggage was upon the deck, and with very summary haste the crew of the parliamentary ship proceeded to examine the contents of the whole, while Barecolt poured forth a multitude of French lamentations, over what, he appeared to think, was preliminary to the plunder of his property.

"There, hold your howling!" cried the officer of the boat. "Nobody is going to take any thing, unless it be the papers."

"I have no papers!" cried Barecolt, in broken English, "except that brown paper, round about my crowns, give me the silver and take the brown paper, if you like."

"There, Monsieur! take your crowns, paper, and all," cried the officer, handing them to him. "We are no robbers in this country. Did you find any one below?" he continued, addressing the man who brought the portmanteau.

"Nobody, but another poor French lubber, lying upon the floor, as sick as a cat," answered the sailor. "I shook him by the shoulder, and told him to come up, but I believe he would let me throw him overboard sooner than budge."

"Ay! let him stay—let him stay!" answered the officer. "I will go down and see him in a minute. What's in that leather case?"

"Nothing but my clothes, writing materials, and a trifle of money," replied Colonel Ashburnham; "and if you wish to examine it, I will beg you to use the key, rather than that marling spike; for I don't know whether the smiths are good in Hull. Here is the key."

While all these operations were going on, the boat's crew had been busily engaged in navigating the ship towards

Hull, and the vessel to which she had struck, seeing the prize secure, made sail to assist in the chase of the Good Hope.

Although the wind was not very favourable, it was sufficiently so to bring them into the port of Hull, just as night was beginning to fall, and in a few minutes the deck was crowded with officers of the garrison, and a party of the train-bands of the city—the only force, indeed, which the parliament had prepared for its defence. Colonel Ashburnham, whose name was soon noised about, became an object of general attention, and much less notice was taken of good Captain Barecolt, than that worthy gentleman imagined he deserved. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that the rabble of Hull neither knew him, nor the many wonderful achievements which he had performed, and that it was as well, occasionally, to divest one's self of a portion of one's glory, in order to escape from too close observation.

Lord Beverley passed with as little attention; and an officer, who was sent to state the case to the governor, reported first, that the famous Colonel Ashburnham was among the prisoners, but that the other two were Frenchmen, apparently of no great importance, and one of them so sick that he could scarcely stand.

"Bring Colonel Ashburnham before me immediately," replied the governor; "and the Frenchman who well. He can give us tidings of himself, and his companion, too, most likely. Put the other one in the block-house we strengthened yesterday, till he is well enough to speak for himself. Let him have whatever is necessary for him, and mind to keep a sure guard over him."

These orders were immediately obeyed; and while Lord Beverley pretending to be still very ill from the effects of his voyage, was carried, rather than led, to a block-house which had been fortified, near the water-gate of the city, Colonel Ashburnham and the magnanimous Captain Barecolt were marched up to the residence of the governor, and speedily introduced to his presence.

Of Sir John Hotham himself we cannot give a better account, and in all probability should give a much worse one, than that which has be-

furnished by the celebrated historian of the great rebellion :—

"Hotham," says Lord Clarendon, with those remarkable powers of delineating human character which probably Theophrastus himself possessed in a very inferior degree, "was by his nature and education a rough and rude man, of great covetousness, of great pride, and great ambition, without any bowels of good nature, or the least sense or touch of generosity. His parts were not quick and sharp, but composed, and he judged well. He was a man of craft, and more like to deceive than to be cozened."

Such was the man, according to Lord Clarendon's account, before whom Colonel Ashburnham was now brought; and, as he had said to the Earl of Beverley, there was some enmity existing between the family of Hotham and himself, so that he might well expect to be treated with very scanty ceremony and kindness. Nevertheless, to his surprise, he was received with a good-natured air, and a shake of the hand, Hotham exclaiming :—

"Welcome, colonel, welcome!—Though, to say the ruth, I wish to heaven you had not put yourself in the way of our ships, or that the people had let you go!"

"The latter unfortunate case can soon be remedied, Sir John," said Colonel Ashburnham, "by your doing what they left undone, and letting me go yourself."

"I fear not, colonel,—I fear not," replied Hotham. "We have got some great rogues here," he added in a lower tone, "who look after me more sharply than I look after them; otherwise I would let you go at once, upon my honour, and will do it yet if I can."

"Well, I thank you, Sir John, for the intention, at all events," replied Ashburnham; "and it is the more gratifying to me, as I always had a regard for you, notwithstanding my quarrel with your son, which you took up so warmly at one time."

"Ah, the knave!" said Hotham; "I have found him out since that time; and now he has come down here to act as spy and controller against his own father.—But who have you got there? Is he one of our people?"

"Oh no!" answered Ashburnham; "ne poor devil of a Frenchman,

seeking service, I believe. I found him and another in that cursed cutter, when I was fool enough to go aboard. The other has been dead sick all the way; but I know nothing of them, for we were taken almost immediately after I got into her:" and he proceeded to explain that he had been returning to England in the *Good Hope*, but judging from what he heard the time not yet quite propitious for his re-appearance, he had sought to make his way back to France or Holland in the vessel in which he was taken.

"Well, well," said Hotham, "I will lodge you as well as I can, and get you out of the scrape as soon as I can; but keep out of my son's way, for he is a vast rogue, and very ill affected to the king.—Now I'll see what this fellow has to say for himself.—Come hither, sir."

By a rapid and dexterous change of look, Barecolt contrived to make it appear that he did not at first understand the governor's words, but comprehended the sign to approach, by which they were followed, and, advancing with a low bow, laid his hand upon his heart, and then stood upright before Hotham, in what he considered a graceful attitude.

"A tall fellow," said Hotham, turning to Colonel Ashburnham. "Pray, who may you be, sir?"

"I be von Capitaine Jersval," replied Barecolt, with a low bow; "von French gentleman who seek to distinguish herself by serving any body."

"A laudable and elastic ambition," said Ashburnham, turning away.

"By serving anybody," said Hotham, "pray, Captain Jersval, who would you like to serve best?"

"It be to me von matter of de grandest indifference," replied Barecolt, "so dat de pay and de glory be de same on both side."

"That's as it may be," answered Hotham; "but the truth is, I want some good serviceable officers to help in strengthening the fortifications."

"I am de man dat can do it," was Barecolt's reply. "I have strengthen many fortification in my time, amongst de rest Rochelle. But I must know, monsieur, if dat de pay and de glory be equal; for I come here to offer service to de king, and not finding her majesty where I tought, and my monee going very fast in dis sacre dear land of England, where de wine and de meat is all sold at de weight of

gold, and vat you call *damn* tough, too, I tink to go back again, when your great black sheep catch me, and bring me here, pardie!"

Ashburnham could not stand it any longer, but turned to a window and laughed outright. Hotham, however, continued gravely to interrogate Captain Barecolt in regard to the plans and purposes which brought him to England; and having satisfied himself completely that he was one of those adventurous soldiers, of whom great numbers were at that time wandering about Europe, taking service wherever they could find it, he determined to put his skill to a test before he tried his honesty. Sending for pen, ink, and paper, together with compasses and a ruler, he directed Captain Barecolt to draw him out a plan of any little fortification he thought fit; but Barecolt, who, to tell the truth, had not altogether misused his advantages, and might have become almost as great a man as he fancied himself, if it had not been for his swaggering, drinking, drabbing, and lying propensities, instantly exclaimed:—

"Ah, ç'a vous verrez—you must see in von meenute;" and taking the compasses dexterously in hand, he portioned off curtains and bastions, and half-moons, and horn-works, and redoubts, and glacis, and ditches, and salient angles, and every sort of defence that could be applied to the protection of a town, with a rapidity that somewhat astounded the slow comprehension of Hotham, who soon became convinced that he had got one of the first engineers in Europe within the walls of Hull. His exclamation of surprise called Ashburnham to the table, who, looking over his shoulder, and very willing to do Barecolt a good turn, exclaimed:—

"Upon my soul, the Frenchman seems to understand what he's about!"

"Monsieur, you do flatter me," replied Barecolt, with another low bow. "I be one poor insignificant man, who have certainly been employed in de great enterprise, and have pick up some leetle what you call spattering of de science, but I cannot be compared to many man."

Hotham, however, was completely taken in; and although he puzzled his head in vain to recall the name of Captain Jersval amongst the great men of Europe, yet he thought that at the

least it was well worth his while to engage him in strengthening the defences of Hull, and withholding him from the service of the king till such time as the parliament should determine whether they would take him regularly into their employment or not.

It must not be understood, however, that I mean to imply that Hotham was in any degree sincerely attached to the parliamentary party, or wished, or even expected that it would be ultimately successful against the king. But in all troublous times there are a multitude of waverers, some from weakness, some from ambition, hanging on the outskirts of a party, lending it inefficient help, and generally falling in the end, as he did, by their own indecision. Those who are moved by ambition, like Hotham, ordinarily hope to wring from the party to which they wish success, that advancement which they could not otherwise obtain, by giving some countenance to the enemy, and not unfrequently meet with the just reward of such conduct by being neglected or punished, when those they have aided against their conscience, for their own purposes, have obtained a preponderance, by the support of themselves and others like them. Hotham, however, wishing to make himself of importance, and sell his services dear to the king, was very well inclined to gather round him men that might make him formidable; and consequently, after some little deliberation, he turned to Barecolt, saying:—

"Well, Captain Jersval, I think I can get you good service, if you like; but before I can say any thing positive, I must apply to the higher powers. In the mean time, however, if you like it, I will employ you upon the fortifications here, at fifteen shillings a day."

"And my victual?" said Barecolt.

"Well," replied Hotham, "I can't exactly give you a place at my own table, but you shall have a billet upon any victualler in the town you like, and an order for your supply, chargeable upon the government."

Barecolt again bowed low, saying:

"Monsieur, I am your most devoted. You will inspect de work every day, and vat you say shall not bind you, unless you like vat be done. I am quite sure of de great success. Den, if de higher power say, ve vil!"

not have Captain Jersval, goot, you can pull off your hat and say, *mon capitaine*, goot morning; and I shall be free to go where I like—Dat is but all fair I tink."

"Quite—quite," answered Hotham, "and so we will leave it, captain. I will go into the ante-room for a moment, to direct the order to be made out, and to-morrow morning, if you will be with me by six, we will walk round the ramparts."

"Sir, you treat me very polished," answered Barecolt, with another profound bow; and Hotham retired for an instant into the next room.

Ashburnham immediately advanced a step towards Barecolt, fixing his eyes keenly upon him:—

"And pray, sir," he demanded, "do you really intend to go over to the parliament, after having, as I understand, served his majesty?"

"I have taken the king's money, colonel," answered Barecolt, "but every one has a right to get out of a scrape as he can."

"I think I understand you," answered Ashburnham; "and if so, God speed you: if not, one day you will repent it."

"There are laws amongst soldiers, colonel," answered Barecolt, "which are never violated by men of honour. But there is no law against cozening a captor.—It be quite true," he continued, at once resuming his jargon on the re-appearance of Hotham at the door, "I know noting about de parties here; it make no difference to me which be right and which be wrong; all I know is, dat party dat pay me be right, and very right too, as dey will find when dey see what I will do."

The conference did not last much longer: Hotham gave the billet and the order to Barecolt, and then placed him in the hands of a captain of the train-bands, to guide him about the town, as he said, and to see that he had every thing he needed, but as much to keep a certain degree of watchfulness over his proceedings as any thing else; and this being done, he let him go. Colonel Ashburnham was placed under stricter guard; but yet treated courteously and well, and orders were given to let the governor know, as soon as the other Frenchman should be sufficiently recovered to be brought before him.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN BARECOLT and his guide now issued forth into the streets of Hull, and sauntered on for a few steps without speaking. An English town, in those days, especially after the sun was set, presented a very different aspect from that which it offers to the night wanderer at present. All was darkness and gloom, except where, from an open door, or unshuttered window, the lights which the people within were using for their own advantage, served also for the benefit of the passenger; and, indeed, every one who had occasion to traverse the streets, generally furnished himself with a lantern, or link, to prevent him from running his head against a post, or breaking his neck down some of the steep flights of steps by which the even course of progression was not unfrequently interrupted.

"Now, master captain," said Barecolt's companion, "what inn do you want to go to? for it won't be pleasant roaming about Hull after dark."

"Dat is de ting vich I don't know,"

answered Barecolt, "I never have been in Hull before."

"Then, one inn is as good as another to you, Captain Chairsfall," replied the officer of the train-bands.

"No, no, no," replied Barecolt, "dat be not just, monsieur, all inn be not de same—it depend on what be in dem. I must have de good wine, de good bed, de good meat."

"Well, you can have all those at the Lion, or at the Rose either," replied his companion.

"Ah, no; I like to see," answered Barecolt, "we will just walk through de town, take a leetle peep at dis inn, and a leetle peep at dat, and perhaps I take a glass of vine here, and a glass of vine dere, and give you anoder, *mon ami*, just to try which be de best. You see my nose, have you not? Well it know what good vine be."

"It looks it," answered the other, for that nose was one which few men could let alone, such were its attractions. "However, if we are to have this long walk, I must get a lantern at

my house," and on he went, down the street before him, till turning to the left, he entered another, in which not only was his own house situated, but also the identical inn called the Swan. The door was open, a light was shining within, the swan, in all its glory, was swinging from a pole over the door, and Barecolt insinuated a desire to begin their perquisitions there.

The captain of the train-bands, there is every reason to suspect, had a friend at the Lion, and another at the Rose, for he certainly did not do justice to Mistress White, in the account he gave of the accommodations of her house. But Barecolt, who thought that, good or bad, he never could have a gill of wine too much—and who had not tasted any thing stronger than water for a greater length of time than was at all convenient to his stomach, was resolute to try what the Swan could produce, and consequently led the way up the steps, and into the house, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the worthy predecessor of John Gilpin.

Advancing with an easy and self-satisfied air, to the little room which we have spoken of, the window of which commanded the passage and the staircase, he found the worthy landlady herself, seated with a tall powerful man, considerably above the middle age, but still hale and hearty—with white hair indeed, but thick eyebrows, still jet black, and long dark eyelashes shading an eye of that peculiar blue, which is seldom found, without a rich stream of the Milesian blood flowing in the veins of the owner. A jug of ale and some cold ham was between the two, and Mrs. White seemed to be doing the honours of her house to the stranger with great courtesy and attention.

"Would you have de bounty, madame," said Barecolt, "just to let me have von leetle gill, as you call it, of de very best vine, and anoder of de same for my friend here."

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. White. "Ah, Captain Jenkins, is that you? Well, I am very glad to see you in the house at last. A dull night, sir—Nancy, Nancy, give these gentlemen two gills of the best wine. White or red, sir?"

"Oh, vite, vite," replied Captain

Barecolt, "de red vine in England be vort noting."

"White, Nancy, white," cried the landlady. "Won't you come in, and take a seat, Mr. Jenkins? Here's Mr. O'Donnell with me, whom you know, I think."

Captain Jenkins, however, of the train-bands of the city of Hull, grumbled something about not being able to stay long; but the more gallant Barecolt, instantly accepting the lady's invitation, walked in, and the other followed.

The two measures of wine were speedily set before them, and Barecolt tossing off his in a moment, seemed to like it so well, that he called for another. But Captain Jenkins shrugged his shoulders, and whispered that there was very much better at the Lion. "very much better, indeed!"

What effect this insinuation would have had upon the determinations of Barecolt, I cannot take upon myself to say; but an event occurred at that moment, which at once decided his conduct. Just as Nancy was placing the second gill before him, a loud noise of people speaking, and apparently scuffling in the street, was heard—it gradually grew louder, and at length seemed to reach the steps leading up to the house.

There was something in the tone of one of the voices, which, though raised into accents such as Barecolt had never heard it use, seemed to him familiar to his ear, and he instantly started up to look out.

"It's nothing but some drunken men, sir," said Mrs. White, "if they don't mind, the watch will get hold of them."

But the watch had already done its function; and the moment after, the voice of Mr. Dry, of Longsoaken, was distinctly heard exclaiming, "Get hence, ye men of Belial, ye false witnesses, raised up by Jezebel, whose blood the dogs licked, to testify falsely of the just Naboth. Drunk! it is you are drunk! I never was so sober in my life.—Get hence, I say," he continued, with a loud hiccup, "I lodge here, I tell you;" and, shaking off the hands of two of the watch, who had him in custody, he rushed into the Swan, and had nearly reached the foot of the stairs, when he fell prone upon the well-washed floor, and lay there, unable to raise himself.

Mrs. White instantly rushed out, followed close by Nancy, to the rescue of her guest—for the watch had by this time entered, and were about to lay hands once more upon the person of Mr. Ezekiel Dry. The good landlady, however, easily satisfied them that Mr. Dry would be taken care of, and not suffered farther to disturb the peace of the town; and as he was by no means in a comfortable or convenient position on the floor—which, from the undulatory motion he perceived in it, he asserted loudly was affected by an earthquake—the two men who had followed him, were employed to raise him, and conveyed him, struggling violently, to his bed.

By no means unaccustomed to the treatment of such maladies, Mrs. White remained for a few minutes with her reverend and respectable guest, and then leaving him, as we shall do for the present, returned to her little parlour.

“Madame,” said Barecolt, as soon as she entered, “your vine be so very good, dat I shall remain here vile I stay in de town. Here is von leetle billet from the governor, and as I know dat it is not pleasant to lodge de soldier, or de officer eider, here be one order for my provision and maintenance, vich will be paid at de good rate—and as I like de good vine, it may be something in your way.”

Mrs. White could only courtesy, and submit; but captain Jenkins, who had hoped to put a good thing in the paws of the Lion, or in the bosom of the Rose, flung out of the house in a fit of disgust, saying, he would come for Captain Chairsfall early the next morning. Before he went, however, he called Mrs. White aside, and whispered to her, to keep a sharp eye upon her new guest.

“If you find him inquiring his way out of the town, or going out late at night, or early in the morning,” he said, with an important air, “you must send word either to me, or the governor—it’s all the same which; for he is a Frenchman, who has come over to serve the king, in rebellion to the parliament, and has been taken prisoner. He pretends now to be willing to go with us, but I have doubts, many doubts, Mrs. White, so look to him, look to him well, if you would merit favour.”

Mrs. White promised to look to

him, and inwardly proposed to have a due regard for her own pocket, by obtaining speedy payment for every thing she supplied; and, as for the rest, “to let the man take his chance,” as she termed it. I cannot, however, aver that Mrs. White was either prepossessed by the appearance of the worthy Captain Barecolt, or by the account given of him by Captain Jenkins—though to say truth, she did not put much faith in the assurance of the officer of the trained bands.

That her new lodger had come to serve the king, however, and then showed a good will to serve his enemies, seemed clear—so that, when she returned to her parlour, after her conference with Jenkins, though she was perfectly civil to the apparent Frenchman—as indeed she was to every one—it was of that quick and sharp-set civility which can be felt better than described. She answered all his questions in as few words as possible, interspersing them with numerous courtesies, and very civil epithets; but it was very evident to Captain Barecolt, that Mrs. White wished for as little of his company as possible. He was not a man, as may be imagined, who would attribute this distaste to his society to any want of personal attractions, and he settled it in his own mind, that it must be his assumed quality of Frenchman that prejudiced the landlady against him—and that evil he determined to remedy as soon as he was sure of his ground; for Captain Barecolt, at that moment, had as strong a desire for the private company of Mrs. White, as she had for his absence. Mr. Hugh O'Donnell still kept his seat at the table too, and he looked at Mrs. White, and Mrs. White at Mr. O'Donnell, with very significant glances, and no less significant silence, till at length Captain Barecolt's impudence fairly gave way, and saying to himself, “Hang the fellow! I must wait till he chooses to go,” he rose, inquiring, “can any body show me the room that I am to sleep in? for I like very great to see de bed where I lie.”

“Oh, yes, sir,” cried Mrs. White, “you shall have as good a bed as any in Hull. Here, Nancy, Nancy,” and preceded by the girl, the worthy captain was led up stairs, and shown into a bed-room, just opposite to that of Arrah Neil.

LETTERS FROM GERMANY.—NO. II.

From the Rhine, October 1, 1843.

LIEFER LORREQUER,

I have just ascertained from a source on which I can rely, that it is the intention of the Customs' Union (whose Direction is now sitting at Berlin,) to raise considerably the duty on linen and linen yarns, to commence with the 1st January, 1844. Those in connection with the trade here, and especially at Bielefeld, are in great consternation, and are making large orders for the purpose of anticipating the new duty. It is remarkable that neither England nor France have special agents to the Customs' Union at present. Have they given it up in despair?

The greatest efforts are being now made by Prussia, backed by the entire German press, to win over Belgium to an alliance with the German Customs' Union. King Leopold's known partiality for his German countrymen, is worked upon in every possible way for this purpose. Germans and Belgians are vying in the interchange of compliments, as may be seen from the music selected for the September Feasts in Belgium, and the liberal invitation to the Rheinlander's, through the medium of the public press. During his late visits to Wiesbaden, King Leopold was beset on all sides, both with civilities and solicitations, special orders for his reception were forwarded by telegraph from Berlin, and although he hired a steamer for himself, in order to be quiet, he was obliged, *nolens volens*, to stop at Coblenz, for the purpose of receiving the authorities.

It would probably be for the interest of Belgium to join the Customs' Union, and it would certainly be a great advantage for the German States to be enabled to obtain a free access to the sea, through Belgium, which the Dutch are less likely than ever to concede. On the other hand, the long-cherished scheme of annexing Belgium to France by means of a Gallo-Belgic Customs' Union, if put a stop to for the moment by the extravagant demands of the French capitalists, is nevertheless by no means totally abandoned. It remains to be seen whether the influence

of the queen and the father-in-law are destined to succumb or not.

Amongst other reports, one is current that the friends of Don Carlos, at the northern courts, are plucking up their spirits and hopes once again; many of those officers who formerly served under him in Spain, are openly preparing for a new campaign. Amongst others, Prince L———n, so that it is possible we may soon see a new party raising its head to increase the confusion of that unhappy country.

Many have been the speculations as to the visit to Berlin of the Emperor of Russia. Most persons look on it as a counter-demonstration to the visit to Eu; and although St. Petersburg letters of last April announced the probability of the Czar's visit, and that at a time when it was supposed that Queen Victoria would visit Ireland, I still am inclined to believe that there is a considerable approximation between Berlin and St. Petersburg at present; no doubt there are many questions between Prussia and Russia, which require an early settlement,—as, for instance, the hermetically sealed frontier of Russia; but these are not of sufficient importance to explain the great pains which have been taken by both the court and press in Prussia, to exhibit and publish the great popularity of the Emperor. The probable motives I shall presently endeavour to explain.

A great sensation has been produced by the appearance of the Holstein contingent to the 10th corps d'armée, with Danish steindarts and accoutrements. The German press is gone wild at this encroachment, and loudly demands the interference of the Binodes Tag (Diet). It has given the German nationalists an opportunity of setting off at score on their favourite hobby—"A common standard and flag for all the states of the German Confederation." This is another symptom of the universality of the strong feeling in favour of, and tendency towards the formation of a new German empire, which is so openly expressed in the German Michael,—amongst other demands of this party is one which is by no means unreason-

able,—namely, the assimilation of the weights, measures, and currency of all the states, composing the Customs' Union. Some steps have been already taken in this direction, but much remains to be done.

The political position and relations of central Europe, hinge at present on what may be called the "Battle of the Tongues." The gigantic efforts of the Panslaronists, under the Emperor of Russia, are well known, while the Customs' Union has placed Prussia at the head of the Teutonic or German tongue. Austria, whose territory is composed of such a variety of different nations, of whom a majority are perhaps slaves, has been deposed from ascendancy in Germany, being now only supported by a few of the Roman Catholic states, and in especial Bavaria. Hungary has become the battlefield between Slavonism and Magyarism, which latter is in itself antagonist to Austrian influence.

Under these circumstances, and well remembering the selfish conduct of Prussia during the last Polish revolution, threatened at the same time on her eastern frontier by the encroachment of Russia and Servia, Wallachia and Moldavia; Austria, in self-defence, has thrown herself on the alliance of England and France, as may be evident from the whole course of the late events in Servia. The scandalous and iniquitous partition of Poland is now beginning to bring punishment on the heads of those who participated in the spoil. Austria and Prussia, whose interest it equally is to uphold Germanism against Slavonism, and in the case of Austria, Magyarism, are compelled by their possession of Galicia and Posen, to range themselves on different sides. In 1830, both were well aware of the importance of reconstituting the kingdom of Poland; and while Austria intrigued for the Arch-Duke Charles, Prussia was no less eager for Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, but neither party would disgorge their own portion of the spoil.

Under this view of the case, it will not be surprising that Prussia should seek an intimate alliance with Russia, and that the Prussians should claim and be proud of the friendship of the Emperor Nicholas; although they always take care to add, "we by no means intend to Russify ourselves altogether."

I alluded above to the indignation of the press at the assumption by the Holstein contingent to the Bundes Hunn (confederated army) of Danish standards, &c. This is another element in the strife of tongues. For some time past, the inhabitants of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have been seized with a strong desire either to incorporate themselves into one Customs' Union, or perhaps even into a great Scandinavian kingdom; this might perhaps be very desirable for Europe, and in especial for Germany; but the total annexation of Schleswirs, Holstein, and the other German possessions of the king of Denmark, seems quite against the taste of the remaining German states—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*,—now the assumption by the abovementioned contingent of Danish colours, is, in connection with other steps which have been taken by the Danes, looked on as an overt act of aggression, for which satisfaction is loudly demanded. As may be supposed, Prussia is likely to take the lead in resisting the progress of Scandinavism, although it is whispered that Russia and Prussia guaranteed to Denmark the entire sufferance, and unmingled authority, over her German provinces, on the occasion of a recent marriage. On the other hand, however, Prussia is, as we have seen, endeavouring to form a bond of union with the Flemish branch of the great German family, and thus, identity of race and language is becoming daily more and more the bond of nationality.

Of late, the rigour of the censorship has been very much relaxed in Prussia. Governments have at length found out that it is much easier to direct than endeavour to stop a runaway horse; hitherto the press had been altogether abandoned to the movement party; but the government has now set up some new journals, and got the editorship of others into the hands of its own *employés*; this is the only way in which our evils, which had assumed an alarming aspect, was likely to be got under. You will have occasion to remark from henceforth that the tone of the press will become more decidedly conservative than before, without at the same time losing its proper independence. A newspaper editor said to me some time since—"take away the censorship altogether, and a crusade will be immediately commenced against all the small princes who would

be immediately driven out of the field, for which *the time is not as yet come.*" This is a further illustration of the German Michael.

Since the question of the new penal code has been disposed of, the Rhenish Landtag has been chiefly occupied with the difficult subject of municipal reform, which they were anxious to carry out on still more dangerous principles than even the whigs have done in Ireland. Government has, as you may suppose, set its face against these measures, and a smart polemic is being carried on in the newspapers, both parties being fully aware what an influence such measures must have on the development of representative government, although they, for obvious reasons keep this out of sight. Without entering into the question of the relative merits of pure monarchical and representative government, I may be allowed to say, that the Prussians are by no means as yet fit for the latter form, and least of all the Rhine provinces, although they think themselves on the highest pinnacle of civilization, which is, by the way, a pretty good proof that they are not so. *Apropos* of municipal reform, I perceive that the Hungarian Diet has taken up this subject; but in Hungary, the government and liberal party have reversed their position on this question, for reasons which have been already explained in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The Chambers of Magnates have thrown out the most important provisions of the laws on mixed marriages, and other religious matters, which had been sent up from the Deputies. This has caused an open breach between the Chambers, which is likely to have serious results. But enough of politics for the present.

The name of Frederick Rückert has been made familiar by the translations of some of his poems in "The Stray Leaflets of the German oak." It is therefore unnecessary that I should introduce him as a poet to the readers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE; but as a dramatist, he is probably as yet unknown to most of them. His first attempt at dramatic composition seems to have fallen still-born to the ground; but a drama which appeared from his pen about a year ago, has since attracted much attention. Like many, indeed most of the modern

German poets, he has chosen to embody the element of one of those great questions which at present agitate the inmost recesses of society. The views of the present king of Prussia on church government, and his supposed predilection for the English Establishment, have, as may be supposed, awakened a lively interest amongst all classes of religionists in Prussia. Rückert has seized on this, for a dramatic poem, apparently unpromising subject; and it must be confessed that not only his choice of *dramatis personæ*, but his whole method of handling the subject, indicate talent of the first order. I by no means go the length of asserting that this drama is a perfectly classical production. Indeed, it is curious to observe that a want of adherence to the classical writers should, in the case of Rückert's "Saul and David," have produced the same effect as a strict and pedantic observance of them did on the dramatic productions of Lord Byron's pen, namely, to have rendered both, if not unfit, at least not well adapted, to theatrical representation. Like some of our own noble poet's dramatic productions, Rückert's "Saul and David" may be not improperly entitled a mystery. According to an able writer in the *Augsburg Gazette*, (to whom I must confess myself much indebted,) Goethe has somewhere observed, "*that the theme of every one of Shakspeare's plays may be compressed into an aphorism.*" This same writer truly remarks, that in this same way Rückert's drama may be compressed into this short expression:—"*The well-being of the community is to be sought in the harmonious co-operation of the spiritual and secular authorities. An undue preponderance of either is a fruitful source of evil.*"

This principle is embodied in the persons of Samuel, Saul, and David. Samuel, the very personification of independent spiritual authority, inflexible and even harsh, under the consciousness of his divine mission. Saul, the king, who has been raised to the throne by Samuel's agency, and who submits for a time to be led by him, but afterwards, in endeavouring to shake off a yoke which had become intolerable, he himself perishes miserably, involving in his ruin his son Jonathan, and numbers of his subjects; while David, who unites in his own person a certain pro-

portion of spiritual authority with the temporal power of his kingly office—pious, placing his reliance in Jehovah, wise, brave, and independent, is the personified principle which the poet holds up to the admiration of his readers.

This drama is divided into five acts, which are preceded by an introductory scene, which represents Saul as a youthful hero, full of dignity and grace, on his election to the royal authority.

Twenty years are supposed to elapse between this scene and the commencement of the first act. The glorious halo which surrounded Saul's youth, has waned into a dim and dismal twilight; the freshness and life of his character have disappeared, and he is represented as a man whose inmost soul is sick, and as to whose ultimate fall there can be no doubt. He rebels against the iron rule of Samuel, but only with half measures; devoid of energy, and incapable of following the advice of those who surround him, he is a wavering and intractable tool in the hand of the hierarch, who has already fixed his eyes on David, in whom he hopes to find an abler and more obedient agent. In this latter point, however, Samuel is mistaken. David, full of confidence in God, believes himself to be in immediate intercourse with the Deity, independent of any further means of communication than those over which he can himself dispose; prudent, calculating, firm, fertile in expedients, and brave—he adds a lustre to those high qualities by that remarkable confidence in God, in which he seems to live, move, and have his being. Samuel dies, and Saul perishes at Mount Gilboa. David's political foresight places in his hands the supreme and independent power over the united people of Israel and Judah, to which the priesthood, with David at their head, are subservient.

This is a faint outline of the plot. The great interest of the drama is contained in a succession of contrasts of character, the excellencies of each being made to centre ultimately in the royal priest David. In the introductory scene we find the falling family of Eli contrasted, in the person of Ichabod, with Samuel; then royal and spiritual authority in Saul the king,

and Samuel the priest and prophet. Amongst Saul's followers, the clear-headed, intelligent, true soldier, Abner, who would fain support pure military government against the influence of the priesthood; Achiju, the priest, who opposes the claims and rights of his order, to the exclusive hierarchical pretensions of Samuel; Doeg, the Edomite, a shrewd, cold, long-headed man of the world—a perfect diplomatist, keen, far-sighted, every where present, and zealous in the service of his master, so long as their interests remain identified, and there appears a chance of success, but not a moment longer; but devoid of sentiment or amiability, and trusting most to the strength of his own understanding. Again, Jonathan, a pure and unspotted character, a dutiful and devoted son, a warm-hearted, affectionate friend, brave and magnanimous, submitting himself modestly to the higher genius and happier fortune of his friend; and in contrast to the lofty and masculine character of his own virtues, deeply imbued with an almost feminine love, a beautiful, lovely, and loving spirit. David's captains, Joab and Abisha, are cold and cruel partisan soldiers, ruthless egotists. Michal, the daughter of Saul and wife of David, is one of those lovely and feminine characters which Walter Scott could paint so well. The minor characters of Kis and Ner are also well conceived—but enough has been said to show that Rückert has not only entered into this important passage of Scripture history, with the talent and research of a profound biblical scholar, but that he has also portrayed his *dramatis personæ* with the genius and skill of a great artist. The very circumstance of the strength of the poem being made to lie in the force of individual characters and contrasts, has however had the effect of breaking the action into a number of episodes, and thereby lowering its dramatic effect. Notwithstanding which defects, it is undoubtedly a splendid effort of genius, well worth the translation into English, if one of the poets of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE could be prevailed on to undertake it.

KLINGENSPORN.

IDYL.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.

A youthful sportsman on his quest
 Hied to the forest grove :
 Perched on a box-tree's bough at rest,
 He saw the God of Love !

By his small Godship's gilded wings
 His eager eyes were caught :
 'To win the loveliest of things
 His wasted shafts were shot.

Angry, he left his bow, and sought
 His dwelling, to complain
 That all the craft his sire had taught
 Had all been taught in vain.

Once more into the wood so wild
 The good old man he led,
 Who, when he viewed the matter, smiled,
 And, smiling, shook his head.

" Avoid such game," at last said he ;
 " A luckless bird is this :
 " And blest your future fate shall be
 " His capture still to miss.

" For, when thou shalt be man, no more
 " The Imp will care to flee :
 " Thy mark no longer as before,
 " He yet shall capture thee."

X.

Cork.

SONNET

Suggested by the Meeting of the British Association at Cork.

Erin, my country, sweet is the beholding
 Which these bright days to thy true sons present:
 Brethren in unity together blent,
 And in their joint embrace the stranger holding—
 Stranger no more ! for love all hearts is moulding
 To heavenly harmony, and upward eyes
 Together gaze on Science, from the skies
 Her glorious scroll of starry truth unfolding.
 Yet mingles, too, a feeling, sad though sweet :
 Life passes on—and while old hopes decay,
 Old friends grow dear, and dearer every day ;
 Thus, with a deepening tenderness we greet
 Those whom we can, while some are far away,
 And some on earth we never more shall meet.

W. R. H.

August, 1843.

MODERN CONCILIATION—MR. HALL'S LETTER TO THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.*

ALTHOUGH this pamphlet can do no more mischief than may be effected by sixteen pages of not very remarkable writing, we notice it for a reason which, we trust, the reader, as well as ourselves, will consider sufficient.

In the course of the last summer we received, in our private capacity, a printed circular, which had been written by a nobleman with whom we had no personal acquaintance, disclosing a project, upon which 'the noble lord seemed to have expended much thought, and of the success of which he, evidently, entertained confident expectations. The project was a scheme for influencing the minds of the Irish people at large, and turning the thoughts of one portion of them from "Repeal," through the operation of the press. Newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, were to be engaged in this moral campaign. Some writers were to be persuaded, some paid, to render their services,—and tracts argumentative, affectionate, witty, and wise, were to be circulated in such abundance, and so well directed through the atmosphere of public opinion, that things of evil tendency were to fade or disappear, and wholesome influences alone to be exerted upon Irish society. For carrying this project into effect, pecuniary contributions were required. The nobleman whose signature was subscribed to the letter, undertook to preside over the distribution of the funds which his epistolary application was designed to raise. He would engage writers by whom Repealers were to be dissuaded from their pernicious enterprises: he would select organs and devise contrivances through which argument and persuasion were to reach the minds for which they were designed. Upon such agencies he would expend prudently the funds placed at his disposal—and (anticipating probably that the donations in aid of his scheme might not be sufficiently liberal) should the funds prove

inadequate, from his own private resources he would supply the deficiency.

We did not approve of the scheme, and we had not such confidence in the noble projector as might reconcile us to it. We believed his intentions to be good, we knew his reputation to be honorable, but we had never seen any proof that his knowledge of Ireland was extensive or correct. We were aware that he had opportunities of knowing something of what was worst in this country, most disorderly, most disaffected, most inveterately hostile to British connection: but we were convinced that he knew little or nothing of those parts of Ireland where justice and law prevail with least impediment—that he did not understand the loyal and stalworth portion of the Irish people, upon which in her sorest emergency England may repose a well-placed reliance. It is scarcely necessary to say what was our part in this affair. A scheme to set up an editor or pamphleteer-general for Irish affairs, deposing the recognised directors or representatives of public opinion, we believed to be impracticable for good, and it was not recommended to us by the qualities of the highly-respectable individual who proposed it, nor by the epistle in which he volunteered to assume to himself the control of elements, wayward, perilous, and mighty, almost as those of physical nature, in a tone which seemed to intimate that his purpose of controlling and managing the press, should be regarded as a condescension, not an ambition.

We did not take any public notice of the noble lord's letter. Under the circumstances in which we received it, there was no obligation to secrecy, but there was, we imagined, no necessity for exposure. We did not promote the scheme, and we did not speak of it, thinking, indeed, that it would prove abortive, and having reason to believe that the noble individual by whom it was to be directed had found an occu-

* A Letter to Irish Temperance Societies concerning the present state of Ireland, and its connexion with England, by S. C. Hall, Esq. London, How. 1843.

pation more worthy of him, and to which we hoped he would prove more competent. Recently, we have been shaken in our security. Some suspicious pamphlets—some articles in the public press, have alarmed us; and we have thought it not out of our sphere to make the reader aware of our secret, in order that, when he reads in the daily or periodical press, arguments or suggestions alien from the well-known principles of the organ which gives them publicity, he may not immediately conclude that an enemy has taken permanent possession of a conservative post, but rather may hope that in an unguarded or a drowsy moment, (bonus dormitat Homerus,) when the warder nodded on his watch, strange lips gave breath to his trumpet of alarm, and the sounds it uttered were uncertain.

Whether Mr. S. C. Hall's "Letter to Irish Temperance Societies," be one of those productions for which this country is indebted to the enterprising nobleman who would suppress Repeal agitation through the instrumentality of the press, although it appears to us to bear evidence of such an origin, we cannot confidently affirm or deny. If it has been the spontaneous offspring of the writer's own mind, it should serve to diminish our repugnance to the scheme we have complained of, by giving proof that there needs no system or combination of forces to produce writings, of which the mischief shall be co-extensive with the circulation. Mr. Hall's pamphlet, however, is exactly the kind of production, (a little exaggerated indeed,) which we should have expected to issue from the laboratory of the noble projector; and as a fair specimen of a very bad class we shall expend a few paragraphs on it.

The "Letter to the Irish Temperance Societies" begins with an assertion of the writer's title to their confidence. He has served their country by praising them. He removed prejudices against the temperance societies and their great founder or promoter. He induced England to believe representations in their favour, and to look with hope on prophecies of the good they were to accomplish. His prophecies and promises to England, he now admits and proclaims, were untrue. They had however, been, until time had tried them, successful. Under the favour they filched from England,

and through the triumph they won for "that great and good man who was," he says, "regenerating Ireland," the "members, of the temperance societies have more than doubled." In the judgment of the Mr. Hall of 1840, the cause of temperance societies and that of British connection in Ireland would seem to be the same. In the year 1843 he is a corrected though scarcely an improved man. The progress of the temperance societies has been found concurrent with that of Repeal; and many a monster-meeting has given warning that the promises to England three years ago are not likely now to be repeated with advantage. "What does me" Mr. Hall? He turns from England to the temperance repealers. He tells them, not certainly in these words:—"Three years since I made false promises respecting you, which England believed, and of which you have had the benefit—now I make statements respecting England to you, which you owe me the favour to receive as truth. By belying my predictions, you have abridged my occupation among the Saxon—admit me to a sphere of exertion which may prove profitable among the Celt." Such is in substance Mr. Hall's plea for a favourable hearing. He has *mised* England for the benefit of the societies he addresses. The return he expects is, that the societies will consent to be *led* by him for the benefit of England.

It is true Mr. Hall wishes to impress upon his temperance allies that his advice will be for their benefit, as well as for that of England; but, in as much as their hopes and expectations from repeal are such as have either evaded his observation or, at least, are not contemplated in his argument, his admonitions, (even if, which is very doubtful, they are read,) can have little weight with them. He holds out to them assurances of moderate rents and good wages. They expect, should the repeal scheme prosper, abolition of rents and all other debts—release from servile labour. Mr. Hall's strictures do not reach the mystery of the repeal agitation, and his advice must therefore fall ineffectually on the repealer.

But our main objection to this daring letter is of a wholly different description. However little Mr. Hall may be aware of the fact, there is a

body of loyal men, not less than a million and a-half, probably exceeding two millions, in Ireland. The scheme of conciliation is imperfect, which does not embrace this high-souled portion of our people: the scheme which, (in its incautious eagerness to win another portion,) would wrong or insult it, can only do harm.

Mr. Hall addresses the temperance societies precisely as if they only, and those who were of like politics with them, constituted the Irish people. He writes to them "of the *accursed* penal laws," "these abominable laws known and execrated as penal laws." He desires them to remember "their altered position, *masters* where they were wont to serve; giving laws where they had been for centuries treated with obloquy." Did Mr. Hall, himself, remember, as he wrote thus, the "altered position" of the Irish Protestants? Did he know that those harsh laws which he pronounced "*accursed*," "*abominable*," "*execrated*," were laws under which Ireland was long prosperous and peaceful—laws conceived in the spirit of the age in which they were passed, justified, or, at least, excused, by necessity and by example, mitigated by the Protestants of Ireland, through a clement administration of them while they were in force, relaxed by them as soon as remission seemed safe, and every trace of them swept away, on the faith of promises no better kept than those made by Mr. Hall to England on behalf of the temperance societies? Does Mr. Hall know that the Protestants of Ireland are still smarting under a sense of treachery and wrong? and, however little sympathy writers of his dashing description may have with the betrayed—does he think it would be amiss to be a little less rude in his language, when offending even against the prejudices of a body who, whatever their errors, have proved themselves fast friends of the cause he professes to advocate? We enter into no refutation of his arguments—no exposure of the unsoundness of his political speculations. Language so unmeasured as his, betrays sufficiently the writer's unacquaintance with his subject; and ignorance, we can assure him, is not the mother of conciliation. If he hope to ingratiate himself into the confidence of Roman Catholics

by intemperance and exaggeration, he will fail—they have had "*somewhat too much of this*" kind of eloquence; and if they do not *say*, they will *look*, with a roguish leer, the '*quere peregrinum*' of the ancient Roman, modernised into the "*connu*" of the Gamins of Paris. If Mr. Hall think it a light thing, or an expedient, to insult his brother-Protestants, we trust that, at least, he has not power to *irritate* them. His individual opinion, unfavourable and unjust as it may be, is not insupportable, and if he be one of the agents employed in that scheme, which we have already made known to our readers, we have hope that the managers of the system will see that "*letters*" like Mr. Hall's can serve no honest purpose, and that they will either admonish him to be more temperate in his expressions, less enterprising in his statements, or else will change their hand altogether.

A single extract is all we shall offer as our justification for far more severity than appears in our strictures on Mr. Hall's brochure:—

"I was in Cork on the 1st of July last. On the evening of that eventful day, I walked through its principal street. Twenty years had passed since I had been there before. Well did I remember its aspect then. At the end of that street was an equestrian statue; and at one side of it was a large mansion of red brick. On the 1st of July—in old times—that house was illuminated from attic to kitchen; sky-rockets—tokens of rejoicing—ascended from its roof. It was the club-house of the (so called) '*Friendly Brothers*,' who elected the mayor and corporation of Cork—and among whom a Roman Catholic gentleman would not have stood the remotest chance of admission. The statue was—on this "*glorious anniversary*"—decorated with orange flowers and orange ribbons. Crowds of men and boys assembled round it, firing pistols, squibs, and crackers; they were all of one mind—and that a most unhappy one. On such occasions, it would have been absolutely unsafe for any Roman Catholic to have passed along that street. This was in the South! How was it in the North? I need not dwell upon a picture—with which every man and woman in Ireland, above the age of twenty, is thoroughly acquainted. The statue and house are there still. On the 1st of July, 1843, the one looked lonely and the other desolate. The

mayor and corporation of the city are (chiefly) Roman Catholics, the chosen of the Roman Catholic people; and man or boy who wore an orange lily in his hat would have had his head broken before he had walked a dozen steps; and afterwards have been consigned to prison to take his trial for a misdemeanour."

The conclusion of this paragraph, we are to suppose, is the truth. It is a passage in which Mr. Hall reminds the Roman Catholics of their present estate, and of the dispositions in which they enjoy their freedom and ascendancy. In the city of Cork, governed by a Roman Catholic mayor and corporation, if a Protestant man, or boy, wore an orange lily in his hat, he would be, first, abandoned to the fury of a rude and cruel populace, and then, if he survived their brutality, would be imprisoned, and prosecuted in a court of law. We should not seek to palliate the imprudence or wickedness of a Protestant who offended in the manner supposed by Mr. Hall. We should not deprecate the prosecution and punishment of him by due course of law; but we certainly do not think it a matter of congratulation to the good citizens of Cork, that the ruffian-violence of which Mr. Hall writes with such a gusto, should be permitted to run riot in their streets; and we think it most discreditable to the Roman Catholics, who have been so highly favoured, to merit, even in the remotest degree, the representation so confidently and jauntily given of them by their Brompton friend and correspondent.

Whatever may be said of the passage to which we have just adverted, we boldly pronounce of the preceding portion of the paragraph, that it is utterly, and, we believe, inexcusably untrue—"Absolutely unsafe for any Roman Catholic to have passed along the streets of Cork in the year 1823!!"—still more unsafe, it is insinuated, in the north of Ireland! Unsafe during the viceroyalty of Lord Wellesley!—while Lord Plunkett was attorney-general, while Pastorini was in rapid circulation throughout the land, and Prince Hohenlohe was working miracles, and Doctors Murray and Doyle writing their well-remembered Pastorals, and Mr. O'Connell's agitation unbridled, and the Ribbon conspiracy meditating the utter extirpation of Protestants! Unsafe at that time for

Roman Catholics, on July 1, to walk the streets of Cork, or of any other town in Ireland!—and this affirmed not as of an isolated instance of lawlessness, but as a fair example of the state of the times! What can Mr. Hall mean? We will not venture to affirm. He must have retained, we imagine, some very misty recollections of past years, and seen objects in a medium corresponding to that state of hazy weather in which, by the bodily senses,

"So often is a bush misjudged a bear."

And what is the reason of his sneer against the Friendly Brothers Society,

"The club-house of the (so called) 'Friendly Brothers,' who elected the mayor and corporation of Cork, and among whom a Roman Catholic gentleman would not have stood the remotest chance of admission."

We shall offer no comment on the sneer with which this passage is graced, On the statement contained in it—the charge of exclusiveness—we shall observe merely, that Major Bryan, a Roman Catholic, conspicuous, it is well known, in the movements of his party, *was a Friendly Brother*. He never, we believe, withdrew from the body, and we are convinced that he would not, were Mr. Hall's statement true, insult his co-religionists and disgrace himself, by continuing amongst its members. But this is idle. Were Mr. Hall's statement true, neither Major Bryan nor any other Roman Catholic could have had the opportunity of withdrawing. The statement is not true.

But the spirit of the whole passage we have selected is more censurable for the indiscretion, if not malevolence, that appears through it, than even for its falsehood. To congratulate the temperance repealers of Cork on the impunity with which they may maltreat and maim any unfortunate Protestant who should offend their taste—and to enhance this felicity by a striking contrast—calling to the remembrance, or rather exhibiting to the fancy, of the Repeal champions, a time when he tells them they could not pass in safety through streets where it is now their wont to play the ruffian. Is this what Mr. Hall terms "conciliation?" Does he hold it honourable, or just, or wise, thus

"pat on the back," as it were, wretches drunk with power, ready to exercise their dastard ferocity upon man or child—does he hold it right to say, in substance, to savages like these, "it is but twenty years, since, if you walked those streets, you would have no protection in the law against the men who were then your masters, and who are now surrendered to your power." If this were truth, would not a merciful man conceal it? How can any man hope to be pardoned, who utters such an incendiary suggestion? If Mr. Hall said that there was an occasion upon which Protestants who celebrated the July anniversaries, dishonoured them, we could understand him, and think it possible that he was not altogether without evidence to support his assertion; but to cite the one disgraceful fact as a characteristic specimen of the times he writes of, is a crime for which there is no excuse to be found in the circumstances of either the present times or the past.

We are heartily tired of our task, and thoroughly disgusted with the subject of it. Mr. Hall's "Letter to Temperance Societies" is a wantonly wicked production. It is not calculated to effect one possible good, and it is conceived and executed in a spirit which the loyal men of Ireland must feel to be extremely irritating. With a most perverse adroitness, Mr. Hall has contrived to offend and provoke all classes upon whose loyalty the crown would be justified in relying, and to encourage in their lawless designs, the masses, whose disaffection is to be feared. He reminds them how much they have obtained in recent times—how much they were, as he affirms, oppressed and wronged in the times of old—he thus prepares them for the agitators, who will take advantage of his representations, and will, if they permit them to be read, argue from them that, while Roman Catholics were patient and submissive to the laws, they were cruelly oppressed and wronged—and that the seasons of agitation, disorder, and crime, were those in which England was persuaded to do them justice. The time of their tranquillity was the time of those penal laws, of which Mr. Hall appears to execrate and abhor the remembrance—the period marked by a series of concessions, in which their rights were gradually, little by little, yielded to them, was the period also marked in

blood by their excesses—the period, during which a conspiracy for the severance of Ireland from Great Britain, and for the extermination of Protestants, was known to be in terrific operation. Mr. Hall's pamphlet states the premises from which agitators can reason to conclusions like these, and, inasmuch as he instructs the repealers, that they have still "wrongs to be redressed," he furnishes grounds for applying such conclusions to practical uses. The argument, as made out between Mr. Hall and the agitators, as addressed to the repealers, may be thus stated:—You, repealers, belong to a people who were oppressed, insulted, and most grossly wronged, so long as they were obedient to the laws and dutiful to the sovereign,—who obtained their rights, or such portion of them as they now enjoy, only by violence, or in seasons of conspiracy and insurrection. Rights are still withheld from them—they still "have wrongs to be redressed." Thus far, Mr. Hall and the agitator, harnessed in the same falsehood, run amicably, side by side. How is redress to be attained? Here the associates may divide:—the argument, however, is all with the agitator.

Upon the want of wisdom, and generosity, and justice, manifested towards the loyal men of Ireland—the adoption of the tone employed by agitators and repealers—"God grant that the fierce spirits of the black north may be held in, now, and for ever"—"and the yeomanry, craving to be let loose:" on the spirit in which expressions like these are applied to a gallant race, who have no worse desire, than to defend themselves, and support the laws of their country—(whose forbearance, under circumstances of extreme difficulty, won the warm eulogies of Wellington, and Lyndhurst, and Brougham, and Peel, and a host of statesmen, whose names are honour, and whose praise is renown)—we make no further observation. If Mr. Hall has written on his own account, his strictures may be left without a comment—he was not worthy to know the men whom he has calumniated. If he has written as one of the agents employed to carry out Lord ——'s scheme, we warn the noble lord, that, in the employment of such men, he is abusing the trust reposed in him, and betraying the cause of which he has, too rashly, assumed to be the patron.

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